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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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NEIGHBORHOODS I HAVE MOVED FROM.

BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

NUMBER ONE.

A BAY WINDOW once settled the choice of my house and compensated for many of its inconveniences. When the chimney smoked, or the doors alternately shrunk and swelled, resisting any forcible attempt to open them or opening of themselves with ghostly deliberations, or when suspicious blotches appeared on the ceiling in rainy weather, there was always the bay window to turn to for comfort. And the view was a fine one. Alcatraz, Lime Point, Fort Point and Saucelito were plainly visible over a restless expanse of water that changed continually, glittering in the sunlight, darkening in rocky shadow, or sweeping in mimic waves on a miniature beach below.

Although at first the bay window was supposed to be sacred to myself and my writing materials, in obedience to some organic law, it by-and-bye became a general lounging place. A rocking-chair and crochet-basket one day found their way there. Then the baby invaded its recesses, fortifying himself behind intrenchments of colored worsteds and spools of cotton, from which he was only dislodged by concerted assault, and carried lamenting into captivity. A subtle glamour crept over all who came within its influence. To apply oneself to serious work there was an absurdity. An incoming ship, a gleam on the water, a cloud lingering about Tamalpias, were enough to distract the attention. Reading or writing, the bay window was always showing something to be looked at. Unfortunately, these views were not always pleasant, but the window gave equal prominence and importance to all, without respect to quality.

The landscape in the vicinity was unimproved, bnt not rural. The adjacent lots had apparently just given up bearing scrub-oaks, but had not seriously taken to bricks and mortar. In one direction the vista was closed by the Home of the Inebriates, not in itself a cheerful-looking building, and, as the apparent terminus of a ramble in a certain direction, having all the effect of a moral lesson. To a certain extent, however, this building was an imposition. The enthusiastic members of my family, who confidently expected to see its inmates hilariously disporting themselves at its windows in the different stages of inebriation portrayed by the late W. E. Burton were much disappointed. The Home was reticent of its' secrets. The County Hospital, also in range of the bay window, showed much more animation. At certain hours of the day convalescents passed in review before the window on their way to an airing. This spectacle was the still more depressing from a singular lack of sociability that appeared to prevail among them. Each man was encompassed by the impenetrable atmosphere of his own peculiar suffering. They did not talk or walk together. From the window I have seen half a dozen sunning themselves against a wall within a few feet of each other, to all appearances utterly oblivious of the fact. Had they but quarreled or fought—anything would have been better than this horrible apathy.

The lower end of the street on which the bay window was situate, opened invitingly from a popular thoroughfare; and after beckoning the unwary stranger into its recesses, ended unexpectedly at a frightful precipice. On Sundays when the travel North-Beachwards was considerable, the bay window delighted in the spectacle afforded by unhappy pedestrians who were seduced into taking this street as a short cut somewhere else. It was amusing to notice how these people invariably, on coming to the precipice, glanced upward to the bay window and endeavored to assume a careless air before they retraced their steps, whistling ostentatiously, as if they had previously known all about it. One high-spirited young man in particular, being incited thereto by a pair of mischievous bright eyes in an opposite window, actually descended this fearful precipice rather than return, to the great peril of life and limb, and manifest injury to his Sunday clothes.

Dogs, goats and horses constituted the *fauna* of our neighborhood. Possessing the lawless freedom of their normal condition, they still evinced a tender attachment to man and his habitations. Spirited steeds get up *extempore* races on the sidewalks, turning the street into a miniature *Corso;* dogs wrangled in the areas; while from the hill beside the house a goat browsed peacefully upon my wife's geraniums in the flower-pots of the second-story window. "We had a fine hail-storm last night," remarked a newly-arrived neighbor, who had just moved into the adjoining house. It would have been a pity to set him right, as he was quite enthusiastic about the view and the general sanitary qualifications of the locality. So I didn't tell him anything about the goats who were in the habit of using his house as a stepping-stone to the adjoining hill.

But the locality was remarkably healthy. People who fell down the embankments found their wounds heal rapidly in the steady sea breeze. Ventilation was complete and thorough. The opening of the bay window produced a current of wholesome air which effectually removed all noxious exhalations, together with the curtains, the hinges of the back door, and the window shutters. Owing to this peculiarity, some of my writings acquired an extensive circulation and publicity in the neighborhood, which years in another locality might not have produced. Several articles of wearing apparel, which were mysteriously transposed from our clothes line to that of an humble though honest neighbor, was undoubtedly the result of these sanitary winds. Yet in spite of these advantages I found it convenient in a few months to move. And the result whereof I shall communicate in other papers.

THE BALLAD OF THE EMEU.

O say, have you seen at the Willows so green—
So charming and rurally true—
A singular bird, with a manner absurd,
Which they call the Australian Emeu?
Have you
Ever seen this Australian Emeu?

It trots all around with its head on the ground,
Or erects it quite out of your view;
And the ladies all cry, when its figure they spy,
O! what a sweet, pretty Emeu!
O! do
Just look at that lovely Emeu!

One day to this spot, when the weather was hot,
Came Matilda Hortense Fortescue;
And beside her there came a youth of high name—
Augustus Florell Montague.
The two
Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.

With two loaves of bread then they fed it instead
Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,
Which once was its food in that wild neighborhood,
Where ranges the sweet Kangaroo;
That too
Is game for the famous Emeu!

Old saws and gim-lets but its appetite whets
Like the world-famous bark of Peru;
There 's nothing so hard that the bird will discard,
And nothing its taste will eschew
That you
Can give that long-legged Emeu!

The time slipped away, in this innocent play,
When up jumped the bold Montague:
"Where 's that specimen pin that I gaily did win
In raffle, and gave unto you,
Fortescue?"
No word spoke the guilty Emeu!

"Quick! tell me his name whom thon gavest that samo,
Ere these hands in thy blood I imbrue!"
"Nay, dearest," she cried, as she clung to his side,
"I 'm innocent as that Emeu!"
"Adieu!"
He replied, "Miss M. H. Fortescue!"

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white as a sheet,
As wildly he fled from her view;
He saw but her sin—for he knew not the pin
Had been gobbled up by the Emeu,
All through
The voracity of that Emeu!

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

I.

I HAD a godmother and a guardian—fate had made them man and wife. Do not laugh, dear William, if I commence these memoirs as if I were going to tell you the fairy story of *The Blue Bird.* We have to do with facts, as you will soon iscover. . . .

My guardian was old, hard, and fierce; my godmother was young, gentle and beautiful—a dove mismated with a falcon. Fortunately, she had a high and proud spirit which somewhat intimidated him and which he dared not wound beyond endurance. I lived with them in a sombre chateau in Ardennes, an old feudal stronghold, built on a rock and judiciously and thoroughly repaired, wild and at the same time beautiful—a vulture's eyrie in a thicket of myrtle.

"André," said she to me one day as we rode pensively side by side under the great oaks of my forests, "June approaches and you are twenty years old; the time has come, my child, for you to think of your visit to England." . . .

I thought of nothing, and, galloping near her, I became drunken with the prospect which opened before me, so much liberty The fragrance of the morning, the depths of the foliage where the dew still trembled, the low cries of birds startled in the underwood, the mystery, the silence—I know not what—perhap my twenty years singing in my heart, or the beauty of my godmother which shone in this spring-time, all this had filled my soul with pure and tender delight. I thonght of nothing.

"I received a letter this morning from your cousin, Lady Clarencey," resumed she, as I did not reply; "she expects to see you at Clarencey Castle before her return to London."

"Well!" added she, laughing at my bewildered air, "are you dumb, André?"

The fact is I did not know what to say; the idea of this journey, long since decided upon, surprised me out of my indolent state, so full of enchantments, and I experienced a sudden tightening of the heart.

"Leave you?" I exclaimed; "go away so far—all alone?"

"O, poor child!" said she, pouting her rosy lips in a bantering grimace, "How timid he has become!"

And we burst out laughing. The fact is that my reply was strange, for I am five feet four inches high, have blonde mustaches sufficiently abundant, and it appears a certain bravado air which my godmother strives to correct. Scarcely six months had passed since I quitted the University of Heidelberg, where from the age of fifteen, I had lived without a Mentor as student, and not one of the quietest, as a smart rapier cut coming from my fifth duel—which drove me from the town, and which withal brought me home to my guardian in a pitiable enough state—could attest.

"You must not be afraid," added she, "there are no Bluebeards in England—nor wolves."

"Yes, but there are ogres!"

And we laughed more than ever. However, when we at last became serious she returned to her theme. I know not what terror seized me. While she spoke I watched her, silent and troubled; and truly felt terrified at the idea of going away "so far and all alone." I had become timid; it seemed to me that the confines of the enlightened universe were limited to the horizon on which her glance could rest, and beyond reigned night.

"Think of it, my child," said she, with that charming air of judgment which suited her so well, "the rich patrimony which will be yours at your majority imposes on you a great many duties; you should learn life and the world, in order to know how to diffuse beneficially the happiness which destiny has placed within your reach."

"The world?—life?—but I have all that at my fingers' end."

"Certainly, Baron d'Orbach, that you are philosophical, I do not ignore, and you could even aspire to a professorship with your diplomas in pocket; but, as you said the other day, Charles V. says, that in each language a man learns, he adds to his valor. a new man—to his understanding, a new intelligence—to his will, a new impetus. The great Emperor might have inferred that, in visiting a foreign nation a traveler who understands how to reap benefit. doubles his civic force."

I must confess it to my shame that I heard, but did not listen. We went along slowly. I admired the harmony of her flexible form—the curves of her neck, where snow and roses mingled, bringing to my mind the beautiful lines where Virgil pictures Venus presenting herself, in the form and dress of a huntress, to the view of her son Eneas, shipwrecked on the shores of Carthage—

"Dixit et avertens rosea cervice refulsit."

However, the Countess Diana, my godmother, does not at all resemble the blonde Cypris; but she is not any the less beautiful as any one can convince themselves by going to the Ritti palace in Florence to see her portrait, which is called in the catalogue I know not why, "Allori's Judith." This Judith, it is she herself, with all her charm of manner, and all her grace—serious and at the same time tender. It has the same lovely forehead crowned with a profusion of black hair, the same sparkling and humid eyes shaded by long brown lashes which veiled their depths; the same complexion, warm and milky like the petal of a white camelia. When she walks, you would say it was a young goddess who wandered in the sacred woods. She is just three summers older than I, and when at the age of thirteen I lost my mother she married the guardian whose place it was to receive me, and her sweet smile almost consoled my childhood in its mourning.

"Well! what say you to my little argument?" renewed she.

"I think it is profoundly wise."

"And from it you infer?"—

"Nothing, except that I shall be very far away, and very lonesome!"

At the great sigh that I heaved in repeating this word, she turned round and surprising my look fixed on her neck, she mistook the pleased expression.

"You are a mocking and impertinent person, my godson," cried she a little confused. "You notice, I am sure, that my hair is disarranged."

"Oh! on the contrary—I think this little disorder is charming!"

"Bah!" said she, threatening me with her riding whip.

We set off at a gallop, she humming an Italian air—I lost in the fresh thoughts that had blossomed on this June morning.

When we came out from the woods, I had discovered that I loved my godmother so much that it was impossible to live away from her. . . . .

Alas! William, I write these lines from behind walls. I have been for more than a year confined in the mad-house of Dr. Schultz at Carlsruhe! I await her always—she does not come—she forgets me! No; she is dead like myself, and they will not tell me for fear that I will go and find her again.

You see my dear friend, I follow the counsels that you give me; I divert myself, I try to abridge the long hours of my captivity in writing for you the romance of my life. It is my soul that I send to you—it can be of no more use to my captive and discouraged body. Nevertheless—shall I tell you? this corpse still palpitates at the recital of the two years slipped away since I quitted you, and I find a bitter delight in bringing back my poor buried joys. Under the golden bough of memory they rise up and flutter about me, pale as a choir of Willis sporting under the moonbeams in the depth of thy German forests. I see them through my half-closed eyelids, and I hold my breath for fear they will vanish. There is one I am captivated with; she wears a wreath of blue corn-flowers intertwined with red poppies; I love her, because she sometimes murmurs in my ear a song of hope—a pretty song, which I cannot repeat to you, for it is written in heavenly language. As for me, I comprehend it, but I do not hope.

Thus, then, dear friend, every day—as to-day—you will receive some lines from me; real fragments of my heart. I laugh beforehand at the astonishment of Dr. Schultz when he discovers I have none left. But I am tired. To-morrow the continuation of my romance.

GOLD IN ANCIENT TIMES.—Whatever may have been the source whence the ancients obtained their gold, there is abundant evidence that this metal was admired and valued by them much as it is at the present day. Many of the accounts given by early writers dazzle us into the supposition that the stores of gold in those days were much larger than can be commanded at present. Thus, Semiramis is said to have erected statues of Jupiter Juno, and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of beaten gold. Drinking-vessels made of gold, and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous display of precious metals in the palaces of the great are frequently alluded to; but it has been aptly observed that the quantity diffused among the bulk of the English population at the present day would make a sum total far outbidding the golden wealth of those earlier days, though less obvious and glittering from being so much more diffused.

With the most ardent nature it is either love or hate; there is no twilight in the tropics.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THERE are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived. We take the following extract from a book entitled *Things Not Generally Known:*

"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, II. Kings, iv., 40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, II. Samuel, i., 23. "A man after his own heart," I. Samuel, xiii., 14. "The apple of his eye," Deut. xix., 21. "A still small voice," I. Kings, xix., 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job, xix., 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job, xxi., 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm xxxvii., 35. "Hanged our harps upon the willows," Psalm cxxxvii., 2. "Riches certainly make (not *take*, as it is often quoted) themselves wings," Proverbs, xxiii., 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Ibid, xxv., 22. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiastes, i., 9. "Of making many books there is no end, Ibid, xii, 12. "Peace, peace when there is no peace," (made famous by Patriek Henry) Jeremiah, viii., 11. "My name is Legion," Mark, v., 9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts, ix., 5. "Make a virtue of necessity," Shakspeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. "All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted, "All is not gold that glitters," Merchant of Venice. "Screw your courage to the sticking *place*," (not *point*) Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," Ibid. "Hang out your banners on the outward (not outer) walls, Ibid. "Keep the word of promise to *our* (not *the*) ear, but break it to our hope," Ibid.

"It's an ill will turns none to good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," Thomas Tasser, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," Ibid. "Look, ere you leap," Ibid, and "Look before you, ere you leap," Hudibras, commonly quoted, "Look, before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," Ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Ibid. "That old man eloquent," Ibid. "Peace hath her victories," Ibid. "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool," (not little wool) Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere (not before) they're hatched," Ibid. "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted," "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils, I have chose the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1763. "A good hater," Johnsonianna. "A fellow feeling makes one (not us) wondrous kind." "My name is Norval," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear," (not none the worse) Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say," Thomas Morton. "No pent up Utica contracts your powers," Jonathan M. Sewell.

"Hath given hostages to fortune," Bacon—"His (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh in 1791 though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," (not *countrymen,*) resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, Dec. 1799. Prepared by General Henry Lee. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney. "The Almighty Dollar," Washington Irving. "As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill. "Selling a bargain," is in Love's Labor Lost. "Fast and loose," Ibid. "Pumping a man," Otteway's Venice preserved. "Go snacks," Pope's Prologue to Satires. "In the wrong box," Fox's Martyrs. "To lamm in the sense of to heal," King and no Kiug, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The hackneyed newspaper latin quotation, "*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis,*" is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was "*Omnia mutantur,* etc." and this is found in Borbonius, a German writer of the middle ages.

"Smelling of the lamp" is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pythias. "A little bird told me," comes from Ecclesiastes, x., 20: "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

These lines, generally attributed to Hudibras, are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in Hudibras is:

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

"Hell is paved with good intentions," though found in Johnson and Herbert, was obviously in their day a proverbial expression. Walter Scott ascribes it to "some stern old divine."

"There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," and has doubtless for a long time been a familiar saying in Scotland.

Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis, was a line upon Franklin, written by Turgot, the Minister of Louis XVI. It is, however, merely a modification of a line by Cardinal Polignac, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas,* which in turn was taken from a line of Marcus Manilius, who says of Epicurus, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque Tonanti.*

Vox populi, vox Dei. The origin of this familiar phrase is not known, but it is quoted as a proverb by William of Malmsbury, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century.

Ultima ratio regum. This motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end.

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

LOVELY LADY COVENTRY.

THE STORY OF A BELLE.

FOR the greedy print-gatherer—omnivorous, rapacious and profuse—there is now, happily, but little toleration. This artistic craze is but a species of the other established insanities. The spectacle of the frantic virtuoso, hungering after proofs before letters, first, second and third stages, plates that have been retouched, India proofs, and other developments of this fatal frenzy, excites only pity and contempt, and suggests serious thoughts as to the gracious interference of the Chancellor, and the wholesome restraint of a Commission.

Still, there is one agreeable shape of this mania, for which there may be indulgence. And when the print-devouring Vitellius is content to gorge himself on such delicacies as the public delighted in towards the close of the last century, and purchased and appreciated—when he becomes deranged in reference to PORTRAITS, and amasses such treasures as all the noble ladies and gentlemen of that day, turning his portfolio into a high Walhalla—it is hard to be wroth with this agreeable lunatic, who furnishes so delightful an entertainment—not for himself merely, but for his heirs and assigns, and but too often, unhappily, for the cheap longers of the auction room. These were the "heads" that "were stuck in the print-shops," like that admirable boaster's, Mr. Lofty; such a print also, "in all the print shops," did amiable Goldsmith send home to his Irish relations, to show them how much considered he was; such a print was issued of the fashionable Mr. Sterne—afterwards reduced in size and placed as a frontispiece for his sermons. It was Sir Joshua with the dainty brush and honied coloring, that first spiritualized the famous lord or lady upon canvas. Then followed the mezzotinto plate—the most perfect translation that could be conceived outside the world of color—of the master's exquisite and most tender manner. They are to be seen now with the bloom still on, so clear, and cold, and delicate, brilliant, full, deep, and full of marvellous effects. Modern work halts after these examples lamely; Smith MacArdle, and others were the masters of this school. They have long since laid by their acids and burins, and would seem as though their cunning was lost.

The London crowds drifting through the Strand often stopped to stare at a new print—one of this matchless series—which was then "stuck in the print shops." The beautiful Lady Coventry, perhaps the most notorious on the crowded roll of English beauties, was painted by a fashionable artist, and is now to be found in the portfolios, sometimes in "good condition," clean, fresh, bright, and, above all, not "cut down." Looking on that attractive face and graceful figure, which turned half the fashionable heads in London, her strange and romantic story, as yet never told consecutively, seems to rise out of the past, more entertaining than a romance, and quite as profitable as a sermon.

There was a certain Irish country gentleman living down in the West, who is set down in the books of heraldry as 'John Gunning, Esquire, of co. of Roscommon.' That is a notorious boggy district; and it may be presumed "John Gunning, Esquire," fulfilled the customary function of many Irish gentlemen of that day, shooting snipe, and other Irish gentlemen, and certainly never dreaming of the prodigious destiny that was in store for his two little daughters. He had made a good connection, marrying a sister of the Earl of Mayo; so that the obscurity of the little girls is not quite so great as has been represented. They were born at Castlecoote—their father's place—still in the vast bog country; Maria, the eldest, coming into the world in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-three, the other, Elizabeth, the year after. Bridget was the name of the daughter of the Mayo family, and the result of the alliance was one son and five daughters, namely, John, Mary, Elizabeth, Catharine, Lizzy, and Sophia. That John grew up from being "a sweet little boy," as one who knew him called him, entered the army, fought with distinction at Bunker's Hill, became a major-general in the army and Sir John Gunning. The first was to be hereafter Countess of Coventry and titular belle of the English court; the other was to wed successively the Duke of Argyle and Duke of Hamilton—elevations which, however striking, have been parallel; not so, however, that union of beauty, fortune and romance

What become of "John Gunning, Esquire, co. Roscommon," has never distinctly appeared, nor would public curiosity be likely to be much excited in his behalf. One glimpse that we have of John Gunning, Esquire, is characteristic, and shows that the world had gone a little hard with him. He had come up to Dublin, and had lived in that gay capital during one of its gayest epochs, until he could reside there no longer; and, as we are naively told, had been "obliged to retire into the country, to avoid *the disagreeable consequences that must ensue.*"

A strange, irregular actress, who about this time had an engagement at Mr. Sheridan's theatre, happened to be one day returning from rehersal. When at the bottom of Great Britain street she heard what she called "the voice of distress." These were the times when sentiment was fast coming into fashion, both before and behind the curtain, and all ranks were dilligently petting and cultivating their tender emotions to the very highest point of delicacy. On hearing, then, the voice of distress in Britain street, the actress at once turned in the direction it seemed to proceed from, entered a house, and without ceremony proceeded up stairs. Strange men, however, stood at the door, about whose garments hung the true *ca sa* flavor; and in the parlor she found a distressed family, consisting of "a woman of a most elegant figure," and who was the centre of a group of "four beautiful girls" and "a sweet boy of about three years." The united voices of this young family had joined in that mournful chorus which had so irresistibly attracted the actress in Britain Street.

The "woman of most elegant figure" proved to be Mrs. Gunning, the wife of "John Gunning, Esquire, co. Roscommon;" she received her guest very politely, and complimented her "upon possessing such humane sensations." She then entered upon an explanation of her position—how they had lived beyond their income, and how John Gunning, Esquire, had been obliged, as before mentioned, "to retire into the country, to avoid the disagreeable consequences that must ensue." Some hopes had been entertained that Lord Mayo, her brother, would have come forward, "listening to the dictates of fraternal affection," and have helped John Gunning, Esquire, and his family; but this reasonable hope had turned out quite unprofitable; and the ill-looking officials at the door were actually preparing to carry out their stern duty, in virtue of the powers confided to them by the high sheriff. The future countess and double duchess were awaiting with tears this indignity in what is now one of the obscurest streets in the city. But what shall be said of John Gunning, Esquire, who had "withdrawn into the country" to avoid the inconveniencies of this proceeding, and left his family to the bailiffs and executions?

The actress and the lady, however, soon arranged a practical plan—a shape that pure sentiment rarely takes. It was resolved that when darkness set in, the actress's man-servant should be dispatched to Britain street, should stand under the drawing-room, and catch any

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light articles that should be thrown down to him.

Further, the good-natured actress actnally agreed to take in the whole of the young family and their servant until some arrangement could be made. Not long after, "Miss Burke, Mrs. Gunning's sister, a lady of exemplary piety who had passed her probation in the community of Channel Row," sent for the younger children; but the two famous girls remained with the actress. Maria, the elder seems to have been "all life and spirits," a sort of boisterous hoyden; the other was "more reserved and solid."

This charitable actress was the well known George Anne Bellamy, who has left behind her some free, outspoken, vulgar memoirs; but which are yet so natural and characteristic, tinged also with that abundant Boswellian garrulity, as to become very entertaining. These were valuable services, which should have left a lasting sense of obligation; though, indeed, Mrs. Bellamy, who always looked very high, might have hoped to have found her profit in a connection with the Mayo family.

After this odd incident the actress was drifted away to London, and became lost in the whirl of theatrical intrigue. How the Gunning family were finally extricated does not appear; but Maria, our heroine, wrote her benefactress a letter—strange both in orthography and composition; but which seems so overdone in its mistakes as to excite reasonable suspicion. It is known, however, that these beauties were sadly illiterate, and so the letter is to a certain degree in keeping. It was addressed to

"Miss Bellamy in England."

The following are some characteristic extracts:

I reced my dearest Miss Bellamy letter at last; after her long silence, indeed I was very jealous with you, but you make me *amen's* in Letting me hear from you now. it gives me great joy and all our *familey* to hear that yr Dear mama and your Dearest self are in perfict health to be sure all yr Relations where fighting to see which of them shod have you first and Longest with ym.....I don't believe it was Mr. Knox you read of at Bath for he is hear. Dublin is ye stupites place.....I believe Sheredian can get no one to play with him is doing all he can to get frinds for him sef to be sure you have bread he is marrd for sirtain to Miss Chamberlan. a sweet pare.

"I must hid a due and shall only say I am my Dr your ever affecnat
M. Gunning."

After all, this spelling was not exceptional. Mr. Sterne's MSS. are full of faults almost as gross; and he talks of "opening a dore."

What became of the "sweet little boy" has been mentioned. Of the three younger sisters who are unknown to fame, one, Catherine, married an undistinguished gentleman who is only known to posterity as one "Robert Travis, Esq." The destiny of the undistinguished portion of the family was written by an ancient parish clerk, in a letter to a Mr. Madder, of Fulham, and, appropriately enough, was adorned with spelling quite as unorthodox. "I take the freedom," says this odd document, which is dated from Huntingdonshire, "in wrighting to you from an information of Mr. Warrington, that you would be glad to have the account of my Townswoman, the Notefied, the Famis, Beautifull Miss Gunnings, Born at Hemmingfordgrey, tho they left the Parish before I had knowledge enough to remember them, and I was born in 32. But I will give you the best account I can, which I believe is better than any man in the country besides myself, though I have not the Birth Register for so long a Date, and since Dr. Dickens is dead, I don't know where it is." He then tells of the two elder sisters; and recollects distinctly seeing the Portrait of the wife of Robert Travis, Esq., in a print shop, "I beleeve in St. Poul's Churchyard, and who had acquired a sort of reflected reputation from her sister's fame. This was an oval after Cotes, with a scrap of doggerel understaud.

This youngest grace, so like her sister's frame,
Her kindred features tell from whence she came,
'Tis needless once to mention Gunning's name.

But which the memory of the ancient parish fashioned into something more elaborate:

The youngest of these Beauties here we have in view
So like in person to the other two
Whoever views her person and her fame
Will see at once that Gunning is her name.

"Which," he adds, "is the best account I can give of them three; but then there was two more, which perhaps you don't know anything about; which I will give you the true Mortalich Regester off, from a Black mavel which lies in our chancel, as follows:

The "black mavel" tells the story of the lives of little Sophia and Lizzy, in a pretty inscription.

By-and-by the two belles, now grown up, were taken over to London, and almost instantly caused a success and a sensation, for which a parallel, in that department, can scarcely be found. They had no fortune, they had slender connections; but fashion in these days was more or less republican. In a society a little wild and frank in tone, and where men of the stamp of Lord March, Selwyn, Mr. Wilkes, and Sir Francis Dashwood were leaders, the chims of dazzling beauty were not to be resisted. They took the town by storm. They burst upon the metropolis in the early months of the year 1751. Walpole, that most full and delightful chronicler, made this appearance a leading item in his next budget for Florence. The wranglings of ministers, he wrote to his friend, were regarded with utter indifference. The Miss Gunnings were in everybody's mouth, "being twenty times" more talked of than the Newcastle family and Lord Granville. These, he says, are "two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive." "I think," says the critical Horace, "their being *two* so handsome and such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either."

Many stories flutter about as to their first entry on the gay London social boards. Mrs. Gunning was not likely to step from Great Britain street into the Mayfair of these days without some miracle of fashionable society being specially worked for her. One legend was that some cruel wag sent them sham cards for a great lady's masquerade, but which the Irish mother was skilful enough to detect, and which she "improved" with the wit and daring of her country. She waited on the noble lady in person, taking care to bring with her one of her matchless daughters. She told of her false card. The eyes of the noble lady were upon the daughter. She thought of her masquerade, and, as may be imagined, substituted a genuine for the forged invitation.

The new belles received a shape of homage that was almost inconvenient, for when they went forth on the public prado, and took the air in the parks at fashionable hours, they were attended by such admiring crowds that it soon became impossible to enjoy that pastime. The public admiration was not restrained by any feeling of delicacy, and was perhaps the more acceptable as an honest testimonial. That was in June. In August they were still cynosures, and "make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen." No wonder Mrs. Montagu spoke of them as "those goddesses the Gunnings."

But their fresh Irish *naivete* and, it must be said, rough *brusquerie*, laid them open to all manner of strange stories and ill-natured remarks. An odd legend went round the clubs. They went down to see the paintings at Hampton Court; and having passed into what is called the Beauty Room, where are the questionable shepherdesses of King Charles, they heard the housekeeper show another company in with this introduction: "Ladies, here are the Beauties." The wild pair, assuming this to be directed to themselves, flew into a violent rage, asked her what she meant—that they came to see the palace and paintings, not to be shown themselves.

They were in the best society. About Christmas in the same year, it was not surprising that each should have a distinguished admirer. James, Duke of Hamilton, a wild roué Scotch nobleman, "equally damaged in his fortune and person," says the bitter Horace, met her at a masquerade, and fell deliberately in love with Elizabeth, the younger. Lord Coventry, "a gay young lord of the patriot breed," was the professed admirer of the other. Every one watched the progress of the business eagerly. The malign Lord Chesterfield was inclined to think it would end doubtfully for the honor of the lady. She and her mother played a bold and skilful game. They appeared everywhere with the noble suitor. When he had to move the address in the House of Lords, the brilliant Irish girl sat beside him, and thus caused him to be agitated by the two passions of fear and love. Her mother told Lord Granville afterwards that "the poor girl" was near fainting with agitation. The duke vaguely proposed marriage some time in the spring. Lord Chesterfield presently gave a magnificent assembly, at which every person of quality was present, who were to be amused with the spectacle of the duke's frantic courtship. He sat at one end of the room, and played faro and carried on disorderly flirtation with the young beauty who was at the other end. Three hundred pounds was on each card; so in a very short time by these tactics he was a loser of nearly a thousand pounds. The Hon. Horace Walpole was among the company, taking sarcastic notes. "I own," he said "I was so little a professor in love that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all."

Two nights afterwards, the strange *denouement* came about. Her mother and sister were away at Bedford House, and the duke found himself alone with the famous belle. A sudden ardor—whether of wine or affection—seized on him, and he insisted on having the ceremony performed at once, and on the spot. A parson was promptly sent for, but, on arriving, refused to officiate without the important essentials of a license or a ring, neither of which had been thought of. The duke swore, and talked of calling in the archbishop. Finally, the parson's scruples gave way before his impatience; the license was overlooked, and the lack of the traditional gold ring was happily supplied by the *ring of a bed-curtain!* The ardent duke was at length lawfully married, at midnight, in Mayfair Chapel. This adventure threw all London into an uproar. The Scotch were furious; "the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect" (thus the bitter Horace); and, better than all, it had a stimulating effect on the admirers of her sister, for Lord Coventry at once gave out that he intended marrying the sister; and within three weeks, on the 5th of March, 1752, she was, according to the suitable phrase, "led to the hymeneal altar." This rise in their fortunes brought about a perfect *furore*, both of curiosity and enthusiasm. The public, who had crowded before to see them as "the Gunnings," with the true instinct of a mob, became frantic to see them again in their new and higher station. We see in the old music-books a Lady Coventry's minuet. When the duchess was presented at court, the noble persons at St. James's actually climbed up on tables and chairs to have a good stare, like a mere vulgar crowd. When they came out to their chairs to go to parties, they found immense crowds gathered. There was a rush to take places at the theatres if it became known they were going. The critics, however, were not unanimous. The Duchess of Somerset thought her "too tall to be genteel, and her face out of proportion to her height." Her dress, too, was thought rather to savor of the ballet than of an English lady of quality. To the Duchess, Lady Di Egerton and Mrs. Selwyn appeared quite as pretty and a good deal more modest.

In a few weeks their lords took them down to their respective castles, and "one hears no more about them," save the simple fact, which amounted to a good deal, that when the dutchess put up one night at a Yorkshire inn, no less than seven hundred people sat up all night round it to see her get into her post-chaise in the morning! She was always good-natured, and gave Tate Wilkinson benefits at his theatre.

When the season came round again, there were no signs of a re-action. But a new beauty had appeared in the horizon, and comparisons began to be made. The world was talking of Lady Caroline Petersham. Mrs. Greuville, writing to her husband, tells him, as a little bit of gossip, that the "Morocco ambassador"—whose standard of beauty, however, would have been directed by barbarie canons—actually preferred Lady Caroline to Lady Coventry. Both were now being taken over to another metropolis, to confound our hereditary enemies—or allies?—in their own capital. The Gunning went with a vast prestige. A lucky shoemaker of Worcester was making her a pair of shoes, and actually "turned" two guineas and a half, in pennies, for showing them! Still the old *gaucherie* was not softened down; rather it became more conspicuous by their high position; and the ill-natured public indemnified itself for its insane freaks of admiration by circulating all manner of what are called "*spropositos.*" "I can't say," even Mr. Walpole must admit, "her genius is equal to her beauty." It would be unreasonable to expect such a combination.

Looking at the brilliant mezzotint which once hung in the print-shops, we can gather a faint notion of those wonderful charms which once so dazzled the London liege. Something very bright, very spiritual, very dazzling; but what all agree was the greater charm, is, of course, lost. This was the extraordinary play of expression, which comes from wild spirits, and which may still be seen in many Irish girls. Mrs. Delany saw her often, and noted this special attraction. "She had a thousand dimples and prettinesses in her cheeks, her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but fine for all that; she has a thousand airs, but with a sort of humor that diverts me." There was a good dash of the hoyden about her, with some of the polite sauciness which is more or less the titular belle's prerogative. The pretty elegy, in which the Reverend Mr. Mason bewailed her loss, touches very happily on these charms, and, with the aid of her picture, sets her before us—

Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, waked a new-born grace
That o'er her form a transient glory cast,
Some lovelier wonder soon usurped the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.

Mr. Mason's lines are greatly relished at Cambridge. They were got by heart and adapted to the charms of university sempstresses and bed-makers.

This was the figure that the Parisians now saw at all their leading *fetes*; but, as might be expected, the French refused to confess their admiration, or, at least, would not allow themselves to be dazzled. It is natural, indeed, that when a beauty or singer comes with heraldings and flourishes, their patents should be looked into jealously. Lady Caroline Petersham they dismissed contemptuously, not crediting that she had ever been handsome. Lady Coventry was admitted to be passable. But there was a native belle in the field, one Madame Brionne, to whose charms even the English abroad testified; and French beauty, fortified with the graces of French wit and training, and refused by the associations of the most elegant court, was scarcely fair competition. The Roscommon girl, as her friend Walpole remarked, "was under piteous disadvantages." For she was "very silly, ignorant of the world," and could not speak a word of French; and was not to be redeemed as to any of these failings by her husband, who was the best illustration in the world of what the French call "*bete.*" He is described as being "sillied in a wise way, ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is." He was, in fact, a sort of titled fox-hunting squire. He was, besides, *openly* jealous—a fatal unpardonable *sottise* with the French—and almost childish in his treatment of her. He would not tolerate any rouge or powder upon her cheeks, adornments then so fashionable, and which was indeed an excusable stretch of conjugal tyranny. At a large dinner-party at Sir John Bland's, he fancied he perceived the presence of this forbidden cosmetic on her cheek, and instantly rose, chased her round the table, caught her, and with a napkin actually "scrubbed it off by force"—it may be imagined to the intense amusement and surprise of the persons of quality then assembled. He then sat down in a pet, and told her publicly that since she had deceived him and broken her promise he would take her back to England.

It does not appear that she was presented at the court of the gallant monarch who then ruled France; at least that scrupulous courtier, Dangeau, who registered every presentation, makes no mention of her. The French, however, were very anxious they should stay for the grand *fetes* at St. Cloud that evening, but her lord said he was obliged to return, as he said he would not like to miss a musical meeting at Worcester! There were some fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, to which she was invited, but she excused herself on the ground of her music master coming at that hour. The Duc de Luxemburg, the pink of French quality, when they were leaving some party, came to tell him that he had called up Milady Coventry's coach, upon which my lord "*Vous avez fort bein fait.*" The *comble* to these joint *betises* was when the Maréchal de Lowendahl admired an English fan of the Lady Coventry's, who upon that presented it to him. But next morning came a letter, asking it back, and saying that it had been presented by her lord before marriage, and that parting with it would cause "an irreparable breach." An old one was sent instead. On this, the beautiful stranger went round telling her wrongs to everybody, saying, it is "so odd my lord should treat her in this way, when she know he would die for her, and he had been so kind as to marry her without a shilling." It may be imagined what the polite but amazed Frenchman thought of these confidences. It must be recollected she was eighteen.

They returned to London. The year after Mrs. Delany saw her at a party—a party where the duke of Portland wore a "coat of dark mouse-colored velvet,'—and a vest of "Isabella velvet"—and described her as "looking in high beauty." In the November of the following year, one Sunday afternoon, a ducal friend brought the famous countess from church to visit Mrs. Delany: "To feast me." And a feast indeed she was. Her dress was "a black silk sack, made for a large hoop, which she wore without any, and it trailed a yard on the ground." She also wore "a cobwebbed lace handkerchief, a pink satin long cloak, lined with ermine mixed with squirrel skins." That wonderful face was adorned with "a French cap that just covered the top of her head—of blonde—and stood in the *form of a butterfly with wings* not quite extended." The whole was completed by lappets tied under the chin with pink and green ribbons; a head-dress, in short, which charmed the Dean of Down's Lady. Still she was struck by "a sort of silly look at times about her mouth;" and in the portraits there are traces about the features of a little weakness.

After all, she seems to have had a sort of unsophisticated good nature, which all the extravagant worship she was paid did not impair. She was not a "hollow" beauty, and had friends as well as admirers. One of the prettiest stories about her, is her behaviour to the young Irish hoyden (a belle also, whom fickle London was already beginning to talk of) who had naively asked to have her pointed out to her.

A grand masquerade had been given at Somerset House, at which was a little Irish beauty—a Miss Allen, an unsophisticated "lively sort of a fairy," says Mrs. Delany. She went up to Lady Coventry, and looking at her very earnestly, said, "I have indeed heard a great deal of this lady's beauty, but it far surpasses all I have heard. "What!" said the other Irish belle, "did you never see me before?" The young girl's *naivete* amused every body. A gentleman then took her about, showed her everything, got her a good seat at supper—everyone, to the astonishment of the young girl, bowing and making way for them. At the end of the night he turned out to be the Duke of York. The story has quite a Cinderella air.

Horace Walpole testifies to this good humor under certainly trying circumstances. "If she was not," he says, "the best humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry." It was a great supper at Lord Hertford's and the beauty was asked to take some more wine. She answered in a very vulgar accent, "if she drank more she should be *muckibus!* "Lord," said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?" "Oh," said Mr. Walpole, "it is only Irish for sentiment." Lady Mary Coke, we may be sure, would not be slack to point attention to the old phrase.

Her short race was but for eight years, and yet, to the last, London training seems to have had little effect on the old wild nature. In one sense this is a good testimony to her disposition. Even the year before her death, Mr. Jenkinson filled in a corner of one of his letters with a story about her, which was then amusing all London—"a silly action, he calls it. Walking in the Park, the mob had been disrespectful, incited by her airs. It came to the ears of the king (that good-natured king to whom she had said, that of all sights in the world "she longed to see a coronation,") and on the following Sunday evening he sent her a guard, to attend her as she walked. A discreet person would have declined the questionable honor, but the saucy countess exulted in her escort, and made a triumphant progress with "two servants in front carrying their halberds, and twelve soldiers following behind, and the whole guard held ready close by to turn out at a moment's notice." Thus attended, the gay countess continued her promenade from eight until ten o'clock, the mob also forming part of the procession, and not restrained by the military force from uttering some plain truths—so plain, indeed, that "Fielding's men" had to take up a few. As an illustration of that "silliness in the mouth," which Mrs. Delany remarked, this is worth a whole essay.

So her short butterfly life passed. We have glimpses of her down at Crome, the family seat, with a house full of company, and "Gilly Williams," one of the Selwyn set, (whose letters should be more known,) and "old Sandys;" while the earl good-naturedly held a faro bank every night, which "we have as yet," writes Gilly, "plundered considerably." There was a certain captain there who is mentioned as "studying a pretty attitude for the countess." She was then "in high spirits and great beauty." Poor countess!

But in August, 1760—the great Tristram year, when Mr. Sterne was in London—she fell sick. That bourgeois husband of hers was not altogether so foolish in his generation when he chased her round the Paris dining-room and rubbed the paint off her cheeks with a napkin; for she had since had her own way, and used to daub her cheeks profusely with white-lead. To this abominable custom—one of the sacrifices which Moloch fashion then demanded—she is said to have fallen a victim. She was living down at her own place, and a Doctor Wall, who attended on her, wrote to Mr. Selwyn an account of her sickness, making, as she said, "no excuse for being minute, because I believed that it would be most agreeable to you that it should be so." For the profound wit was of her admirers. She was very ill indeed, having an oppression on her chest, with a sort of spasmodic rheumatism. She was very weak, and the bourgeois husband was away. The marvellous charms began to pass away, and the discovery of this fatal change brought on, perhaps, her real malady. It is painful to read how it affected her. She never was without a pocket-glass in her hand, and when this sad truth-teller betrayed to her the ravages of disease, she seems to have lost all hope and spirit, took to her bed permanently, allowed no light in the room but "the lamp of a teakettle," and actually took things in through the curtains without suffering them to be withdrawn. This recals another death-bed scene—that of the charming Mrs. Oldfield, Pope's Narcissa:

O lions in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke.'
Were the last words that Narcissa spoke.
No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.

Unfortunately, a letter for Lord Coventry was brought in to her, the handwriting of which she recognized as that of her sister. She opened it without scruple, and read in it a touching lament over her own piteous case; the duchess bewailing her hard fate in not being able ever to see her again, and plainly considering her case as hopeless.

The effect on the wretched beauty was almost fatal. The doctor rushed to the room, and found her almost dying. Through the rest of the day and night she passed from one fainting fit to another, Her attendants thought she had not an hour to live, and hurried expresses were sent for Lord Coventry, who was to arrive the next night.

On the 1st of October she died. That Walpole really felt her death—as much, indeed, as that water-color Voltaire could feel the loss of any living thing—is evident from his letters. "The charming countess is dead at last," he wrote, five days after her demise. The Reverend Mr. Mason tuned his genteel lyre to some desponding chords for the occasion,

Yes, Coventry is dead! Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion: ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripped in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay and faces half as fair,
For she was fair beyond you brightest bloom,
This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled.

Lord Bolingbroke, known to his wild friends as "Bully" had affected a sort of *tendresse* for the Countess; and it is said that when news was brought to Newmarket of her death, he acted a burst of well got up emotion, and left the room, says spiteful Horace, to hide not his crying but his not crying. But "the mob," as the same authority usually styled the broad, bold citizen element of the British people, held by her to the last, and ten thousand people witnessed her funeral.

Old Mr. Gunning, who had risen with his daughter's fame, and had got into good society, was seen by Lord March, two or three years afterwards, at a grand masquerade. He wore "a running footman's habit, with Lady Coventry's picture hung at his button-hole, like a cross of St. Louis." This is the last appearance of John Gunning, Esquire of Roscommon. By that time, no doubt, the rest of the world had forgotten *her.*—*London Society.*

The lion roams over the earth; the eagle sweeps through the heavens; and man, the king of these kings, should in soul and spirit have his path on the earth and in the heavens at once.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

BY DENNAR STEWART.

"UNCLE WILL, why do you have these scarecrow four-o'clocks in your pretty garden? They spoil it completely. Now confess, dear Uncle, that they're commonplace weeds, and let me pull them up."

No, Nellie, let them be as an old bachelor's odd fancy, and I will answer your first question, if you'll have patience with a tiresome story.

I was a happy boy in many respects—happy in a home of affluence, loving friends, robust health, and very happy in having a little girl, but three years younger than myself, for my cousin Nellie. I was the youngest of five sons. We had no sister to pet and caress, no sister to sweeten and soften our rough boyish sports; and this we thought a real affliction, except in those occasional visits of Cousin Nellie's. My father's only brother was a prominent lawyer in a Southern city. He had but one child, an idolized daughter, left motherless in her infancy—the Nellie Atwood for whom you are named.

The fervid summers of her native State were too fierce and exhausting for her delicate frame. So through her early years the hot months were passed with us in "gathering northern roses," as Uncle Frank said.

That those pleasant summer months were so short was the one great sorrow of my boyhood, and I devoutly wished that Uncle Frank would remove to South America, or some other tropical region, so that Nellie's once-a-year visit might last from January through December.

She was a strange little thing as a child—a rare compound of opposites. Fun and feeling, sympathy and mischief, pride and humility, were most harmoniously blended in her nature. This Protean versatility of character was in after life her greatest charm. You felt that she combined the leading traits of many styles of women, and was perfect in one and all. As your father once happily expressed it: "*Which* Nellie do we see to-day?"

Her eyes indicated this peculiarity of her being, with their thousand varying expressions. They reminded one of a mountain brook—now gliding in brightness over shining pebbles, gently caressing the flower-lined margin; then, overhung by drooping willows, which mirrored themselves in fathomless depths of sadness; here leaping over rocky banks, a cloud of shimmering rainbows, and, anon, dark, silent as the storm-clouds above.

But I must hasten: An old man becomes garrulous and prosy when telling of the "lang syne," and it is no easy task to compress a long life into the tale of an idle hour.

So, I will say nothing of our childish adventures—our fallings-out and makings-up, our merry rides and pleasant walks, our robbing of orchards and pilfering of hens' nests—always in company. But one thing of that happy time I must mention—our flower-bed. Nellie's fondness for flowers amounted to enthusiasm, and with our old-fashioned rows of larkspurs, hollyhocks and double pinks she was delighted. They were all new to her, but her special favorite was the "four-o'clock." She was so astonished at its periodical opening and shutting, and indulged in such delicious fancies concerning the mystery! I see her now, all attention to my somewhat apocryphal explanation of the phenomenon! But she—honest little soul—received my mythical story with undoubting faith, and ever after cherished a love and reverence for the blossom, like that of the devoted Catholic for the symbolic Passion-flower. So, morning and evening, I never failed in gathering a dew-dropped bouquet for Nellie. Such droll little things as they were—stemless, leafless, without a sprig of green—a solid bunch of "dear, sleepy little four-o'clocks," as Nellie called them.

CHAPTER II.

Nellie and I had not met for years. She had "finished," and I had "gone through college." We were fast becoming strangers. True, we exchanged occasional letters during this educational period—very formal, very polite they were, but with nothing of Nellie or Will in their dry husks; and thus they grew very "occasional" indeed.

The time for my long-anticipated visit at Uncle Frank's had arrived, and I was in the parlor awaiting my cousin, for uncle was absent. In a moment she came, and instantly opened my eyes to the immense difference between a young lady of seventeen and the child of twelve with whom I parted.

In past years I thought myself an obliging fellow in caressing Miss Nellie, and bestowing any amount of "petting" upon her. Thinking pleasantly to resume this agreeable custom, I essayed to greet her with a cousinly salute, and was rewarded by an attempt on her part to box my ears.

"Not kiss me, Nellie!" I exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise. "Don't you know your cousin Will from a stranger?"

The jetty curls danced defiance, and the pouting young lady replied to my gentle reproach: "Indeed, sir! Do you know my age?"

"About seventeen, I think; and what then?"

"Young ladies do not kiss young gentlemen here. Do they up North? No, sir; you'd write it to your old 'ehum,' and then have a laugh over me for a goosey or a romp."

"Which are you, Miss Nellie?"

"I am neither; and no longer a child, but a pattern demure young lady."

Having achieved this speech, "the young lady" attempted to compose her mirthful, mischievous features into a prim, precise formality; but she was too lovely for this, and finally ended with a roguish, ringing laugh.

I am no metaphysician, and so have never satisfied myself why the relation of cousinship should be Cupid's special field of conquest. Why, in spite of our laws, and in face of the constant teaching that cousins should feel like brothers and sisters, do they feel so differently? I have been told that where these relatives are reared and educated in the same neighborhood they are as members of one family, and think of no closer bond. This may be true; but with me this fraternal relation of cousinhood, unlike other earthly things, performed far more than it promised.

A stranger might not have deemed Nellie strikingly handsome, even at the fascinating age of seventeen. But to her daily friends, the varying expression of her flexible mouth—the glorious dark eyes, reflecting every light and shadow of her soul—the changing color which came and went with each passing thought and feeling—the perfect fairy-like figure, now stilled in the repose of calm reflection, now electrified and animated by exuberant vivacity, were beautiful beyond expression.

What a happy visit that was! A period which comes to my memory now like a breath from "the Beautiful Isle!" For a month Nellie and I were almost always together. Sometimes we wandered to the river, and passed delightful hours in the little sail-boat, watching the white-winged seafowl as they pursued and seized their prey. Or turning seafowl ourselves for the nonce, we engaged in fishing with the zeal of Isaak Walton himself. Again, dreamily we talked through sunny hours, as our little bark flew over the waves, tossing up clouds of glittering rainbows.

At other times, Nellie mounted her Arabian pony, and with me for attendant, explored the neighboring country, cantering along through shaded lanes, and revelling in the discovery of by-paths and hidden nooks.

She was a most excellent rider, as are most Southern ladies, and nothing could be more graceful than her lithe figure when giving the rein to *Selim*—she seemed to fly with exuberant joyousness. She wore a close-fitting habit, the most coquettish little beaver with a floating feather, while beneath shone a bright oval face, framed in flying curls, and instinct with pleasure and merriment. I shall not have to tell you, little lady, riding out with Charlie Sanders so often as you do, that I was very careful my cousin should suffer no injury in dismounting after these rides. In my assiduity, I did not relinquish the bewitching little hand until I was quite sure she could stand firmly upon the ground. The little gipsy did not thank me for my solicitude, save by a toss of the head, a pout of the lips, or a threatened application of her riding whip, with, "Really, sir, you'd better not do that again. Do you think I'm a baby, Mr. Impertinence?"

A month had passed, and with its ending "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," for through the remainder of my stay I had a rival. His name was Edward Colton, a young gentleman of extensive property, assured manners, and not unfavorable appearance. He had just passed a year or two on the continent, and embraced the earliest opportunity for renewing his acquaintance with Nellie. By the same steame came Miss Fannie Winslow, a friend of us all. She returned from a visit to an aunt at the North, where I had formed her acquaintance, which, through our mutual affection for Nellie, had ripened into a firm friendship. But I soon perceived that regard for my cousin would prove no binding tie between Mr. Colton and myself. He cordially hated me, and as Nellie liked him very much, I entertained for him no special affection.

I was, however, too sagacious to indulge in criticism of the gentleman, though Miss Nellie often tried to provoke my strictures. "Of all the gentlemen of my acquaintance," she would astutely remark, "I think Mr. Colton the handsomest. Don't you, Cousin Will?"

"Really, I have not met your entire gentlemen acquaintance, Nellie?"

"But does he not surpass those you have seen?"

"Certainly, in many respects. To what particular excellences do you allude?"

"There, you are just laughing at him now. You gentlemen never can judge each other justly, but are envious and censorious as possible."

When Mr. Colton called I always strolled away, considerately leaving them together, which kind proceeding, from all I could discover, was far from being very agreeable to the young lady. Somewhat instinctively versed in "lovely woman" and her "ways," I entered into no contest with Colton, jealous as I was, but invariably yielded him the ground with an air of generous indifference. I think I lost nothing by so doing.

I was quite willing to attend amiable Fannie Winslow whenever Nellie or Colton suggested, and was her usual escort in our various excursions. Neither did Nellie's gay raillery on my devotion to her sweet friend in the least annoy me. Fannie and I had a secret of our own. We had more mutual friends than Nellie, but peculiar circumstances required strict secresy concerning her betrothal to my friend and classmate. So I was bound over to keep the peace.

We were walking in the garden one afternoon, Colton with Nellie, Fannie and I. 'Twas a beautiful spot, filled with choice plants and rare flowers, and laid out with exquisite taste. I was much surprised in finding my old friends, the four-o'clocks, snugly ensconced in a pleasant corner, looking quite out of keeping with their elegant companions.

"Why, Nellie," I called, "how are these homely flowers here? Is it for the heightened effect of contrast?"

"You must ask Uncle Bob," she answered. "One has to indulge his Ethiop taste sometimes, he's such a good old soul; but don't make me account for the barbarous whim."

The next day I found the old gardener. "Uncle Bob," I said, "why, in the name of beauty, are those four-o'clocks in the garden?"

"Them be Missus Nellie's, Massa Will. She used to set heaps by 'em, but 'pears like she'd done forgot 'em, and nebber looks at her fabrit posy. Dese yer ladies is mighty quare," and he scratched his wooly pate reflectively.

This interview with Bob helped me wonderfully in deciding on a speedy conversation with a "mighty quare lady;" for my visit was prolonged far beyond its first limits, and the coming week I must turn northward.

It was a lovely evening. We were watching a gorgeous sunset from the western verandah. What a glorious shroud was cloud-woven in that brilliant sky, for the dying Day! We silently gazed until it was buried out of sight—until the mourning star-eyed Twilight approached. I left Nellie a moment, entered the garden, and returning, offered her a bouquet of four-o'clocks, quite like its ancient predecessors in those summer days of childhood.

"For auld lang syne, Nellie," I said.

With her own peculiar grace she accepted it, pressed it lightly to her lips, and then said musingly:

"O Cousin Will, those four-o'clock days were very happy. What a pity they closed so early, and are all folded away!"

There were tears in her voice (borrowing a beautiful French expression) as she spoke.

"But that was in the early morning, Nellie. You remember, they only seemed to fade and fold away, and after a brief repose greeted the morning sun, bright and beautiful as ever. So the four-o'clock days must return. They've only been nooning, and it's high time that they open again. Won't they look up now, little Four-o'clock!" and I kissed the sweet lips, and drew the curly head to my bosom.

I could hear her throbbing heart—could see, in the soft twilight, the beautiful blushes playing on her face, and I knew that those down-cast eyes were wells of tenderness. But she had not spoken, when little Jake came to say that Mr. Colton was in the parlor, wanting Miss Nellie.

"Come, Cousin Will, I'm not going alone."

The call was very dull. Vivacious little Nell was so silent and thoughtful that Mr. Colton feared she was threatened with severe illness, and ought to repair to the seashore at once. Nellie heaved a sigh of relief as the door closed after him, and then relapsed into profound silence, apparently engaged in the brilliant contrast presented by a bracelet which she was rapidly turning on her wrist. It was one of her own quaint devices—a diamond clasp attached to a jet bracelet, with quite dazzling effect.

"Of what are you thinking, Nellie?"

"Oh, nothing, only how beautiful black and bright look together. Do you see?" and she raised the dazzling little arm.

"Let me take the bracelet."

She gave it me, and I turned it around for a good light—she looking intently all the while. Then, suddenly encircling one of her eyes with the ornament, I looked down into them: "Yes, Nellie, black and bright are witchingly beautiful."

For an instant she did not perceive the implied compliment. Then, laughing merrily:

"O Cousin Will, do excuse my slowness. I'm so unused to delicate flattery, that I really could not "take" without studying over it. But it's really a delightful turn, and you are quite accomplished in elegant repartee. Didn't you forget yourself, and imagine me Miss Fannie?"

"By no means, little Nell. And now as I go in three days, let us stop this nonsense about Fannie, and speak more seriously."

I cannot repeat the particulars of that sacred interview, even to my pet niece. Suffice, that its conclusion found Nellie and I happy lovers; and ere the good night was said, Uncle Frank had sanctioned our betrothal, and promised me that in a twelvemonth I might claim my bride.

CHAPTER III.

The year seemed a long one, in spite of the pressing business which crowded each day. I felt, as did our first parents, toiling just outside of Eden, where every breeze bore to them the breath of its first flowers, and songs of its birds. Nellie's letters took the place of these. Once a week came the little white messenger with precious words from her warm, true heart.

Fannie was again with her aunt in New York, and I saw her frequently. She was to return South with me, as Nellie's bridesmaid.

Our home was quite ready. Only three weeks till I should go for its mistress. For a fortnight past, Nellie's letters had failed me; yet Fannie had just heard from a friend who spoke

of her perfect health and increasing loveliness. At first I blamed Uncle Sam, after a fashion that would send me to Fort Lafayette in these days. but finally concluded that the dear little witch was but trying me with one of her artless pranks.

I was called from the city on business which detained me for several days. On my return I found several letters upon my desk. I looked for Nellie's delicate superscription, and found it on a small package, which I opened at once. There was my picture, a number of my letters, and a cool, brief note, requesting me to reciprocate the act, and consider our acquaintance terminated.

For a time I was stunned, and sat, I know not how long, in blank unconsciousness. Rousing from the trance, a note from Fannie caught my eye. It was very short, stating that a letter from home, but just arrived, explained Nellie's late silence. That she was just on the point of departure, that if possible she might arrive in time to prevent sad consequences of a misunderstanding caused by Colton. He had convinced Nellie by some means that I was trifling with her, and about to marry Fannie. Fannie wished me to come with all possible haste.

Within fifteen minutes I was on that sad journey. The days were ages. I saw Nellie at the marriage altar with Colton—heard her pronounce those binding vows—and saw and heard nothing else in that wretched time.

At last I was there, whirling rapidly through the familiar streets in the early morning. I went first to Mrs. Winslow's, but Fannie was not at home. She was at Mr. Atwood's. I could ask nothing more of the servant, and ordered the carriage to my uncle's, where I called for Fannie. It seemed a lifetime ere she came.

"Fannie, has she married Colton?" I hurriedly asked.

"No," she replied faintly.

"Can't you satisfy her? Will she marry him?"

"Mr. Atwood, she will never marry," was the solemn reply.

I looked into her face for an instant—the dread truth was there. Then she went from the room, and I was alone with my great sorrow.

After some hours she came again, and related the sad story. She arrived on the yesterday morning, and learned that Nellie and Mr. Colton were to be married in the evening. Going directly to Nellie's room, she found her pale and sad, but with a proud, high bearing towards her supposed rival.

Briefly and gently she explained my constancy, and her own engagement to my friend.

"But Will's letters requesting a release," said Nellie.

"Show them to me, darling, with some of Colton's writing. I suspect they were forged by him and a bribed clerk in the post office."

Investigation verified her surmise, and Nellie's face brightened with a happiness almost celestial. But the sudden ransition was to o great for her delicate frame. Smiling through tears, as Fannie told her I would speedily come, she suddenly pressed her hand to her heart with an expression of intense pain. The physician was instantly summoned, and in an hour she was quite easy. During the momentary absence of her father, she asked Fannie to take from her Bible some withered flowers and bring them to her. Pressing them to her lips, she clasped them firmly, and turning to her friend: "Fannie dear, these must never be taken from me—never."

After a little she spoke again. "Father, Fannie, how dark it is growing! Give Cousin Will my good night kiss, and tell him that he'll find little Four-o'clock bright in the morning." And she fell asleep.

I went with Fannie to my darling's chamber. Lying so still, in the pure white dress, was my cousin Nellie. The flush had faded from the olive cheek, the beautiful eyes were closed. In these only was she changed. The rich curls clustered like a blessing on the calm brow, and a smile lingered upon her lips, as though she were but lain "down to pleasant dreams." The dear little hands held in loving embrace the faded four-o'clocks, which I had gathered a twelvemonth ago. And they went down with my little blossom into God's garden, where I long to rest beside her, till the morning cometh.

And now my niece knows why I treasure these "scarecrow flowers." Fortunate, too, that my story is ended, for there is Charlie at the garden gate. Does he want me, Nellie?

A RENOWNED clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said: "That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

CAN A MAN MARRY HIMSELF?—The Bishop of Carlisle is credited with a joke. It is said that a young clergyman not far from Penrith, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his brethren, wrote to the Bishop, inquiring, as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit, could he marry himself? His lordship made no long appeal to laws ecclesiastical, but at once capped the query with another: "Could you bury yourself?"

If a man has not either great men or great objects before him, his powers degenerate as the magnet's do when it has lain a long time without being turned toward the right corners of the world.

ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

THOSE mild yearnings of terrestrial bowels which are felt periodically in California can hardly be called earthquakes, though the term admits of no degree of comparison. The demonstration which engulfs a city, or breaks the china on the kitchen dresser, has but one word to describe it. There is no doubt that Californian earthquakes are miserably deficient in sincerity and other positive qualities. They may be confounded with the rumbling of distant wheels, or a passing gust of wind, and are not felt outside the walls of our dwellings—which latter are not in themselves types of perfect security. People are very apt to think little of the force that shakes the walls of their tenements who are familiar with the daily spectacle of two-story dwellings propelled quietly through the thoroughfares of their city. Your true earthquake, on the contrary, is apt to upset all preconceived theories of stability, attacks people on the street, grips the ground under their feet with a firm hand, and overthrows with them such time-honored figures of rhetoric as "the sure and firm set earth," *terra firma*—and the like.

It may be, however, that even such equivocal demonstrations as are felt on this coast, are sufficient to satisfy some people. The theory of gravitation was probably made as patent to Newton by the fall of the pippin as if he had been "bonnetted" by a boulder. But when we have finished our evening paper and the reporters' account of the latest San Francisco earthquake, it may be instructive to turn back to the description of another, which unfortunately left few intelligent survivors to record it. The earthquake at Lisbon on the 1st November, 1755, was of such a character.

The weather for some days previous to the fatal event had been clear and very warm for the season, and the morning of the 1st of November itself was ushered in with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. A few minutes after nine o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard like distant thunder, which gradually increased until it excelled the loudest roar of cannon; and then occurred the first shock. It shook the city to its foundations, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with consternation. The houses waved to and fro with such violence that the upper stories immediately fell, and crushed their occupants and the passengers in the streets to death. The motion of the earth was so vehement that it was impossible to stand upright, and the effects of so unexpected and frightful a concussion were rendered doubly terrific by a thick gloom which overspread the light of day. Thousands rushed into the streets to escape being buried in the ruins of their dwellings, and made their way over heaps of rubbish to the great square in front of St. Paul's church, to be out of the reach of falling stones.

The great church of St. Paul's itself had fallen, and involved an immense multitude in its destruction. The 1st of November was the festival of All Saints, and from an early hour the churches had been crowded with devotees and ecclesiastics. Most of these, in the act of religious worship, were at once killed or miserably mangled. Such of their congregations as escaped, including many dignitaries of the church in their episcopal and purple garments, rushed to the side of the river as to a place of comparative safety. Priests in their sacerdotal vestments, ladies half dressed or with tattered clothes, and an immense concourse of people of all ranks and ages, were here assembled, supplicatng Heaven upon their knees and with agonizing shouts repeating their *Miseracordia meu Dios*. In the midst of their anguish and their devotions, the second great shock came on, nearly as violent as the first, completing the work of destruction. The general consternation was at its height, and the shrieks and cries of *Miseracordia* resounded from one end of the town to the other. The church on the top of St. Catharine's Hill, after rocking to and fro, fell with a tremendous crash, and killed great numbers who had sought protection on that eminence. But the most terrible consequence of the second shock fell on those at the water's side. On a sudden, the river, which at that part is four miles broad, was observed to heave and swell in a most unaccountable manner, since no wind was stirring at the time. In an instant there appeared at some small distance a large body of water rising like a mountain, which came on foaming and roaring, rushing towards the shore with fearful impetuosity. The crowd attempted to retire before it, but the motion of the water was too quick to permit escape in so dense a throng. The volume of water burst upon them, and sucked back into its tremendous vortex, amid shrieks and wailings, the defenceless multitude. A magnificent quay that had been recently built of rough marble at a vast expense, was at this moment entirely swallowed up with all the people on it who had crowded there for refuge. Numberless boats and small vessels, likewise, which were anchored near it, and were full of persons who had thrown themselves into them with the idea that the place of greatest safety was on the water, were all swept away, leaving no trace behind.

In the meantime, the ships in the river were tumbled and tossed about as in a storm; some broke their cables and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this terrible commotion occurred without any wind, which rendered it the more astounding. According to the account of a shipmaster who encountered the concussion and survived its dangers, the whole city of Lisbon, as surveyed from the river, was waving backwards and forwards like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, and carried it to the surface of the water; and that immediately the river rose near twenty feet, and as instantly subsided. Upon this event he saw the quay with the whole concourse of people upon it sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels near it was drawn into the cavity, which instantly closed upon them, so that not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. It is worthy of remark, that this noble quay was the only place in Lisbon that was entirely swallowed up, the destruction in other parts only amounting to demolition.

After all the devastations and horrors of the two preceding shocks, the measure of misfortune might seem at its full. But a third shock was still in store to complete the misery of the wretched population. It was somewhat less violent than the two former, though the water rushed in again and retired with the same rapidity. Such was the impetuosity with which the river was moved, that some vessels were cast upon dry ground that had ridden in seven fathoms of water. This alternate rising and sweeping back of the waters was repeated several times, committing on each occurrence extensive injury and destruction. At this period it was generally believed that the city of Lisbon was doomed to be entirely swept from the face of the earth.

But the earthquake had now completed its ravages, and gave place to a raging element not less inexorable and desolating. In a hundred places at once the flames burst forth with such fury that the whole city appeared in a blaze. The commencement of the conflagration was owing not so much to the discharge of subterranean fires, which issued from fissures in the earth, as to other circumstances which rendered it inevitable. As is usual in Catholic countries on days of high festival, every altar in every church and chapel was illuminated with wax tapers and lamps, and these falling with the curtains and timber work during the convulsion, soon gave a beginning to the fire. The neighboring buildings caught the flames already kindled by kitchen and other fires in private dwellings, and spread them throughout the city. The destruction of life and property during the conflagration was almost equal to that caused by the earthquake, since it was six days before it was finally arrested and extinguished. The total loss of life in these several disasters is estimated variously at from 30,000 to 60,000 souls.

To enumerate and treat in detail all the great shakes of history would require more time and space than the limits of a newspaper article afford. But the earthquake at Messina claims attention as a representative one, and cannot very well be dismissed in a paragraph. This city, situated between Mount Etna and the Charybdis, and at no great distance from the volcanoes of Lipari and Stromboli, must have been in all ages liable to suffer by earthquakes. It escaped tolerably well however from the earthquake of 1693, which destroyed a fourth part of the cities of Sicily, and also from the other convulsions to which that portion of the earth was subject until the year 1783. The autumn of the preceding year was unusually cold and rainy. Fahrenheit's thermometer was often as low as 56 degrees. The succeeding winter was dry; and the mercury never fell under 55 degrees: and what is uncommon in that season, storms were now and then observed to rise from the west. The pilots in the channel observed that the tides no longer rose at their usual periods, and the gulf of Charybdis raged with extraordinary fury. On the 5th of February, 1783, the air was heavy and calm; the sky obscured with thick clouds, and the atmosphere seemingly all in a flame. About half-past twelve at noon, the earth began to shake with a dreadful noise. The shocks continually increased, and became at length so violent as to open the ground, and to overturn, in two or three minutes, a considerable part of the buildings. A long white cloud appeared to the north-west; and soon after another, very dark, in the same quarter of the heavens. The latter in a moment spread over the whole horizon, and deluged the city with rain and hail, accompanied with dreadful claps of thunder. The inhabitants fled in the utmost terror to the fields and the ships in the harbor. From mid-day till five in the afternoon the earthquakes continued almost without interruption. The shocks then became somewhat less frequent. The cries of the dying; the shrieks of those who were half buried under the ruins; the wild terror with which others, who were still able, attempted to make their escape; the despair of fathers, mothers, and husbands, bereft of those who were dearest to them; these formed altogether a scene of horror, such as can but seldom occur in the history of the calamities of the human race. Amid that awful scene, instances of the most heroic courage and the most generous affection were displayed. Mothers, regardless of their own safety, rushed into every danger to snatch their children from death. Conjugal and filial affection prompted deeds not less desperate and heroic. But no sooner did the earthquake cease than the poor wretches who had escaped began to feel the influence of very different passions. When they returned to visit the ruins, to seek out the situation of their fallen dwellings, to inquire into the state of their families, to procure food and collect some remains of their former fortunes—such as found their circumstances the most wretched suddenly became animated with rage, which nothing but wild despair could inspire. The distinction of ranks and the order of society were disregarded, and property eagerly

violated. Murder, rapine, and lawless robbery, reigned among the smoking ruins.

The succeeding day scarcely alleviated the distress of this dreadful night: the few wretches who still survived, found themselves destitute of every necessity. At length order was in some degree re-established; and in two days after every person was supplied at least with some small portion of the necessaries for subsistence. But none as yet thought of returning to take up their abode among the ruins. The common people fixed their residence on the plain of Porto Salvo, near the town of Salleo: the nobles, magistrates, and merchants, on another plain, on the other side of the stream Porto do Legno; and the soldiers at Terra Nuevo. Some violent shocks, which were again felt on the 13th of February and the 28th of March, almost completed the destruction of the city. The corn magazines, however, escaped without damage; and the public ovens and the aqueducts were but little injured. From these facts it may perhaps be inferred that, had not the houses of Messina been, in general, hastily built at the first, and afterwards carelessly repaired, fewer of them would have been overthrown by the earthquake.

This earthquake was not of a momentary duration, like that by which Lisbon was destroyed, and many others. For more than sixty days from the 5th of February to the beginning of April, Messina continued to be shaken, and at that time felt more than two hundred shocks; and even after that period the alarm was again and again renewed. The chief damage which the buildings within the city suffered was the fall of the dome of the Church of Purgatory. Only the walls were left standing; and even these had suffered considerably. One half of the steeple of the cathedral was beaten to the ground. The magazines of Porto Franco were likewise very much shattered. The fort of San Salvador, being built on an artificial foundation, the side next to the sea there fell down; but on the other side, where it is founded on a rock, it stood unmoved by all the shocks of the earthquake.

Sir William Hamilton, who traveled into Calabria immediately after the earthquake, arrived at this ill-fated spot on the 16th of May, and his observations we shall here transcribe. He found that all the beautiful front of the Palazzetta, which extended in very lofty uniform buildings, in the shape of a crescent, had been in some parts totally ruined, in others less; and there were cracks in the earth of the quay, a part of which had sunk above a foot below the level of the sea. The howlings of the dogs in the streets of Messina, a little before the earthquake were so loud and terrific, that orders were sent to kill them; and it is said that during the earthquake fire had been seen to issue from the cracks of the quay; but our author is persuaded that this, as in other cases, was a vapor charged with electric fire, or a kind of inflammable air. Here also he was informed, that the shock of the 5th of February had been from the bottom upwards; but the subsequent ones generally horizontal or verticose. A remarkable circumstance was observed at Messina, and through the whole coast of Calabria, which had been most affected by the earthquake, viz., that a small fish called cicirelli, resembling the English white-bait, but larger, which usually lie at the bottom of the sea, buried in the sand, had, after the commencement to the time this account was written, continued to be taken near the surface, and that in such abundance as to be common food for the poorest sort of people: whereas before the earthquake this fish was rare, and reckoned among the greatest delicacies. Fish of all kinds were also taken in greater abundance on these coasts after the commencement of the earthquake than before; which Sir William supposes to have been occasioned either by the volcanic matter having heated the bottom of the sea, or that the continual tremor of the earth had forced them out of their retreats.

The disastrous year of this earthquake was scarcely completed, the chasms which it had opened in the ground were still yawning, and the poor inhabitants of the adjacent country still trembled with terror, when the elements again renewed their fury to ravage this miserable land. On Tuesday the 6th January, 1784, about sunrise, the wind began to blow softly from the north east. The sea gradually swelled, rose beyond its bed with rapid impetuosity, overflowed the quay of Messina, and lashed with its billows the ruins of the Palazzetta. It loosened and displaced many of the stones of the mole, spread over the whole street, and attacked the pedestals of the statues, which had been spared by the earthquake and still stood firm among the ruins. The same furious wind which swelled the sea in so extraordinary a manner, ravaged the whole coast from Messina all the way to Syracuse.

The accounts of eye-witnesses—if this term can be applied to people in situations which tax the entire senses—possess a peculiar interest. The author of *Walsh's Travels*, who enjoyed an earthquake experience at Zante in the year 1820, gives the following idea how it feels:

"When the servant led me to my room, he left a large brass lamp lighted on a ponderous carved table on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures were a source of amusement to me; and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with.

"The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places; presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me and about the room. An indefinable melancholy humming sound seemed to issue from the earth and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side, as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while at the same instant the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became for a moment visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off my bedclothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door, and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

"Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth to flash at once on my mind. There stood in the square opposite the Palazzo a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation.

"I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come. I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance, but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

"But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentations, which came from below; and I afterwards found it to proceed from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and the ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, '*Sacramento! eccolo schiaccato!*'—there he is, crushed to death; and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

"I immediately rose and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other, and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

"It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded with intense anxiety to the government house to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth. It blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were everywhere lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of some security, being a ground floor detached from the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4,000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every moment upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron saint, Dionysius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet the time was marked by the passing sensations of different people, so that brief space appeared to be hours."

The earthquakes which in the present century desolated the principal cities of Peru, and the still later one that laid Manila in ruins, are too fresh in the minds of all to need more than a passing mention. We hope that the fulfillment of the Jesuit father as to the ultimate destruction of this city by one of these terrible visitors, it will not remain for a future number of the CALIFORNIAN to chronicle.

THINKING OF THE SOLDIERS.

FRANK MOORE lately published a collection of battle-rhymes, entitled *Loyal Lyrics*. He now publishes a companion volume to it, called *Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies*. The following verses from it are tender and thoughtful enough to have been written at the North:

"We were sitting around the table,
Just a night or two ago,
In the little cosy parlor,
With the lamplight burning low,
And the window-blinds half opened,
For the summer air to come,
And the painted curtains moving
Like a busy pendulum.

"O! the cushions on the sofa,
And the pictures on the wall,
And the gathering of comforts,
In the old familiar hall;
And the wagging of the pointer,
Lounging idly by the door,
And the flitting of the shadows
From the ceiling to the floor.

"O! they wakened in my spirit,
Like the beautiful in art,
Such a busy, busy thinking—
Such a dreaminess of heart,
That I sat among the shadows,
With my spirit all astray;
Thinking only—thinking only
Of the soldiers far away;

"Of the tents beneath the moonlight,
Of the stirring tattoo's sound,
Of the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the ground;
Of the icy winter coming,
Of the cold bleak winds that blow,
And the soldier in his blanket,
In his blanket on the snow.

"Of the blight upon the heather,
And the frost upon the hill,
And the whistling, whistling ever,
And the never, never still;
Of the little leaflets falling,
With the sweetest, saddest sound—
And the soldier—oh! the soldier,
In his blanket on the ground.

"Thus I lingered in my dreaming,
In my dreaming far away,
Till the spirit's picture-painting
Seemed as vivid as the day;
And the moonlight faded softly
From the window opened wide,
And the faithful, faithful pointer
Nestled closer by my side.

"And I knew that 'neath the starlight,
Though the chilly frosts may fall,
That the soldier will be dreaming,
Dreaming often of us all.
So I gave my spirit's painting
Just the breathing of a sound,
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier,
In his slumber on the ground.

DRESS.—We are all more or less desirous, on some ground or other, to win the respect of our fellow creatures; and the ways of winning it are infinitely diversified. To obtain influence and position, the majority of mankind will labor an entire life, and continue to toil, in some particular trade or profession, long after their actual necessities are supplied. The merchant still speculates in the mart, the seaman still ploughs the deep, the gold-hunter still digs the mine, and the scholar still collects additional lore by the midnight lamp. With this object in view, men exert their best energies in their several modes; but there is one mode which, in addition to all others, is adopted, with rare exceptions, by the whole human race; namely, an attention to personal appearance, or an endeavor to produce favorable impressions by the fashion, or propriety, or becomingness, or neatness, or splendor of their habiliments. The effect of dress is indeed of unquestionable importance. It typifies a man's position in society; it indicates his taste. A perfectly suitable dress is a passport almost everywhere. Wealth or worth ill attired is usually ill-received. The man who dresses in a style below his place and circumstances must expect to meet many a mortifying rebuff. Some philosophers and men of genius have been great slovens, and have affected to consider attention to personal appearance as effeminate or foolish. This mistake is less common than it used to be, and most of our *literati* now dress like gentlemen. A person dressed with propriety may save himself from the ridicule and slights and humiliations to which ill-dressed merit is hourly exposed. Amongst strangers, dress is the only criterion of a man's title to consideration.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN PHŒNIX.

THE *Round Table* is publishing a series of "Reminiscences of John Phœnix," evidently written by Lewis Gaylord Clark long editor of the *Knickerbocker*, which we here reproduce. Anything about Phœnix is interesting to the people among whom he so long lived. His memory will long be green in this State; he said and did some very funny things. Every one remembers how he was standing with a friend at a bar one summer day, when a baker's wagon drove by. Out rushed Phœnix, bareheaded. "Hallo, driver! stop! stop, I say!"

The driver stopped, and asked what he wanted.

"I want an eagle—a baked eagle!" said John.

"Baked eagle!" cried the driver, scarcely knowing whether to take it in jest or in earnest, "I havn't got any. Are you crazy?"

"Not got any!" replied Phœnix. "Then why do you not take your sign down?" and he pointed to "EAGLE BAKERY" conspicuously painted on the outside of the wagon.

Had the driver handed him a gold eagle, he might have turned the laugh for a moment; but John would have won it back eventually by treating the crowd with the driver's money. We intend soon to publish a series of anecdotal papers on this favorite humorist, written by a friend who knew him from boyhood. In the meanwhile, these from the *Round Table:*

I

PERHAPS there are thousands of readers with whom the name of "John Phœnix" is a familiar word, who have enjoyed his inimitable humor and pleasant wit, and yet who have no knowledge whatever of Captain George H. Derby, of the Topographical Corps of Engineers of the United States Army. Before recording any of our "Memories," therefore, of "Phœnix" and "Squibbob," (two *noms de plume* which he was wont to assume,) we will devote a brief paragraph or two to a sketch of his professional career, which lies before us in a MS. record from the U. S. Adjutant-General's office at Washington, kindly furnished us by E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Mr. Derby graduated at West Point in June, 1846. He was the seventh in a class of sixty, and George B. McClellan, his class-mate and life-long friend, and god-father to the fatherless boy who bears his name, was only three in advance of him. It may be remarked, in this connection, that Captain Derby was a lineal descendant from E. H. Derby, of Salem, Mass., who fitted out many armed ships during the war of the Revolution, and was the pioneer in opening the trade from Salem to India, China and the Baltic. The captain himself was born in Norfolk county, Mass., and entered West Point from the Old Bay State. Owing to his excellence as a topographer, he was transferred, in 1847, to the corps of Topographical Engineers. We first find him in the survey of the lakes of Michigan, in command of the Light-house District; next at San Francisco, in command of a corps employed in turning San Diego River into False Bay; subsequently, on the staff of Gen. Wool, in San Francisco and Benicia. In 1855–6, he was in charge of three military roads from Astoria to Salem, in Oregon Territory, from Fort Vancouver to Fort Steilacom, Washington Territory, and from Fort Vancouver to the Dalles, W. T. Numerous other professional duties he performed, office and field, in California and Oregon, until we find him upon the staff of Gen. Scott, in Mexico, engaged in field duty. He served on artillery duty under Col. Johnston. He surveyed the lines at Vera Cruz, under Col. Bankhead, and was most favorably mentioned in that officer's report to the department. He was honored by being present at the conference of superior officers, with Major-Gen. Scott, the evening before the battle of Cerro Gordo, at which battle, the next day, he was severely wounded. In 1847, he was breveted to the post of first lieutenant for his gallant and meritorious conduct on this occasion. He subsequently rose to the rank of captain. In the discharge of his duty, he exposed himself to the blight of a sun-stroke, which first affected his sight, causing for a time total blindness, and afterwards led to a softening of the brain which terminated his life.

It is a common thing with some people to assume that a humorist, a master of the burlesque and abounding with natural wit, is disqualified thereby for the serious and severe duties of a military or other exhausting profession, requiring the exercise of a high order of intellect. It is with a view to disprove the correctness of this absurd assumption that we have given the above short, but we trust not uninteresting record of Captain Derby's professional career. How many examples of the rarest solid powers might be cited in this connection, both abroad and at home! It will not be contended, we presume, that "Uncle Abraham" Lincoln makes any the worse President for his love of illustrating a sensible remark or decision by an amusing anecdote. Captain Derby was wont to say (quoting Sidney Smith) that "an inch of laugh was worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market." Yet Captain Derby excelled in pathetic description, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter. It is not to be denied, however, that Captain Derby's love of fun and good-natured, harmless practical jokes did sometimes detract from his proficiency in study while at West Point; otherwise he would have been third in his graduate-class at the Military Academy, and next to General McClellan. He was an admirable draughtsman; and it was universally conceded by his friends that, felicitous and graphic as were his amusing pen-pictures, the limnings of his pencil, for broad humor and instantaneous effect, surpassed them all. A friend and class-mate of his at West Point informs us that, whenever he was called to the black-board, the whole class were watching his drawings with eager anticipation for certain characteristic touches which converted the demonstration into the most amusing of representations. On one occasion, the professor of drawing requested his idea of an extemporized military pump for the supply of water to an army from a suddenly discovered spring, on their march through a dry and thirsty land, like portions of Mexico. Pecksniff, the architect, it will be remembered, taught his pupil to regard the drawing of a pump as "chaste practice." Phœnix made it so, and when he retired from the blackboard the class were thrown into ecstasies of laughter by the resemblance which the pump was made to bear to the drawing-master; and all by a few rapid touches, which left the model of the machine intact, but added accessories which made the portrait unmistakable.

Of some fifty other original drawings or caricatures of Captain Derby's which we have had the pleasure to examine, let us mention two, which show his peculiar characteristics and the whimsical vagaries of his imagination. Everybody has heard of the young man who was bitten by a rattlesnake near Springfield, Mass., a most lugubrious history in verse:

> "On Springfield's mounting there did dwell
> A likely youth, and known full well:
> Leftenant Carter's ondly son,
> A sprightly youth, nigh twenty-one.
>
> "He went on-to the mounting high,
> A rattle-snake he did espy;
> And all at once he then did feel
> That p'isou critter bite his heel."

This absurd poem, which is doubtless familiar to the reader, contains some dozen verses, each one of which was embodied in a pen-and-ink sketch by Captain Derby. The whole series was a study; and the illustration of one stanza especially, which describes the sufferer hurrying home with the snake in his hand, limp, scaly, and slimy, as if alive,

> "Crying all the way, all as he went,
> Oh! cruel, cruel sarpient!"

was inimitable.

The second of the two drawings to which we have referred was a series of four sketches, representing a "Child born with Mechanical Instincts." The first drawing represents him, at the age of two years, as having found a screw-driver, which he at once puts to use with his little chubby hands, by twisting out screws from the windows, door-hinges, etc. The second describes him gazing with "round-eyed wonder" at a screw-head in his little abdominal periphery, which he discovers as he is undressing for bed at night, and to which he is about to apply his driver. The third depicts him as having succeeded in his experiment; he has unscrewed himself, his "bottom" has come off in two sections, and he is sitting down upon them, wrapt in meditation, when his grandmother comes in, her long nose "spectacle-bestrid," and horror breathing in her face, raises the mechanical prodigy up, restores the sections to their places, and in the next sketch the little boy, a mere baby-child, is himself again.

The first time we ever met Captain Derby was at the office of a magazine of which we had been for more than a score of years the sole editor. He had long been an occasional personal correspondent, and his letters were always charming and characteristic. Sometimes the address itself would be most amusingly illustrated. We remember, in calling for our letters at the post-office one morning, that all the clerks about the window were laughing ready to split their sides at one of the letters which they handed to us. It was from "John Phœnix," then, if we remember rightly, in California. He had taken the postage-stamp, a fine, dignified head of Washington, and appended to it, not a spiritual body, but a most natural body, in the shape of an English country farmer not over-anxious as to his dress and appearance, but evidently a good-natured, "hale fellow well met;" for General Washington, in his person, had the solemn, rigid lines of his mouth turned up at the corners with an inexpressible smirk, which, contrasted with an expression that represented his real character, was almost equal to some of Hogarth's transmutations. This is no exaggeration, as Mr. Taylor, our deputy-postmaster, will tell you. Washington stood, with this ineffable smirk upon his face, with the point of his sword stuck in the ground, upon which his good right hand rested. He had on a pair of English leather breeches, with high gaiters, a "cut-away" sporting coat, and a round-crowned fragment of a hat; all of which added to the ludicrousness of the sketch, which was rendered perfectly natural by being depicted in the same pale-red color of the original postage-stamp, and so neatly and carefully joined together and made a perfect whole that it would have been impossible even for an expert to find out where the original began or the imitation ended.

It was the same with the portrait of "Squibob," which forms the frontispiece to "Phenixiana," which set the country on a broad grin, "from the far Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy." Captain Derby rubbed out the top, or head, of his own photograph, and placed over the collar of his military coat a head, which for cuteness, *espiegleness* (if such a word is admissible), and inimitable ugliness, it is impossible to describe. As the showmen say, "It must be seen to be appreciated."

The first time we had the pleasure to meet Captain Derby was at the publication office of the magazine with which we were so long connected, then over the book-store of the Messrs. Appleton & Company, in Broadway. Coming in one morning, Mr. H——, the publisher, said:

"Mr. C——, this gentleman has been waiting some time to see you. Mr. Ferguson, this is Mr. C——."

"My name is Ferguson," said Captain Derby; "don't you remember meeting me about seven years ago at the Astor House, where we dined together, and what a pleasant time we had?"

Now, what could we say? If there is one thing in the world which is more infinitely perplexing and annoying than another, it is to forget the acquaintance of a friend, of whom you must make an enemy by not remembering him when he presents himself to you with open arms. So we said:

"Certainly, Mr. Ferguson, that was not a time to be forgotten; and how have you been since, and where, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Mostly in Mobile," he answered, "for the last two or three years"—and in a moment we were engaged in a multifarious chat.

Meantime, we had caught the eye and decided expression of Mr. H——, our publisher, who was evidently enjoying what Mr. Fenimore Cooper has called a "furtive laugh," which he could not at all conceal. In a moment we saw we had been undergoing a sell.

"There has been quite enough of this," said our Mr. Ferguson," who must have observed the incredulity which had "got hold upon" us; "my name is George H. Derby, sometimes otherwise known as 'John Phœnix,' your old and familiar correspondent, and very much at your service."

II.

The great beauty of the humor of "John Phœnix" was that there was not a particle of ill-nature about it. He was not one of those sour, discontented, satirical, practical jokers, so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good nature and good fellowship he cherished, and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him. We have mentioned how he joked us some deal in introducing himself to us as a Mr. Ferguson whom he had met before. But a funnier, and perhaps a more perplexing thing, was what he did to a clerical missionary from the Mission Dolores, a forlorn establishment not far from San Francisco. The aforesaid missionary was a lean "Yank," as our rebellious rebel brethren would term him; very poor and very pious, but one among the most inquisitive of his tribe. He was introduced by Mr. Phœnix to his wife, an accomplished and attractive lady, to whom the missionary was anxious, of course, to make himself acceptable. After the usual changes were rung upon the usual meterological topics, the growth and wickedness of San Francisco, the learned prelate suddenly asked:

"Captain Derby, what was the name of your good lady before you married her?"

Without moving a muscle, and looking him steadily in the eye, John Phœnix replied:

"Her name, sir, was Coon (which it was, by the by, being that of an opulent and well-known family in St. Louis); you must have heard of her father?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered the missionary.

"You have forgotten it, probably, but he was well known; Zip Coon, 'old Zip Coon,' they used to call him. He was a United States Senator for several years, and was very popular, everybody who knew him always speaking of him as a clever fellow."

"Oh, yes," responded the simple-minded prelate, "I *do* now remember having heard of him; there were some exceedingly complimentary elegiac lines written upon him after his death."

Not a smile, says our informant, who witnessed this scene and heard this conversation, mantled the face of John Phœnix during the whole of it.

His power of face, in fact, was something wonderful, as is sufficiently attested by the following authentic anecdote: He was sitting on one occasion in the guests' lolling-room of the New York Hotel, fronting on Broadway, when a little beggar girl came in, and, with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving, benevolent countenance, and approached him, asking alms. She was very young, innocent-looking, and had none of the juvenile whine and persistency of most young mendicants whom one meets in the streets and in the halls of our public hotels. Phœnix at once assumed a mournful expression of face, and began to talk, as it were, confidentially and very affectionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he—

> "Having early lost his mother,
> Without sister, without brother,"

was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with nobody to look to; and often and often he had not known where to get a piece of bread, or where he was to sleep at night. The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten; the lolling guests, most of whom knew Captain Derby, gathered around; when what was their surprise to see the poor, sympathetic beggar child go close up to him, and in a quiet, confidential way take out of the little side-pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered during the day, and place it in his hand. This tribute to Mr. Derby's power of countenance and manner, and the exquisitely beautiful evidence of the effect of it in the act of the little girl, struck every person present with a kindred admiration. It is needless to add that the tender-hearted and generous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small yet great benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions, educed from the sympathetic pockets of the by-standers.

Some one (we think it was Sydney Smith) once said that "No man ought to pretend to hock who was not certain that his grandfather had seen it in a green bottle!" John Phœnix once upon a time improved upon this idea somewhat, as we think. Before leaving West Point he entertained at dinner half a dozen of his friends and fellow-graduates, among whom was Gen. McClellan, from whom the subjoined account of a most amazing incident of the occasion is derived: Good hock, in the wine list of a well-appointed dinner, was a thing not to be intermitted; but Phœnix was disappointed in not receiving it; but he made amends. In the wine-cooler at his side he had a bottle of pale sherry, and at the side of each friend's plate a pair of green spectacles. When the hock in its course was to be served, he said:

"Gentlemen, put on your glasses, and we'll try a glass of Metternich hock, with everything in keeping."

Each guest admitted that the wine looked like hock, as they saw it, and it required a very little stretch of the imagination to make them think that it tasted like hock. "In fact," says our informant, "the illusion was complete."

Happening to be in Boston—we believe he was temporarily stationed there at the time in an official capacity—he chanced to be walking through Washington street when his attention was arrested by a sign which he did not exactly understand, but which his inquiring mind was desirous of investigating. The sign read "Call and Tuttle." Phœnix went into the store, a fine establishment, with all the appointments of an elegant resort of the *haut ton*, and said:

"I have called to *tuttle;* I have never tuttled, but I should *like* to. How much is it?"

"Mr. Tuttle is out," said a dapper clerk, "but he will be in in a few moments."

"I can't wait," said Phœnix, "but when he comes in say to him that to-morrow at ten o'clock I will call and tuttle."

While Captain Derby was paying his addresses to the fair and accomplished lady whom he afterward made his wife, he never paid her a compliment, although he had abundant reason to do so. The nearest approach to a compliment which he ever made was one morning when he said to her:

"M——, for an ugly woman, you look better this morning than I ever saw you look before!"

On another occasion, during his "sparking" days, he said to her, with the most imperturbable immobility of countenance:

"Miss C——, do you dip?"

Naturally vexed, she replied:

"I think I know what you mean, and I feel that you pay me a very poor compliment and less respect by the insinuation implied in the question."

"Oh, not at all," replied Mr. Phœnix; I thought you was more than usually excited; I knew you did not drink, and I have been told that dipping produces great exhilaration of spirits."

Dipping, it may be necessary to explain to the uninitiated, is a custom not unusual in portions of the South and Southwest. It consists in taking a linen swab, tied upon the end of a stick, dipping it in yellow Scotch snuff, and chewing it.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

*** *Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of* "THE CALIFORNIAN," 728 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

OUR PAPER.

THIS is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements and no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE readers of "Our Old Home" will remember the playful but effective manner in which the author closes that volume—destined to be the latest, as it is the ripest of his works. Read in the light of the telegram that flashed the announcement of his death last week, how much graver suggestion is involved in this fanciful climax to his description of the public dinner tendered him by his English friends, when he was called upon to speak:

> Seizing this handful of straw with a death grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honorably, I got upon my legs to save both countries or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude.

In this attitude Mr. Hawthorne stands before the public to-day. But the moment of peril is past; the little speech, so playfully evaded, has been made, and the tables of both continents have roared and thundered their appreciation. The reserve and shyness which constituted a chief charm of his genius have been put far enough back to disclose the delicately ripened fancies they shielded. Nothing can be easier now than to trace back to the *Twice Told Tales* that peculiar flavor which delighted us in the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Marble Faun*, and *Our Old Home;* but how widely different now the reputation of the author!

His earliest literary essays were characterized by that style which has since won him the merited distinction of being the most skillful and elegant master of English composition on our side of the Atlantic. But this super-excellence was fatal to his immediate popularity; his originality, made up equally of weird introspection and quiet perception, opposed to and weakening each other, was not distinct enough to attract attention; his perceptive powers lost much of their force by this apperceptive habit of questioning their veracity, and were concealed often by the rippling flow of his periods, or lost in his exquisite harmony of diction. These waifs, since collected and republished in the *Twice Told Tales*, consequently did not meet a reception commensurate with their merits or the power they shadowed forth. The circumstances that determine the growth of an author's popularity are not always clear. The subtle insight shown in *Wakefield* and *The Minister's Black Veil* is the very same that enchants us in the *Scarlet Letter;* the English is as charming; but something has been added. The author himself was conscious of some lack of the popular element, and has thus pleasantly alluded to it in his preface to the *Twice Told Tales:*

> At all events there can be no harm in the author remarking that he rather wonders how the *Twice Told Tales* should have gained what vogue they did, rather than that it was so little and so gradual. They had the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade—the coolness of a meditative habit which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly continue to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, would hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

Wonderfully clear as is this insight and criticism of his own style, it is pleasantly contradicted in one point by a passage which oddly occurs in the same criticism, and it is unequaled for its quiet pathos. The author "had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merits of the work in hand, but which in the long run will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart or the numbness from his fingers. To this total lack of sympathy, at the age when his mind would naturally have been most effervescent, the public owe it (and it is certainly an effect not to be regretted on either part) that the author can show nothing for the thought and industry of that portion of his life, save the forty sketches, or thereabouts, included in these volumes."

A comparison between Hawthorne and Irving would be difficult, yet it is almost as difficult to refrain from the impulse. All that Irving has done to preserve the legends and history of the Dutch settlers of New York, Hawthorne has achieved in his New England stories and traditions. Yet how widely different is their treatment; how distinct and marked their flavor! *Knickerbocker's History of New York* is a mirth-provoking satire; the legends overflow with the exuberant health, humor and poetry of their fanciful chronicler. They are fictitious, but they are charming; and we are little inclined to quarrel with the accuracy of events that we know, and the chronicler knew, were unheroic and unimportant. There was, however, too much of serious complexion in the Puritan character; too much of actual bloodshed, superstition and suffering in New England history to give Mr. Hawthorne's stories this pleasant peculiarity. His shy, self-examining and concentrative genius; his taste for the mysterious and marvellous; his intuitive insight into the workings of the human heart, and, above all, the slight shadow of skepticism which darkened his clearest moral perceptions, peculiarly fitted him for this work. Nowhere so much as by contrast with Washington Irving does this latter failing of Mr. Hawthorne's genius appear so prominent. Yet it was an essential ingredient of his originality. It was this morbid quality that lent a surprising charm to his best stories, and sometimes even marred the promptings of his judgment, His taste for the marvellous sometimes led him beyond the limits of good taste and even of humanity. The discovery of a man's death by the spectacle of a fly walking over the exposed pupil of his eye, has genius—but of a diabolic quality.

But it was only as a story-teller and in the domain of pure fiction that our author betrayed this morbid tendency. His pictures of actual life and scenery were natural and healthy, and drawn with scrupulous fidelity. The *Marble Faun* exhibits a most incongruous mingling of these qualities. We have Roman landscapes possessing a photographic accuracy of outline and detail; we can almost feel the warm sunshine of an Italian sky—the *mise en scene* is altogether perfect, but the *dramatis personæ* are out of the range of probability, and the incidents are purely impossible. Still we can almost forgive the exasperating goodness of "Hilda;" we can put up with the unaccountable lunacy of the hero, for the exquisite atmosphere that surrounds them. We can, if we like, go deeper and admire the consummate skill and faithful zeal with which a classic fable is modernized and brought into harmony with every-day occurrences; but we need not accept it as anything but a fable, in spite of the mysterious hintings of the author, or the proffered explanation at its close, which turns out (as he intended it) to be no explanation at all. By a somewhat singular coincidence, Dr. Holmes, a few years later, with much humbler and less pretentious material, constructed an equally ingenious myth in Elsie Venner. The rattlesnake-maiden and the animal-man have in some respects a strong family likeness. Of the two creations, however, we prefer that of Dr. Holmes, though the least sensational, as the most natural and consistent.

Many of his late works exhibit this incongruous element. But with what delight and reverence do we hail at last *Our Old Home*—the maturest and healthiest product of his intellect. The "old hysterical mock-disease" is not yet quite cured, but it is thoroughly under control, and imparts a refined langor, a gentlemanly paleness, a delicacy and sensibility to impressions, which we would not now care to lose. Our author is a little skeptical—a little cynical—but no more than a traveler and cosmopolitan may be. He is on English ground too, where we are willing he should indulge his morbid fancies if he has any, and where, if the brusqueness and vulgarity of John Bull sting him into sarcasm, we shall not regret it. With what infinite genius has he painted the portrait of an old enemy. How thoughtfully reverent has he been of the England of our romance, which he seldom saw; how keenly satirical of the England of reality which was continually obtruded upon him. Whether loitering under the arches of a Cathedral, or a shy, reserved spectator of the festivities of Greenwich Park; whether meditating upon the wretchedness of work-house children, or looking about the table at a civic banquet, we have the same sharp, decisive outlines, the same delicate lights and shadows, the same wonderful charm of atmosphere and distance which distinguishes this incomparable description of an English summer day:

> As far as your actual experience is concerned, the English summer day has positively no beginning and no end. When you awake, at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through the curtains; you live through unnumbered hours of Sabbath quietude with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and at length you become conscious that it is bedtime again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil, through which the bygone day beholds its successor; or not quite true of the latitude of London, it may be soberly affirmed of the more northern parts of the island, that To-morrow is born before Yesterday is dead. They exist together in the golden twilight, where the decrepit old day dimly discerns the face of the ominous infant; and you, though a mere mortal, may simultaneously touch them both with one finger of recollection and another of prophecy.

When his satire found expression this elegance of diction served to feather the arrows that penetrated the external coats of the "bulbous" Englishman, who did not receive the attack any the more kindly from being blackguarded in purer English than he was in the habit of using. Hawthorne, has been accused of luke-warmness and insincerity towards his country in her present struggle. Whatever might have been the doubts and morbid fancies that ended in his espousing a weak and dangerous policy, we must place to his credit the sound berating he gave our old enemy, when he stands erect before us to-day.

We began this article with a quotation from the last paragraph of the last volume he had published. We close it with another, the first paragraph in his earliest work. It conveys a simple yet significant lesson: "The author of '*Twice Told Tales*' has a claim to one distinction which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America."

"FREEDOM OF THE PRESS."

A PHRASE much used is pretty certain to become abused. When freedom of the press was first claimed as one of the bulwarks of civil and religious liberty, the phrase was understood to mean the right of public journals to discuss all public questions, fairly, freely and fearlessly—nothing more. Of late years, however, it seems to be construed in a wide and a widely different sense. Latitude to discuss is interpreted into license to abuse. The prerogative of the press is now so liberally translated as to make public journals a medium for wreaking private revenges, transforming them into mere vehicles for villification. The editor loads his go-cart with epithets snatched like brickbats from the vocabulary of the irate, and dumps them at the door of whoever happens to incur his dislike or provoke his spite. He hesitates not a moment in attacking private character, and fancies he has a right to print anything in his paper he chooses, running the risk of nothing worse than a libel suit. True of the press our whole American country through, this is especially true of the press of this city. If any doubt the accuracy of our statement we refer them to the record. The local Press has left some very coarse files as legacies to posterity.

Freedom of speech is a parallel prerogative to that of the press. But it will be noticed that in its exercise a deal of judgment and discretion is evinced. People hesitate about saying that to others in the public streets which would expose them to the risk of being kicked or killed with a public if not a coroner's verdict, returned in the matter: Served them right. It will be noticed that a man pretty generally weighs well the size of another, estimates his probable tonnage, and glances with a curious and mathematical eye at the style of boot he wears before stalking up and calling him a liar or accusing him of theft. But a different construction seems to be put upon the crime of saying abusive things in print from that which is attached to the offence of saying them personally. Why this is it is difficult to determine, since that spoken of or to a man reaches the ears of but few, while a single paragraph to his discredit in print is scattered "wide as waters be," prejudices people in his disfavor whom he has never seen and does not know, but with whom at some time he may be brought in contact in social or business relations, and stands on record as an accusation against him with those who will never read his defence—if he is foolish enough to attempt one.

The difference in degradation between the editor who makes his journal the medium of gratifying personal or political hate and the one who, with the proof sheets of his next dirty issue in one hand, a big club in the other, and a large bull-dog following at his heels, perambulates the city to blackmail citizens into buying themselves out of the filth with which he will otherwise spatter them and their families, is only of degrees—degrees of longitude, mark you, and not of latitude. Indeed, we are not sure that a comparison between the two does not turn in favor of him who openly adopts this means of getting bread rather than of those journalists who are able to support themselves decently and respectably, if inclined, by keeping within the legitimate bounds of their profession. We mean no harm to anybody by the comparison, which, like the boy's whistling, "did itself." We simply wish to inculcate the idea that courtesy should obtain in print as well as in speech, and that the power which the editor's profession places in his hands should be used with gentleness and discretion.

OUR ARMIES AND THE PROSPECTS.

LOYAL men have occasion to congratulate themselves on the aspect which affairs in the field have assumed. The old do-nothing policy has become a thing of the past, and the sweep of our armies onward is like the march of fate—firm and irresistible. The day of bombastic proclamations and show and sound, to the exclusion of sense and straightforward blows from the shoulder, in the conduct of our military operations, is done, and we hope forever. Performance has taken the place of promise. In Virginia and at the West, since the inauguration of this new era, the career of our arms has been one of almost uninterrupted triumph. The Army of the Potomac has redeemed itself from the shame cast upon it by the imbecility or incapacity of former commanders, and proved by its marches and its battles that in each man it possesses the stuff of which soldiers should be made. There are battles yet to be fought before Richmond, but the issue can scarcely be doubted. Admitting Napoleon's favorite apophthegm that Providence is always on the side of that army which has the heaviest artillery, and setting aside the elements of truth and justice and the political principles which are involved in this, the most stupendous struggle that ever saturated with blood God's footstool, elements and principles which cannot fail eventually to triumph—to doubt this would be impiety; still, even those most chronically inclined to despondency should find in that Napoleonic maxim alone an absoluto assurance of certain victory. For we have the preponderance of numbers and the advantage in everything which goes to make an army effective, in arms, in all equipments, and in rations.

Another assurance of success is found in the fact that we have learned not to underrate our enemies, a mistake which was certainly committed early in the war. It has come to be understood that a triumphant march

over the country to be conquered is not in the programme, but that each step of ground must be won and retained by hard fighting. Our army in Virginia is at this moment opposed to veterans, men seasoned in the smoke of nearly all the battles of the war, and who have proved that they are made of fighting stuff. To deny this would be to rob our own army of its laurels in conquering them, and to tacitly reproach it for not having before this put the rebellion down. In the late series of successes we have proven that Northern blood is as bright and brave as any that ever tingled to finger tips when taunt and insult spoke, or swelled the veins when the trumpet shrilled.

It would be trite to say that our rejoicings should be tempered with sorrow because half the continent is a Rama; and to point to the terrible background which shadows our victorious battlefields might savor of a stage trick. It is scarcely worth while to be mealy-mouthed about the matter at this stage in the game.

War is a terrible alternative at best, but there are things in life more to be dreaded, and shame is at any time worse than death. A vindication of the principle of free government is worth all the blood that it can possibly cost, and that this vindication is near at hand, we predict. For unless all human indications fail, the end of the present year will see the rebellion crushed and our flag floating over every inch of territory claimed by the general government.

OF WHAT SEX, ZOYARA?

FOUR thousand people went to see the opening of the Hippotheatron, and four thousand people that night were badly puzzled. It was not over the word "Hippotheatron" that they tripped and tumbled, formidable as that seemed at the outset. There are few words in this world—ideas, either, for that matter—which cannot be mastered by persistent application; so people had gradually come to know what Hippotheatron meant—though they thought it rather a queer way of spelling Circus. The word had come to be so well understood that horses no longer shied when they saw it displayed in big letters on huge posters all about town, neither did children stretch out their little hands wistfully toward it and request their parents to buy them some. The Provost Marshal had discovered that there was nothing insurrectionary in the placards; the police had become satisfied that no old burglar under a new name had arrived in town, and the whole city had settled down into that happiness which is ever the reward of virtue and only disturbable by earthquakes.

But the opening night changed all that. A question arose as to Zoyara's sex. The question is not new with the people of this coast; for months it bewildered the multitudes beyond the mountains. It is part of the Circus—we beg Mr. Wilson's pardon; we should have said HIPPOTHEATRON—and always travels with the show. Eastern people are smart—right smart—they pride themselves on knowing cheese from chalk; and if *they* could not tell at first glance a man from a woman, it is little marvel that our people, who live so far from sunrise, became involved in a personal, or rather a personal-pronoun discussion, of He, She, or It. In short, it is no wonder that a question of gender was engendered in a city where a very few years ago nothing resembling a woman was to be seen.

We have called the question of Zoyara's sex a grave one. Possibly there be those who regard it as wholly unimportant, and consider the game of the discussion scarcely worth the candle. A little reflection, however, should convince the most disputative mind that it really does make a great difference, so far as an individual's destinies in life are concerned, whether that individual is a man or woman. Had Cæsar been a Julia instead of a Julius, his career and the fate of Rome would have been materially modified; or, had Cleopatra been of the square-shouldered sex, instead of sloping off at Actium she would probably have stuck by Antony like a man, and so have changed all subsequent pages of history. We repeat that there are few more important questions in life than ones of sex.

Regarding this problem of Zoyara's sex, the daily papers did not come to the enlightenment of the public with that alacrity which they usually display. The morning papers dodged it—skipping gingerly over the point at issue, and pronouncing no opinion at all. The evening press, having more time to reflect it over, arrived at a positive conclusion in the matter, and expressed it with their usual boldness. A critic who on ordinary occasions is rather reticent of praise, became quite gushing in this instance. In the course of a notice of the opening of the Circus, (Mr. Wilson must again pardon us—we mean Hippothcatron) which attained the remarkable length of ten lines—two-and-a-half being the usual allotted space—the "dashing riding of Ella Zoyara" was spoken of; the rider was called the fair rider; and the unusual phrase in those modest columns, "Ella's gentle limbs," caused the lady readers of the paper to blush. At the close of the paragraph the Zoyara was again called "Ella;" and, throughout, an infatuation was displayed which caused prudent people to shake their heads and wonder where it would all end.

With that benevolent intent which is ever the characteristic of the well-cultivated mind, we rush to the rescue. Allow us to step into the ring and rescue our friend from the toils of an emphatically false woman—the public from its bewilderment.

She is not a woman; she is a man. The grammar of the declaration may be doubtful, but the fact we know. The Zoyara was imported from Europe by Nixon, the same enterprising manager who established the Cremorne Gardens in New York, brought Carlotta Patti before the public as a *prima donna*, and persuaded over "the beautiful Cubas"—whom everybody puffs. Nixon told the writer the whole history of his affair with the Zoyara—how he woed and how he won the fair but false creature—and it ran somewhat thus:

His circus pined, and it became evident to his experienced eyes that nothing but an extraordinary female rider could save it from financial destruction. He put on his best clothes and went to Europe after one. He found lots of female riders scattered over that continent, but none of them exactly reached the standard he had laid out in his own exigeut mind. While loafiug through Paris, looking like many another man for a woman, and finding her not, he suddenly stumbled into an equestrian exhibition. There he found Zoyara, who filled the bill exactly, with the trifling exception of not being a woman. But great minds can surmount all small difficulties like this. He approached Zoyara in an artful manner, concealing his dishonorable intentions, and after much persuasion, effected his nefarious design. Zoyara listened and finally consented to fly with the Manager in disguise. The scheme was so artfully carried out that all endeavors even on the part of the circus rider's old companions to trace his whereabouts proved vain. It was given out that he had gone to play au engagement in Kamschatka, and they pictured him as eating tallow candles for his noonday lunch, and actually doing bear-back riding for the entertainment of the eccentric but appreciative population of that hyperborean portion of the world. All this while he was promenading Paris, or lounging about Baden-Baden with Nixon, dressed in woman's guise. They went together into ball rooms, and the fair and beautiful stranger leaniug on Nixon's arm was the sensation of the moment. Advances were made to Zoyara from titled men and men of letters. To the credit of his sex be it said that he resisted all temptations, and never even the breath of scandal attached to his skirts.

We omitted to mention that Zoyara was not the performer's name. To find a name which should fulfill all the conditions of attractiveness taxed Nixon's energies almost as severely as anything else, but he finally lighted upon that of Ella Zoyara in a moment of inspiration.

It had now been proven by experiment that the Zoyara could pass for a woman, and the manager brought his victim over to this country. His success was wonderful. People had never seen such woman riding before—neither had they ever before seen a face so feminine with an attachment of limb and shoulder so extraordinarily masculine. It could be said to the new Star, slightly parodying Macbeth's words to the Witches: You should be man, and yet your face forbids! People flocked to the Circus—there were no Hippothcatrons in those days—in crowds, and Nixon's fortune was made. It is true that a few suspected, and that many doubted. One man iu the pit, standing near the ring, boldly asserted that he heard the Zoyara make a remark about boots such as no woman could possibly have made. But all this only increased the excitement, and made the entertainmeut draw. People were anxious to solve the secret, if there were any, and so sat up all night reading anatomy, and went to the show provided with huge double-barreled *lorgnettes*—only to come away more puzzled than ever. It was a clear case of "Can't tell unless you bet, and then you are just as like to lose your money as not."

But success in life is always alloyed with some unpleasant amalgam. Nixon had a wife and she didn't like the long and secret conferences her husband had with the Zoyara. And she protested against it very loudly. The husband attempted to pacify by talking of professional business, but she didn't see it! So matters went on, until one day the indignant wife packed her trunks to leave her husband's house, and a vision of divorce loomed up in the managerial family. Then he had but one resource left. He promised to explain, premising by saying that the explanation involved the relation of a secret which would ruin him financially were it publicly known. The wife pledged secrecy, and bent her willing ear to hear the explanation. These the words which her husband whispered her:

"She is a man!"

To the manager's surprise the explanation was not received exactly as he had anticipated. His wife was more furious than ever. "Attempt to impose on me with a cock-and-bull story like that!" she cried. "Don't you think *I* know a man from a woman when I see one?"

The unfortunate man left the house; there was no room for him there that day. He had feared to tell the secret, even to his wife, and now, when told, she refused to believe it. It proved more difficult, in this instance, to persuade the wife of his bosom that Zoyara was a man than it had been to make all the rest of the world believe that Bayard was a woman. But the human mind in its worst estate is fertile in expedients, and the indignant wife was at last convinced. How, can best be learned by addressing a note to the parties immediately interested. In the meanwhile every one can go and see the great original Zoyara, at Mr. Wilson's Hippotheatron, and that gentleman will allow them to arrive at any conclusion they choose respecting the sex of his performer. The only point upon which he is at all tenacious is insisting that they pay their money before going in, saying to the thousands who flock to his place, as the celebrated Wax Showman did to the audience who thronged the doors of his exhibition: "You would not expect me to permit you to go in without paying, you know, but as many of you as choose can [illegible]y without going in; and what can be fairer than that?"

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28, 1864.

THERE has been a pleasant interregnum of several weeks in a life which from its earliest date—some consider trowsers the beginning of a boy's life, but is not the cradle an aunty-date?—has been one of unceasing toil and unremitting deprivations.

I never could find the time to study that happier boys could and did. For while my youthful companions in the old stone schoolhouse were throwing pellets of paper at each other, and laying up for themselves the seeds of future consumption and the foundations of most wretched English educations, drinking in erroneous notions of geography and most eccentric ideas of history (both ancient and modern) from the withered lips of an old maid that the school had accepted as its mistress—only a stone schoolhouse could have been guilty of such wretched bad taste—I, alas! was often compelled to stay away from school.

My parents did not know it, and I never told them, for they were anxious that I should acquire the rude rudiments of an education, and it would have grieved them to know that circumstances over which they had no control prevented my constant attendance at school; that I couldn't always go.

Perhaps they would have attempted to persuade me that I could, and an argument with parents is never pleasant—especially if there is no bark on it, and you are wearing summer trowsers.

I pride myself that to this day neither my father nor my mother know the number of times I was out, in those schoolboy days, industriously gathering nuts or painfully and slowly dragging my wearied limbs up trees where there happened to be bird's nests—all for the sake of the eggs.

A good share of those pleasant but guilty hours was devoted to the support of my younger brother. He used to stand on my shoulder and pick the peaches and rich clusters of grapes which grew beyond our reach unless we adopted some such plan.

You will observe that though he was but a lad, I was a ladder.

I had a kindly care, too, for his future life, and not infrequently would endeavor, by judicious but severe chastisement, to correct the faults which showed themselves even so early in his character. This is a way that elder brothers have. I remember that he was not disposed to yield to the judgment of those older than himself, and often violently objected when I, who was fully three years his senior, divided the grapes.

He said I took more than my share, and used to pout and cry about it, and then I felt it my duty to whip him. Perhaps this his the reason that he does not cherish any great affection for me at the present day, and never offers to lend me any money in my distresses.

By the way, it is a rather singular fact that younger brothers never entertain any very great affection for their older ones. I never felt at all gushing towards mine. It is true that they sometimes asked me to go fishing with them, but then they never took me any further than the garden, and my part of the fishing consisted wholly in digging worms or catching grasshoppers for them to bait their hooks with. Looking back at all the nagging and bully-ragging which they put me through, and which I, in turn, inflicted on those of the family younger than me, I comprehend fully what nations mean when they talk of the "balance of power."

It would be wicked and wrong to say that I ever hated my elder brothers, but I hope it is not unchristian to confess that there has never been a time from the "bib" epoch to the present, when I had not much rather kiss my Cousin Fannio than either of them. * * *

I have unintentionally been betrayed into a digression. I commenced to say, at the commencement of this article, that after an interregnum of a few weeks in an existence which has mainly been one of toil, and woe, and weariness, I am compelled to forsake the calm and quiet of domestic life, put aside the garments of a gentleman, and once more resume that pen which in my hand is mightier than the swords—*i. e.*, two such swords as the Japanese wear.

The only thing which consoles me for the loss of my quiet dignity is the thought that I am writing for a new paper.

In the green spring and youth of my existence, I once fancied that I should like to have a paper of my own. To my mind it stood as the symbolical vine and fig tree of one's own, under whose shadow one could sit—perhaps lie—with none to molest or make afraid.

But this paper has been started under my own eye, and all my aspirations to own one have undergone a material modification. I had rather undertake to board and lodge a pair of Siamese elephants, or Siamese twins.

I have seen the editor of this paper ask one man to subscribe, who said he would, and afterwards explained that he thought he was asked to write for it.

I have seen the editor of this paper ask another man for a subscription, and receive instead a deal of advice about starting the paper and its conduct, which showed that the man knew nothing at all of what he was talking about.

I have seen the editor gazing in despair at forty-eight yawning empty columns which had to be filled, but which, like Pharaoh's lean kine, or a Pharaoh bank, swallowed all that was given them and then seemed no fuller than before.

I have seen the most amazing perplexities occur regarding type and paper, the most astounding questions arise of how shall this be done and where shall this be put—all asked of an unfortunate victim to his ambition, who did not know anything about it.

But I have also seen a number of good, generous fellows, rally around the enterprise, giving their aid to it the moment it was asked, with a heartiness and a will that spoke volumes—subscribing to the new paper without saying anything about "having to give so much to the church"—asking no questions. And others have given encouragement by works and by words, so that I do not know but what I may eventually forget all the unpleasant things that attend establishing a paper, and some day carry out my favorite and long-cherished plan of starting *The Ishmaelite*.

Having surreptitiously glanced over the proof sheets of the CALIFORNIAN, I cannot refrain from giving my opinion regarding the paper and its contents. Throughout, in its whole style, it is so plain that I do not see why it was not called *The Plaindealer*, the more especially as that name would have contributed to its circulation and popularity on the Plains. At first I did not like the plain heading under which this series of papers is to be bonneted; it is so different from the fancy cap I wore in another weekly journal, which I well nigh ruined—but now I am quite used to it and like it better. The eye very soon wearies of fancy type.

The head of the paper is unlike anything I ever saw before, and probably bears about as little resemblance to any other head on earth as it does to mine. It is called secretary hand; but I am confident that no secretary ever wrote such a hand unless indeed he was very drunk.

The motto, I see, is taken from Job. This perhaps will lead people to infer that the work is done at a job-printing office, a conclusion which would be erroneous since THE CALIFORNIAN has an office of its own.

The name of the paper does not strike one at first, but a conviction of its appropriateness grows apace. It is in accordance with the whole style of the paper, plain. Fancy names should go with fancy type, and both, in my opinion, should go to the "old Nick." "THE CALIFORNIAN" sounds plain, practical, and expressive. It is comprehensive, and commits the paper to no particular of field literature, politics, or religion, leaving, on the contrary, a free field open to it for the discussion of all. Moreover, it possesses this one great advantage—there is no other paper of its name in the whole world. It can never be confounded with any *Courier* or *Herald* or *Palladium* published in Asia, Africa, or America. People, in short, will never mistake it for the *London Times*. And I can think of no name that would have been better to call it unless it were *The Bungtown Banner or the Battle-Axe of Freedom*, and that would only have done for a paper published at Bungtown.

I like the form of the paper; it is convenient to handle and can be read like a tract. The wide columns are pleasant to read from, and their length does not appal one at first meeting. The small pages, too, give advertisers an advantage, as everything in them can be taken in at one sweep of the eye.

So far as the matter of the paper is concerned, *La Comtesse Diane* I have read in the French. It is a capital story, and, though it is French, no one need have any fear about the moral. The hero does nothing worse than falling in love with his godmother—and this brings him to the mad-house. Had he been guilty of falling in love with his grandmother, tho Good Gracious—this mild form of oath is in vogue with young ladies—only knows where he would have gone to or what would have become of him. The translation is faithful and sprightly, preserving the spirit of the original.

"Neighborhoods I have Moved from" is a charming sketch, and "The Ballad of the Emeu" is exquisitely funny. I do think it is one of the best things of the kind extant. To say it was written in this city is to tell the world who wrote it.

"Four-o'clocks" is a rather pretty story, gracefully written, which will probably please the multitude. The authoress has contributed to the *Atlantic* and to *Harper's*, which is all that I know to her disfavor. I cannot say that the story exactly meets my idea, for I do not take kindly to sentimentality, even in its subdued forms, and I am wroth that the story does not go on to tell us that Uncle Frank muttoned that villain, Colton. "The Light in the Window" is also written by Dennar Stewart, and I think it excellent verse.

"About Earthquakes" is mostly a compilation, evincing considerable talent and a wonderful deal of industry.

The extracts are tolerably good, considering that the editor had very few exchanges at hand, and, amid the hurry and bustle of getting out the paper, very little time to read and select. As for editorials, they are always stupid—this is a rule of all newspapers.

If any one should ask me, outside, what I thought the best thing in the new paper, I should say "Things," but under the present circumstances modesty overpowers me, and I say nothing. * * *

You cannot expect one who has been a professional lotus-eater so long to know much about what is going on in the world, but they tell me that the principal events of late have been the opening of Maguire's Academy of Music and Wilson's Hippotheatron—the day of theatres and circuses is past.

It is due to Mr. Maguire to say that he has got one of the nicest little theatres that there is on this or any other continent. The auditorium is capitally arranged, the seats being so graded in rows that those in the back part of the house can see quite as well as those in front—if not better. The upholstery reminds me of the tapestry and things in a number of ducal palaces which I visited a great, great many years ago. The private boxes suggest first-class cottages, built of Milwaukee brick, containing gas, speaking tubes, hot and cold water, all the modern improvements, and only five minutes walk from the Market street railroad depot. The drop-curtain is less gorgeous than the one at the old Opera House, and has fewer legs on it; but this is a defect that can be remedied with time and a judicious selection of impossible models assisted by a very wild brush.

The only drawback to the new theatre is the smallness of the stage, which rather unfits it for the production of any big thing—Mazeppa, for instance—though it is admirably adapted to minstrel purposes, to which use we believe Mr. Maguire intends to put it when the repairs of the old house are completed.

The Hippotheatron has been the excitement of the day, and is the favorite lounging-place at night. Some people go there seven times a week, wildly impelled, perhaps, by a desire to penetrate Zoyara's sex.

Two nights in succession I went to the show, hoping that while Zoyara was performing, some one would remark that it was a beautiful scene, affording me the opportunity to reply—Yes, epicene! But no one did, and I have cut the place since.

Circuses were never my favorite amusement. Even as a boy I used to sympathize with the Clown instead of laughing at him. He tries so hard to amuse the crowd of fools that fill the pit and dress circle, wears his motley so cheerfully and gracefully, but generally fails so signally. People refuse to be amused. They call his jokes old, and purse up their mouths and look grim when he is trying to be at his funniest—and all for their sakes.

What would become of society if all who consented to wear the motley occasionally were treated like the poor clown? Sit down in eternal criticism upon the conversation—you may call the main share of it jokes—of people we meet in parlors, and conviviality, I apprehend, would fly out of the window. For it surely is not pleasant to attempt to amuse those who will not be amused, but insist on meeting all your efforts in that direction as though you were trying to pick their pockets, when the worst intention latent in your mind is to pick their mouth of a smile or two.

It was remarked of the Clown, the other evening, that his jokes were far-fetched. So they were—all the way from New York.

Zoyara played the woman as well, nearly, as if he'd been a born soprano. He gave one an excellent idea of the lovely ways of that sex popularly but erroneously called "divine," in temper and spirit, as well as in grace and gesture. When a few of the audience hissed him for beating the knees of his horse—of which they thought there was no kneed—he smiled at them spitefully and curtsied to them sarcastically, and this he kept up at intervals through the whole performance. It was a weak revenge, but the very one that a woman would adopt, and, womanlike, he refused to be appeased for that one slight by all the applause that was subsequently shown him.

Tell a woman she isn't pretty, and make her think you mean it, and see if she does not turn the honey of your happiness into vinegar for a month with her constant nagging.

Zoyara did a capital imitation of feminine character once when he tripped in jumping over a banner. The man who held it did as well as could be expected; few men standing on a rickety, one-legged stool, could have held a strip of fluttering calico—the hardest thing in the world to hold—better; but Zoyara got in a pet—a pet in petticoats is apt to get in a pet—and scolded the poor fellow petulently. More than that, she turned him away and got another man.

Did one ever know a woman to trip, and not lay the blame on some one else?

There was a deal else done at the Circus the night I saw it. A woman, for instance, jumped through a hoop. That was no great feat, though, for I've seen a woman jump through a whole pyramid of hoops—and look much better after she'd done so.

A man stood on his head on a bottle and fired off a couple of pistols, immediatey after which he began to revolve like a gyroscope—from which I infer that the pistols he held in his hands were revolvers.

So much vaulting was done that one might almost characterize the whole performance as a Public Vault. The term would be rather appropriate, too, from the fact that so many people came there to deposit their coin. * * *

It grieves me not to be able to say more this week, for I have an indistinct idea that I could not wreak a better revenge on the editor, for whom I have long entertained a bitter personal and political animosity, than by filling the first number of his new paper with precisely the same nonsense with which I have already contrived to fill the better part of a page. And besides there were a number of other things which were uppermost in my mind to say—but regrets are useless.

As the young man in the mad-house says in the first chapter of *La Comtesse Diane*, more of these memoirs, my friend, next week. Until then, and perhaps for a brief period of time longer, I remain INIGO.

FINDING A SENSIBLE TONGUE IN TREES.

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, in the Fremont organ lately established in New York, the *New Nation*—which McArone says must be miscege-nation—writes the following charming article, christening it:

THE SPRING OPENINGS—BY WAY OF COMPARISON.

THE toilette-hour of the trees is drawing near, and that of womankind is here already. We wish we could hope for such tasteful selection of Spring styles by the ladies as we always admire in the trees!

We are not talking of New York trees—unfortunates who live too fast, lose their own hair early, and take to a wig of measuring-worms—Eves, thrust out of their June Paradise naked, not because they listened to one but to a thousand serpents. No! the beeches of the grand old Northern forest; the maples of the sugar-bush; the elms on New England meadows; the cottonwoods by Western rivers; the magnolias of the Florida lagoon; the oaks everywhere. Already the trailing arbutus begins to push itself through the thinner crusts of Winter on many a secluded hillside of the North; in a few days more its fragrance will fill Nature's inmost sanctuaries like incense rising to the sun from an altar of snow, and its virgin tints will be lovely as the cheek of a beautiful baby. Over all the floor of the sandy Southern pine-lands, the exquisite *Houstonia* is spreading her white-starred mantle, while the gorgeous wild jasmine vine leaps from oak to magnolia through every Floridian forest, a torch-bearing Ariel who lights Spring's festive coming to the branches with globes of golden fire. How the buds of the maple swell toward their sumptuous birth; how red-dotted grow the woods ere the young leaves appear! Earth teems at every pore with the voluptuous juices of life; she will not leave the weeping elm and willow to barren widowhood; her poorest stone she will wrap in a gala cloak of new green moss; she has such riches in her treasury that there shall be no beggar child in any of her shady streets; sure such a millionaire as she might spend foolishly if any had the right!

But she will not do it! The maple will wear no magnolias in her *coiffure*, though she be rich in sugar; the hickory will not crown himself with tulips, though he has made many a fortune in barrel hoops.

Luxury will be everywhere in Nature's wardrobe, but never for the sake of its costliness. Nature is sometimes called "mute creation"—but if she does not speak, oh! how she thinks! She has meditated deeply on constitutional fitnesses, studied her own features, and suited her costume to them, until the wood wanderer comes back from Nature's spring opening to Madame Feu-Follet's with a sense of pain and anti-climax, which reaches deeper than the Æsthetic.

Competition in expenditure is death to competition in taste. The woman who buys an ugly Cashmere because it costs ten times as much as a handsome Paisley, may not know it, but she is taking a reverse step toward barbarism; she is turning her back on God and Beauty to worship the golden calf. The parallel runs further. Every telegram from the battlefield is a Moses coming down from the Mount of Vision; in the blood of every dying soldier are written tables of a new law; if we sham, or are in any way thoughtless at this day, we sin right in the smoke and trembling of the nation's Sinai. To-day crimes of taste and faults of prodigality are elevated by the risen standard of national earnestness into sins against good morals. If the worst results of an irredeemable currency are not to be realized in great financial disaster, they may visit themselves quite as deplorably upon our social fabric, by making expense rather than art the measure of good living. Without preaching an Easter sermon, let us say that this is peculiarly the season to guard against such a calamity.

Understand, we do not counsel a national assumption of mourning robes. Without the "inky cloak," we may carry within us that "which passeth show." Moreover, the farthest seeing of our people behold that presage in the times which makes them feel more like Easter singers than Lent mourners, and talk rather of the resurrection than the death pangs of the Republic. Nature herself shines with her warmest sun, and sings through her sweetest birds over the very field where crossed bayonets are clashing out the divine sparks of human progress. But happiness is not frivolity, nor is there any elegance in mere expenditure.

We would rejoice to see all women beautiful and dressed beautifully. The great purpose of woman on the earth is beauty. *Beauty* is her end as much as man's is *use*. Let this be understood in its largest sense. The term beauty is constantly misapplied. The highest artistic perceptions discover beauty in a thousand places where it is not generally acknowledged; in one of a hundred where it is lauded to the skies. The winning, the attractive quality of nature; the impulse that works by love—this is beauty, and belongs to woman in the highest sense. Man's *role* on the world's stage is mostly the impulse of sheer force: his hard attritions and collisions leave him in body and soul too often seamed and scarred. We will grant the highest ground demanded by independent thinkers of the womanly sex. Women, so far as our voice goes, may minister at any altar of human progress. They may teach, carve, paint, talk from the stand, or preach from the pulpit, but let them bear their womanhood up to the level of their duty, and make us honor them, because we love them first. Throw wide open every temple to the priestesses—but let them come crowned with flowers, and neatly cinctured—not in our stiff habiliments and carrying a coach-whip. They were born that the world might not forget beauty in its scramble for advantage.

Homeliness among women is as unnecessary as crime. Who has not seen the ugliest ducks among his flock of little-girl acquaintances grow up royal swans under the happy jugglery of a good mother's training? Juvenal says:

"Maxima reverentia pueris debetur."

He is mistaken. The *greatest* reverence is due to little girls. To be sure that boyish Chrysostom whose mouth is gilt by molasses candy, may hereafter retaliate your snubbing by defeating you at the polls; but his little sister, now with her hair in stiff blue-ribboned cues, and half dead with *mauvaise honte*, a few years hence will preside over a canvass of a far more interesting election, when you may be glad to give all your votes for Congress in exchange for a majority in her heart. The only obstacle to universal beauty among women lies in the field of discipline. Nature seldom gives us a beautiful girl-baby ready made; and when she does, in nine cases out of ten, bad discipline rears the first-class bud into a spoiled and third-rate blossom. Usually, Nature puts into our hands

a mere given amount of raw material—a certain weight of albumen, phosphorized oils and salts—and says: "Mould it! the more scientifieally the better." The little girl is simply set up in the clay—the good sculptor may make a Hebe of her—the bad one will make a scullery maid. All the jewels you ean haug on the latter will not make her the less a menial in the natural order of soeiety; and the well-disciplined woman will be ravishiug iu a milkmaid's gown. The bones of the baby-girl are partly gelatinous; that is to help you in giving her shapely limbs and a straight spine; her faee comes to you off the rudest kind of lathe; she depends on you to infuse into her that health and loving spirit which informs a snub nose with aquiline fire or Grecian grace, and gradually shapes the rudimentary aperture of an infant's mouth into the loveliest twin bows of Cupid.

In spite of bad early discipline, there are few grown women who may not make themselves lovely by studying their possibilities. But how few of our women dare to begin such an investigation! We accept the Parisian fashions, but the graee to wear them wisely seems untranslatable. We bow down to suecessive dynasties of color; to-day humbling ourselves under the tyrauny of universal mauve, to-morrow becoming the slaves of *café au lait*. No expenditure of funds enables us to make a picture of our dress upon the baekground of either eolor; yet the poorest grisette in Paris so well understands artistie keeping, that with a fashiouably colored bonnet-bow she will create all the impression of beiug iu the mode.

A great many of our eountrywomen are pretty; at the age of twenty, native good looks are perhaps commoner with us than among any people in the world. Yet Beauty itself cannot afford to transgress the laws of Art, and the Veuus de Medici might dress herself iuto a fright. We never atteud a party, an artist's reception, any public assembling of our best people, without seeing a dozen natural beauties absolutely thrown away, their best features hidden, their worst exaggerated, their whole artistic effect neutralized by some easily avoidable mistake of the barber or the dressing maid. At the present moment it is easy to fiud a pretty woman obeying two of the great canons of good taste; indeed, she opens herself to the charge of slovenliness if she be not "*bien gantée*" and "*bien chaussée;*" but how few, eomparatively, of our beauties in society deserve the praise of "*bien coiffée*" also! It is indisputable that certain women look well in powdered hair; but is that any reason why the meal-bag should be opened on every head which can afford to pay the miller? Dressed *á la Marie Antoinette*, the hair of a lady whose stature is medium, whose face is a broad oval, and whose eyes are large, gives her the queenly look of a tower-crowned Cybele. The effect of the same style upon a little womau is to make her seem laboring under a capillary mouutain; on a very tall one, to render her gigantic and appalling; on a lady with narrow lids, to create the effect of one looking through the slits of a domino; on a lady of lofty forehead, to pile her whole faeial material as out of a bushel basket of curled hair on the top of her eyebrows; while the elliptical or long-oval face cannot stand the trial without becoming a miracle of meagreness.

This matter of *coiffure* is but one of the many cases iu whieh a servile conventionality obstructs the progress of true sumptuary art. Another great defect of our dressing system is ignorance or negligenee of color effects. The uniforiu cut of clothes is still another. The adoption of certain masculine styles was a movement in the liberal direction, but the lack of selective taste in its lady wearers makes it more odious than adherence to the old traditions. To a eertain extent epiceue dress is piquant aud bewitching. A pretty little toe-capped walking-boot or a eavalier hat imparts the most charming *soupcon* of soubrette sauciness to a woman whose physique and temperament are consonant with suеh modes. But why should the masculinity of the large and forcible woman be aggravated by the assumption of a paletot with buttons like a watehman's, or the eomfortable steadiness of a domestic woman tending to *embonpoint* be burlesqued by a vast expanse of starched masculine shirt-bosom?

We have spaee only to indicate the direction of our thoughts on the threshold of the spring opening. If we have been preaching, we at least pay the penalty of other sermonizers in knowing how few of the ladies about to throw their roll of greenbacks on the table of Fashion's *Rouge-et-noir* will give our homily a personal applieation. Still, as long as wo find so muеh material for artistic beauty among our countrywomen, and cling to the helief that beauty is a matter not only of universal possibility, but of ohligation, we shall continue, from time to time, the expression of our views in the field of Social Æsthetics.

THE BEST MEN OF THE SENATE.—Tho Cincinnati Commercial has a correspondent at Washington who thus classifies tho United States Senate. He premises by saying that he has only ventured to bring in the verdict after three months' daily attendance in the Senatorial jury-box (better known as the Reporters' Gallery), and he gives those of the general public who disagree with him the privilege of appealing to a higher court:

The best lawyer—Mr. Collamer, of Vermont.
The best scholar—Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts.
The best general debater and practical legislator—Mr. Fessendon, of Maine.
The "keenest" debater—Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois.
The most pleasant speaker to listen to—Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.
The best financier—Mr. Sherman, of Ohio.
The richest man—Mr. Sprague, of Rhode Island.
A very sensible old man—Mr. Wade, of Ohio.
The greatest bore that ever lived—Mr. Davis, of Kentucky.
The Knight of the Sorrowful Nigger—Mr. Lane, of Kansas.
The most violent Copperhead—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.
The most eloquent Copperhead—Mr. Carlisle, of Virginia.
The most bibulous man in Congress—Mr. Richardson, of Illinois.
The best looking man, when sober—Mr. Saulsbury, of Delawaro.
The man who has least to say—Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana.
The man who made a *faux pas* in issuing a "strictly private" circular, which soon became public property—Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas.
The man who comes nearest to boing nobody—Mr. Riddle, of Delawaro.

THE dinner table of the ancient Egyptians was sometimes covered with a linen cloth imitating palm leaves, sometimes left uncovered. Plates and knives, but not forks, were in common use. In plaee of the latter were short-handled spoons of gold, silver, ivory, tortoise shell, or alabaster. The dining table was circular; ornamented rolls of wheaten bread were placed before each guest, and supplies of the same were heaped in gay-looking baskets on the sideboard. They had also glasses, decanters and goblets.

THE NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.

The *Saturday Review* discovers that a remarkable revolution has long been going on in England, and discusses this modification of religious belief in the very fair and forcible article which we annex. The maliciously inclined will perhaps remark that an Englishmen never did much reverence to the letters which begin the names of the plaees of reward and punishment and it is quite possible that now they incline to drop the idea as well as the initials:

Things seem to be going on quietly with us, and there is no appearauce of any change which shall disturb the serenity of men of business or interfere with the pursuit of wealth. To that extent we may be said to live in stagnant times. But all who look in the least degree below the smooth surface have beeu for a long time aware that a speculative revolution of some magnitude is going on, which may or may not have what are called practical results, but which is sufficiently important to seeure for our age a place of considerable dignity in the mind of future historians. For some time past a change has been taking place in the community which is wholly unlike anything that has ever happened before since the introduction of Christianity, and its impulse seems at present to be still very far from exhaustion, and is likely, as it goes on, to develop symptoms still more singular. There has been a good deal of inexplicable reticence about this remarkable movemeut of thought. Of course it has been noticed, in sermons, in speeches, in articles; but it has received apparently far less attention than its importance would seem to justify. Those who concurred in the movement have been a good deal under the influence of that strange fear of social perseeution which presses so heavily upon the minds of educated Euglishmen. Perfectly eonscious that their views were something totally different from the views in which they were brought up, still, to save trouble and bother, they have struggled, with a eurious unanimity, to force their new views into the old clothing of the phrascology of the system from which they were breaking away. On the other hand, those who dislike the movement, as a rule, refuse to discuss it, except in the form of an anathema; and anathemas are a species of composition which the average Euglishmau ean neither bring himself to listeu to nor to read. There seems to be a rooted notion, among well meaning religious people, that it is a sort of profanity to diseuss tenets, in which you do not believe, in an impartial frame of mind. They cannot take an excursion into an intellectual country which they do not know, without losing their nerves or their temper altogether. They canuot watch the workings of other intellectual machines upon the raw material of theology, or analyze the particular spceulative combinatiou which they turn out, without an uneasy feeling that they are tampering with their owu faith, and eommitting an act of disloyalty to the religious eommunity to which they belong. The result of this timidity is an enormous amouut of ignorance and a great deal of eonsequent bad language. Such persons have uot a conception of what is passing anywhere over the wide domain of religious thought that lies outside the little inclosure in which they live. In reference to differences of belief, they are Chinamen. They are living in the Celestial Empire, and every one else is a harbarian. But, like the Chinamen, they will not see that there are differences in barbarism. They cannot be brought to understand that there are varieties of tint and intensity in the vice of heterodoxy, and that a particular heretic, however abominable he may be, may yet be less abominable than some other heretic. Among other evils, this mistake has an uuhappy tendeney to justify itself. Calling people infidels is not nearly so good for their souls as some excellent persons appear to imagine. On the eontrary, it has an irritating tendency, which culminates in the retort, expressed or felt, "Well, then. I am an infidel—what then?" The sooner, therefore, that this unwillingness to discuss the phenomeua of what may be called doctrinal metereology is laid aside the better. If Admiral Fitzroy and his scientific predecessors had thought it wrong to discuss anything but fine weather, he might even now have been under the impression that every breeze of wind was a typhoon; and in that case his advice would not have been of much use to mariners.

This habit, so unfortunately prevalent, of ignoring distances in theology, and drawing the religious picture of the day with about as much regard for perspeetive as is displayed upon a willow-patteru plate, is peculiarly misplaced just now; for there never was a time when the gradations of opinion were so numerous, or the masses of really united thinkers so few. And the prevailing tone of divergence from the traditional standards is not one of disbelief. There is nothiug masculine enough in the mental fibre of the present generation for pure disbelief. It is incapable of the hard trenchant atheism of the last century. Its peculiarity is rather a dreamy sentimental delight in the vague. In the fifth and sixth centuries, Christianity suffered a good deal from the passion for precise definitions, which was the form into which all the earnest religion of the time moulded itself. In this nineteenth eentury the teudency is diametrically the reverse. There is a positive passion for indistinctness. The ideal of a religious belief in the present day is an indefinite proposition doubtfully entertained. The model of a popular preacher is the man who can surround muddy expositions of doctrine with tender thoughts and beautiful imaginings. Of course, the sharp-edged formularies of an age that loved definitions require a good deal of abrasion before they can suit a generation of a temper so different. But it is not in the nature of minds of this cast definitively to object to any formularies. Such a view would involve an expression of opinion far too decided. They only scruple at them. They admit the Creed to bo a defensible statement of a possible hypothesis, and they do not deny that the Articles, or some of them, are plausible propositions in which it is quite conceivable that some truth may exist. And they would possibly go on to observe that loving natures would discover great human thoughts in both of them. But their difficulties arise from the fact, which they freely recognize, that loving natures which happen to turn their attention in an opposite direction may also discover great human thoughts in propositions diametrically the reverse. It is absurd to fling the terms "atheist" and "infidel" and "helievers in a different God" at thinkers of this type. They are merely making sentimental efforts to eonstruct a creed out of gushing phrases; and if they ean induee a considerable number of persons to accept this substitute for definite convictions, they may be doing a very pereeptible public service. For, after all, if you ean once prevail upon yourself to believe in them, gushing phrases are perfectly safe from refutation; and if you are armed with a sufficient quantity of them you may look down with contempt at the assaults of science or the ravages of criticism.

It cannot be denied that there is a good deal, philosophically, to be said for this hazy frame of mind. Definitions which profess to convey supernatural facts to finite intelligences, and present them with perfectly clean outlines, can only do so at the cost, it is obvious, of a certaiu amount of distortion. But though the new school of faith may commend itself to persons of a philosophical turn of mind, who like to rest in their belief, and therefore to have a belief yielding and elastic enough at the edges to break the force of the objections which secular science is apt to amuse itself in levelling at all beliefs, it does not follow that it will permanently succeed in maintaining itself. All forms of religious teaching have two ordeals to go through, so different in their character that none have as yet contrived to pass through both with equal success. If they are to be accepted when they are first introduced, they must, at least in this age and climate, satisfy the matured intellects of educated men. But if they are to last more than one or two generations, they must be capable of being taught easily to children and to rude converts. These are two conflicting requirements which it is hard to satisfy simultaneously. The very simplicity and definiteness which are essential for the purpose of the teacher are a stumbling-block to the minds of educated and grown-up men. The Evangelical teaching, for instance, has never made much way with the higher class of intellects. But it has stood its ground, because it has always been popular with children, (such of them, at least, as take to any religion at all,) with women, and with half-educated men. The plumpness and almost juridical precision of its statements make it eminently suitable for minds that are too blunt for subtle distinctions, and both too ignorant and too impatient to be satisfied with half-truths. The new doctrine seems likely exactly to reverse this destiny. It spreads like wildfire among the highly-educated class which furnishes the leading men of the Universities and the lay professions, but it will be a hard matter to teach it to less cultivated minds. As it is, it makes no way among women, and does not penetrate even scantily into the strata of society that are usually ranked as the middle class. It is obvious that you cannot teach that which you eannot state distinctly. Nor, if you could, would those who are taught listen. The taste for the vague is purely artificial. Human nature instinctively yearns for the precise. Unless the new doctrine can cast itself into some shape that minds of all ealibres can apprehend, it is probably destiued to a very ephemeral existence. There is one coutingeney, indeed, which will help it to perpetuate, if not itself, at least its consequences. If it succeeds in ousting the older forms of Anglican belief which have hitherto monopolized the field, it may meet with a fate which has hefallen very refined and sublimated schools of philosophy before now. It may become a mere cloak for the negation of all belief, and for the practical resnlts which inevitably follow. The kind of teaching which is captivating many clever men at the Universities and in London will address itself in vain to average minds; and if it should ever come to pass that nothing else is offered to the mass of mankind, the moral eonsequences will be deplorable. It is a fallacy to rely too much on the moral eharacter of those who are the foremost innovators. Their moral habits were formed, not by the belief they have adopted, but by the belief whieh they have left. The marks of transience and instability which are traceable in this movement, and its inapplicability to the mass of human kind, tend to encourage the idea that it is rather a passing stage in the development of some much larger change than a permanent resting-place in the history of religious thought.

DIETING.—Dieting is usually considered to mean the same thing as a kind of starvation. The idea which the educated physician attaches to the term is a judicious regulation of the quantity and quality of the food, according to the circumstances of each case. A healthy man may diet himself in order to keep well; an invalid may diet with a view to the recovery of his health; yet the things eaten by the two will widely differ in their nature, bulk, and mode of preparation. A vast multitude are suffering hourly by the horrors of dyspepsia; no two are precisely alike in all points, since there is an endless variety of combinations as to age, sex, occupation, temperament, etc. Yet dyspepsia is always brought on by over and irregular eating; it could be banished from the world in a generation if the children were educated to eat moderately, regularly, and slowly; the parents who do this will do their offspring a higher good than by leaving them large fortunes, which, in three cases out of four, foster idleness, gluttony, and every evil thing. As the rich can get anything to eat or drink when they want it, they, with indulged children, bring on dyspepsia by eating irregularly and without an appetite. The poor—those who have to work for a living—induce the horrible disease by eating too rapidly and at unseasonable hours; mainly by eating heartily at supper, and going to bed within an hour or two afterwards. In the hey-day of youth and manly vigor there may not for a while be noticed any special ill effect from such a practiee—in truth it is at first inappreciable, but it is cumulative, and impossible not to manifest itself in due time.

ECHO MEN.—There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance always to be coincided with. A man of sense ikes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumbfoundered. On the contrary, a sententious "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying a honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion is as bad as being caged with a macaw. If you ask an individnal in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth; for disputation is the erucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies. The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

FASHIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO—PAST AND PRESENT.

TWELVE years ago fashion in San Francisco was simply a memory of the past—a memory which its fair-and-far-between votaries had brought with them from many distant lands. To the black-eyed senoritas who walked slip-shod in satiu slippers through the sandy streets, it was a memory of Spain transplanted to Mexico with the Conquest, a memory of high-backed combs and black lace mantillas—of silk rebosos, full and flonnced short skirts and high-heeled slippers, and all the coquetry of fans. To the dames and damsels from the Old Pike State, Indiana and Illinois, it was a memory of what they had worn at the last quilting party, or husking frolic at which they assisted before they started on that long picnic across the plains. Perhaps a lovely pink calico, a scarlet merino, or a figured black silk, carefully packed away even now perhaps in the old hair trunk or walnut chest in which it made the journey. To the women from the Eastern States it was a memory not very unlike the reality which one sees daily on Montgomery street, only as there were not so many women there as now, the variety was not so great. Hoops had not then made their appearanco, and consequently there was less redundancy of skirt. Dresses were shorter and narrower, with flowing sleeves and inevitable flounces. It is a fortunate circumstance for California that hoops were not in fasbion before the hnilding of the Panama Railroad; if they had been it would have interfered seriously with the emigration of the fair sex to these shores. Imagine the miscries of half a dozen women in hoops in a small boat on the Chagres River! or the ludicrous appearance of a stout woman thus arrayed crossing the Isthmus on a very small donkey! The door to California was like the entrance to the Infernal Regions, and over it might well have been written—"She who enters here leaves hoops hehind." Those were the days of Chinese crape shawls, with their elaborate embroidery of wonderful heasts and birds and fruits and flowers. Every woman in California had at least two—a red one, and u whitc one—and every man in California hought at least one to send homc to his wife or sweetheart. We laugh at them now, hut in those days we thought them magnificent. In those days the houses were too small and the streets too narrow for much display—women were obliged to wear thick boots, or run the risk of losing them in the deep sand of summer, or the hlack mud of winter, and to protect them from the hroken bottles, the empty tin cans, fragments of crockery and rusty iron and dilapidated hoots and pots, and east-off clothing, which cumbered the streets, to say nothing of the huge weird rats that darted to and fro and played at hide and seek among the ruhbish and the soiled socks—a rag-picker might have gathered a hushel of them on any Sunday morning in the streets of San Francisco.

It was no uncommon sight to see a woman, elegantly dressed, walking down Montgomery street dragging a tin can hy the fringe of her crape shawl.

In every country, fashion is governed hy something more than caprice. Climate has more to do with it than nny other cause. It changes with the wenther, and as the weather is proverhially fickle, we call fashion fickle, and so it is, to a certain exteut, for the length of a skirt or the height of a honnet do not depend upon the weather. In all trifling dctails we confess her fickleness, hut in all her great laws she is governed hy climate. In the early days of California, women were compelled to relinquish those delicate fabrics of Southern looms—their gossamer muslins, graceful hareges, and all those flexible transparencies which float with such a fascinating grace around the female form, for heavy satins, and gorgeous hrocades, and close clinging merino, or run the risk of having their skirts hlown over their heads hy tremendous gusts of wind. Thin dresses were dismissed with a sigh of regret, and the delicate creatures, shivering in the summer winds, wrapped their fair forms in rich velvets nnd costly furs, and silks and satins, and so was instituted that taste for extravagant dross and lavish expenditure so characteristic of Californians, and which threatens now to become a great and crying evil. To have written an article then on the Fashions in San Francisco, would have heen simply nn absurdity, and considered an excelleut joke. Now, San Francisco has become a great capital, and is as much the metropolis of the Pacific as New York is of the Atlantic. From the frozen North to the Tropics, it stands aloue, without a rival. The tawny-hued Mexican who comes from Mazatlan to cool himself in the invigorating breezes of San Francisco, meets here the Oregonian who comes to escape the snows and rains of his northern home. The Sandwich Islands pay tribute to it, and the royal family of Kamehameha do their shopping in Montgomery street. Washington Territory and Oregon send hither their young ladies for the finishing touches of an elegant education—for the accomplishments, for the opera, the theatres, the halls and parties, and the benefits of fashionable society; above all, for the shopping, for the modistes nnd mantillamakers—Mesdames Laurent, and Verdier, Robinson, Quinn and Tarhox are names familiar as household words to them. From Mazatlan, San Diego and Los Angeles come the graceful Senoritas, who saunter through the streets, looking ill at ease in American hoots and nnaccustomed bonnets. They pause to look at the transparent orgnndies in Austin's windows, the bordered robes of printed lawns at Costerhause's, the black lace mantillas at Davidson's and Scellier's, and the wondrous magnificence which everywhere surrounds them.

But Washoe sends us the richest tributaries. The gold and silver streams of that enchanted land flow as surely into San Francisco as its rivers flow to the sea. Rich men all the world over may be divided into two classes—those who know how to spend money and those who do not. To acquire the art of spending money properly requires some considerahle practice, and thus it is, perhaps, that the *nouveau riche* In his first attempts generally succeeds in purchasing himself only discomfort and dyspepsia. Very frequently we meet a man who having dropped into a fortune suddenly, either hy a "lucky strike" after long years of unprofitable mining or a fortunate investment in stocks, nrrives by intuition nt the art of spending it—sensihly. Oftener, nnfortunately, we find men and families, who think that the end of wealth—and often it proves its end indeed—and the sum of human happiness, consist in buying everything, exhausting all the springs of pleasure at one draught, and making as much display as possible. In too many instnnces, no sooner does the successful miner from the up country find himself possessed of countless "feet," which dividends do pay, than he feels an irresistihle desire to "splurge" a little "at the Bay," to see the sights and to spend his money. He snceeeds in doing all this—especially the latter. If a married man, he sometimes—oftener not—takes his wifo with him. He puts up at a fashionable hotel, selecting Montgomery street as a location, if possible; smokes costly cigars; drinks champagne cocktails; picks his teeth before the door, and criticizes the passers-hy—especially the women. Of all places of amusement he gives the New Idea the preference; thinks Jennie Joliejambe an angel, und swears hy Menken, but votes the opera a bore. Finally, he purchases, or employs some friend to purchase for him, u pair of fast horses at n fahulous cost, which he names after his favorite Generals. So we have McClellan and McDowel harnessed together, or Pope and Pagan. He wraps himself in a light linen duster, sticks a slouched drah beaver on his head and a huge cigar in his mouth, and whirls away on the Point Lohos pike to show his new team, to drink more cocktails, to smoke more cigars, to look at the sea lions, and to dream of bliss! This is *his* idea of happiness. His wife, who was probably content in the poorer days of the family to work honestly, dress decently, aad live respectably, has her idea also. She, too, likes the theatre and appreciates negro minstrels; hut she likes shopping a great deal better. To her every dry goods shop is a separate Eden, in which she may gather just as many apples as she pleases, without counting the cost like our less fortunate Mother Eve, and mantuamakers and milliaers are the high-priestesses of the temple where she worships. Tucker is in her eyes the King of the Geaii—she helievcs him the richest monarch ou the globe; she looks at his silver and his gold, his "gems of price and jewels rare," and she thinks that therc are no more of the same sort left iu the world. She gazes upon him with n mysterious awe; when ho speaks to her she feels flattered, and when he waits upon her she is overwhelmed with his condescension. When she enters Austin's enchanted palace she is spell-bound—she feels as if she would like to stay there forever. Her eyes gloat upon the rich show of the lustrous *moires*; they linger lovingly amid the voluptuous folds of the costly velvets; they are hewildered by tho web-like texture of the delicate laces. She can scarce believe in her own identity. She asks herself, "Can it bo possible that all these heautiful things are mine?" She stretches out her hand aad seizes them. She goes to Madame Verdier; she chooscs the bonnet which has the greatest height of hrim and the greatest quantity of flowers and feathers on top of it, aud which costs the greatest amouut of money. She pays a thousand dollars for a set of sables, and as much more for a Cashmere shawl. She pins her linen collar in the morning with a diamond cross, and goes out shopping in a pair of diamond ear-rings which cost her husband a foot of his Gould and Curry—and this is *her* idea of happiness.

Every one misses here those charming white morning dresses which make our women so beautiful through the loag summer months at home—those fairy-like fabrics of silk and cotton aad linen which envelop them liko a nehulous vapor, veiling hut not obscuring their charms. Fortunately for the fair fashionables of San Fraacisco, the summer climate of Paris is usually cool, and French taste has invented a substitute which, if it has not the lightness and flexihility of nansook and jaconet, produces very nearly the same effect with a much greater degree of durahility and comfort. It is what we used to call Marseilles—they call it piqué now. It is a thick corded material which our fathers used to wear for vests. It can be had in all colors, und figured or plain. The favorite shades are huff aud light blue, and pearl gray and whitè—sometimes with little chintz patterns, but more frequently with medallion and scroll patterns. Nothing can be prettier for a young lady than a plain white robe of this materiul, the corsage tight, and the skirt gored, very long and full behind, and very scantily plaited in front. It may be trimmed with worsted braid of any color, and in any design according to the taste of the wearer. Trimmed with black they are very stylish; blue is also very youthful and becoming to most complexions. If one finds the tightly-fitting body too stiff, the skirt mny he worn with a habit shirt, puffed in front, and a short Spanish jacket or bolero surmounting it. These little jackets, although several years old in Paris, have only made their appearance here quite recently. It is a very convenient as well as a stylish fashion, for they can he worn with skirts of any color. They are very handsome in hlack velvet with hugle trimming. When made of white merino and trimmed with hlack lace or gimp or jet, they are very pretty for the Opera, or for demi-toilette. When the material is heavy and dark, the sleeves should he slashed to show the white sleeve underneath. Postillion jackets with very long tails are much worn. In Paris they wear them as long as the swallow tails of a gentleman's dress coat, and very much the same shape. Anything so exaggerated has not yet reached us, hut even here they are rapidly running into frightful extremities. There is a very pretty style of jacket n good deal in vogue amoug tho fashionables, which differs somewhat from the postillion jacket; instead of terminating in two points at the waist, it descends below it four or five inches, forming u vest—which latter may he of a different color from the dress, but must match the trimming.

There seems to be no limit to the length of dresses behind, they grow longer and longer. They should be short enough in froat to permit the wearers to walk without heing obliged to hold them up. There is nothing more ungraceful than to see a lady lifting up her dress very high in front, while it is trailing in the dust half a yard behind her. Flounces and ruches have almost entirely disappeared, and in their stead, flat trimmings in great variety have made their appearance. They consist of gimps, luces, passementerie velvet ribbons and worsted braids. For rich *moires* and expensive silks, passcmenterio in all shapes is used; sometimes it assumes the style of epaulettes, intermixed with hugles; sometimes it assumes the shape of leaves nnd stars, and bouquets and garlands of flowers, in ull shapes—it is beautiful and expensive. It is arranged like epaulettes upon tho shoulders, and forms a very pretty pendant for the upper part of the sleeve, while a similar ornament adorns the cuff. Plaids are very popular, hoth for dresses and for trimmings; they are very effective when arranged with bias bands upon the skirts. The most fashionable plaid is a combination of blue und green, which the French call the triumph of fashion over prejudice. Black velvet is much used for the garniture of heavy dresses, poplins, merinos and heavy silks; it is cut in the shape of lozenges, pyramids, palm leaves und points, edged with jet trimming, and arranged in the middle of each breadth, ubout six inches above the edge of the skirt. The simplest and most economical trimming is the worsted braid, which used to be confined to the binding of silks; it can be used in all manner of woolen dresses—plaid admits of washing. The materials most generally in vogue for street dresses are velours de laine, (which looks at a distance like rich reps silk), alpacas in every color, poplins, which are always elegant and useful, and dark silks—hlack being the favorite color with gentlemea. We never yet saw a man who had not a penchant for hlack silk dresses and dumplings. But street dresses, to be really elegant, should always he accompanied hy a wrapping of the same shade, either a basquine *demi-adjuste*, or a casaque, or a rotonde or mantle. It does not matter so much for the shape, so the harmony of color is preserved. Ladies do not sufficiently consider this simple rule. The whole effect of a toilette which would otherwise he elegant is sometimes destroyed hy the injudicious choice of a cravat or an ill-matched pair of gloves. The eye of taste is constantly shocked hy the sight of such incongruities of color as a pale bluo dress surrounded hy a dark bluo cloak, and *vice versa*. Two shades of the same color should never be worn together; if one cannot find an exact match, it is better to seek out its greatest opposite, that the most striking contrast may be produced. For home dresses calicoes huve udvanced in favor; the high prices at which they are held having made them fashionable. But silks in every variety of style uad coloring will always be the favorite material here. It is neither too hot nor too cold, too thick nor too thin, it does not require to be washed, and is always ready; hesides, it is expensive, and ladies always appreciate their dresses in proportion to their cost.

There is nothing new in the way of cloaks aad mantles—only varieties of the same old shapes. Short hasquines seem to he the favorite style. They are nsually trimmed with passementerie on the seams, which define the back, terminating in rich tassels or fringe just helow the waist. Similar trimmings adorn the shoulders and the lower part of the sleeves. Scarlet cloaks are much affected by young ladies for the opera and even for the promenade. Short plaid cloaks with chenille fringe are very stylish, not having as yet become so common as they are in the East. They have the advantage of heing serviccable, and can he worn for traveling even when out of fashion. Bonnets are decidedly smaller, assuming a Marie Stuart shape, though only to a modified extent. They are closely fitting at the ears, and modestly depressed in front. The ambitious trimmings which had advanced to the highest point of the brim, and seemed to look with disdain upon the flowers under it, have fallen back, changed their base, and seem barely able to cling to the extremest verge of the crown. Beautiful straw bonnets, looking fresh and clean, and blossoming all over with purple violets and pansies, and lilacs and roses, and blue corn flowers and wheat and oats. Black ribbon is the favorite material for strings and curtains and the surroundings of the flowers. Black lace harbes are also much used in the place of ribbon. There is nothing prettier for this climate than black lace bonnets relieved of their blackness by gay flowers. They can be worn during the whole year; can he constantly renewed, and are as everlasting and as ever elegant as time-honored Leghorns, willow-puttern China, and Cashmere shawls.

THE LIGHT AT THE WINDOW.

There's a hattered, shattered, tumble-down house,
Just over across the street,
With every elapboard so loose that a mouse
Could knock them off with his feet.
'T is low and small, and dingy and brown,
And never knew whitewash or paint;
Its thriftless garden, with fences down,
Of negligence maketh complaint.
And yet 't is not utterly drear and lorn,
For in noontime hright, or rosente morn,
A visitor glad, of the sunbeam born,
Enters in at the little window.

I watched to-night, as the darkness fell,
That house like a spectre lone—
Its bleak, gaunt frame, in the shadowy spell
Unto frightful likeness grown.
The wild winds growl, and night comes apace,
With storm-clouds gathering on high;
The house looms up, with its haggard face
Threat'ning the wierd-like, angry sky:
When lo! to a love-cot its walls transform,
For sweetly smiling through blackness and storm,
Cheerfully glowing, and ruddily warm,
Shines a light from the little window.

And many tenements human, I ween,
May be found in every street,
Squalidly wretched, and abjectly mean,
Whom no man careth to greet;
Sin-stained, woe-hestamped, vilest of vile,
Yet not hy their God forsaken,
For a heating heart is theirs the while,
A casement where light is taken.
It may he a dust-covered spider's lair,
And Demon with Angel may wrestle there;
Yet with brotherly deed and loving prayer,
Let your light shine in at the window.

Give us the Sun gives—like him persevere,
With a boon for every day;
For a time will come, he it far or near,
That heralds the answering ray.
Some Sorrow's night, or Temptation's storm,
Shall he gilded with its beaming.
The hut a heavenly mansion form,
Each pane with radiance streaming.
You may he sleeping the long, dreamless sleep,
For still one sows where another will reap;
Yet when you 're crossing the Death-river deep,
There will be a light in the window!

DENNAR STEWART.

WHILE the CALIFORNIAN was in a very embryotic state—not even its name decided upon—the Income Tax man stepped into the office and asked the proprietor what his income was. The visit was either encouraging, or "on the contrairy, quite the reverse," as Mrs. Gamp says. For he either thought that the fact of a man's proposing to start the paper argued that he was possessed of a large income, and could afford to lose a portion of it, or else that the paper would pay from the moment it was projected. Taking the omen in its more favorable interpretation, here is the CALIFORNIAN. To use a new and original expression, we launch it on the waters. Like the old woman's indigo: if good, it will either sink or swim—we don't know which.

WE COMMENCE with our first number the publication of a brilliant romance, translated from the French of Mario Uchard especially for these columns. Uchard is not very generally known to American readers, and we take p'easure in introducing his last and best work—*The Countess Diana*. It is written in the form of letters to a friend, and the narrator in closing the first one promises to give more of his memoirs to-morrow. Had he said next week, one would have thought he intended them for original publication in the CALIFORNIAN.

"A POOR CRIPPLE" will rejoice to know that if he takes a lemon, cuts off a piece, then nicks it so as to let in the toe with the corn, ties this on at night so that it cannot move, takes a blunt knife the next morning and cuts off his toe, the corn will instantly disappear, and "A Poor Cripple" will be made happy for life.

BUSINESS MATTERS GENERALLY.

MERCANTILE interests for the past twelve months, until recently, have been unusually prosperous—profits fair, and everything denoting prosperity, so far as this city is concerned, and in fact the State at large. Importing merchants and jobbers, foreseeing the natural results of a prolonged civil war, ordered largely of foreign merchandise, which has been rapidly pressed forward; stocks have accumulated in warehouse in anticipation of enhanced duties, and thus dealers have been fully stocked before those duties were actually imposed. The results looked for in this respect have mainly been realized, except in the case of importers of Spirits. These parties have been followed up with unusual rigor; step by step increased taxes and excise have been exacted of them, and fifty per cent. "additional" required, until at least a further impost of forty cents on all Foreign Spirits imported prior to the 7th of March, 1864, is now levied, even where duties have been paid and the Spirits sold to the dealer. So that at this writing every holder of stocks in store, for sale, be he a merchant, dealer, hotel-keeper, or agent, must pay an internal revenue tax of forty cents per gallon. This will operate very severely upon some parties, but, in view of the cause, all should submit with a good grace.

The Dry Goods and Clothing businesses have been profitable. Dealers imported largely from the East, and before they were required to make payment the price of gold advanced so as to insure them large returns. So also of the Leather, Saddlery and Harness departments. A few dealers realized handsomely at first by the rise in gold.

The Boot and Shoe interest has not been as profitable, though dealers have done well. Prices with us have not advanced in proportion to the rise in values at the East; still, the regular trade is more than usually healthy, not having to contend with the brisk auction competition of previous seasons.

The dealers in and importers of metals have done well—stocks of leading staples having largely advanced in hand.

Hardware merchants have been prosperous; it has at times been almost impossible for them to keep up their assortments. Not unfrequently they have been obliged to import *via* the Isthmus, at great expense, in order to satisfy pressing demands of consumers. Almost the only exception to this has been the one article of Nails, which were in excessive supply; but when the premium on gold advanced to about 80 per cent., dealers were enabled to close out stocks that were extremely burdensome without loss.

Importers of Coffee, Teas and Rice have not realized any large returns commensurate with the importance of these articles as leading staples, owing to excessive importations and the high rates of duty demanded. Prices have not as yet advanced sufficiently, nor in proportion to the increase of duties. Time, however, will perhaps regulate this. Sugars have not been paid as they should have, for reasons somewhat inexplicable. Spices have advanced, and where sales have been effected profits were remunerative, but the demand has not been large.

Foreign Fruits—Raisins and the like—have been in too great supply, importations being too far in excess of trade requirements to be profitable. Sales cannot be forced even at liberal concessions from the low nominal rates ruling. Dried Apples, Case Goods, Preserves, and everything else in that line are in lessened demand, or perhaps we should say as above, that late importations have been greatly in excess of present wants.

The Orange trade with the Society Islands has increased within the past five years from small proportions and great profits to the extent of fifteen entire cargoes the present season, and a business that apparently must result in loss either to the importers or to the combination of fruit dealers who have sought to control the market. The Oregon Apple trade having been extended far into May, and our own fruits and berries having matured and ripened earlier than usual, the Fruit trade generally has suffered in consequence, at least so far as to cause diminished prices as compared with previous seasons. Yet perhaps no more than our increased products should lead us to expect.

Candles are one of the few exceptional leading staple articles, the prices of which have scarcely varied a cent in a twelve month. Stocks are, however, at this writing, diminishing, and a change may perhaps be looked for.

Importers and dealers in Tobacco and Cigars have for the most part realized fair profits, while speculators have been badly bitten, operating on extreme high prices.

The trade in Eastern Meat Provisions has generally been greatly restricted and but moderately profitable. Butter and Lard have been imported liberally, via the Isthmus, with remunerative results.

Coal Oils and Petroleum have been largely imported, and the consumption is constantly increasing, yet the importation has not been particularly profitable, though some few local dealers and operators have made money by discreet purchases.

As regards our Producing interests, the growing, or rather the not growing crops of Grain, promise unfavorable results, and will in the aggregate be largely deficient as compared with the yield of the past three years. Still it is believed that the surplus of the old crop, and the harvest soon to be gathered, will be sufficient to keep rates so far in check as not to permit famine prices.

The Wool clip of the present season will be less than that of the year previous. It is gratifying, however, to note a continued active demand both for the supply of our own local woolen factories and also for shipment to Atlantic cities. Our latest advices from the East are encouraging to wool-growers, and if Congress will protect the California wool-grower by adding a few cents additional tax to low grades of foreign wool, (now largely imported from abroad,) the wool-producing interest of this coast will soon loom up into magnificent proportions.

The Wine interests of California promise abundantly. The Grape crop of the State looks well, and the reports from all sections are favorable. The only fear at present expressed by dealers is in regard to the difficulty of procuring a sufficiency of pipes and other casks in which to convey the product to market. There is also much difficulty in getting proper freight accommodations for the conveyance of the empty casks to Los Angeles and the lower coast ports, in season, as the casks, being large and bulky, cannot be freighted without other cargo for ballast. The consumption of Native Wines is fast displacing that of the imported, and is seriously interfering with the free importation of malt liquors from England. California Wines—which are uniformly cheap in price—coupled with the immense home product of Lager Beer—will in future, doubtless, greatly restrict importations of English Ale and Porter.

Our Manufacturing and Mechanical interests are generally prosperous. None more so, however, than those of our Woolen Factories, and particularly the Mission Woolen Mills Company, lately incorporated, and of which Albert Miller is President, and Donald McLennan Acting Agent and Superintendent. The Pioneer Woolen Mills are said to be in a prosperous condition, and about to enlarge greatly their manufacturing capacity. The San Francisco and Pacific Sugar Refineries are doing both a large and profitable business under the supervision of George Gordon, W. T. Coleman & Co. being the business agents. The new German Sugar Refinery has been delayed in its completion by the necessity of sending to New York to duplicate some of its machinery damaged on its way out. It is, however, expected to be in working order during the coming fall. Dow's Distillery is in full working order, and has been a source of large profits to its proprietors. The new Distillery at Black Point is not yet completed, but the proprietors expect to fire up ere long.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

AFTER a period of some stringency in the money market, a gleam of relaxation and ease can be discovered. The pressure was mainly occasioned by the sudden withdrawal of large sums of money from the merchants for the payment of import duties, by the prospect of an unusually short crop of cereals throughout the State, and by the break-down in the stock market. The merchants have been gathering in their resources from the interior—the productive efficiency of the country is thought to be rather more promising, and the mining-share market has rallied materially.

Capital is now more abundant, and though bankers still discriminate—with severity in some instances—a more cheerful feeling can be noted among borrowers. The wants of the latter class are less pressing, and with good business paper or unexceptionable stock collaterals, discounts are readily obtained at current rates.

Upon real estate there is no difficulty in borrowing at 1¼ to 1½ per cent. per month. This description of security is in fact fought for as a desirable investment, and ample funds are readily met with for the purpose at the lowest rates of interest known to the market. During the current month a large amount of foreign capital has been added to our available means, a portion of which has been inserted in dividend-paying and other leading mining stocks.

A number of prominent citizens of Virginia City have inaugurated a movement to change the present metallic currency of the Territory to that of Legal Tender Notes, and a mass meeting is to be held there this evening to take final action on the subject. Some of the Virginia papers favor the proposition, but warn the people to ponder the matter carefully and well before committing themselves to a policy so radical and perhaps ruinous. It is said that human nature is ever given to change, and in their proneness to adopt new ideas and plans, men are constantly falling into errors, experiencing reverses and misfortunes, and yet learning no lesson of wisdom. They lose sight of the fact that elsewhere the financial system they seek to introduce, threatens to overthrow and convert every material interest in the land. One *earnest glance* backwards to the condition of our Eastern brethren a few years since would, we think, do more to correct the false teaching of paper-money enthusiasts than all that can be said or written against the consummation of such a scheme on this coast. It is much easier to plunge into difficulty than to find the way out. We trust the people of Virginia City will not rashly adopt a policy that would probably soon end in embarrassment and confusion to every commercial, financial and industrial interest in the Territory.

The business of the Stock and Exchange Board and the Pacific Board of Brokers will not exceed $200,000 for the current month. For the past week, however, an improvement has taken place, and transactions in the general market continue to increase. The recent collapse in almost all stocks is capable of at least a partial solution. The receipts of Bullion from productive mines were not falling off; on the contrary, they have steadily increased since January last, but a sudden and unlooked-for withdrawal of funds on the part of Bankers and those who held these stocks as collateral security, precipitated them on the market, and prices were forced to give way. In addition to this the proposed tax of 5 per cent. by the Government on the entire proceeds of mines and mining claims awakened still further apprehension, and holders of mining stocks who were not pressed for money felt inclined to sell them at current rates, hoping to avail themselves of the probable decline, and to re-purchase at lower prices. The bear influence has also been effectually at work, and short sellers have operated freely, many of whom turned their transactions to profitable account. Speculative shares, of less positive intrinsic value than those alluded to above, strongly sympathized with the downward movement, and with scarce an exception declined to lower figures than have been reached for six months past

During the past ten days a turning point seems to have been found, and nearly all leading stocks, together with some fancy shares, are in more active request at enhanced rates. Unproductive claims are, however, viewed with much less favor than formerly, and it is difficult now to inspire the faith and belief once felt in their *prospective* value without substantial evidence of merit. Burdensome assessments have been willingly paid for a long time under the hope that in the end gratifying results would surely follow. But in most instances thus far this has proven a delusion, and without new and startling developments in some of these mines their market value is not likely to improve.

During the week five feet of Gould and Curry have been sold at from $3,900 to $4,000. This is an advance of $250 per foot since the 1st instant. Ophir rose to $1,215 and then declined to $1,100. Early the current month this stock was freely offered at $1,000. Savage fell to $1,800 some time since, but is now in demand at about $1,900. Uncle Sam has grown into favor again, and very large sales are reported this week at from $700 to $725. This company, it is said, is quietly perfecting its title without regard to vexatious and protracted litigation, and a number of adverse interests have been compromised recently. The Belcher mine has again resumed the shipment of Bullion, and the stock has advanced this week from $825 to $1,000 per foot. Potosi shares are still inactive, but are not pressed for sale. This mine is reported to be yielding a large quantity of pay ore. Challar has been active this week—declining from $660 to $630, and about sixty feet were sold. This company are vigorously at work hoisting and reducing some fifty tons of ore daily. Quite a revival has taken place in North American stock, owing to a final consummation of the proposed compromise with the Uncle Sam Company. A meeting is to be held to-day to ratify this arrangement.

A BELLIGERENT correspondence has been passing between a couple of editors in Virginia City. It is none of our business, but we should regret if any hostile meeting occurred. Why should one editor desire to give another out for even a single "insertion," in the cold ground, as "leaded matter?" Bullets are not arguments, and blood never washed a stain out from any character. Duels at best are but the fooling and foolish relics of the exploded custom of a barbarous age, and the sooner the duel is permitted to lapse into desuetude, the better.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

We have little space this week for dramatic mention, and can only briefly indicate what is going on at the different houses.

The events in the theatrical world of late have been the opening of Magnire's new theatre, and of Wilson's Hippotheatron. The new theatre has verified the old saying about a new broom, and the Hippotheatron has been well filled nightly—people going to this latter place for the sake of the fresh air with which the tent favors them.

On Monday Maguire's Opera House is re-opened with the *Enchantress*, Miss Caroline Richings making her first appearance as "Stella;" her father, Peter Richings, playing "Ramir." They are supported by the dramatic company; and Acosta and Wiethoff, with an entire *corps de ballet*, are engaged to lighten up the legitimate drama. An extra force of musicians is also advertised to be in attendance.

Wilson's Hippotheatron offers its quadrupedal and epicene attractions nightly, and this afternoon there is a performance for the benefit of families. The parent that does not take his children to see the hippotheatron occasionally could be convicted of a wilful neglect of family duties before any intelligent jury. The young idea could learn how to spell polysyllables there, if nothing more.

The Metropolitan has not been doing as good a business of late as the character of the company warrants, and we hope to see an improvement the coming week. This afternoon, the *Knight of Arva* is played, Harry Courtaine and Mrs. Emily Jordan taking the principal parts; the performance to conclude with the *Happy Man*.

To-night, something is offered which should draw out a full house. The famous sack of flour, which has been the rounds of Austin, Gold Hill, Virginia, Sacramento and other interior cities, coining money for the Sanitary Fund in each, is to be sold at auction. The selling is to be preceded by *Love and Champagne*—Allen taking the part of Dick Dashall. At the conclusion of the two-act play, Mr. Courtaine will recite Drake's Address to the American Flag, and then commences the auction. Here is an opportunity for people to show their patriotism, as a large portion of the receipts of the house, and the proceeds of the flour go to the Sanitary Fund for the relief of the brave boys who are fighting for us.

A LETTER in a late Richmond paper says that Stuart, in a recent raid, captured a Federal supply train containing, among other things, an immense quantity of delicacies in cans. This reminds us of a story told of one of the native East Indian generals during the Sepoy war—a story, however, altogether too good to be true. It was said that his followers took from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions in tin cans, and not having seen anything of the kind before, he mistook them for canister-shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon and other delicacies, supplying the British camp, which he was trying to starve into surrender, with an incessant shower of the freshest English provisions. When they reached their mark, however, they were scarcely in proper condition for consumption. Beauregard will have to bombard Butler with such things a long while before he brings him to terms, for the latter is fond of lobster.

AN ABBREVIATION not to be found in the books is to be found, if a Scottish exchange may be relied in, on a tombstone in Dunkirk. The mourners intended to put an old aunt to sleep with the customary phrase "let her rest in peace," but the space on the stone gave out at the close of the word "her." The ready witted sculptor, however, inserted the initials of the *rest* of the sentence, and now the dear old lady sleeps beneath the laconic, but slightly inelegant epitaph, "Let her r. i. p."

A WRITER on "Improvements in the Art of War" thinks that the perfection to which fire-arms are so rapidly attaining will contribute materially to the peace of the world. It is undoubtedly true that as the chances of men being killed in battle become multiplied, fewer people will be anxious to take them. And then the makers of rifles and fieldpieces may be called piece-makers in a double sense, and the blessing pronounced upon peacemakers will be doubly theirs.

THE *Alta* quotes,

> Dust thou art, to dust returned,
> Was not written of the soul.

giving credit for the lines to a "Mr Mackay." We had been under the impression that the couplet occurred in a little poem called "The Psalm of Life," lately written by one Mr. Longfellow—a poet of some reputation, and rapidly growing into favor—but we may be wrong. There are but few copies of the poem before the public as yet, and memory is apt to be treacherous.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Some think our appeal
Is sectarian zeal,
When we give of our creed a rehearsal,
For we leave in the cold
All the LIBERAL fold,
And the CATHOLIC and UNIVERSAL.

THE *Alta* on Wednesday morning informed us that Grant had succeeded in "cutting off a portion of Lee's rear." So we may conclude that at least some share of the "seat of war" is in our possession. Will Grant remove it from Virginia?

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.—A. Roman & Co. send us the following new books. They come too late for notice in this number, but will receive attention next week:

Mainstone's Housekeeping, by Eliza Metcyard ("Silverpen.") Third edition. Loring.

The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly, (47th Regiment New York Volunteers) with Comic Illustrations by Mullen. Carleton.

A Woman's Ransom, by Frederick William Robinson, author of *Grandmother's Money, Under the Spell, Wildflower, Slaves of the Ring, The House of Elmore*, etc. Burnham.

Red Tape and Pigeon-hole Generals, as seen from the ranks during a Campaign in the Army of the Potomac, by a Citizen-Soldier. Carleton

My Cave Life in Vicksburg, with Letters of Trial and Travel, by a Lady. Appleton.

The Laws and Principles of Whist stated and explained, and its Principles illustrated. By Cavendish. Appleton.

Annis Warleigh's Fortunes. A Novel by Holme Lee. The Harpers

AN ASTRAL CRITICISM.

Under the heading "Spanish Made Easy," the *Round Table* thus criticises *La Gaviota*, a Spanish novel translated by J. Leander Starr and published in New York:

Mr. J. Leander Starr professes to be an accomplished linguist. In that capacity he conducts, or did conduct, a species of polyglot magazine, devoted to the diffusion of tongues. It is supposed that he is familiar with the French, the German, the Italian, the Spanish, the Turkish, the Armenian, the Egyptian, the African, the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Japanese, the Hawaiin, the Kamschatkan, the original Aboriginal, the Schleswig-Holstein, and other dialects, including, perhaps, that spoken in the Confederate States of America. Of course, with such a repertoire, he can hardly be ignorant of the dead—and dying—languages likewise. The only speech, in fact, with which Mr. Starr seems to be unfamiliar is the English; unless, indeed, his familiarity has bred the proverbial contempt.

These brief remarks are suggested to us by a neat volume lately published by John Bradburn, and entitled *La Gaviota*. The title page unblushingly declares that the work is a translation from the Spanish, by the gentleman to whom, as a linguist, we have already paid our attentions. The contents of the book give its title page the lie direct, in the most heartless and uncourteous manner. It is not a translation. In the first place, the story itself, if it may be called a story, is totally unworthy of translation. Like all other Spanish works of light literature, it is diffuse, verbose, digressive, and generally uninteresting. Spanish serenades are not infrequently sweet and passionate, but Spanish novels are unmitigated bores. An extended analysis of the plot of *La Gaviota* would be simply a tax upon the patience of the reader, more difficult to endure than the present taxation imposed by our Governmental friends. There are, however, one or two cleverly drawn characters, and many curiously characteristic anecdotes and proverbs from Old Spain. The authoress—whose *nom-de-plume* is Fernan Cabellero—is, we are informed in Mr. Starr's preface, the widow of two husbands, and her maiden name was Cecelia de Faber—a cognomen almost as polyglot as her translator's magazine.

"We have it on the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*," says the preface, "that the novels of this gifted authoress were 'published at the expense of the Queen.' * * * *La Gaviota* is perhaps the finest story in the volumes." A little farther on he confesses that it is somewhat prolix. The reader will not deny it, though Mr. Starr flatters himself that "in translating, it is easy to avoid this prolixity," and adds, "This has been attended to in the present translation." We beg leave to differ. Whole pages are filled with the most unimportant and trifling details, as if one should say of his hero, "He then sat down upon a chair, drawn up to a table, to eat with a fork, carried by his hand from a plate of food to his mouth, in order to satisfy the hunger that he felt in his stomach." This is quite in the style of Mr. Starr's translation, except that it is a little purer English.

To show that the above criticism is not hypercritical, we submit the following brief excerpt: "They made up for him a bed with fresh straw, and a good large mattress filled with wool. Grandma Maria took out of a large chest a pair of sheets, if not very fine, at least very white. She then added a warm woolen counterpane." In a wedding scene, when the hero—a German adventurer—is married, all the stanzas sung by the company are given. Let these serve as a specimen either of Spanish improvisation or of Mr. J. Leander Starr's talent for the translation of rhyme:

"She to the church, and sacrifices bold
Herself surrenders, and I am consoled;
My lips with kisses delicately hushed,
Press the green grass which her small feet have pressed."

And another:

"Thou the calabash hast given me;
Or rather, I my conge see;
Great good this conge does meeting,
The tomatoes I have eaten!
In thy family, at which I dine,
Admitted once, revenged am I?"

Is it the Spaniards who are afflicted with idiocy, or is it Mr. J. Leander Starr?

And not alone is the supposed poetry of the work incomprehensible. What shall we make of this:

He would much more agreeably consort with those who seek the good, with the same satisfaction and purity that the artless young damsel feels in gathering violets. His physiognomy, his grace, the freedom with which he muffled himself in his Spanish cloak, his insensibility to cold and to the general disquietude around him, established decidedly that he was Spanish.

The "general disquietude" refers to sea-sickness, whence we infer that the natives of sunny Spain are born with sea-legs. The name of the gentleman is catalogued as "Don Carlos, Duke of Almansa (or Almanza), Marquis de Guadalmonte, de Val-de-Flores, and de Loca Fiel; Comte de Santa Clara, de Encinasala, et de Laza; Chevalier of the Golden Fleece, and Grand Cross of Charles III.; Gentleman of the Chamber of his Majesty; Grandee of Spain, of First Class, etc., etc., etc." It would surely require much erudition on the part of Don Carlos to enable him to "read his title clear," and, if he carried all these multitudinous appellations in his memory, it is not strange that he had no time for the sea-sickness which disturbed his common fellow-travellers. Let us give the authoress credit for one observation, which, though sweeping, is not without a certain foundation of veracity. It is on page 191, and reads: "Every Spanish book bears the seal of a coarse stupidity."

"La Gaviota" is a nickname bestowed upon the heroine by a mischievous boy. It signifies in English a sea-gull. This heroine is a sort of Becky Sharp, who marries a German doctor, goes upon the stage at the instigation of the titled gentleman beforementioned, and becomes unfaithful to her husband through the blandishments of a young person connected with the bull-fighting interest. This person, notwithstanding his magnificent appearance and ability to quote Latin, is not refined, and naturally bullies "La Gaviota." The German doctor goes to America and dies. The bull-fighter is killed in the arena; and as for the heroine, "she very imprudently marries a barber" who paid court to her in the beginning of the book.

It is not impossible that this novel, if it had been decently rendered into our language, might have attained some notoriety among the lovers of high-seasoned literature of the sensation school: but as it is, we predict for it the obscurity it deserves. Among other fantastic tricks which Mr. Starr has seen fit to play with the unhappy translation, is the insertion of a dedication "to the Hon. George Opdyke, ex-Mayor of the city of New York." The reasons set forth for inscribing that highly respectable name to "this translation of the best novel in the Spanish language," are somewhat obscure. It is not that Mr. Opdyke has ever visited Spain; it is not that he is acquainted with the sweet dialect of Old Castile; it is not that he is in any way connected with literature, native or foreign; but because of his "urbanity of character," and his "firm integrity as a gentleman, a merchant;" because his "career has been marked by the most devoted patriotism;" and because Mr. J. Leander Starr hopes that at some future distant day Mr. Opdyke may receive that tribute "which honored the memory of the immortal Pitt:

'Non sibi, sed pro patria vixit."

For these reasons is the ex-Mayor chosen by this Leander for his hero. He should only have added that the offering was appropriate, inasmuch as Mr. Opdyke had undoubtedly washed his hands with Castile soap, and if ill with an acute disease might probably apply a blister plaster of Spanish flies, or cool his thirst with the juice of a Seville orange; these would assuredly be equally cogent reasons why Mr. Starr should dedicate to him the worst translation in the English language.

TRIPPING UP TUPPER.

Martin Farquhar Tupper has so few friends in this country, or indeed in his own, that few will lament when the *Saturday Review*—the very Guy Livingstone of journals—lays its iron hand on him after the following fashion: It is *apropos* of his last volume of verse—we always have to take him for better or for verse—and the following extract from one of his poems is manipulated:

From the vext bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's ragged side,
Rushing on from field to field,
Till all with boiling stone is sealed,
And my hot thoughts, in language pent,
Stand their own granite monument.

Tho above terrible lines were the first that presented themselves to our view when we opened Mr. Tupper's new volume at random to see what sort of spiritual refreshment he had provided for his admirers. Without stopping to inquire why he does not make some attempt to control his hot thoughts, if they really have the blighting properties attributed to them, or whether it is not a little hard that a world that has purchased one hundred and nine editions of the *Proverbial Philosophy* should have its fields laid waste in order that he should erect a monument to himself, we accept the outburst as a declaration of his present condition, and a statement of his views respectiug the mission of a popular poet. We have no objection whatever to consider Mr. Tupper in the light of a volcano. Indeed, it is from some such point of view that we are constrained to regard him. He can never be anything more to us than a curious instance of nature's willfulness, which we may be able partially to explain, but must always wonder at, and which is produced by forces and governed by laws altogether beyond our control even in the slightest degree. In the case of any other poet we might not unreasonably hope to reach one here and there among his readers, and possibly even to influence them to some small extent. But it would be just as reasonable to expect a review of Mount Vesuvius to protect the vineyard on the monntain side from an eruption as to dream of any remark of ours on Mr. Tupper gaining access to the Tupperian world. It is not, therefore, exactly as a book or a contribution to literature that one of his productions is to be noticed, but rather as a phenomenon with which we have nothing to do, but which may be sufficiently interesting, from a scientific point of view, to make it worth our while to announce its appearance and describe its general aspect, just as Our Own Correspondent at Naples would do in the case of a new crater breaking out.

After a little more criticism, in which it ironically thanks Mr. Tupper for not doing the dreadful things that he might, it continues:

The trick is, however, an old one of his, if we remember rightly. Even before him the ingenious Mr. Richardson employed something of the same sort, and it still obtains with caravans, wax-work shows, and exhibitions of that nature. It consists, in fact, of making large and loud declarations outside the booth about what is to be seen inside, and leaving all the rest to human simplicity. Outside the giant is represented of magnificent proportions, and with guardsmen in full uniform in vain attempting to shake hands with him; and the mermaid is a charming young person with golden locks and a silvery green tail. The real giant inside proves to be a long, rickety gentleman in a dressing gown, and the "mermaid" a combination of a stuffed monkey and a Finnan-haddock. Thus it is with Mr. Tupper's performances. He describes the poet's mission and the poet's might in language that would almost terrify us did we not recognize the well-known voice and perceive the familiar features peeping out through the disguise. But when he comes to exercise that mission himself, and to put ont his might, all he does is to twaddle tamely about selfishness, cheerfulness, duty, self-reliance, and the like; the same, to use the words of our friend Mrs. Gamp, not being expected from the outside picter, where he is painted quite contrairy in a livin state, and many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the arp.

Arraigning a Judge.—A young boy of sixteen years of age was brought before the Police Court, Paris, charged with stealing and begging in the public streets. He was a bright, fine-looking boy, but very poorly clad, and when brought before the Judge, he fell upon his knees and begged him not to put him in prison; that his mother was sick and starving, and that alone had driven him to steal; that he could not find work, and if he was imprisoned the disgrace would kill his poor mother. The judge seemed somewhat moved by the boy's story, but he nevertheless, after hearing the evidence, condemned him to six weeks' imprisonment. As the boy was being led away, a poor woman, pale, covered with rags, and her hair in disorder, forced her way through the crowd, and tottering up to the boy, passed one arm around him, and then turning to the judge, pushed back her long black hair and exclaimed: "Do you not recognize me? Thirteen years have passed since you deserted me, leaving me alone with my child and my shame; but I have not forgotten you, and this boy whom you have just condemned is your son?" You may imagine the effect this announcement produced on the bystanders. The judge, in a loud voice, ordered the woman to be carried from the court, and then left it himself; but he joined the poor creature in the street, and carried her and her boy off in a carriage.

A NEW YORK FIRE AS SEEN BY A "LUNNUNER."

In an old number of *All the Year Round* we find the following spirited description of a fire in New York. With very slight changes, it would do for the picture of a fire in our own Bay City—especially after we get the fire telegraph a-clicking:

A gleam of red, just a blush in the sky, eastward—William street way—among the warehouses; and presently the telegraph begins to work. For every fire station has its telegraph, and every street has its line of wires, like metallic washing lines. Jig-jig, tat-tat, goes the indicator: "Fire in William street, No. 3, Messrs. Hardcastle & Co."

Presently the enormous bell, slung for the purpose in a wooden shed in the City Park, just at the end of Broadway, begins to swing and roll backward.

In dash the volunteers in their red shirts and helmets—from oyster cellars and half-finished clam soup, from newly begun games of billiards, from the theatre, from Boucicault, from Booth, from the mad drollery of the Christy Minstrels, from stiff quadrille partics, from gin-slings, from bar-rooms, from sulphurous pistol galleries, from studios, from dissecting rooms, from half-shuttered shops, from *conversazioni* and lectures—from everywhere—north, south, east and west—breathless, hot, eager, daring, shonting, mad.

Open fly the folding-doors, out glides the new engine—the special pride of the company—the engine whose excellence many lives have been lost to maintain; "a regular high-bred little stepper" as ever smith's hammer forged. It shines like a new set of cutlery, and is as light as a "spider wagon" or a trotting gig. It is not the great Juggernaut car of our Sun and Phœnix offices—the enormous house on wheels, made as if purposely cumbrous and eternal—but is a mere light musical snuff-box of steel rods and brass supports, with axes and coils of leather, brass-socketed tubing fastened beneath, and all ready for instant and alert use.

Now the supernumeraries—the haulers and draggers, who lend a hand at the ropes—pour in from the neighboring dram shops or low dancing-rooms, where they remain waiting to earn some dimes by such casualties. A shout—a tiger!

"Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!" (*crescendo*), and out at lightning speed dashes the engine, in the direction of the red gleam, now widening and sending up the fan-like radiance of a volcano.

Perhaps it is a steam fire-engine. These are entire successes, and will soon be universal among a people quick to grasp onward at all that is new, if it be but better than the old. Then the fires are lighted, and breathing out ardent smoke, and spitting out trails of fiery cinders, off it dashes.

Now, a roar and crackle, as the quick-tongued flames leap out red and eager, or lick the black blistered beams—now, hot belches of smoke from shivering windows—now, snaps and smashes of red-hot beams, as the floors fall in—now, down burning stairs, like frightened martyrs running from the stake, rush poor women and children in white trailing night-gowns—now the mob, like a great exultant many-headed monster, shouts with delight and sympathy—now, race up the fire engines, the men defying each other in rivalry, as they plant the ladders and fire-escapes. The fire-trumpets roar out stentorian orders—the red shirts fall into line—rock, rock go the steel bars that force up the water—up leap the men with the hooks and axes—crash, crash, lop, chop go the axes at the partitions, where the fire smoulders. Now spirt up in fluid arches the blue-white jets of water, that hiss and splash and blacken ont the spasms of fire; and as every new engine dashes up, the thousands of upturned faces turn to some new shade of reflected crimson, and the half-broken beams give way at the thunder of their cheers.

The fire lowers, and is all but subdued, though still every now and then a floor gives way with an earthquake crash, and into the still lurid dark air rises a storm of sparks like a hurricane of fire-flies. But suddenly there is a crowding together and whispering of helmeted heads. Brave Seth Johnson is missing; all the hook-men and ax-men are back but he; all the pumpers are there, and all the loafers are there. He alone is missing.

"Caleb Fisher saw him last," shouts the Captain to the eager red faces; "he was then breaking a third floor back window with his ax. He thinks he is under the last wall that fell." Is there a lad there who will not risk his life for Seth? No! or he would be no American, I dare swear.

Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!

Up they tear through choking smoke, sparks and still dangerous fire, over bridges of half-burnt beams, half-brittle charcoal. They reach the tomb of smoking bricks, they dig as if the life of each were depending on it—hooks, axes, bleeding hands, everything but teeth.

Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!

Click-shock go the shovels, chick-chick the pick-axes. A shout, a scream of "Seth!"

He is there, pale and silent, with heaving chest; his breast-bone smashed in, a cold dew oozing from his forehead. Now they bear him to the roaring multitude, their eyes aching and watering with the suffocating gusts of smoke. They lay him pale, in his red shirt, amid the hushed, voiceless men in the bruised and scorched helmets. The grave doctor breaks through the crowd. He stoops and feels Seth's pulse. All eyes turn to him. He shakes his head, and makes no other answer. Then the young men take off their helmets and bear home Seth, and some weep because of his betrothed, and the young men think of her.

A Remarkable Incident.—The following is related in a letter from a gentleman at Toulouse, dated April 20, 1768, to his friend at Galway, Ireland:—"The most remarkable occurrence here is the extraordinary case of a criminal under sentence of death, and who was to have been broken on the wheel the second current. The day before he was to have been executed he fell into a profound sleep, and has lived since then without any nourishment whatever. Several means have been used to awake him, even blisters, but to no purpose; he breathes easy and freely, and his limbs, especially from the middle upwards, are perfectly pliable. About four days ago he woke, and continued so for an hour, or somewhat better; he walked a few steps, and the physician ordered him some slight nourishment; but before it could be got ready he relapsed, and continues in the same state of insensibility. The physicians call it a cataleptic ailment, incurred through fear and horror of the execution he was to undergo, which, however, is only deferred till he recovers the sense of feeling."

You may as well become a conductor of other men's lightning, if you can give out no sparks of your own.

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

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Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever.

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

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ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

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STOP THAT COUGHING.

Some of you can't and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit to supercede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

It is really the best remedy ever compounded, for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping cough, bronchitis, and consumption. Thousands of people in California have been already benefitted by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the throat and lungs, assuring you that

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WE should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as they please; for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit on our injury.

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FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
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NEIGHBORHOODS I HAVE MOVED FROM.

BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

NUMBER TWO.

"A HOUSE with a fine garden and extensive shrubbery, in a genteel neighborhood," were, if I remember rightly, the general terms of an advertisement which once decided my choice of a dwelling. I should add that this occurred at an early stage of my household experience, when I placed a trustful reliance in advertisements. I have since learned that the most truthful people are apt to indulge a slight vein of exaggeration in describing their own possessions, as though the mere circumstance of going into print were an excuse for a certain kind of mendacity. But I did not fully awaken to this fact until a much later period, when, in answering an advertisement which described a highly advantageous tenement, I was referred to the house I then occupied, and from which a thousand inconveniences were impelling me to move.

The "fine garden" alluded to was not large, but contained several peculiarly-shaped flower beds. I was at first struck with the singular resemblance which they bore to the mutton chops that are usually brought on the table at hotels and restaurants—a resemblance the more striking from the sprigs of parsley which they produced freely. One plat in particular reminded me, not unpleasantly, of a peculiar cake, known to my boyhood as a bolivar. The owner of the property, however, who seemed to be a man of original æsthetic ideas, had banked up one of these beds with bright-colored sea-shells, so that in rainy weather it suggested an aquarium, and offered the elements of botanical and conchological study in pleasing juxtaposition. I have since thought that the fish geraniums which it also bore to a surprising extent were introduced originally from some such idea of consistency. But it was very pleasant, after dinner, to ramble up and down the gravelly paths, (whose occasional boulders reminded me of the dry bed of a somewhat circuitous mining stream,) smoking a cigar, or inhaling the rich aroma of fennel, or occasionally stopping to pluck one of the hollyhocks with which the garden abounded. The prolific qualities of this plant alarmed us greatly, for although, in the first transport of enthusiasm, my wife planted several different kinds of flower seeds, nothing ever came up but hollyhocks; and although, impelled by the same laudable impulse, I procured a copy of *Downing's Landscape Gardening* and a few gardening tools, and worked for several hours in the garden, my efforts were equally futile.

The extensive shrubbery consisted of several dwarfed trees. One was a very weak young weeping willow, so very limp and maudlin, and so evidently bent on establishing its reputation, that it had to be tied up against the house for support. The dampness of that portion of the house was usually attributed to the presence of this lachrymose shrub. Add to these a couple of highly objectionable trees, known, I think, by the name of *Malva*, which made an inordinate show of cheap blossoms that they were continually shedding, and one or two dwarf oaks, with scaly leaves and a generally spiteful exterior, and you have what was not inaptly termed by our Milesian handmaid "the scrubbery."

The gentility of our neighborhood suffered a blight from the unwholesome vicinity of McGinnis Court. This court was a kind of *cul de sac* that, on being penetrated, discovered a primitive people living in a state of barbarous freedom, and apparently spending the greater portion of their lives on their own door-steps. Many of those details of the toilette which a popular prejudice restricts to the dressing-room in other localities, were here performed in the open court, without fear and without reproach. Early in the week the court was hid in a choking, soapy mist, which arose from innumerable wash-tubs. This was followed in a day or two later by an extraordinary exhibition of wearing apparel of divers colors, fluttering on the lines like a display of bunting on ship-board, and whose flapping in the breeze was like irregular discharges of musketry. It was evident also that the court exercised a demoralizing influence over the whole neighborhood. A sanguine property-owner once put up a handsome dwelling on the corner of our street, and lived therein; but although he appeared frequently on his balcony, clad in a bright crimson dressing-gown, which made him look like a tropical bird of some rare and gorgeous species, he failed to woo any kindred dressing-gown to the vicinity, and only provoked opprobrious epithets from the *gamins* of the court. He moved away shortly after, and on going by the house one day, I noticed a bill of "Rooms to let, with board," posted conspicuously on the Corinthian columns of the porch. McGinnis Court had triumphed. An interchange of civilities at once took place between the court and the servant's area of the palatial mansion, and some of the young men boarders exchanged playful slang with the adolescent members of the court. From that moment we felt that our claims to gentility were forever abandoned.

Yet, we enjoyed intervals of unalloyed contentment. When the twilight toned down the hard outlines of the oaks, and made shadowy clumps and formless masses of other bushes, it was quite romantic to sit by the window and inhale the faint, sad odor of the fennel in the walks below. Perhaps this economical pleasure was much enhanced by a picture in my memory, whose faded colors the odor of this humble plant never failed to restore. So I often sat there of evenings and closed my eyes until the forms and benches of a country school-room came back to me, redolent with the incense of fennel covertly stowed away in my desk, and gazed again in silent rapture on the round, red cheeks and long black braids of that peerless creature whose glance had often caused my cheeks to glow over the preternatural collar, which at that period of my boyhood it was my pride and privilege to wear. As I fear I may be often thought hypercritical and censorious in these articles, I am willing to record this as one of the advantages of our new house, not mentioned in the advertisement or chargeable in the rent. May the present tenant, who is a stock-broker, and who impresses me with the idea of having always been called "Mr." from his cradle up, enjoy this advantage, and try sometimes to remember he was a boy!

We seldom borrow anything from Ireland now-a-days but bulls—and these we generally return at the first convenient opportunity. But the Irish bench has given us a lesson in the way of preventing duels, which, in the sudden revival of that damnable code in the full flush of a year somewhat paradoxically termed *Anno Domini*, we can well afford to borrow and pattern by. Two dandies were brought before a Dublin magistrate, charged with intent to fight a duel. The magistrate was opposed to any belligerent practices which went beyond a discriminate use of the time-honored shillelah, and, besides, had very serious doubts as to the really sanguinary inclinations of either of the proposed belligerents; so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further," adding: "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but, upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'm blest if I don't bind you both down to fight." Why not adopt such a punishment as that hinted at by the Hibernian judge all the world through? It is a pity that "affairs of honor" should multiply in an age when honor itself seems to be on the wane.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

I.

All in a dream i' the twilight, stars
Glimmering out in their glee,
I hear the low murmur of far-off
Ripples of tropic sea.

II.

Sorrowful sun, in the west, he
Is bleeding to death in the wave,
Staining and tinting with crimson
The corals that fashion his grave.

III.

Out through the mists and the vapors,
The cloudy wreaths and the rings,
The sunlight has flown like a butterfly
Brushing the gold from its wings.

IV.

A quiet is coming and folding
Our troubles away, and our woes
Are hushed in the cool, fragrant shadows,
Like bees in the heart of a rose.

V.

Come on little stars, all silver,
For the terrible sun has gone,
And forth from the castle of shadows east
The moon has set sail for the dawn.

VI.

Pale are the stars, for the morning
Is dawning fresh as the May—
So through the shadows we wander forth,
Seeking the perfect day.

JOSEPH REDIVIVUS.

Paris tells us of a celebrated painter, who was much annoyed in his morning walks by a Biblical painting, miserable in taste and execution, representing a hideous "Joseph" struggling to escape from the embraces of an abominably ugly "Potiphar's wife." So much annoyed was he by this libel in oil that he finally concluded to purchase the picture and reduce it to ashes. Stepping into the shop he demanded of the proprietor the price. "That work of art," replied the imperturbable curiosity dealer, "is valued at five hundred francs." The painter at first felt outraged by the coolness of the shopkeeper, but finally suppressed his indignation sufficiently to listen to the man's explanation. He said that the picture formerly belonged to M. Denon, Intendant of the Louvre under Louis Philippe; that it had fallen into the hands of an old lady, who, shocked by the primitive garb of Mrs. Potiphar, employed her nephew—a house painter—to operate upon the figures with his brush; that this nephew, one rainy day, sat himself down and gave Joseph a coat of paint, and Mrs. Potiphar outer garments, in accordance with the taste of the nineteenth century. The artist, struck by the simplicity of the narrative, examined the painting closely, and discovered the number 37, with a seal in red wax bearing the initials of Denon himself. He instantly made the shopkeeper an offer of 500 francs for the picture, and took a receipt guaranteeing to him its full possession under any and all circumstances, whether it proved valuable or valueless. Under the manipulations of the expert the additions of the house-painter disappeared, disclosing an admirable painting with the name of David in the corner, and every way worthy of that great master's reputation. And a noted *connoisseur*, to whose inspection the rescued painting was subjected, immediately offered to find a purchaser for it at 20,000 francs. So much for the efforts of the iconoclastic house-painter, who attempted to throw the light of other days into the shade by the touch of his vandal brush. So much for the appreciative artist who relieved the Biblical hero and heroine of the embarrassing coat and petticoat of paint with which the modesty of the former owner thought necessary to furnish them.

Keeping the Ball a-rolling.—A well known Irish lawyer having to defend a man accused of murder, it was very important for the defence to produce the ball with which the murder was said to have been committed. The lawyer held it in one hand, while in the other, as he was suffering from a sore throat that day, he had some lozenges, which every now and then he carried to his mouth. In the warmth of his pleadings he mistook the hand, and thinking to take a lozenge, put the ball into his mouth and swallowed it.

FAIR WIND.

SAILING, sailing, over the sea,
The ships skim by the harbor's mouth,
All canvas set and all pennants free,
And the wind is blowing toward the south.

Blowing, blowing, over the ships,
Curling the crests round the trenchant prow,
And bearing the sigh from our very lips
To lift the tress on some soldier's brow.

Some soldier who by the camp-fire waits
Under the stars of a frosty sky,
And marshals the ghosts of Sovereign States
To bear his Country grandly by:

Held aloft in their arms that way,
A glorious corpse, she passes on—
But his heart is beating her reveillé,
And the stars are struggling into dawn!

And there comes to him a wandering air
Filled with the mist of the salt sea foam,
And it brushes his brow and stirs his hair,
And breathes him the fragrances of home.

So blow, thou wild wind, over the sea,
Still blow freshly and still blow strong,
And bear on your wings to the brave and free
Some little strain of our Easter song.

[*Round Table.*

HOW LONDON CAME TO HAVE OPERA.

AN article in an English magazine on London Opera Directors furnishes us some very pleasant reading. As Rome was not built in a day, so it seems the English Italian Opera was not established in England for centuries, and did not find a firm foundation there until long after it had become a fixture and a fact in France. The throes which accompanied its birth were painful and shockingly expensive, and even after ushered into existence it was cursed with a protracted period of infancy, and crept for many long years before it gained sufficient vigor to walk. Monarchs who were in danger of losing their head did not much cultivate an ear for music, and until the Second Charles had found in his throne an easy chair, only faint and fragmentary notes from the lyric stage found their way to England by floating across the Channel.

There was no lack of amusements all that while in England it seems; but the opera was not. Shakspeare was the staple food, and it was long before the people had even a musical sandwich. Vauxhall, says our authority, with its thousand lights, velvet lawns, and shady avenues; York Buildings, with its smart vocalists and admiring crowds; the Folly on the Thames, offering its smoking rooms, elegant music hall, and ceaseless round of pleasure; Marybone Gardens, with its bowling green, bowers and lamps; the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with its exciting comedies, brilliant concerts, and pleasant musical interludes; Drury Lane, with its Shakspearian attractions—all these places of fashionable resort were in their meridian glory when the Royal Italian Opera was but a struggling neophyte. Music, it is true, had not yet arrived at that degree of perfection which rendered it worthy of being discussed by patched and powdered Pretty Fellows, who confined their fastidious attention and artistic aspirations to sewing and knitting of garters, knotting of fringe, the artful disposition of China jars, and the nice conduct of a clouded cane. Young belles, spending their days lounging in India-houses, buying ivory fans and Japan cabinets, talking scandal and meditating fresh frolics, dreamt not of opera boxes, Crystal Palace opera concerts, or of packets of illuminated songs from the last new opera. As yet unknown to fame were big lorgnettes, black or white; unknown were snowy cravats, "bones," neat broughams, white and gold bournouses, and Covent Garden bouquets. Unfamiliar in the mouths of the amateurs was the language of the *cognoscenti;* strange in their ears would have sounded the notes of those wonderful instruments, the invention of the very names whereof demands talent of no ordinary nature. The opera was as yet a thing of the future; and *Tatlers, Spectators, Commentators* and *Guardians* had not yet the opportunity of exercising their cutting wit and biting sarcasm on basso, tenor, and chorus; coffee-house wits and Hell-fire Clubbists had no *prima donna* or *ballerina* to criticize or to adore.

In the time of the First Charles, London society, wanting opera, testified its longing by patronizing Shakspearian tragedies interspersed with tender melodies, and by applauding musical interludes of an exceedingly mild description. The singers, however, were deplorably bad; and there were no concerts or public places to give employment to even these vocalists. The companies at the theatres were small, and composed of inferior actors; and those who were foolish enough to depend upon their vocal abilities for a livelihood had little to rely on besides the royal household and chapel establishments, the liberality of the sovereign, and the patronage of the great. Nothing was known of the opera but the name, which the dramatists sometimes used.

Charles II., albeit he starved his singers, liked music, and once wrote a song himself. He had a slight knowledge of music, understood the notes, and could sing "a plump bass." Admiring everything French, he brought with him a taste for French music, and was quite pleased when Cambert—organist of the church of St. Honoré, in Paris, and the first French musician who tried to set operas—quitted France in a huff at being displaced from the management of the opera in favor of Lully, and came to London. His merry Majesty had his band of twenty-four violins in imitation of the band of King Louis, and he immediately installed Cambert at their head. The Frenchman made many efforts to persuade the English to like his operas, but at last he broke his heart at the indifference with which he and his works were treated, and died nine years after his arrival. Yet attempts at operatic music were now becoming greatly the fashion. Pepys, in 1667—the year Cambert died—"went with my Lord Brouncke to his house, there to hear some Italian music," with which the genial old gossip was "mightily pleased." The witty, dashing Tom Killigrew, King Charles's jester, who was present on that occasion, had already visited Rome eight or ten times for the sake of hearing good music, and was very anxious to bring forward Italian pieces.

When it was discovered that his newly-restored Majesty was fond of music, composers speedily started into being. Matthew Locke—most peevish of geniuses—brought out the *Tempest* in 1673 at the theatre which had been opened in Lincoln's Inn Fields two years before by the son and the widow of Sir William D'Avenant. The expensive decorations of scenery and dresses, the singing and dancing, and the fine music, made this piece extraordinarily popular. The public were delighted. Everybody ran to see the new work, and its success induced D'Avenant to produce other musical dramas by Locke. The directors of Drury Lane were alarmed at the repeated successes achieved at the Duke's Theatre, and employed a miserable writer of bad farces to parody Locke's pieces; but the Duke's Theatre continued to be thronged. Two years later, Purcell, most original of composers and irregular of *bons vivants*, then a lad of nineteen, composed a musical drama, which created a great excitement in private circles. D'Avenant, hearing of its merits, proposed to bring it forward in public, to which young Purcell joyfully agreed. It succeeded; and D'Avenant brought out several pieces by Purcell, which were all received with the utmost approbation by the public.

Musical dramas, not always of the liveliest nature became the rage, and the performers therein sought after celebrities. Moll Davis captivated King Charles by her bird-like notes; pleasant Miss Shore played to such good purpose on the harpsichord that she stole the heart of Colley Cibber, who enthusiastically threw his hand, heart, and seventy-five pounds a year at her feet. Miss Campion sang so enchantingly that the aged Duke of Devonshire took her off the stage.

THE OPERA IS BORN.

However, musical dramas are not operas, and the world of fashion wanted real opera. A great crisis invariably brings forth a great man. The man who undertook the task of supplying the fashionable world with grand opera was Thomas Clayton. He was a miserable pretender, though he was in King William's band; he was utterly devoid of genius, or even talent; but he had a great deal of tact, he was specious and plausible, and just the man to successfully impose on the credulous. He went to Italy, to improve himself by study, and having there heard the opera, thought what a fine thing it would be to have the credit of introducing it into England, and that it might be a money-making speculation. He by some means possessed himself of a bundle of songs and with these returned to London.

There were only two theatres open then—Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Sir John Vanbrugh, with the aid of a subscription of thirty thousand pounds, given by "persons of quality," was building the Queen's Theatre, but it was not finished. Clayton commenced his campaign by taking Drury Lane, and engaging the best company in London headed by the lovely Mrs. Tofts, and the "tawny Tuscan," Margarita de l'Epine, both prodigious favorites, and by Leveridge, a most popular singer. Then he produced his opera of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus.* The pit and boxes were reserved for the subscribers; the rest of the house was open, as usual at the subscription music. The public were surprised, delighted with this new species of amusement; though the critics who wrote of the music call it "worthless, execrable, contemptible, miserable trash." Clayton had succeeded in inventing a novelty; and although his opera, both music and words were utter rubbish, yet it was the talk of the coffee-houses, India-houses, and drawing-rooms of London.

Sir John Vanbrugh did not meet with a very good success in his enterprise. On the opening of his new theatre, a grand and superb structure, in the spring of 1705, it was discovered that almost every qualification and convenience of a good theatre had been sacrificed to display a vast triumphal piece of architecture. Immense columns, gilded cornices, and an immoderately high roof did not compensate for the defect which caused nine words out of ten to be carried of. Theatre, pastoral, and managers failed, while Clayton was taking the town by storm. Sir John, tired or frightened, disposed of the entire establishment and the company returned to Lincoln's Inn Fields, grievously disappointed with the result of their speculation.

Clayton relinquished management in 1707, and went to York Buildings, His company, and that of the Queen's Theatre, united and went to the Haymarket, under the control of Owen McSwiney. Italian singers, in the meanwhile, hearing that there was an opportunity of pocketing some bright English guineas, and being attracted "by the report of the passion for opera," had come to England. Among these was Nicolini, a Neapolitan. A magnificent actor and a superb looking man, his voice was the admiration of all who heard him. Even Steele, so bitter against opera singers in general, dilates on the grace and propriety of the handsome Italian's action and gestures, which he declares did honor to the human figure. McSwiney immediately engaged him at a salary of eight hundred guineas for the season—a sum considered enormous at the time. He retired in 1712, when he returned to Italy, and, building for himself a splendid villa, named it, as a testimony of gratitude to the nation which had contributed the wealth amassed by him, the ENGLISH FOLLY.

On the arrival of the Italians, operas were performed partly in English and partly in Italian, which drew down great laughter and derision from the wits of the day.

When McSwiney withdrew from the management in 1710, there is every reason to suppose that he left the debts incurred during his theatrical reign unpaid; for the tradesmen who furnished dresses and other properties advertised a general meeting to concert measures for petitioning the Lord Chamberlain, or commencing lawsuits against the manager, who peremptorily refused payment, although the articles were in constant use. He perfectly understood the secret of pleasing the public, and of attracting crowded audiences, and was endowed with a certain degree of cleverness. His tact particularly fitted him for undertaking the management of a large operatic establishment. His first great success was the opera of *Thomyris*, put together and conducted by the newly-arrived "Swiss Count," John James Heidegger who, "by that production alone, was a gainer of five hundred pounds."

HEIDEGGER, THE UGLY.

Heidegger, who afterwards became manager, created an extraordinary sensation in the fashionable world on his arrival. His speciality consisted in being the "ugliest man of his time," his portrait in that capacity being engraved at least ten or twelve times. Lord Chesterfield wagered that it would be an impossibility to find a second human being so horribly unfavored by nature. Heidegger, who was as good-humored as he was hideous, or as anxious to make money as he was unscrupulous regarding the means by which he acquired it readily accepted the bet, and a search was instituted. After some time, a frightful old woman was discovered, and it was agreed that Heidegger had the day. Heidegger was about to triumph, when Chesterfield suddenly demanded that he should put on the old creature's bonnet. Thus equipped, Heidegger appeared so fearfully ugly (although he was robust, tall and well made) that, amid an explosion of laughter, Chesterfield was at once declared victor. On another occasion, one Jolly, a well known tailor, presenting him with his bill before a noble duke, his Grace, to gain time, declared with an oath at his ugly visage, "I will never pay you till you bring me an uglier fellow than yourself!" Jolly bowed, and, retiring, sent a message to Heidegger, saying that "his Grace wished to see him the next morning on particular business." Heidegger attended, when Jolly was there to meet him. The result was, as soon as the Fleming's visit was over, "Jolly received the cash." Having lost all his credit abroad, Heidegger had sought England as a harbor of refuge, and enlisted in the Guards for protection from his duns. Such was his boundless impudence, and such his insinuation, that he gained access in the most familiar manner to the society of the young "sprigs of fashion," by whom he was denominated the Swiss Count. Another very ridiculous story is told of him, which happened some years subsequently to this. The facetious Duke of Montague, projector of the bottle conjuring affair, had a mask made exactly like Heidegger's face, and a dress similar to that which he was to wear at a masquerade, in which he disguised a person of the same figure as Heidegger. The night the trick was to be played, the conspirators waited until Heidegger, on the arrival of the royal party, had given the band orders to perform "God save the King," and had retired. The moment he had quitted the orchestra, the mock Heidegger ordered the band to strike up "Over the Water to Charley." The assembly were aghast, and Heidegger ran back in horror, swearing that the band were drunk or mad, and ordered them furiously to recommence "God save the King." The instant he went away, the false Heidegger commanded "Over the Water to Charley" again. The king and his courtiers were delighted, and the affair went on till the band were kicked out of the orchestra, and Heidegger became nearly insane. The mock Heidegger then stepped forward and assured the king that *he* was the true Heidegger, and that the other was only the Devil in his likeness. The two Dromios were confronted, the false Heidegger having the advantage of being supported by the judges to whom the appeal was made. At last, the Duke of Montague, in pity to the poor man, who was now almost "stark mad with distraction and vexation," made the impostor unmask, and the joke was laughed off; not, however, till Heidegger had obtained a promise that the mask should be melted down in his presence, that there might be no further chance of being mistaken for the Devil. Pope introduced this individual into his *Dunciad*, thereby adding but little to his notoriety. Dr. Arbuthnot inscribed to him a poem called the *Masquerade*, "in which he seems more severe upon the Count's ugliness, which he could not help," says Dr. Burney, "than on his voluntary vices."

ENTER HANDEL.

Aaron Hill had just entered on his management when Handel arrived in England, on a special invitation from some nobleman who had heard his music in Hamburg. The great maestro was then twenty-seven, and had acquired a splendid reputation all over Europe. Hill immediately called on him, and asked him to write a piece for the Haymarket Theatre, to which Handel readily agreed. The manager then wrote a *libretto*, selecting the romantic history of Rinaldo and Armida, from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, which he gave to Giacomo Rossi, a poet of considerable merit, to translate into Italian. Rossi wrote as fast as he could, yet was quite unable to keep pace with Handel, who composed so rapidly that the music was completed in a fortnight.

Hill spared no expense in producing *Rinaldo*, which was brought out in the February of 1711. It was his object, he declared, "to give to two senses an equal pleasure," and among other innovations, he filled the garden of Armida with living birds, which created a great sensation, though they would persist in flying at the lights, and were denominated "sparrows" by Addison. He also had a real fountain. The opera was mounted elaborately, and was performed fifteen times in succession, a rare occurrence in those days. The cavatina in the first act, *Cara sposa*, was to be found upon all the harpsichords in the kingdom, as a model of pathetic grace; the march was adopted by the Life Guards, who played it every day upon parade for forty years, and was sung in the *Beggar's Opera* twenty years after it was composed. Walsh, the publisher, was said to have gained fifteen hundred pounds from the publication of *Rinaldo*, which caused Handel to write complainingly: "My Dear Sir—As it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, *you* shall compose the next opera, and *I* will sell it."

Clayton, who was then at York Buildings, was in such a rage at the success of *Rinaldo*, that he wrote angrily to the *Spectator*. Steele also wrote against it; but the public would persist in going to the opera to hear the new work. At that time the house was not open on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the hour of performance being six o'clock. In 1712, on the contrary, the performance took place on those very evenings.

Heidegger became Aaron Hill's partner in 1711; but immediately after this, Hill had a dispute with the Lord Chamberlain, and threw up his operatic sceptre, which he never resumed. He died in 1749, in his sixty-fourth year. The management was taken in 1712 by McSwiney. In 1713, *Teseo*, by Handel, was performed, with new and costly decorations. McSwiney having vainly tried to obtain a subscription for six nights, gave out tickets for two nights only, throwing the boxes and pit into one. The house was full at each performance; but after the second night McSwiney disappeared, without paying the singers' salaries, and leaving the dresses and the scenes unpaid for. McSwiney ran away to Italy, where he stayed several years. On his return to England, he obtained a place in the Custom House, and was keeper of the King's Mews. He died in 1754, and left his fortune to his favorite, Mrs. Woffington.

On recovering from this confusion, the singers determined

on going with the opera, dividing the profits. They placed themselves under the immediate superintendence of Heidegger. At first the public went very regularly; but the house grew thinner every night. The next season, in 1714, appeared the great star, Anastasia Robinson. During Leut the opera was performed on Thursday, in consequence of the Queen usually "having a withdrawing room and playing basset every Tuesday evening." The following season the hour of performance was altered to five o'clock, and there was an advertisement issued by the manager: "Whereas, by the frequent calling for the songs over again, the operas have been too tedious; therefore the singers are forbid to sing any song above once, and it is hoped nobody will call for 'em, or take it ill when not obeyed." The public grew more indifferent every day, and at last even the presence of the Priuee and Princess of Wales was not sufficient to fill the house. They tried dancing, they allowed servants to keep places in the boxes, but all their exertions and concessions were unavailing. In 1717–18 there were no operas performed; but Heidegger, who was very zealous in providing amusement for his patrons, organized masquerades, ridottos and balls, when there were invariably "some files of musquetiers at hand, for the preventing any disturbance which might happen by quarrels, etc."

In 1720, operas were resumed. In the May of this year, the opera of *Numitor* was announced. In order to induee people to attend, it was advertised that "those paying a guinea would be admitted on the stage." A footman's gallery is meutioned in the papers of this date, with the addition that its frequenters were so insolent and noisy that threats of shutting it were circulated. A company of French comedians then occupied the theatre in the Haymarket, to the ire of the native actors. Aaron Hill wrote to the younger Rich, September 9, 1791, speaking thus: "I suppose you know that the Duke of Montague and I have agreed that I am to have that house half the week, and the *French vermin* the other half." This agreement was carried out; and Aaron Hill announced himself manager and director of a new company, formed by ladies and gentlemen who had never appeared on any stage, with the aid of scenery quite novel and upon an improved plan. He opened with his own play of *Henry II.*, in December, 1721.

HANDEL AS A MANAGER.

The opera was then going to ruin, and a subscription was entered into by the nobility, to the extent of fifty thousand pouuds, to establish a uew opera. Handel was appointed director, and the committee consisted of noblemen—dukes, earls, lords, generals. Handel was commissioned to form a company: he went to Dresden, where the Opera was conducted on a seale of the utmost magnificence, and brought back a seleet troupe of singers, with Signora Durastanti and Senesino at their head. Senesino became soon the great star of the opera. He was an exquisite singer, and had a magnificent figure and a princely deportment; but he was far from being the hero he looked. One evening, when he was singing in *Julius Cæsar*, part of the maehinery fell from the roof just as he had chanted forth the words, in Italian, "Cæsar does not know what fear is!" The poor hero was so frightened that "he trembled, lost his voiee, and fell crying." He never spared any energy in his acting, and sometimes threw an amount of force into his part which led him into the most ludierous situations. One night he was performing as Alexander, when, leading the way to attack the enemy's walls, he drove his sword through the scene, and carried off a pasteboard brick, with which he marehed onwards in triumph. Another night, when stepping into Armida's enchanted bark, he took a stride too long, "as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore," when he fell prostrate, aud lay for some time in great pain, "with the end of a wave ruuning into his side." Another night, he insulted Mistress Anastasia Robinsou during the public rehearsal of an opera, and was eaned behind the scenes by Lord Peterborough, when he had to go down on his knees and beg pardon. He took a fancy during the performance of *Theseus* to drubbing the Minotaur soundly; and that the man who represented the monster might not object to being thrashed, the lordly singer always gave him a crown in compensation. Being anxious to have the worth of his money, Senesino invariably beat the Minotaur so heartily as to lose breath most seriously, which was often inconvenient, as a song of triumph had to be vocalized over the vanquished foe. Lord Bathurst, at the age of eighty-seven, used to sing this song, and with much humor imitated the eatches of breath with which Senesino interlarded it from his extraordinary exertions. Senesino, in short, was one of the most insolent, swaggering bullies that ever strutted their brief hour before the footlights.

With the exception of Senesino, who was perpetually tormenting him, Handel ruled his operatic troupe with case. Anastasia Robinson, his *prima donna*, was an exceedingly good singer, and a very amiable woman. But in an evil hour for himself he brought over the famous Cuzzoni. No sooner did that "little syren" appear than London fairly went out of its senses. She sang so exquisitely, she was so deliciously saucy, she was so regally superb in her ways, she was so incomprehensible, that lords and ladies, young and old, could talk of nothing else. Poor Handel, the haughty, the massive, the irascible, was forced to submit to her countless whims and extravagances. She would sing how, when, and where she chose. She would sing his music just as she pleased, and he might think himself only too much honored if she condescended to sing it at all. Handel one day seized her round the waist and threatened to fling her out of the window. "I know you are a devil," he cried, "but I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils!" She was ill-tempered, she was ugly and ill-made, with a short, squat figure, and a doughy, cross face, only redeemed by a fine complexion; she was silly and fantastical, but she was the reigning queen of the opera, and that was enough. Cuzzoni entered into a coalition with Senesino to torment Handel, for, from the commencement of opera, managers and singers have always been at war. Senesino, who had not the best of tempers, and was excessively arrogant and conceited, treated Handel abominably, and ungratefully, for the great composer had given him fiftcen hundred pounds for the season. The maestro threw back the insolence of Senesino with galling indifference, whieh added fuel to the fire of hatred, and the audacity of Cuzzoni with alternate threats and wheedling. The singers cared very little for the indignation which their conduct might create in the breast of Handel, for they felt sure of their popularity with the patrons of the opera, who disliked Handel's sturdy independence.

Hoping to subdue Cuzzoni, Handel engaged the lovely, sylph-like, Faustina Bordoni, who had a brilliant reputation and a beautiful voice. The unfortunate manager, however, found himself in a more uncomfortable position than ever when he had secured the services of Faustina. Not only did the two singers commence a dreadful war, and fling the whole establishment into confusion, but all musical aud fashionable London divided into two bitter factions. One night, the two *prima donnas* fought on the stage, with the fury of two demons. It would be difficult to say whether the most absurdities were committed by the *cantatrici* or by their partisans. When one *prima donna* opened her mouth to sing, the friends of the other would begin to hiss. Ladies of fashion headed the antagonistic parties. The Countess of Pembroke was general of the Cuzzoni forces, the Countess of Burlington aud Lady Delawarr led the Faustina battalions. The grace and beauty of the Venetian singer gained for her the favor of the beaux and wits, who were anxious to secure for her undisputed dominion, and did not spare the partisans of her rival. One critic or wit wrote this indignant epigram:

Old poets sing that beasts did dance,
Whenever Orpheus played;
So to Faustina's charming voice
Wise Pembroke's asses brayed.

In seven years the fifty thousand pounds subscribed for the Royal Academy of Music was squandered, together with the annual subscription. Despite the admirable works produced by Handel, despite his really magnificent company, and the brilliant appointments of the theatre, the speculatiou was a complete, a lamentable failure.

When it was discovered that the entire affair had collapsed the directors entered into an arrangement with Heidegger for opening the King's Theatre with Handel. The great composer went to Italy to engage new singers, but unfortunately did not make a very judicious selection. He was obliged to re-engage Senesino, who had quitted England in 1726 on aceount of his health. The feud between Senesino and Handel broke out afresh with intense acrimony. The aristocracy hated Handel, and were angry because he had raised the prices on oratorio nights. They therefore gave funds to organize an opposition at Lincoln's Inn Fields, sending for Porpora to direct it. The moment Senesino heard of this rival establishment he offered to join it. Cuzzoni, who returned to England in 1734, also joined Porpora's company, which was streugthened by several mutinous members of Handel's troupe.

Deserted by his best singers, Handel weut off again to Italy in seareh of others. He heard Carestini and Farinelli, and had the singular bad taste to give the former the preference. Not only was Carestini inferior to his great rival, but he was insolent and overbearing. Scarcely had he arrived in London before he commenced a warfare against the unlucky maestro. When Handel sent him the beautiful air, *Verdi prati*, in *Alcina*—afterwards constantly encored—he returned it, with an impertinent message, as being too trifling for him to sing. Handel weut in a towering rage to his lodgings, and, caring nothing for the likelihood of offending his leading vocalist, exclaimed, "You tog! don't I know better as yourseluf vaat is pest for you to sing? If you will not sing te soug vaat I give you I vill not pay you ein stiver." Carestini objected to Handel's aecompaniments on the harpsichord, whieh diverted the attention of the audience from the singer; he swore that if Handel did not discontinue his elaborate performance he would jump upon the instrumeut and thus stop the interruption. "Oh, oh!" cried Handel, "So you vill jump, vill you? Very vell, sare; be so kind as tell me de night ven you vill jump, and I vill advertise in de bill, and I sall get grate dale more money by your jumping den I sall get by your siuging."

Porpora had the good fortune to engage Farinelli, and the whole metropolis went into such a state of excitement about this truly great siuger, that the Nobility's Theatre was raised to the pinnacle of popularity. There never was a more extraordinary sensation created by any vocalist than by Farinelli. Presents of the utmost value were showered upon him—diamond kuee-buckles, diamond rings, bank notes enclosed in a rich gold case, gold snuff-boxes. All London ran crowding to hear him, and were either melted to tears or raised to enthusiasm by his voice. Even Senesino was obliged to admit that he was unapproachable as a singer. Soon after the arrival of Farinelli, however, Senesiuo left England, and returned to his native Tuscany.

After the expiration, in 1735, of Handel's contract with Heidegger, he removed to Covent Garden, Porpora going to the King's Theatre. George II. subscribed one thousand pounds towards the expenses of Handel's management, and it was the support of the king and the royal family that enabled him to hold his ground against the aristocracy and its Italian rival.

At last both Handel and Porpora failed, and in 1737 the latter quitted England. Handel joined Heidegger once more, in 1738, at the King's Theatre. In two years he wrote four operas. When he had produced *Deidamia*, he abandoned dramatic music, and entered on a new and higher phase of his career. During his unfortunate struggle against Porpora and the world of fashion, he had lost his health, he had lost all the money he had made during twenty years of labor, and he had to start anew, at the age of fifty-six, having nothing left but his glorious reputation.

THE SPELL OF THE PEN.

It is an indisputable fact that the grasp of a pen in one's hand generally transforms a sensible man into an idiot, as though it were a malicious enchanter's wand. Most writers feel this, and many readers see it. "Figaro," in the New York *Leader*, hits the common enemy to composition as follows:

I never did like writing much, any way, and latterly have come to look upon the pen, with its horrible black mouth and slit tongue, as a species of monster. I know not why it is, but the moment a man gets a pen in his hand, in nine cases out of ten, he ceases to be a man and becomes nothing but a writer. And a writer of what? What he thinks? "Nothing of the sort," as Mrs. Vernon says.

The pen is an implaeable enemy to thought, and literature little else than the art of saying nothing. When a man talks he is very apt to say something; when he writes—writing being, in its best estate a pompous and pedantie substitute for speech—he is so much occupied with what he calls his "style" (save the mark?) that he does marvels if he gives you the grim shadow of anything,

The multitude of his words remind you of nothing but the thought run to seed.

If he should catch himself writing what he felt, in good honest vernacular—instead of stupid old vermicular—he'd be frightened out of his senses. And so would his readers.

As I have already intimated, the moment a man takes his pen in his hand his wits appear to step out. Take an instance in point.

When Edgardus meets me coming out of a theatre and asks me what I think of the play or the players, I have no difficulty in telling him, and am apt to make myself understood. But when I undertake to write about the matter, I find that if I have an idea in my head the pen operates upon it like a stiletto and the ink like poison. As for the blank sheet before me, it is transformed at once into a winding sheet.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."

When as a school boy I used to begin my letters home with the stereotype phrase "I take my pen in hand," I remember well that was about all I did take in hand. The pen drove everything else away.

It may be a mere conceit, but I fancy things have got to be much worse since the invention of the metallic pen. As a poet once sang,

"There's not a particle o' heart a-ganging wi' it."

I wonder old Gillôt wasn't gillotined.

The quill-pen has at least something sympathetic about it. It was once a part and parcel of animated nature. The imagination needs but little spur to associate it with pleasant scenes and festive memories. In its history there is something absolutely pathetie. You extend your haud to it as to a friend. You almost fondle it.

But the metallic pen—bah! There is nothing poetic about it, and nothing pleasant. It is of the earth earthy. It suggests nothing but forges and forgery. You would as soon think of foudling a jack-knife. You take it up with reluctance and lay it dowu with delight. There is no sense in it, and very rarely any ink. When made of steel it is a nuisance, and when it isu't people steal it. I move that it be abolished.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Here is a jolly fellow at the East singing an Easter carol. He would not travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry "All is barren!"—not he. From "the blood-red blossom of war, with its heart of fire," he extracts double-distilled dews of consolation. It would be pleasant to believe with him that there are no dungeons in this universe where the bolts do not all fasten on the inside; but we apprehend that this is mainly true of those dungeons into which people shut themselves, and even these not unfrequently close with snap locks on the outside, making Genevra's fate theirs. In the majority of the eases where the dungeon bolts inside, is not the bolt placed beyond the prisoner's reach?

The festival of human hope dawns this year on the greatest resurreetion of eighteen centuries. To the human race only that rising which it commemorates is of wider importance than the rising upon whieh it falls. Though as yet the penumbra of the tomb obscures the radianee of that new body which the nation has put on—though our country still walks in the morning twilight and gets taken by all dim eyes for the gardener rather than the God—America is risen—risen indeed!

Truly, our coming forth from the sepulchre, to such eyes, may seem more like that of Lazarus than of the Lord. The eerements of death hang to us here and there; our feet are not free from all slavish swaddlings—but we stand upright, walk, and have our arms out. Over the face of a great people is the napkin of maniplied shame—but the dead feel no shame, and weighty mutterings grow behind the napkin. How many of us in this great city blushed when Buchanan smote freedom and Kansas with the sword we ourselves had forged for his doting grasp? Who that deserves the pressure of an honest man's hand but blushes now to think of his not blushing then? The great ideas of freedom and national manliness have, in spite of all obstaeles from enemies and false friends, been familiarizing themselves during the last three years with all American humanity. Who that knows our impregnability to such ideas before the war can doubt that we of New York, with many of the people of the country, needed just such trials of blood, fire and wasted treasure as have been given us, to make us know that the nation, no less than the man who serves the devil, must get its account audited at the bar of hell? If, unlike the Prototype of all that suffer and are crowned, we died for our transgressions—we are still like him in this—that we have descended into hell, that we are now preaching to all spirits in prison. And our message is this:

"There are no permanent shackles for humanity! No race need despair of its franchise. Rejoice, all people! For in the universe exists no dungeon where the bolts do *not all fasten on the inside!*"

We are in possession and partial practice of this truth ourselves.

We have stopped waiting for God to do away with our national basenesses "in his own good time." The respectable clergymen who formerly crossed every yawning chasm of our nation's hill upon the convenient bridge of predestination—have got glasses for a text which existed in too fine print in their pulpit Bibles, and are preaching: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Having lost all our long Southern paper and had our accruing specie payments confiscated *in transitu*, many of us have first afforded, and then loved, to be honest.

One good indieation in us is a progressive revolt against the method of ceasing to be mean by degrees. Yet how hard it was to teach us that the way to stop stealing from a man is not to pick his pocket of one cent less each time! If De Gasparin could call us "*un grand peuple qui se relève*," at the very first shaking of the charnel doors, how much truer sound his words now when the last stones are undergoing demolition!

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our hearts; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

A charitable untruth is perhaps more excusable than an uncharitable truth; but both should be avoided.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

II.

I RESUME my recital, William. You remember that I left off yesterday where, riding through the forest, Diana so deeply affected me by speaking of my leaving her. We galloped along, animated by the race, and I did not think of discussing the sentiment which reigned in my breast. I was happy and proud to love.

"Dear godmother, I will obey you," I at length replied; "but my cousin Clarency can wait a month for me."

"Oh, there is no hurry," answered she. "Besides, this solitude will soon arouse your taste for travelling."

A short distance from the chateau, while riding through a little meadow where the ship-building timber of the domain was placed for the dock-yard, we found ourselves face to face with Count Hugh de Manfert, my guardian and cousin, in company with his steward, who inspected the workmen.

The Count was one of the legitimate descendants of those ancient Gauls whom the soldiers of Cæsar contemplated with terror. He was nearly six feet in height, and had a dark and severe face, thick beard and bushy hair, which was hardly grey, although he was fifty-five years old. Like all very tall men he stooped a little; but age had passed lightly over his dry and nervous constitution. Thanks to his great athletic force, he was equally famous and dreaded in the country.

Standing by the side of the road, he awaited our coming. Raising his hat to salute my godmother, and summoning me: "Who, then, André, has given you permission to ride *Ralph?*" said he, in a tone which wounded me.

"Do I need your permission, sir," replied I, "to ride a horse which belongs to me?"

"Oh, you are at liberty to break your neck when you are alone, but I prohibit you, once for all, from riding this animal when you accompany my wife."

"Sir," said my godmother, "it is I who prayed him——"

"My dear Diana," he interrupted, "I do not admit that a prayer, even from you, can authorize your godson to transgress my wishes! Holloa! Tony," cried he to one of the grooms who followed us, "if you ever again let the Baron take this horse without my order, you will have an affair to settle with me!"

"Sir," I replied, boldly, "you forget, I imagine, that I am of an age to act as I please without your permission."

"André!" exclaimed my godmother, alarmed at my audacity.

"What does this mean?" resumed the Count, advancing a step towards me.

But I met his look resolutely, and answered, trembling with anger: "It means, sir, that I am not at all disposed to recognize the guardianship of your hostlers, and that I will horsewhip your Tony if he tries to prevent me from disposing of horses which are mine, and which I have paid——"

"That will do! He is mad!" exclaimed my guardian.

At this word I felt myself turn pale. A shiver of terror seized me.

"Oh, be silent! be silent!" said my godmother to the Count, with a supplicating gesture.

"*Par Dieu!* my dear," answered he brutally, "he has a right to his madness—he inherits it!"

He had scarcely finished speaking when I felt myself seized with a dizziness. The voice—the terrible voice of the spectre which troubles my dreams—uttered its cry. A sorrowful clamor and mist suddenly arose, enveloping me. Out of it rose the spectre. Luckily, *Ralph* was a blooded horse. I drove my spurs into his sides and fled.

"O, sir, sir, this is unworthy of you!" said the Countess to her husband.

I heard almost at the same instant the crack of his whip, and the ground echoing beneath the tread of the horses galloping in pursuit of me; but I did not stop. The road was plain; I had the field; *Ralph* flew along.

"Andre! Andre!" cried my godmother afar off.

Her voice rose above the clamor. I turned round and saw her, breathless and dismayed. I was going to wait for her, when between us I saw the horrible sorceress who followed me. It was Madness, deformed and horrible, with hair dishevelled, her great out-spread bat-wings flapping in the air and shaking off their unclean dust. I saw her lean, livid, terrible face, with eyes as black as hell. It was a mad chase. *Ralph* understood me; he, too, was afraid, and he flew.

"Stop! stop!" cried the phantom, "thy mother died mad! thy grandfather died mad! You are mine!"

"Ha! ha! accursed; catch me if you can!" replied I, dashing into the depths of the forest. "No! madness is not hereditary! Fly, accursed, we will escape thee!"

The white birch trees and the grand old oaks flew in disorder on each side of our route, and all in dismay repeated the yells of the hideous demon, while the increasing clamor filled the profoundest depths of the forest. A wolf, terrified by the satanical uproar, ran across the road, hiding himself in the thickest of the brush.

"Andre! Andre!" cried my godmother. She was alone, the grooms far away, and each time that her sweet voice called me I saw the sorceress sink in the earth; but she soon rose up with rage, and continued her sinister pursuit. Diana's horse touched her with his dilated nostrils, and the implacable and disordered chase continued. The rocks trembled, the earth slipped under the feet of our horses, the dust of the road rose up in whirlwinds. The ballad of *Leonore* came to my mind, but the dead go slower. In a half hour we had gone four leagues, and we entered the Wild Boar's glade. I had formed a marvellous plan. At the top of the hill that I then climbed there was an abyss sufficient to give one the vertigo—a crevasse twenty feet in width, at the bottom of which roared the broken waves of the Semoy. I had only to leap the precipice at a bound—the sorceress would break her neck there. I dashed forward with lightning speed. I reached the plateaus. "Up! up! my valorous hunter!" I cried to *Ralph*. I approached the abyss. A cry from my godmother resounded, so painful, so plaintive, that it pierced my heart. I looked back. Her horse had fallen, and she lay gasping on the ground. I stopped. The phantom, terrified by this disaster, flew away over the barren land.

I ran towards Diana. Thinking her dead, I placed my hand upon her heart—it scarcely beat.

I knelt near her, and lifted her in my arms, pressing her pale face to my breast. No hope for succor—we were in a desert. The two grooms, however, had followed our track; I heard their hurried gallop, and soon saw them appear at the foot of the declivity. Aided by Tony, I carried her to a spring that trickled through the moss a few steps distant from us. I bathed her temples, and poured a few drops of water on her lips. I called her through my tears; she did not reply.

It seemed to me that the world was coming to an end; already great black clouds spread over the plain, and ascended from the horizon to the plateau, as if to hide us under an immense black veil. Her hand was inert and cold, and to warm it I pressed it to my heart and to my mouth; I would have given her my blood, my breath and my life. At last a feeble sigh escaped her lips, a rosy tint colored her cheek, two tears rolled from under her eyelids. Finding me at her feet, she thought that she was dreaming.

"It is I! It is I!" I exclaimed.

A pressure of her hand alone answered me.

Nevertheless I reassured myself: she had luckily fallen on the heather, and was not injured, but she felt an overpowering weariness, and had not the power to move.

At the entrance of the Wild Boar's glade is the abandoned cottage of a wood-cutter. We broke down two young birch trees to make a litter, piled the branches on it, and descended the hillside, carrying my poor godmother. Tony and Paddy walked slowly along; and I—I staid near her, holding her hand.

I hastily improvised a bed of dry leaves, on which we laid her; then I ordered Paddy to ride with all speed to the chateau and bring a carriage.

"But if the Count were to see *Agaric*, covered with foam, he would dismiss me!" said he.

"Take *Ralph!*" I exclaimed, "and kill him if necessary!"

Poor *Ralph!* But she was so pale, so broken—I trembled for her.

"Do you suffer much?" I said to her, my face bathed in tears, as soon as we were alone.

"No, it is nothing; I was very much frightened, that 's all; I am very much benumbed now, and my eyes close in spite of me."

"Go to sleep; I will stay near you."

"Thank you," said she.

And she fell asleep and slept like a child.

III.

I knew that such prostration was usually the effect of violent agitation; nevertheless, I could not help a feeling of mortal anguish in thinking that she might have been killed in that terrible pursuit; I accused myself of cowardice. Rather a hundred times that the phantom had stifled me than thus to have exposed so dear a life. Leaning over my godmother, it seemed to me that this sleep, so heavy, would become eternal, and I trembled at the idea of seeing her no more, of never more hearing the voice that charmed me. Alas! I should then be alone in the world.

Hurried away by these sad thoughts, I began to question my heart, and its replies threw me into a strange trouble. Until that day, I had lived near Diana, abandoning myself to the sweet protection that she extended me. I loved her because she smiled on my youth and my hopes; I invoked her in my dreams like some kind fairy who consoled my weariness, and a sort of devotion was mingled with my attachment; but at that hour, when I trembled lest I should lose her forever, I was astonished to discover in myself unknown tumults, and I contemplated in ecstacies this beautiful and affecting sister of my isolation. I pitied her that she could not love the brutal man to whom fate had bound her, and at the same time I was rejoiced to see him so unworthy of her. Jealousy, pity, joy and sorrow were disputing my soul, and I lost myself in contemplating her, in admiring her beauty without being embarrassed by meeting her look in return; and for the first time I dared to read my heart. I was as if dazzled in there finding—love.

When my guardian arrived at the end of two hours, I sprang up, confused at his aspect; I blushed. Luckily, he thought it it was from fear. At his voice my godmother awoke. I must do justice to the Count de Maufert; he was very much moved, and his first word was for Diana. She soon reassured him laughingly.

"I have not the slightest hurt," exclaimed she, "*Nick* gently deposited me on the heath."

"Truly? You are not hurt?" said he, in a voice almost tender.

"If you doubt it, I will walk—like Lazarus."

By an effort of her will she raised herself up, but she tottered. My guardian took her in his arms and placed her in the carriage, filled with cushions and pillows; then getting in after her, he went off without addressing a word to me. Lost in thought I returned with Tony. Half-way to the chateau we met the doctor, who had been called in. I approached, and I heard him say:

"Well! she is greatly agitated, that 's all. One day of rest, and there will be no more of it, I hope. At all events, Count, I will return to Manfert for a more ample examination."

"Come in with us," said the Count. 'Hallo, Tony! come and take the doctor's horse."

And they drove off; but my dear godmother smiled at me from afar.

Arrived at the chateau, I stayed in the park watching for the doctor; after a half-hour he came out. I ran towards him and questioned him. He dissipated my fears; Diana would be obliged to stay in bed for two days, simply for prudence. I breathed again and went to my room, for it was necessary to avoid the Count. I foresaw only too well a disagreeable scene with my guardian; I wished to prepare for it, perfectly decided to revolt against a tyranny too weighty for my twenty years, and under which I had only bowed for the last six months in order not to worry my godmother. Night surprised me in the midst of my reveries; I pretended to be suffering from headache so as not to appear at table, and had my dinner served in my room. Leaning on the battlements of my turret, I contemplated the flying tints of the setting sun and the great shadows that descended the mountains; towards Germany, the purple ridges and the haughty rocks cutting the lead-colored sky; at my feet, the valley filled with mysteries and the meandering of the Semoy, which murmured over the black flints; the background not to be overlooked, the forest of Ardennes, where sank the evening star, illuminating still, with its rays of flame, the dark foliage of the giant oaks.

Suddenly a voice too well known caused my fairy visions to vanish. My guardian was before me.

"We have much to talk of," said he to me.

Without replying, I presented him a seat and waited.

"It is not your fault," he went on, "that to-day my wife did not kill herself in consequence of your folly, and I suppose you do not think that I am in a humor to bear a second time with such revolts."

The time was badly chosen to make an appeal to my submission. I replied coldly—

"Would it not be more just to accuse yourself of an accident that I deplore? I did not know that a man in my condition, twenty years of age, is actually reduced to the solitude in which you pretend to hold me."

"Your condition," said he with irony; "where have you learned that your condition is that of another?"

"But, sir, if you are my guardian, still another point. I am twenty years of age; and I have lived long enough as a man not to be treated altogether as a school-boy."

He regarded me with an air of pity. "*Allons*—a truce to big words, my dear; you are sick, and I wish to be indulgent."

"Sick? I, sir?" interrupted I. "And of what sickness, I beg of you?"

"Well, well! that is the doctor's affair."

"Nevertheless, sir!—"

"Listen to me, I recommend you!" renewed he with a tone of authority. "I did not come here to discuss with you, but to dictate to you my wishes."

"It is useless, sir," replied I distinctly, "for hereafter I intend to live according to my own fancy. The law gives you the administration of my fortune, but I can dispose of the income which you are obliged to allow me, choose my own horses, and ride them when it pleases me. If you know your rights as guardian, I know my rights as ward."

To my great astonishment the Count was impassible.

"Look here, my dear, do not excite yourself" said he; "you will have another fit, and I promised to be tender with you. It is necessary, at all hazards, to render you reasonable—"

At this word I at last understood his irony.

"Do you try to make me believe that I am mad?"

"No, no," said he; "there is a cure, I hope—"

This response was perfidious, but I was prepared for it; it glanced off from, without affecting me. Besides, the demon Madness was swallowed up in the barren land, and I had nothing more to fear.

A WIFE IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—Some time since a banker of Madras, Sir John Dean Paul by name, was condemned to penal servitude for making a fraudulent failure. Immediately after sentence was passed on him, his wife sold all her personal property, and took passage for Australia, where she bought a handsome property in the environs of Sydney. She was going through the trouble of getting settlers in her new residence when her husband arrived on the transport which brought prisoners from India to Australia. Immediately availing herself of the privilege which the English law accords to the inhabitants of Sydney, she asked and obtained permission to take her husband as servant. It is useless to say that once in the house the servant became the master, and that since that moment Sir John is satisfied enough with the unexpected manner in which he is serving out his sentence.

DAPHNE.

A COMMENCEMENT POEM—CALIFORNIA COLLEGE, JUNE 1ST.

THOUGH the nine Muses serve hut to heguile
With antique vestments and a classic style,
Though tho hright red their faded cheeks display
Looks quite suspicious at this distant day;
Still we indulge our fond delusive dreams,
Still think the goddess everything she seems;
Though the same grammar that our children use
Told us *Musa* was simply "To a-muse!"

Though tho soft nothings that as hait we hronght
To catch the Muse, who was n't always caught,
Came hack too often, spite of our designs,
To haunt our verses with their empty lines;
Though old as Shakspeare is the trick we keep
Of calling "spirits from the vasty deep,"
'Tis hut the tuning of the violins
Ere the full-volumed orchestra hegins;
Theso strains of discord and portentous noise
Stop shuffling feet and check mischievous hoys,
Arrest attention for the next delight,
And, like most hitters, whet the appetite.

But shall I falter if the mystic Nine
Curl their straight noses o'er this pago of mine,
Curve their thin nostrils in a scoruful way
Till the *nez* Grecian turns up *retroussé*—
Till my last vision of the flying fair
Is the Grcek knot that graces her hack hair?

Perish tho fancy! Rather I invoke
Some Hamadryad from theso groves of oak:
Not thou, fair maiden, whose initials mark
More than thy name on yonder forest hark;
Not thou, poor nymph, who dwell'st in yonder shade
Transformed to laurel from a tender maid—
O woudrous Daphne! foremost he thy fame
Who changed thy nature rather than thy name;
Too timid virgin, whose sad lot was cast
To fly thy lover, yet he "treed" at last,
Till high Olympus, in too literal mood,
Turned into wood the form that ouce was wooed!

Unhappy maid that, all the seasou through,
Hath hut ono dress, and that one color, too!
Lost child of Fashion, in oblivion sunk,
Thy total wardrohe packed in that one trunk!
Though round thy form the growing laurel flings
Instead of hoops its slow concentric rings,
How strange thy fate, hy man and gods ahhorred,
To find a tree that yields hoth hed and hoard!

What sights, O Daphne, have thy hright eyes seen
From thy hay-window in the forest green?
In the old days when through thine aisles, far-spread,
The dry hrush crackled to the Indian's tread;
When the tall ferns their fronds elastic dipped
Where the coyote or the grey wolf tripped;
When, on yon plain, heyond this helt of trees,
The wild-oats wrestled with the strong sea-hreeze—
As yet untrampled hy the restless herds,
Unreaped, ungathered, save hy free-winged birds,
Or the grave raven that, hlack-coated, stood,
The feathered padre of that neighhorhood.

Hush! was it fancy, or the rustling breeze
Brought that low whisper from the distant trees?
Was it the pattering of the laurel leaves
To some weird music that the sense deceives?
Was it a shadow in the swaying copse,
Or the one figure that my fancy hopes?
Was it?—nay, *is* it? By my soul, 't is she—
Breaking her honds and now forever free!
And, like the seed the hroom-pod hursting flings
Far from its prison, to the ground she springs.

Kind friends, adieu! My duty is to yield
To that fair maid an unencumhered field;
I'm hut the prologue that has stopped too long
The formal prelude of the one real song.
If, as I fancy, sho has aught to say,
Pray, let her say it in her simple way,
In just such metre as her tastes design,
Or that may meet her with more grace than mine.

The sun had sunk, but the ocean
Gleamed with its crimson hars;
Red was the sky ahove me,
And dusky the face of Mars;
'Twas when the earth was shaken
And filled with rumor of wars—
Wheu the flag that is flying above you
Counted hut thirteen stars.

Close to my home in the forest,
Stretching heneath my shade,
A holy Father and convert
Their weary figures laid.
Beyond, at a little distance,
Their mule with its hell had strayed,
And they hoth seemed to lie and listen
To the tinkling that it made.

At last spoke the holy Father:
"Son, 'tis the twilight tide,
When Lucifer and the archangels
Their earthly powers divide;
Then 'tis said that the Future
By mortal eyes is espied—
So says the holy legend,
So says my faith hesido.

"Thine eyes are clearer than mine are,
Thy faith is pleasant to see;
To such hath the legend givon
The power of prophecy.
Turn thine eyes to the sunset—
Fairly tell unto me
All that thou there heholdest,
Whatever the vision be."

"O Father, over the waters
Wonderful phantoms glide;
High caravals with their canvas
Stretching from side to side!"
"Hush, my child, 'tis tho sea-gull
Spreading his pinions wide,
Or the swans that are slowly drifting
Down with the ocean tide!"

"Father, over the sand-hills
A moving cloud hangs down—
The smoke of a thousand chimneys
That rise from a steepled town!"
"Foolish child!—'tis the sea-fog
That blows o'er the marshes brown,
To rise in the morn like an angel
Clad in a stainless gown!

"Hast thou heheld no vision
Such as blessed Jacob's eye—
Ladders dropped from heaven,
That angels ascended hy?"
"Stranger than that, O Father,
Is the wire that stretches high,
By which man's whispers and wishes
O'er valleys and mountains fly!"

"Cease, my child! 'Tis the Devil
Tempteth thee now, I fear;
But, ere thou wakest, tell me
What thou heholdest near."
"Father, those learned cloisters,
Such as were once so dear
In thine own famed Salamanca,
Close to mine eyes appear!

"Lo! as I gaze there gather
Strangers from every clime,
And in their midst a poet
Rises to read his rhyme."
"'Twas but the hell of the mule, child,
That did impatiently chime,
If we would shorten our journey,
Bidding us hasten hetime!"

Then rose the Padre and convert,
Brushed from their garments the dew,
And the dark trunks of the forest
Closed as they slowly passed through.
While I, alone in the laurel,
All of the convert's dream knew;
Saw from my home in the laurel
All of his vision come trne!

FIRE IN THE EIGHTH.

FROM OUR FRENCH CONTRIBUTOR.

MONSIEUR THE EDITOR: You have last week one description of a fire in New York, very graph-graph—what you call that word?—very telegraphic indeed. I have assist at one of the very striking spectacles of your city—I mean an incendiary scene. I dispatch myself to recount to you the details and the emotions which arise in my bosom at the sight.

I was promenade Montgomery street with the lovely Therese—whom, in the language of one of your owu poets, "to know is to love"—and I flatter myself that we was much regard by the fashionables of your city, as much for the chic of my attire, which was fresh from the Rue Richelieu, as for the tout ensemble of our aspect. Therese wore a robe a quille blue changeant, her chapeau was bleu du ciel, avec perles in clusters. Her bottines (ah! Monsieur the Editor, why shall you not reform the boots of your women? Your journals boast themselves much on the progress of your civilization; but your women wear boots of brown paper, without substance and without shape. You are barbarians as to your female feet, Monsieur) were black, small, lovely, seductive, make appetite, with substantial soles, and mount to the ankle modestly. Altogether she was mise perfectly; and the young fly-gobblers stare most grossly at her; of which I, knowing her constancy, can afford to mock myself.

Presently we hear a cry—"O-o-o-a-o-oh!" Then come "A-a-a-a-ah!" Then "Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai!" We stop ourselves, and remain at the listening. Then a bell ring, one, two, three, quatre, five, six, sept, eight time. Somebody cry Fire, and one man say it is at the Mission. Therese seize herself of my arm and cry: "My God! we are lost!"

"Reassure thyself!" I reply; "we shall perish together." And, by way of precaution, I to her slip the arm round the waist, and plant myself in a firm attitude.

"Fire! fire!" shout a gamin, as he run past us. Therese palpitate; I feel it.

A monster in a red shirt, the face of him more red as the shirt, rush past and roar, "Come on, you beggare!"

The mustard mouuts me to the nose, and I say to him:

"Beggare yourself, polisson!"

Then to Therese:

"Angel, glory and danger call. I must leave thee. It shall never be said that where an American would go a Frenchman shall fear to follow. If I see thee never more, remember Eugene."

She scream and she sob. But a true man of heart knows to steel himself against such little thing. I plant a warm kiss on her forehead, and I launch myself.

"O-o-o-o-oh! a-a-a-a-ah!" The noisc come nearer and nearer, and now I sec a regiment of pompiers (pumpers I suppose you call them) roaring and racing down the street drawing a fire-engine. In the front of them there run a man with a trompette, who roar twice, five time, ten time as loud as the rest. When I see them the ardor seize me, and I roar too· I cry—"Vive la Republique! A bas les tyrans! En avant!"

I was cry these manly words when a gross brute strike me on the inside of the leg, and I fall. I lift myself toute suite and seek my outrager. He had fly, the villaine, but the pompiers were upon me, and the capitaine he put his trompette to my ear and roar—

"Bear a hand, old cock!"

I was going to say that I was neither coq ni poulet mais un ex-militaire, when I find myself surround by pompiers all running; and myself to save from being much run and crush to death, I seize the rope and run with the engine. It was tres agréable at first, and I shout bully for Five, but bientot I begin to much lose my breath, and I say: "Easy, mes amis, easy!"

"Get up and get!" growl one red-shirt in the behind of me.

"Shake her up, Johnny Crapeau!" say one other chemise rouge.

"Split him in the potato trap!" cry one other shirt red.

I reply that I have no trap for the pomme de terre.

"Shake that brake, or I will punch your head!" he cry.

Not much like this sans cérémonie way with one stranger, I say: "Which of you will fight yourself with me with a pistol?"

But at that moment the capitaine of the machine, a brutal fellow, strong as two giant, catch me by the collare, strike me several time on the head and the breast bone with his trompette infamé, and shout, "Go ahead or I will you paste in the bugle!"

Then I see by the law of the city if a man does not run with the machiue his life is forfeit to the Supervisors, so I say to myself: "Therese, souvenez Eugene," and on I go, ready to die.

The fire was very long, but by-and-bye we get there. We run on the railroad track, and on the sidewalk, which make the big doctor much mad, but it shorten the distance. The fire is one tavern, kept by Monsieur Pioche—a countryman of mine. They call it the Willows, and it burn like one dam. Monsieur Pioche he stand in the shooting-gallery and cry: "Sacré, do not let one feather roast of that rare bird, the Emeu."

The men in the red shirt reply that they will not, and the capitaine says, par example. And so the fire go.

The firemen work like old moustaches, but, by gar, the fire burn everything. It roast the ducks in the pond, and it burn the bill of theEmeu—which shall make an Emeute—n'est ce pas! (When Therese see that, she shall screw up her rosy lip and say: "What a fearful attempt!" I believe.)

The fire was out, and the man that did hve in the house was out—and he had not much chemise on his back, for everytbing was burn by the fire. I was much astonish that I was left alone with the engine. All the red-coats did disappear and should not come back. One big man, with a big hat and much big trompette, come to me and say:

"Play away, Five!"

I take my hat in my hand and say: "It is not play, Monsieur Scannell; it is work; aud the thing is what you call played out!"

He was much mad, and said I was one "big bilk."

Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur Editor, what he did mean by that. But my cheek got much red, and I told him he was one rascal to mind his own business.

The red-shirt return, and the capitaine say he have been with the pompiers to wet their whistle.

What for they not ask me? Do they think not that I have one whistle myself, which is often dry, parbleu!

I tell them then I think I shall cut my stick, and the capitaine shout, "Play away, boys."

I look to see if the fire was again break out in the rear, but, by gar, they was play upon me. My chapeau was wet as though it rain, and I have no parapluie. My collar was wilt, and my boots was full of wet.

I cry, "I will stay here no more; I will die; no one shall help me!" and then I cut my stick.

I ask Therese what I shall do, and she say, "Write to the paper." I write one little brochure, but the paper all say it will interfere with the election. After the election was over, they say it would interfere with Scannell. Therese told me write the CALIFORNIAN, for Auguste, the great artiste in omelette soufflées and pomme de terre pic, relate to her that it was the most indepeudent journal on the coast. Voila tout, Monsieur Editor. Pour vous toujours et partout.

EUGENE.

A PNEUMATIC underground tube for the transmission of the mails has been laid from the easteru station of the London and Northwestern Railroad Company to the district post-office in Eversholt street. Its length is 600 yards. On the 20th of February, 1863, the post-office authorities discontinued their street conveyance, and intrusted the company with the transmission of the mails. The service of that district has since been entirely performed by the company. Thirty trains per day (Sundays excepted) have been dispatched with perfect regularity, and upwards of 4,000 trains have been sent. The transmission occupies 70 seconds. It costs about $5 per day. The transmission is made by exhaustion of the air in the tube at one end, and at the same time admitting it at the other. It is proposed to carry passengers in the same way at the rate of 240 miles an hour.

Every country should be bounded north, south, east, and west, by Truth, Justice, Charity, and Peace.

THE POET'S LIBERTY.

Richard Lovelace, in that most exquisite of lyrics, his "Song to Althea from Prison," embodies the following beautiful sentiment:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such liberty.

VAMPYRES.

Speculatino on the use and misuse of words, an inquirer after truth may, without equivocation, reasonably doubt whether the word "supernatural" has any true meaning or real significance. If Mr. William Howitt should see—as he so often has seen—three-legged tables dance wild fandangoes; if he should hear—as he often has heard—soft music discoursed by harmoniums touched by invisible hands; if Mr. Home, defying gravitation, should aseend to the ceiling and flit about, as he so often has done, I do not kuow that anybody has more right to call these things supernatural, than I have to doubt the facts recorded. Made cognizant to human nature by that great resultant of law and forces which we agree to call simply Nature, how can any manifestation to human senses be justly called superuatural?

There must be a beginning to all discovery. Phenomena observed before the reason of them is made apparent always seem mysterious. The question, "how an apple, a gross, corporeal thing—a material entity, to adopt the language of science—gets into the middle of an apple dumpling," provokes no nine days' wonder now; but time was when the case puzzled a king. Solomon was a wise man, and so was Socrates, and so was Solon: would they not have eonsidered it a mysterious thing, had they seen messages sent by electric telegraph to places thousands of miles away? When Pizarro awoke the echoes of temples of the Incas by firing off his Spanish field-pieces, I wonder whether the Aztec priests did not regard the case as supernatural? Upon consideration, I think Mr. Howitt, Mr. Home, and every other gentleman who has had visional relations with the spirit world, who has touched that fringe of which Mr. Howitt somewhere speaks,—the peculiar fringe which, according to him, descends upon earth from some celestial upholsterer's shop up above,—will own, on consideration, that nothing has happened, or can happen, nothing which has been seen or can be seen, that has been heard or can be heard, that has been felt or can be felt, that has been smelt or can be smelt, should be justly called supernatural.

I am one of those who have come to the conclusion, that more harm comes of believing too little than of believing too much. For my part, I believe almost everything that is recorded by a man of good repute, provided that my own experience does not disprove it; and in a general way I believe *everything* that is recorded by a lady. It saves a world of trouble, this unlimited faith; it has the merit of being logical, moreover, having regard to the axiom long accepted by logicians, that it is wholly impossible to disprove a negation. After making this confession of faith, it will not seem wouderful in the least degree that I have been studying the manners and customs of spirits, hobgoblins, creatures of the elements, such as undines, sylphs, salamanders, gnomes, fairies, and the like; witches, wizards, sorcerers, necromancers of various countries and of various epochs; creatures, in short, that some people denominate—incorrectly, as I believe, and have sought to prove—"supernatural." Yes, I have been studying them all in many a recording page; from the mouldy aud worm-eaten tomes coeval with the discovery of printing, to the railway volumes with many-colored binding, reminding one of the particolored coat of Benjamin. Yes; the the things falsely called "supernatural," I have been studying them all; and not carefully in the least degree, those being so horrible, so dreadfully curious, so dangerous withal, concerning which some few explanatory words shall presently be written,—the wandering, blood-thirsty vampyres—Vroucolakas or Broucolakas of the Grecks.

Perhaps there never was yet an extraordinary revelation vouchsafed to the faithful, concerning which sceptics and scoffers—people of science, as they call themselves, those men of dwarfed and paralyzed minds, so beautifully portrayed by Mr. William Howitt—have not suggested some meau and groveling imputation, the acceptance of which would reduce the facts narrated to the category of merc superstitions, fostered mostly by churches and by priests. Accordingly, in respect of vampyres, I have seen the statement made, that the assumption of these creatures as realities is referable to a certain pretension that an individual dying under sacerdotal ban, and being interred, could not decay after the manner of honest corpses committed to earth. A pretension indeed! as if the learned Michael Raufft, who wrote a learned book, "*De Masticatione Mortuorum in Tumulis*," is not worthy of all evidence—as if the learued book of similar title, published by Philip Rehrius, could leave the matter in doubt. I grant that the recitals published by these learned authors do not abound with such deeds of active vampyredom as form the subject of popular traditiou in places where vampyredom is most rife: but they are conclusive as to the main basis of belief on which vampyredom rests; affirming the proposition, that divers human corpses have been known to retaiu a sort of spurious life, to move in their graves, to eat whatever came within the reach of their unhallowed arms, to be heard munching and masticating like swine,—whence the title of the book, "*De Masticatione.*"

Ghosts, hobgoblins, and, to be short, all other beings which certain superficial thinkers eall supernatural, had been made matter of study long before tables began to speak, or even to turn. The learned Calmet gave much attention to pneumatology—*vide* his book in proof of it.* I think the following sentiments, enunciated in the preface to that book, will come commended to the appreciation of many; and I would humbly call the reader's attention to the highly important place the learned writer accords, in the science of the so-called supernatural, to the particular hobgoblins (if by their leave we may call them so) of which I shall have to treat.

It is always a matter of regret, writes Calmet in his preface, to have deceived one's self; and it is dangerous (speaking in a religious sense) to believe on insufficient grounds, to deny rashly, to remain in wilful ignorance, or to voluntarily continue wrapped in superstition or illusion. A good deal will have been achieved by an individual who has learned how to doubt wisely, in such way that he does not allow his judgment to range beyond his testimony. That which has most impressed me in the matter concerning which I treat is the recitals I have met with of vampyres, or "revenans" of Hungary and Moravia, of Poland, of the "Broucolaques" or "Vroucolakas," so called by the Greeks;—all oxcommunicated bodies which, it is said, are unable to decay.

The remark has been made by the Rev. H. Christmas, translator of Calmet's book, "Snr les Apparitions," that Calmet seems less disposed to believe in vampyredom than in any other manifestation of the so-called supernatural; that though he receives the attestations of almost every sort of apparition without cavil, yet the French divine—rather indirectly than directly—seems to throw some sort of doubt upon the history of vampyres. The reverend translator starts an hypothesis to account for this, which probably may be in some measure correct. He says that the records of vampyredom have especially belonged to people holding to the Greek or Eastern faith; for which reason a French divine would not be unlikely to cavil at the testimony handed down in relation to these beings.

Perhaps it may be here just as well, before proceeding further, to explain, for the benefit of all such readers who may require the information, what manner of being exactly a vroucolaka or vampyre is. Truly, the name is common enough; but the meaning of many names that I could mention is partly, or even wholly unknown, though they are in the mouths of most of us, and come trippingly enough on the tongue. Awhile ago, a very popular author, yielding to impulsiveness, wrote that he would wake the *welkin;* then presently, laughing at himself, he confessed total ignorance as to what the welkin exactly might be. A vampyre, then, is—well, what shall we say? Not a ghost, certainly; except we alter most of our existing notions of a ghost. The best definitiou I can give of a vampyre is, a living, mischievous, and murderous dead body. A living dead body! Well, the words are wild enough, contradictory, incomprehensible;—but so are vampyres.

Assuming as true the records about dead people moving in their tombs, eating therein, coming therefrom, with or without murderous intent, the learned Calmet devotes entire pages to a reasonable debate upon the case. He touches upon the mysteries of life and death, and sets forth the extreme difficulty of accounting for the phenomena of a corpse rising from the tomb without disturbing the earth, and of returning thereto without disturbing the earth; of the utter unmeauingness of a ghoul such as this taking pleasure in the molestation, even murder, of its once dearest friends. Lastly, he asks how it can be that a dead body, out of which the soul—the life—hath fled, can yet retain a second life. All this he asks, aud more; he throws doubt on the case, but nowhere expressly denies the existence of vampyres. I think he tries to make it seem, inferentially, that vampyredom is wholly an illusion, a fiction of the Greek Church; but he almost cuts the ground from under him by presenting certain records of living dead people, which come very nearly up to the mark of vampyredom. He quotes the German authors, Raufft and Rehrius (concerning whom mention has already been made), seemingly disposed to believe much they have related concerning the gluttony—the swinish munching—practised by certain evil-disposed corpses.

Raufft takes it for a certain conclusion, writes Carden, that certain corpses have been known to devour the grave-clothes and other things within their reach; nay, even their own flesh. He remarks, that in certain parts of Germany, in order to prevent this horrible habit of under-gro md feasting, grave-diggers are accustomed to put a good hard packing of earth under a suspected corpse's chin; that, moreover, to make security doubly sure, some grave-diggers place in the mouths of suspected corpses a little bit of silver, or else a stone, taking the further precaution to tie a handkerchief tight about the throat.

Certain of the milder, the least mysterious tales concerning dead-alive people, admit of a sort of half-explanation, by adopting the hypothesis of trance; as, for example, the following cases narrated by Calmet:

The Count de Salm, having been thought dead, was buried alive. As night approached, great cries were heard in the church of the abbey of Haute Seille; and the following morning, his grave having been opened, the corpse was found lying face downwards. Once upon a time, at Bar le Duc, a man having been interred, a sound was presently heard to come from the grave; being disinterred on the day following, he was found to have eaten the flesh of his arms. This man had drunk brandy to excess, and had been buried as dead. Raufft bears evidence concerning a woman of Bohemia, who, in 1345, had eaten, whilst in the grave, about one-half of her shroud.

More extraordinary, and trenching more nearly on the domains of pure vampyredom, is the following, narrated by William of Newbridge, an English author, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century, and quoted by Calmet. He states that in his time was seen, in the county of Buckingham, a man who appeared bodily, as when alive, three successive nights to his wife, and after that to his nearest relatives. They could only defend themselves by watching and making a great noise when they perceived him approaching. The creature even dared to show himself occasionally in the daytime; whereupon the Bishop of Lincoln assembled his council, who told him that similar things had often happened in England, and that the only known remedy against the evil was to catch the wanderiug body, and burn it. The Bishop could not at once fall in with this; he thought the remedy cruel. He adopted another plan, and it was this: Having written a schedule of absolution, he placed it on the body of the corpse; and from that time no more of him was seen or heard. This sort of apparition would appear incredible, wrote the author, if several instances had not occurred in his own lifetime, and if he did not know several persons who believed in them.

The latter argument is, I humbly think, irresistible. The same author—Newbridge—states that a man who had been interred at Berwick came out of his grave every night, and made a great disturbance in the neighborhood. He even boasted that he should not cease to disturb the living until they had reduced him to ashes. Thereupon the neighbors selected ten bold and vigorous young men, who took him out of the ground, cut his body to pieces, and burned it to ashes. But some one among the crowd having said that he could not burn until they had torn out his heart, his side was pierced with a stake. Through the opening thus made they extracted the heart, whereupon the body was consumed, and appeared no more.

It is a remarkable fact, and therefore worthy to be noted here, that amongst the pagan Romans the notion prevailed that dead bodies of certain persons were subject to be incited from their graves by sorcerers, except incremation had been performed, or decomposition had actually taken place. On this point study the following allusion of Lucan; the words are represented by him to have been spoken by an enchantress to an evoked spirit:

"Tali tua membra sepulchro
Talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine Sylvis
Ut nullos cantata Magos exaudiat umbra."

All this may have been, says Calmet; but that those who are really dead move their jaws, and amuse themselves by chewing whatever may be near them, is, again says he, a childish fancy—like what the ancient Romans said of their manducus, which was a grotesque figure of a man with an enormous mouth, full of big teeth; the jaws being moved by springs. The Roman frightened children with these manduci; hence the following allusion of Juvenal:

"Tandem que redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cum personæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans."—Juv., Sat. iii, 174.

Some remains of the ancient custom may be seen in certain processions, wherein the figure of a serpent is carried, which ever and anon opens and shuts its jaws, between which cakes are thrown by lookers on.

Authors have reasoned a good deal on these events, writes my authority. (1) Some have believed them to be miraculous. (2) Others have looked upon them as simply the effect of a heated imagination, or a sort of prepossession. (3) Others, again, have believed that there was nothing in them but what was very simple and natural; these persons not being dead, but acting naturally upon other bodies. (4) Others have asserted that it was the work of the devil himself. Amongst these, some have advanced the opinion that there were certain benign demons, differing from those who are malevolent and hostile to mankind. But what greater evils can one have to fear from veritable demons and the most malignant spirits, than those which the ghouls of Hungary inflict on persons whose blood they suck, and thus cause to die? (5) Others say it is not the dead who eat their own flesh or clothes, but serpents, rats, moles, ferrets, or other voracious animals, or even striges—birds that devour animals and men, and suck their blood.... It is added, that these vampyres are known only to certain countries, as Hungary, Moravia, and Silesia, where plague, pestilence, hydrophobia, drunkenness, are most common! where the people, being badly fed, are subject to certain disorders, occasioned by climate and food. As to what some have asserted, that the dead have been heard to eat and chew like pigs in their graves, it is manifestly fabulous, writes my author. Such an idea can have its foundation only in ridiculous prepossessions.

From these remarks it would seem that Calmet is altogether sceptical about the narrations of dead-alive men aud women; but I do not know why he should be, since he does not venture to impugn the following still more extraordinary narration, communicated to him by a contemporary priest of his own church.

"A curé of the diocese of Constance," he states, "named Bayer, makes to me in writing the following relation. He states, that in 1728, he (Bayer) having been appointed to the cure of Rutheim, he was disturbed one morning by a spectre, who came in the form of a peasant, badly made, ill-dressed, and smelling abominably. He knocked at the door in an insolent manner, and, being admitted, entered the study. He then told the curé Bayer, that the Prince Bishop of Coustance had sent him (the hobgoblin) upon a certain business,.... but the statement was untrue. The hobgoblin then asked for something to eat; whereupon meat, bread, and wine were set before him. Taking up the meat with both hands, he devoured it, bones and all, saying, 'Observe how I eat both flesh and bone: do the same!' Then taking up the wine-cup, he swallowed the contents of it at a draught; asked for another, which, when supplied, he served the same. Rising then, he withdrew—never so much as saying 'Good-bye' to the curé. The servant who saw him to the door, having demanded his name,—'I was born at Rutsingen, and my name is George Ranlin,' he replied; but he spoke falsely. Then turning to the curé whilst going down stairs, the hobgoblin said in German, 'I'll show you who I am.'

"He passed all day in the village," Calmet's curé's letter of testimony goes on to state, "showing himself to everybody. Towards midnight he returned to the curé's door, crying out three times in a terrible voice, 'Monsieur Bayer! I will let you know who I am!' Day by day for three long years he returned towards 4 o'clock P. M., and every night remaining till day-dawn. He showed himself in different forms,—sometimes like a water-spaniel, sometimes like a lion or other terrible animal: sometimes as a man, but sometimes (and this must have been worst of all) in the guise of a pretty girl, sitting at the cure's bedside!—Thus testifies Monsieur Bayer.—Sometimes the hobgoblin made an uproar in the house like a cooper hooping a cask. The curé, desiring to have witnesses, often sent for the beadle and other chief people of the village to bear testimony. At last the curé had recourse to exorcising, but with no effect. Despairing almost of being delivered from these vexations, he provided himself at the end of the third year with a holy branch, on Palm Sunday; also with a sword sprinkled with holy water. The hobgoblin was now soon to have the worst of it. Appearing again [whether in the form of a man or dog, a lion or a young lady, informant does not state], the cure first dashed the holy water in the goblin's face, then smote the being with the blessed sword. He did this once or twice, and from that time was no more molested. This is attested by a Capuchin monk, witness of the greater part of these things, April 19th, 1749."

Cardan declines to guarantee the truth of *all* these circumstances; the judicious reader may make what induction he pleases from them. If they are true, here, says he, is a real ghost who eats, drinks, and speaks,—giving tokens of his presence for three whole years without any appearance of religion.

Sceptics may seek to throw discredit upon the narrations of vampyredom, by urging what I conceive to be the fact, that although vampyres have been seen by the thousand, have been known to leave their graves and wander about biting and blood-sucking their once dearest friends; nevertheless, no authentic information is available relative to the manner in which they leave their graves, or the way in which they go back to the same. No vampyre that I am aware of has ever been caught in the very act of coming ont of a grave, or going back again.

* "Dissertations sur les Apparitions des Anges, des Démons, et des Esprits; et sur les Revenans et Vampires de Hongrie, de Bohème, de Moravie, et de Silésie." Par le R. P. Dom. Angustin Calmet, Religeux Bénédictin, et Abbé de Senones en Lorraine. Paris, MDCCXLVI.

The omission is not of a sort to shake the belief of any reasonable man in the general truth of vampyredom, knowing well, as all of us do know, that thousands of occurrences take place from time to time under the very noses of people near, without their seeing what happens. I once explored the battle-field of Waterloo in companionship with a local guide, who, during that day of mortal strife, had been present in the amateur capacity of a suttler or canteen-bearer, ministering comforts to the wounded. Gazing from the summit of the huge mound whereon the Belgian lion stands — allegorical, in a certain sense, of Belgian bravery—I looked down on many a grave and many a trophied marble. Thick they were—thick those graves, those trophied marbles! and I bethought me how far more thickly strewn on the evening of the day of strife must have been the writhing wounded, the shattered and gory dead! I forthwith pictured to myself the serried squares, belching their volleys at the French columns, pressing on; and I sought to reproduce the scene of men stricken by lead or steel, and suddenly laid low. "They fell fast enough," said I; "it must have been an awful sight."

"Parbleu!" interposed my guide; "you may think it odd, but I did not see one man fall. They would come on, and then a volley, a bayonet or cavalry charge, a tremendous noise, fire, smoke, and all that; and when it was over, there they would lie, just like those sheep there, Monsieur; but, on my honor, not one fellow did I actually see go down."

Very well; Calmet did not record, and assuredly would not wish it to be understood, that *revenans*, as he calls them—or, to be plain, disreputable corpses whom earth rejects—can be numbered by the million. He perhaps refers to some scores; and if nobody has ever caught one of these *flagrante delicto*, in the very act of coming out of a grave, what does this prove? Nothing, to my mind, after what the guide told me at Waterloo.

The act of munching in a grave, or even coming out of a grave, violates social proprieties, truly, but nothing more. It is not every human mind, indeed, that is strong enough, or sufficiently well balanced, to look upon a horrible prodigy unmoved. If *revenans*, as Calmet denominates them, were more frequent than they are, then probably many spectators might be scared into fits or go mad outright; but if a disreputable corpse should get out of its coffin, and wander about murderously intent, wreaking vengeance all night, biting, blood-sucking, and going back to its grave before morning, it would be a very serious, a very dangerous matter. This is just what vampyres do, nevertheless.

In like manner as sceptical people—the men of paralyzed minds so beautifully described by Mr. Howitt, the paralysis having been induced by a too continuous study of what we falsely call the inductive sciences—find some absurd way of accounting for, or else denying altogether, the best attested facts of pneumatology; such as table-turning, table-dancing, spirit-rapping, spectral waiting, luminous hands, mystical accordeon playing, and other modern spiritual manifestations; so more than one writer has attempted to explain away the precise relations concerning dead-alive people of all varieties, from the masticatores of Raufft to the vroucolakes of the Greeks. Accordingly, it is argued, as already stated, that the milder—the least extraordinary—of these recitals are amply accounted for on the assumption of trance; and that the records of pure vampyredom, tales about dead-alive men arising from their tombs, stalking about, blood-sucking, and murdering, are based on a pretension of the Greek church, to the effect that Mother Earth refuses to accept and retain in her bosom corpses of persons who have come under orthodox excommunication. It has ever been accepted as a tenet of faith by the Eastern church, I believe, that no unorthodox corpse can possibly decay if buried in orthodox soil. There might be something in this view of the case, if records of dead-alive people were traceable only to authors of the pure Greek faith; but seeing that testimony from other quarters is forthcoming—considering that dead-alive people have been known to wander from their tombs in England as well as Germany—it seems to me that the hypothesis cited falls wholly to the ground. It must be conceded, however, that vampyredom has received what we may call its highest development in countries the people of which acknowledge the orthodox Greek church. Eastern European vampyres have always been more fierce, more murderously inclined, than corresponding beings of the west. Climate may have something to do with this; and perhaps temperament.

Even on matters of the most apparently transcendental kind it is possible to draw practical deductions. No harm can ever come of making security doubly sure. I am led to infer, then, that if a dead body, after a reasonable time of burial has elapsed, be still found soft and pliable; if it bleeds on puncture, and shows no sign of fulfilling the decree of "*dust to dust*," there is room for the worst suspicions. In such a case the unquiet and evil-disposed corpse can be laid by adopting one of two expedients. The first is, to cause the grave to be beaten with a hazel twig, the operator being a virgin of not less than twenty-five years old. The second expedient consists in digging the body up and burning it. My authorities leave me no room to doubt that the first and much simpler remedy is not equally effective with the second; nevertheless, for some inexplicable reason, the remedy of incremation is always practised in lands where vampyres do most abound.—*St. James's Magazine.*

Bachelors.—In the good old times it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices, civil and military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led around the market place. Although, generally speaking, age was usually respected at Sparta, yet this feeling was not manifested towards old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you," said a Spartan youth to a gray-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old?" The Roman law pursued the same policy towards old bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted by which old bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relatives. In canon law old bachelors are enjoined to marry, or to profess chastity, or in earnest to become monks.

Madness, like epilepsy, gives more pain to the spectator than the performer; for it is only an earlier death, a longer dream, a day-walking instead of night-walking.

Blame not a man too harshly for throwing dirt; he shows by the very act that it is his natural weapon.

STORIES FOR GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

On the principle probably that every family journal should have a department especially devoted to the young, a lively exchange gets up the following good little stories for good little people:

There was a good little boy, and his name was Johnny. He was a poor boy, but once he saw a dollar lying in his mother's workbox, and he picked it up and put it in his pocket, as he was afraid she might lose it or waste it in buying something to eat, and went and set himself up in the boot-blacking business. He was a very hard-working boy, and went on the good principle of never stealing anything he could not carry off. He saved his money, as good little boys ought to do, and when he was sent to the Penitentiary for taking a coat, he had a great deal of money laid away safe. All little boys should imitate the example of Johnny, so that when they come out of the Penitentiary they can have something to go on.

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There was another good little boy named Timothy. He had been told that a penny saved was two pennies earned, and he always remembered it, and saved all his pennies. Once a vagabond old woman asked him to give her a penny, just because she happened to be poor and starving; but little Timothy had been taught better, and he said, in a winning way:

"No you don't, old gal. A penny saved is two pennies earned, and it is better to make two coppers out of one than to throw away one."

Timothy is now a very successful Government contractor, and has chartered to his country a great many vessels, belonging to other people which could not be used for any other purpose. If he can keep out of prison, he is sure of making a fortune very soon.

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There was another little boy named Harry, who lived in Cincinnati. Cincinnati is a large city, and the streets are very slippery, because there is so much live lard running over them. Harry always had a great and good idea of doing well in the world, and becoming rich, and consequently respectable. So, when he was sixteen years old, he borrowed a dollar, and commenced business at a Fair grouud, with a jug of whisky and a tin cup. When this was sold out, he bought some more, and so went on increasing his stock and his money, until he was able to buy a corner-grocery. He is now a very rich man, and owns several large distilleries, which are manufacturing a great quantity of bald-face whiskey, and bringing happiness and comfort and wealth to a great many poor families that are fond of whiskey. When the man who had loaned him the dollar asked him to pay it back, because the man was poor, Harry very properly told him to do as he had done, to borrow a dollar of some other man, and commence business like Harry had; but as for paying him the dollar, he should do no such thing, as he had made it a rule to save all he got. The man thanked Harry for this valuable advice, and is now one of the most promising inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary.

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There was a little girl, named Sarah Ann, who was a poor girl when she commenced business, and had nothing except what she could cabbage from the woman with whom she worked. But she was very industrious and saved all she got, and she now owns a large millinery establishment, where she employs a great many girls, and she has made a fortune by the vast deal of work she had out of them. She is very good to the girls, for she remembers that she herself was once poor; so she lets them work sixteen hours a day, and sometimes gives them something to eat. When they die, she buries them cheaply but decently.

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There was an honest German lad, named Heinrich, who came to this country very poor, and worked in a brewery for five dollars a month and find himself. Think of the lowly situation of the lad, especially if he had tumbled into a beervat! But Heinrich studied hard, and soon invented a way of making beer very cheap, without using much hops or malt, which was a great blessing to the country, as a little cheap poison saved a great deal of valuable property. He now owns a brewery of his own, and has a splendid lager beer saloon, with a number of pretty waiter girls, who are very fascinating, and who bring him in a great deal of money. He also thinks of starting a graveyard of his own.

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There was a little boy named Peter, who had been told that if he would take care of the pence the pounds would take care of themselves. So, when he hired out to a Dutch grocer, he took care of the pence which he found in the drawer, and let the pounds of sugar and coffee take care of themselves, while he got more pence by pitching coppers with the boys in the street. Before he was found out he had saved enough money to start a grocery of his own, and is now a prominent member of that wealthy and honorable body, the Corn Exchange. He boasts that he has never been in the State Prison but twice. As some people think it respectable to keep out of such a place, this is a great deal to say.

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There was a little boy named Thomas, who had a brother named Jeremiah, and the delightful beverage called Tom and Jerry was named after them by their grateful fellow-citizens—which shows that they must have been highly respectable. Thomas saved up his pennies and bought oranges. When he had eaten the oranges he was wont to scatter the peel before the doors of surgeons, and the good surgeons kindly allowed him a commission for the people who slipped on the peel and broke their arms and legs. He saved the money which the worthy surgeons paid him, and became rich, and attained the age of forty-five years before he was hung.

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There was a little boy named Samuel, who had been told that virtue was its own reward. He supported himself and his aged mother by picking up little things that other people seemed to have no use for. Once he found a fine gold watch. A foolish boy would have taken it to the owner, to get a reward; but Samuel knew that virtue is its own reward, and therefore rewarded himself for his virtue by keeping the watch. The owner might not have given him more than half the value of it. Samuel is still making money, and can go to jail whenever he chooses, and have an easy time.

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There was a little boy named—but we need not tell you his name—who commenced life as an humble member of Congress and Brigadier-General. Of course, he was entirely uneducated; but, by making good use of his leisure hours, and reading *Poor Richard's Almanac* and the newspapers, he has attained a remarkable celebrity as a poor but honest author, and has written those pleasing narratives for good little children.

A GAMBLING CARNIVAL.

Under the above head, a writer in the *Round Table* narrates a descent into Wall street. We make the following extract, showing what he saw, and the conclusions at which he arrived:

The room was large, dusky, dirty and crowded. Plain wooden seats were arranged in a semicircle—precisely like the benches of a concert-saloon—around a place like a pulpit. In this stood an old gentleman with gray hair and whiskers, holding in one hand a ponderous mallet of rosewood, and in the other a bass drumstick. Behind him hung a small gong, and beside him sat a strange-looking, skeleton-like young man, with long hair and an account-book. The benches were full of men, all with their hats on, and all anxious of expression. Rather a good-looking set generally, but with hideous exceptions. A vast number of them bore unmistakable traces of a Hebraic origin. All these persons were vociferously talking at once, and the din of voices was insupportable. Several rose simultaneously in their places, pointing at each other vindictively, and shouting phrases that sounded to me like insult. I thought, for a time, that a free fight must inevitably result, till I found that they were merely trying to buy or sell stocks.

I cannot begin to repeat the mysterious formula they uttered. It was all Greek to me, and worse. The main object seemed to be an increase of the confusion already reigning, and when ten or fifteen persons, young and old, Jew and Gentile, got to the pitch of their voices, all yelling themselves purple in the face, the old gentleman in the pulpit added to the demoniac roar by beating sturdily upon his gong with the drumstick and upon the counter with the gavel, crying "Order! order, gentlemen!" as loud as any of them.

In the course of my varied studies of the human being under various excitements, I have penetrated to those unhallowed chambers devoted to the joyous but expensive games of faro and roulette. Likewise have I witnessed the playing of brag and poker upon the turbid bosom of the Mississippi; but nowhere have I seen card gamblers who would for a moment have tolerated the undignified, the insane, the graceless and avaricious confusion that characterized this meeting of the outside board of stock-brokers. Hitherto my idea of down-town business had been associated with some notions of heavy respectability and quiet importance; but such notions are shattered and scattered forever. I can only remember this scene as a type of Bedlamite financial debauchery, and flummery irretrievable. Instinctively I buttoned my pockets—a somewhat needless precaution, perhaps, but an inscrutable avarice permeated the atmosphere, and I had vague fears of losing the coat off my back, my hat, my boots, my senses, anything and everything that I might possess.

There were many boys present, of ages from fourteen to twenty. Some of these bought and sold heavily, exhausting their shrill treble voices to a degree of hoarseness quite painful. Most of the youngsters, however, contented themselves with taking notes of the fluctuation in price of the different stocks. Such were probably sent there by their employers for the purpose. I was told that they often acquired wonderful skill in judging the market thus, and came out strong as brokers on their own account ere long. One such, known as "Little Charley," was pointed out to me as knowing far more about stocks than his employers of the firm of G. B. & Co.

The noise soon wearied me. I do not see, for the life of me, how this sort of thing can be endured more than a year without fatal results. I would not pursue it for a longer period without some surety of gaining a larger fortune than the majority ever gain. I passed out then, only to find a still denser, noisier crowd surrounding the door-steps. Men were darting in for a moment, and returning with new quotations from the sale inside, which they vociferated stentorianally, offering to buy or sell to the throng below—unhappy wretches, who had not the key to those mysterious portals.

Trying to wedge my way through this dense mass of humanity, I was accosted by a young man of good-humored appearance, who asked me if it was "going hard or soft inside." Not quite comprehending the phrase, I said I rather thought it was. I sincerely hope that he sold no valuable stocks on the strength of that statement.

Crossing over to Delmouico's, close at hand, I found many of these gigantic gamblers refreshing themselves with strange and stimulating compounds. An acquaintance whom I met there told me that I could pick up thousands of dollars' worth of information, if I wished to operate, by simply listening about. I am not averse to thousands of dollars, so I acted upon his suggestion, and heard a stout man say, "Bubble and Squelch is fetching thirty-six, buyer ten." To which a thin man replied, "Don't see it, nohow. I've made a corner in Smashcar and Slingwheel." "I'm going to sell short on persimmon Valley," remarked another. At this I became bewildered and unhappy. I had the information, but saw nothing of the thousands of dollars, so I came away, determined to adhere for the present to my legitimate profession.

A correspondent of a Boston paper asserts that these scenes are mildly repeated among the ladies who live at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is not impossible, but I hardly like to think that the other sex is quite so lost. This correspondent, however, seriously gives the following as his experience among the ladies of that hotel:

> They were all talking stocks. A parcel of young brokers live in the house, and every evening they are sent over to the "coal hole" to execute the commissions of the ladies. I did not ask any of their husbands what they thought of this arrangement. A lady took me in tow, and we sailed down the drawing-room, looking and listening to what was done and said.
>
> "Jenny," said a very pretty woman to another, "you'd better buy some Mich'g'n Southern. It's sure to go up to 140."
>
> "Now, Lizzy," replied her friend, "it's no use for you to be bulling the market. I don't believe any such a thing."
>
> "Oh, you horrid bear, you," retorted Lizzy, "you've been selling short, you know you have!"
>
> So we passed along, hearing conversations of this sort from women who held stock lists in their hands, and eagerly inquired if their brokers had returned from the coal hole, and what they have done.

If this be true, what are we coming to? Are we about to turn into a nation of gamblers, and make a second Baden-Baden of New York? If both men and matrons indulge in this dangerous game of beggar-my-neighbor, the next generation will come honestly enough by a wholesale mania for throwing dice, and will undoubtedly erect statues to Fortune, fickle goddess, instead of to the heroes of the war. Perhaps, however, Secretary Chase may come in for a goodly monument.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes ploce on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Froncisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

ONE WORD.

In this its second number, the Californian has but one word to say to the public, so far as patronage is concerned. It wants patronage, of conrse, and has three reasons for asking it. It asks, in the first place, beeause it wants it; in the second, because it intends to deserve it; and lastly, because it means to get it. The objection is urged against the paper that it is not a daily. Cannot people understand that though it is published but once a week they can subscribe to it every day, which answers all reasonab'e purposes just as well?

HOW PANICS ARE MADE.

WITHOUT wading quite ankle deep in the waters of etymology, one may discover that the word Panic is derived from the name of that truly rural and jolly god and general who, according to the Greek mythology, put the army of the enemy to flight by frightening them—precisely as very many armies have been put to flight both before and since. Pan was surrounded by such a multitude of enemies that it seemed a foregone conclusiou that he and his men would inevtably be panned out; bnt the event proved different. Finding the lion's skin too small, he eked it out with the fox's, causing his men in the middle of the night to set up a yell and a howl, which, multiplied by the echoes of the valley, led the enemy to believe that a host was upon them and to fly in confusion, sacrificing arms and equipments, aud only too joyful to escape at that. So it will be seen that the word has a derivation admirably adapted to its present use as the sign of a groundless terror, the exponent of causeless and foolish alarm.

Panic is a phantom liable to arise in the commercial or financial world at any moment; and though but a phantom it is as much to be dreaded as though it came swelling with muscle and bristling in the reality of bone and sinew. If people could but be persuaded to boldly face and meet and grapple it, all power of mischief would be at an end, for then its nnsubstantiality would become at ouce apparent. But no—on its first appearance there is a wild commotion: Panic! Panic! is cried, and then it is save himself who can. In the mad rush which ensues all interests are trodden under foot, and as much distress and ruin result as though the sea had actnally licked up half the country's commerce or the earth opened to swallow the teeming warehouses nnder whose weight it groans. Yet all the while the wealth of the conntry is as great as ever; its resources are the same and as abundant—nothing has happened, nothing is changed. But the effect is parallel with that which would result from the actual occurrence of any phenomenal disaster like the ones mentioned. Let a fool cry "Fire" in a crowded house. and one puff of smoke from a burning paper curl in at the door, and as much harm is done and as many lives will be lost as though the building were in fact wrapped in flames. This illustrates the case precisely. In the commercial and financial world let a few lay their heads together, and whisper with wise looks that a panic is coming, and come it will unless stroug and sensible men throw themselves into the breach to prevent t. Pauic is a phantom which one or two can conjure up, but which not the whole community can lay uuless by concert and united action.

It is unfortunately the fact that instead of adopting means to allay a panic when one threatens, monied men, and those who have it in their power to calm down the agitation, take precisely the steps which tend to its aggravation. The moment that a tightness makes itself apparent in the money market and it becomes known that men want money, just at that momeut bankers and capitalists begin to call in their loans, securities are sacrificed, and baukrupts are ripened and shaken to the ground like berries. The ones who have it in their power to mend the disaster are the very ones who, in their selfishness or their mistaken prudence, precipitate it. They contract when they should expand; timely accommodation to their customers would, nine times in ten, carry all parties through; bnt the fact that their customers want money becomes, somewhat paradoxically, the exact reason that they are unwilling to lend it.

Suppose that a panic were to visit our mining-share market to-day; what would be the result? It would not alter the intrinsic value of any stock one farthing. Those miues which are paying dividends would pay as large dividends as ever, and be worth just as mnch per foot, let the market price go to what it might. Worthless stock would of course be worth nothing—precisely as it has been worth nothing all along. Values would in fact remain unehanged. Still, we venture to say that if even a moderate proportion of any of the leading stocks were thrown on the market on any one day, a panic would ensue as inevitably as fate. All the small, and some of the large holders would rush their stock at once upon the market, and the eonsequence would be that in less than twenty-four hours it would become impossible to sell a foot of it, even at a price at which it would pay an interest of 25 per eent. a month. And there would be a flurry and skurry on Montgomery street, similar to that which Wall street has witnessed in some of its unfortunate years.

We need not be particularly anxious for a panic hereaway; we can dispense with one for many a long day. What though the leading stocks may temporarily droop under the anxiety of timid holders to realize, or the efforts of speculative ones at depression, with a view to re-purchasing? The mines themselves will still turn out bullion. You can neither bull nor bear the ores which lie prone to the miner's pick awaiting reduction. The earth this year may fail to yield its usual crops, but gold and silver does not need to be watered; and she will give us this from her bountiful breast as abundantly as ever. Paper curreney at the East goes begging at five or six per cent. per annum—eapital here can be invested so as to pay from two to three per cent. per month with nearly as much certainty as the recurrence of those months and the rotations of the seasons. We have but to beckon for capital and it will eagerly flow hither for investment. Unexplored mines, as rich as any that have yet been developed, are waiting to be discovered, anxions to have the Open Sesame spoken at their doors. The mineral resources of this coast, so far from being exhausted, are as yet undreamed of; it would seem too much like an Arabian Night's story to even attempt to picture them. But there is a future in store when these things will be believed, when the prophecy of the one who passes now for an enthusiast will be fulfilled, and the mines of California and the adjacent Territorics will be turuing out money enough in one year to pay the national debt, which will have accrued upon our country at the termination of the war, twice over.

OUR RECEPTION BY THE PRESS.

OUR RECEPTION by the press of the city and State has been kind—uniformly kind. A reception more hearty and geuerous we could scarcely have wished—certainly could not have expected. Want of space—and modesty—prevent the reproduction of these flattering notices on this editorial page, but they will all be found in another part of the paper.

But there is one notice whfch we cannot consign to advertising columns—glorious as the Californian's advertising columns are. Pardon the apparent egotism if we give this oue notice a more prominent place. It is from a paper with which we were connected for a little more than a year, and which we left on perfectly good terms with proprietors, editors and all. This it is:

" * * * * * * * *

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* * * * * "—*Evening Bulletin.*

We are satisfied, perfectly satisfied. If the thought occasionally occnrs that friendly and familiar columns might have said more, it is speedily dissipated by the reflection that they could not possibly have said less. It may occur to others that the editors of the paper, in kindness to a former associate about trying an experiment in the field where they have achieved such eminent and distinguished success, might have whispered at least the customary phrases of encouragement, or said a kind word for us to our old readers. But, as before remarked, we are quite satisfied as it is. Experience has taught us that silence is the eloquence of the *Bulletin's* praise. The formula which interferes on all occasions to prevent an honest word of encouragement or recognition for anything or anybody, is: "It is the rule of the paper!" The public, as well as printers, think that in some cases a "turned rule" is not out of place, but the public are not allowed to dictate much in such matters—they are permitted to pay for the paper, and this is enough. But in saying that our good friend, the *Bulletin*, never spoke well of anything or any one, we are wrong—it suddenly occurs to us that it spoke well of Broderick, of Baker, and of Starr King. Not until after they were dead, it is true, and then, in the case of the latter, it endeavored before the earth had fairly closed over him to take back half it had said. As a general thing, however, it adopts the old maxim, *De mortuis*, etc., and speaks well of the dead. Perhaps if the Californian dies it will speak well of us—who knows? But the question arises whether it is worth while to die in order to earn the *Bulletin's* praise, and if it is not possible to live without it. We shall certainly try to! More—we shall learn a lesson, and endeavor in the conduct of our paper to be as generous in the recognition of what is good around us as we are unsparing in censure of all that merits condemnation. Eyes, in this world, should be opeu to catch and recognize other things than dirt.

The Politicians are counting up on their fingers candidates whom they call cyphers in the Baltimore Convention. They omit to mentiou that the principal cypher of all is a sigh for the nomination.

HOWLING AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

IN PROPOSING to treat of howling as one of the fine arts we have no preliminary apologies to offer, no excuses to make. Only the captions few find fault with De Quincey for his famous Essay on Murder, and surely howling has quite as many claims to the distinction of being classed in the same category with music, painting and sculpture as ever murder had—more, if anything. For the texts are so numerous and so varied—it is possible to howl in so many different keys, slightly modulating them to suit circumstances, and by judicious howling the adept can achieve such wonderful successes in life—that without further preamble we shall at once assume the classification to be correct, and boldly proceed to grapple with our thesis.

The howler, like the poet, is born, not made—he has to be borne, for unfortunately he is one of those vague nuisances not always indictable uuder municipal law. He comes howling into the world, he goes howling through it, and howlingly out of it—and if he does not howl subsequently. it is only because a singular inattention to the "preservation of the unities" obtains in the realms of shadows. "No pent up Utica [or Syracuse] contracts his powers:" all fields are open to him, but politics is his favorite one. On the stump he is at home; rancorous debate is his element. Argument is unknown to him, and with Reason he has only a distant acquaintance—not sufficient to warrant her in recognizing him; and as he does not recognize her, the cut may be considered mutnal. Generally ignorant, he makes up for his lack of education by vituperation. Personalities are his forte—or, as he is generally occupied in throwing dirt, perhaps we should call them his earthworks. If by any of the unfortunate accidents of life he comes to edit a newspaper, he evinces on every page an unscrupulousness which is only equalled by his disregard of grammar and the decencies of the profession. The only euterprise he displays in that profession is shown in his dispensing with a proof-reader, and endeavoring to force people to buy a newspaper without news, simply for its one eternal howl. Previous to the present rebelliou, before he had the opportunity of prostituting patriotism by making of it a cock-horse upon which to ride into popularity, if engaged in a discussion he would wind up by saying something disrespectful of his oppouent's family—perhaps by calling one's sister names. This, in the aute-secession days, was his logic. But he has changed all that now. It is quite as easy to cry out to the respectable loyalist who goes quietly along in the path of duty, lending aid to his country's arms by works and by words, aud unostensibly dropping what dollars he can spare into the Sanitary Fund box—it is quite as easy to call this man "Secesh!" as it was of old to say something abusive about his family relations—and it pays better, if people can be made to believe it. In those good old Salem times, when witches were bound at the stake and Quakers were made to quake with a zeal which passed the aspen-like requirements of their peculiar faith, any quantity of losels made themselves reputations by accusing their grandmothers of practicing sorcery, and whispering in the ready car of a sensitive Puritan public that the tails of their grandfathers' coats were perceptibly widening and the brims of their beavers visibly broadening. In the present day a very similar practice is coming to be adopted by persons of doubtful positions and loyalty—with variations, it is true, but in this case we are not inclined to be thankful for the variations. The man detected in the act of stealing out from an area door or a basement window with spoons in his hand, and pursued, is very apt to pocket the spoons and join in the hue and cry, the wildest and maddest of all in the race, crying after men who have never made boast of their honesty, but whose honesty has never been suspected, "Stop thief!"

Why will men be noisy and fierce who have no other claim to distinction? Perhaps we have answered the question in asking it. Still, for all that, we hold to the idea that the assassination of a man does not entitle the assassin to travel on being a hero, any more than having been in the veterinary business makes one a veteran. Fields are now open to the ambitions mind—glorious fields. fields crimson with blood spilt in the vindication of a righteous cause; why do not people who evince on all occasions a reprehensible desire to achieve an unenviable and certainly inglorious notoriety by doing something or killing somebody—why do not these people seek those fields where so much good fighting is going on? Is it because the chances of getting a bullet planted in their backs are about equal to the opportunities they would have of lodging bullets in the breast-bones of others?

We are content to believe in the loyalty of our neighbors, and to assume patriotism of them until they prove by some act that they possess it not—always provided that they do not howl. Let a man once show an intention of cultivating Howling as the finest of the Fine Arts, of bringing it down, in fact, to the limits of an exact science and of making it the business and profession of his life, taking patriotism as his text, and that moment we suspect that he has none. Hollow bodies always emit the most sound. Strike the bed rock with a pick and it scarcely echoes, but the tin pans and pots in the miner's back kitchen keep up an eternal rattling even when no one is using them and only the wind stirs them—their own wind at that. The shell without a drop of salt water in it affects the roar and murmur of the sea. The full purse of gold is as silent as the quartz-vein whence it comes, but the pocket where only a few scattering pen-

nies lie is for ever a-jingling. When it becomes necessary for every man in the community to sit on the curb-stone, turning a discordant barrel-organ and bearing on his breast a huge board whereon is written in large letters I AM HONEST, then we will throw aside a modest reserve and consciousness and out-howl the Howler *par excellence* of the coast, be he whom he may; until then, however, we shall preserve our patriotism and guard it as a man does his honor or a woman her virtue—something to be taken for granted and not to be questioned—something too sacred and holy to be shouted in the market place and made capital of. For, as a general thing, it is safe to believe that people talk most of that thing of which they possess least, precisely as business men conclude of the man who evinces an extravagant desire to make his credit stand good that he is on the verge of bankruptcy. In other words—

'T is not so plain as the old hill of Howth
A man has got his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

FASHIONS—FEMININE ENCROACHMENTS—BONNETS AND HATS.

FASHION is a sovereign who, unmindful and disdainful of all salique laws, reigns over the undivided empire of the globe. In some remote and barbarous regions her sway s only a limited monarchy—as, for instance, the South Sea Islands, where a young woman's full dress is a bunch of flowers behind her ears; or among the Southern Indians, where an elaborate toilette consists of a feather apron, or a pair of ear-rings—but in all civilized countries she rules with the iron rod of an absolute despotism. The combined armies of all the monarchs in the world—including those of both Grant and Lee—could not enforce that obedience which she commands without a murmur. The Autocrat of all the Russias is everywhere denounced as a monster because he has prohibited the patriotic women of Poland from the use of one particular color, while Fashion makes us wear "everything by turns and nothing long," (except our *dresses*, which are longer than ever,) and we submit without a word. She is the veriest tyrant, forcing her subjects to do things which they do not like to do, and preventing them from doing those things which they would like to do. She is exacting and selfish, never satisfied but aggressive, appropriating from every nation that which suits her fancy as if it were hers by inheritance, robbing us of our fortunes and putting our lives in peril every day; and yet we never complain. What is worse than all, she is gradually undermining the reputation of her own sex. Women used to be thought unselfish, self-sacrificing, and strictly honest in all their dealings. They never broke the tenth commandment by coveting anything that was their neighbor's—they were content with their own. Look at them now: in the one little matter of masculine attire alone see how aggressive they have become, gradually absorbing article after article, until they have left the other sex but one garment which is exclusively their own, and even that is adopted by them when they ride on horseback; but it seems natural enough that when they hold the reins they should wear—the pantaloons!

Formerly, by a sort of tacit agreement, hats belonged exclusively to men, (so did high-topped boots, and overcoats, and vests and standing collars and cravats and short hair,) and a woman with a hat on would have attracted as much attention then as a man with a bonnet on would to-day. Men have faithfully adhered to their part of the compact, and left women's toilettes intact; but they have not been so honorable, and hats are now worn almost as much by women as by men. In fact, bonnets are now the exception and hats the rule. These latter are in such endless variety that it would be impossible to describe them all. It would be safe to say that no two are exactly alike. They are high and low, and great and small; they are black and white, and brown and grey. Being the crowning grace of a perfect toilette, too much care cannot be bestowed upon their selection. They should always be in harmony of style and color with the dress and figure of the wearer. Eminently coquettish, stylish and jaunty, they are becoming to all complexions—provided, always, that the face which looks from under them is a young face. There are very few women who understand how to adapt their style of dress to their particular age, and there are many who think that because a bright young girl happens to look well in a jaunty little hat, they too would be rendered charming by the same means. Imagine a short, stout, elderly woman, in a small Scotch cap, and a tall, thin spinster in a marine or sailor's hat, and you have before you two of the most familiar illustrations in *Punch;* and yet they are not altogether fancy sketches. We saw no later ago than yesterday two tall women elegantly dressed in flowing robes of moire antique and black lace shawls, the whole effect of their toilettes spoiled by the addition of ridiculous straw hats with broad brims and low crowns, which looked as if they belonged to their little girls, and had been put on through mistake by the mammas. If they had worn, instead, the small Scotch cap, with a tuft of feathers in front, or the tall-crowned Huguenot hat, with its long waving plume, it would have been in better taste. Hats are always admirable, even for very old women, for travelling, on account of their great comfort and convenience, but they should be of large size, and very plainly trimmed. We have seen several, intended for elderly ladies, which had in front a full bow of black ribbon, fastened with a jet pin.

Never has a fashion budded, blossomed and expanded so rapidly as the fashion of wearing hats in San Francisco. Less than a year ago the little round hat so much admired now was so much an object of curiosity that nobody could wear one on the street without being painfully aware of the attention which it attracted, and the observations (not always too polite) which it excited. But it must be remembered that San Francisco is but a young thing at best, and has come so suddenly into her inheritance that we ought not to expect too much of her; but she is large enough to behave herself better, and to know and understand that it is decidedly vulgar to be astonished at anything. In some things San Francisco reminds one of a boy who has out-grown his boyish clothes without having outgrown his boyish tastes, and who puts marbles and molasses candy in the pockets of his new pantaloons. A metropolis in size and magnificence, she is but the veriest of country villages in her gaping wonderment over a new fashion, or a new piece of scandal. It will be better by-and-by when it grows older. As we heard a Chinaman say a few days ago, "Just wait two, tree hundred years, Californy belly good country."

While here we have such a diversity of hats, in Paris they are wearing but one shape. A friend who resides there, and who is devoted to the fashions, writes that the small round brimless English hats, fitting closely to the head, are universally worn. It is true that they afford no protection from wind or sun, but they are very becoming, and so are all the fashion. Of course, there is no room inside of them for the hair, and accordingly it falls in large bows and loops upon the back of the neck and behind the ears. They are trimmed with immense rosettes of velvet in front, and tufts of feathers and flowers and aigrettes. The same correspondent informs us of the advent of plain skirts among the fashionables, very long and very full, and very much gored to render them as flat as possible around the waist. The greatest novelty in the cloak and mantle line is a long straight scarf of plaid silk or ribbon, plaited to a point in the middle of the waist behind, where it is fastened with a large bow of the same material, the wide flowing ends falling over the dress like a sash. The scarf is edged with a deep fall of Chantilly lace, or a wide full flounce of black silk box-plaited on to the plaid scarf, and pinked in well-defined scallops at the lower edge. Plaids are still extremely fashionable for dresses, for bonnets, for shawls, for cloaks—even for boots, blue and green are still the favorite colors. Bonnets are growing small by degrees, and beautifully less, consequently there is not as much room for trimming as there was formerly. A simpler taste seems gradually coming in. We shall hail its advent with delight.

AS AN instance of how difficult it is to do a kindness, and how testy the human mind is apt to become when it allows itself to be led away from the plain path of comprehensible and curt English, and seduced into trifling and dallying with Greek polysylables, we present the case of the HIPPOTHEATRON. An article in the CALIFORNIAN last week anent the HIPPOTHEATRON, mentioned the sex of Zoyara, casually. The author did not know that he was ruining a manager thereby, or blasting the prospects of any show extant. On the contrary, he thought he was doing the Hippotheatron a service, and giving that interrogation point—so far as sex is concerned—Zoyara, an excellent advertisement for nothing. The result is, that after the printers had broken a composing stick apiece in endeavoring to set the word, and the proof-reader had fractured his jaw in endeavoring to pronounce it, the manager got angry, declared his business was ruined, and took out his advertisement. So much for Hippotheatrons!

A NUMBER of Chinamen had an "affair of honor" in this city on Saturday evening last—and they had it all to themselves. A dispute occurring relative to money matters, they locked themselves in the room where they happened to be assembled, and went at the work of annihilating each other with a vigor and determination worthy of the cause. Huge knives and iron bars were the weapons used. One man was killed outright, and several others were badly wounded. John Chinaman seems to know how to settle little business and personal differences quite as well as white people.

WHAT we may term the whale of the season drifted ashore on the ocean beach on Saturday night last. The monster measures eighty-three feet in length and spans twenty feet across the flukes—but none of all these fect are in the market; the owner would not even part with a few to oblige a friend, and he has no assessments to pay. In striking that whale, some one has struck an oil ledge, which will pan out remarkably rich in the lower tunnel.

A COMPANY of Zouaves lately formed are drilled with brickbats in their knapsacks to accustom them to the weight they have to carry on their marches, but under no pretence whatever are they allowed to partake of liquors. This is decidedly better than the more common custom of drilling recruits with the bricks in their hats.

A LOUD HOWL is going up in some of the cow counties for Democrats to rally and unite to preserve the Democratic Party. Why so anxious to preserve it? It is already in a very pretty pickle.

When gentleness and violence play for woman's love, the mildest gamester is the readiest winner.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

The money market has assumed a rather less cheerful tone, and in certain quarters there has been a little pressure this week. For legitimate business purposes no difficulty is met with in obtaining from Bankers the ordinary facilities at lower rates than were current last month. Unemployed Funds in the vaults of the banks are thought to be augmenting, and when the present panic in mining stocks has fully spent its force, into these channels will return a portion of this idle capital. Loans upon the very best shares known are at the moment not readily made, even at wide margins and at high rates of interest. It is not likely that this anomalous condition of things will continue. Regular dividend paying stocks, well and favorably known to the public, must and will possess an intrinsic value that no outside influence, however powerfully wrought, can long effect. There will come a reaction, and many eager buyers will then doubtless show their hand and receive from capitalists all the aid they may require. It is well known that large orders were in the market ten days since for one or two prominent stocks; but these parties hope to avail themselves of the recent decline before buying, and are giving aid and comfort to the present downward movement. This depression in first-class shares operates with telling effect upon stocks of less real value, and many of them have, during the last week, touched the lowest point reached for a year past. Some of these claims are very promising, and may obtain the same favor in the future that others now enjoy; and those who can wisely discriminate at this juncture, and not sacrifice stocks known to have merit, will profit in the end.

Telegraphic advices from Washington would lead to the belief that in lieu of the onerous tax of 5 per cent. on the entire yield of all mines and mining claims as at first proposed, *one half of one per cent.* will be engrafted in the bill before Congress. This is a gratifying announcement, and serves to relieve some apprehension felt in stock circles.

Receipts of Treasure this week from the interior have been large, and exceed $1,000,000.

Eastern Exchange for yesterday's steamer ruled at 68 and 72 premium on Gold—the highest rates yet attained in this market.

Since our last reference, 30 feet of Gould and Curry have been sold at the Stock and Exchange Board within the range of $3,400 and $2,825, closing at $3,050—buyer 30.

The regular monthly dividend of $125 per foot was declared yesterday. At the present market value of this stock this is equivalent to 4½ per cent. per month. We can learn of no unfavorable feature in the present appearance of this mine. On the contrary, trustworthy advices concur in saying that in all respects it never was so flattering.

Some 60 feet of Ophir have been sold, declining from $875 to about $825. Very considerable shipments of Bullion continue to be made from this mine; and it is said that in less than sixty days the company will resume the payment of dividends.

Chollar declined from $600 to $465, and then rallied to $520—buyer 30.

North American fell from $155 to $107½, and advanced to $120 and $125.

North Potosi declined from $81 to $68, and then rose to $85—buyer 30.

Lady Bryan fell from $28 to $20, and advanced to 23½—buyer 30, and closed at $26½.

Real Del Monte has steadily declined from $46 to about $32.

THE late attempt on the part of Washoe brokers to establish greenbacks as the currency of a country which has earned itself, by right of its mineral productions, the honorary title of "Silverland," proved, as might have been expected, a failure. When some of the less promising mines of the Comstock Ledge in sinking their profounder shafts or lowest tunnels, strike a vein of greenbacks several feet in thickness, it is quite possible that Washoe will consent to make paper money her currency, and the example will perhaps be followed by this whole coast. But, until then, we apprehend that our people are not to be separated from their first love, in the way of currency—or rather that currency to which they are wedded, for has not the metallic ring passed between them. Greenbacks will do admirably for those who like them, but they are not our style.

"A COMPLETE account of the late great prize fight" says that Heenan "went to grass" several times and King once. What a pity that both animals could not have been kept there as long as Nebuchadnezzar was! At the expiration of their grazing time they might have come back respectable beasts. The same "complete account," in explaining Heenan's losing the fight, scouts the idea that any drugging was practiced, but attributes it to the fact that "he is deficient in coolness, pertinacity, and freedom from the demoralizing effects of repeated blows." We are no longer at a loss to understand the bad characters of pugilists generally and all prize fighters. They are demoralized by the blows they get.

A YOUNG MAN lately, for a trifling wager, coiled himself between the ties of a railroad track and allowed the train to pass over him. He escaped with a trifling burn from a coal which dropped from the locomotive. The tender passed over him tenderly, and even the cow-catcher would not condescend to catch a calf.

A FEW GHOST STORIES.

Very few people believe in ghosts, but the great multitude like to hear about them. We have a few ghost stories at hand which are quite reliable—at least, as much so as any ghost stories. We do not personally vouch for their correctness, but they have the sanction of age, and have been told a great many times by a great many reliable nurses to any quantity of unreliable children. The first on the list will attract the popular sympathy, for we have to deal with sentiment, and the story has the taking title of

THE TRUE LOVER'S SPIRIT.

In the town of Bridport, some thirty years ago, a beautiful maiden, named Mary Meadows, was about to be married to James Mason, the son of her father's friend; and her heart being disengaged, she did not object to the union, in compliance with the wish of her friends. Just at this time she became acquainted with William Marstone; and from being frequently together, and from dispositions similar, a strong affection was quickly engendered, and they vowed never to be united in marriage except to each other. The father of William had latterly fallen into much misfortune through the roguery of an attorney who had been entrusted with the arrangement of a family lawsuit, and sold his client's interests to his opponent. The elder Marstone being ill, William was dispatched to London to repair the mischief, if possible, occasioned by the ill conduct of the lawyer. Before he set off he had an interview with Miss Meadows, and she promised, with weeping eyes, to be true to him under all circumstances of good or ill fortune. He set out early the next morning; and while he was endeavoring by every exertion to fulfil the commands of his father, Mary was importuned by James Mason and *her* father to conclude the marriage between them. The feeling which dictated her vow of fidelity to William had not flagged for one moment, and for more than a year had she regularly corresponded with him, when all at once her letters remained, one after the other, unanswered, as were also the letters of his family. Every inquiry was made, and yet no tidings could be gained of him: three years passed away in this manner, until, wearied with the repeated and most urgent importunities of James Mason and her family, she consented to be his, after avowing to him her affection for the lost William Marstone. At last, the day before the bridal day arrived; and with much grief and sorrow, Mary retired to her room for the last time she would do so as her own mistress, her heart full of the thoughts of those departed hours which she had spent in the company of her loved William. She mourned till the tears rained fast down her cheeks. She started, and almost screamed, as she saw between her and the bed the figure of her William, but pale and sorrowful. His eyes were immovably fixed upon hers, his right hand was raised up in a reproachful manner, his left was pressed upon his heart, and from beneath gushed streams of blood. At this horrible vision her senses for a moment failed her; but she recovered, and, lifting a candle from the table, began to move towards the figure. When she had come, as she thought, near enough to clasp him in her arms, it vanished from her sight entirely; she rushed to the door of the chamber, and, with a loud cry, alarmed the house and fell senseless on the stairs.

The preparation for the marriage was entirely done away, and poor Mary lingered for a few months insensible to all around her, when death put an end to her sufferings.

It was afterwards discovered that William Marstone had regularly answered her letters, which had been treacherously destroyed by James Mason. In one of them Marstone informed her he had retrieved nearly the whole of his father's property, but it would be necessary for him to take a voyage to the East Indies, to get papers and information of importance from a confederate of the villainous lawyer; and re-entreated her to cherish his remembrance till he returned, and repeated his vows of eternal fidelity. It appeared he had made his voyage with success, and had arrived in London, anxiously hastening to meet his beloved Mary. He was about to enter the stage coach that was to carry him to his love, when a letter was put in his hand by a stranger; he hastily broke the seal, and no sooner had he read the contents than he stabbed himself to the heart with a knife that lay upon the table before him; and, upon comparing the time, it must have been at the exact moment when his spirit was seen by Mary. It was afterwards proved that this anonymous letter was sent by James Mason, informing him that Mary, having heard of his expected return, in order to avoid him, intended to be married to another next day. This unexpected and cruel shock deprived William of his senses, and caused him, in a moment of desperation, to lay violent hands upon himself. Nor did Mason escape punishment—shunned and despised for his treachery to his friends, he removed to a distant part of the country, where, in a short time, miserable and distressed, he breathed his last in the common poor-house.

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THE HAUNTED ROOM AT REDCASTLE.

The Earl referred to in the ensuing ghost narrative was the last of the Earls of Powis, of the family of Herbert. He succeeded his father in the title in 1749, and died in 1801.

The narrator of the story said she was a poor woman, who got her living by spinning hemp and line; that it was customary for the farmers and gentlemen of that neighborhood to grow a little hemp or line in the corner of their field, for their own home consumption, and as she had a good hand at spinning the materials, she used to go from house to house to enquire for work; that her method was, where they employed her, during her stay, to have meat and drink and lodging (if she had occasion to sleep with them) for her work, and what they pleased to give her besides. Among other places, she happened to call in one day at the Welsh Earl Powis's country seat, called Redcastle, to inquire for work, as she usually had done before. The noble family were at this time in London, and had left the steward and his wife, with other servants, as usual, to take care of their country residence in their absence. The steward's wife set her to work, and in the evening told her that she must stay all night with them, as they had more work for her to do next day. When bedtime arrived, two or three of the servants in company, with each a lighted candle in hand, conducted her to her lodging. They led her to a ground-floor room, with a boarded floor and two sash windows. The room was grandly furnished, and had a fine bed in one corner of it. They had made her a good fire, and had placed her a chair and table before it, and a large lighted candle upon the table. They told her that was her bedroom, and she might go to sleep when she pleased: they then wished her a good night, and withdrew altogether, pulling the door quickly after them, so as to hasp the spring-sneck in the brass lock that was upon it.

When they were gone, she gazed awhile at the fine furniture, under no small astonishment that they should put such a poor person as she in so grand a room and bed, with all the apparatus of fire, chair, table and candle. She was also surprised at the circumstance of the servants coming so many together, with each of them a candle; however, after gazing about some little time, she sat down and took out a small Welsh Bible out of her pocket, which she always carried about with her, and in which she usually read a chapter—chiefly in the New Testament—before she said her prayers and went to bed. While she was reading, she heard the room door open, and, turning her head, saw a gentleman enter in a gold-laced hat and waistcoat, and the rest of his dress corresponding therewith. He walked down by the sash window to the corner of the room, and then returned. When he came to the window (the bottom of which was nearly breast high) he rested his elbow on the sill, and the side of his face upon the palm of his hand, and stood in that leaning posture for some time, with his side partly towards her. She looked at him earnestly to see if she knew him, but though, from her frequent intercourse with them, she had a personal knowledge of all the present family, he appeared a stranger to her. She supposed, afterwards, that he stood in this manner to encourage her to speak; but as she did not, after some little time, he walked off, pulling the door after him as the servants had done before.

She began now to be much alarmed, concluding it to be an apparition, and that they had put her there on purpose. This was really the case. The room, it seems, had been disturbed for a long time, so that nobody could sleep peaceably in it, and as she passed for a very serious woman, the servants took it in their heads to put the Methodist and spirit together, to see what they would make of it. Startled at this thought, she rose from her chair, and knelt down by the bedside to say her prayers. While she was praying, he came in again, walked round the room, and came close behind her. She had it on her mind to speak, but when she attempted it she was so very much agitated that she could not utter a word. He walked out of the room again, pulling the door after him as before. She begged that God would strengthen her, and not suffer her to be tried beyond what she was able to bear; she recovered her spirits, and thought she felt more confidence and resolution, and determined if he came in again to speak to him, if possible. He presently came in again, walked round, and came behind her as before; she turned her head and said: "Pray, sir, who are you, and what do you want?"

He put up his finger, and said: "Take up the candle and follow me, and I will tell you."

She got up and took up the candle, and followed him out of the room. He led her through a long boarded passage, till they came to the door of another room, which he opened and went in; it was a small room, or what might be called a large closet. As the room was small, and she believed him to be a spirit, she stopped at the door; he turned and said: "Walk in; I will not hurt you;" so she walked in. He said: "Observe what I do."

She said "I will."

He stooped and tore up one of the boards of the floor, and there appeared under it a box with an iron handle in the lid. He said: "Do you see that box?"

"She said: "Yes, I do."

He then stepped to one side of the room and showed her a crevice in the wall, where, he said, a key was hid that would open it. He said: "This box and key must be taken out and sent to the Earl in London. Will you see it done?"

She said: "I will do my best to get it done."

He said: "Do, and I will trouble the house no more."

He then walked out of the room and left her.

She stepped to the room door and set up a shout. The steward and his wife, with the other servants, came to her immediately; all clung together, with a number of lights in their hands. It seems they had all been waiting to see the issue of the interview betwixt her and the apparition. They asked her what was the matter? She told them the foregoing circumstances, and showed them the box. The steward durst not meddle with it, but his wife had more courage, and, with the help of the other servants, tugged it out, and found the key. She said, by their lifting, it appeared to be pretty heavy, but that she did not see it opened, and therefore did not know what it contained—perhaps money, or writings of consequence to the family, or both. They took it away with them, and she then went to bed and slept peaceably till the morning.

As the narrator of this spiritual incident was a recipient of the Earl's bounty in consequence of the discovery of this box, the ghost element in the tale was widely credited. The story is at least as circumstantial as any legend of the outer world with which we are acquainted.

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APPARITION IN INDIA, NARRATED BY DR. ASHBURN.

In the year 1814, says Dr. Ashburn—who was long a surgeon in India—I became acquainted with Col. Nathan Wilson, a man of strong intellectual powers, who had served many years in India under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. I was introduced to him by Sir Charles Forbes, at a shooting lodge at Strathdou, and there we had an opportunity of becoming intimate. I had from his own lips the narrative I am about to relate to you, and which I may preface by a few words touching the opinions of the narrator:

Col. Wilson made no secret of his atheism. In India, especially, as I have myself observed, the tendency of many minds, influenced by considering the great diversities of religious belief around them, is towards scepticism. Col. Wilson, fortified by the perusal of Volney, D'Helbach, Helvetius, Voltaire and others of similar stamp, rejected, as untenable, the doctrine of a future state of existence, and even received with some impatience any arguments on a subject as to which he seemed to think no one could any further enlighten him.

In the year 1811, being then in command of the 19th Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Tellicherry, and delighting in French literature, he formed an intimacy with Monsieur Dubois, a Roman Catholic missionary priest, an ardent and zealous propagandist, and an accomplished man. Notwithstanding the great difference in their creeds, so earnest and yet liberal-minded was the Frenchman, so varied his store of information, and so agreeable and winning his manner, that the missionary and the soldier associated much together, and finally formed a strong attachment to each other. The former did not fail to avail himself of this intimacy by endeavoring to bring about the conversion of his friend. They conversed often and freely on religious subjects; but Col. Wilson's scepticism remained unshaken.

In July, 1811, the priest fell ill, much to the regret of the little circle at Tellicherry, where he was greatly beloved. At the same time, a mutiny having broken out at Vellore, Col. Wilson was summoned thither, and proceeding by forced marches, encamped on an extensive plain before the town.

The night was sultry; and Col. Wilson, arrayed as is common in that climate, in shirt and long light calico drawers with feet, sought repose on a couch within his tent; but in vain. Unable to sleep, his attention was suddenly attracted to the entrance of his tent; he saw the purdah raised and the priest Dubois present himself. The pale face and earnest demeanor of his friend, who stood silent and motionless, riveted his attention. He called him by name, but without reply; the purdah fell, and the figure disappeared.

The Colonel sprang up, and hastily donning his slippers, rushed from the tent. The appearance was still in sight, gliding through the camp, and making for the plain beyond. Col. Wilson hastened after it, and at so rapid a pace that when his brother officers, roused by the sentries, went in pursuit of him, it was with difficulty he was overtaken. The apparition having been seen by Col. Wilson only, his comrades concluded that it was the effect of slight delirium produced by fatigue. But when the surgeon of the regiment felt the Colonel's pulse, he declared that it beat steadily, without acceleration.

Col. Wilson felt assured that he had received an intimation of the death of his friend the missionary, who had repeatedly promised, in case he died first, to appear to him as a spirit. He requested his brother officers to note the time. They did so; and when subsequent letters from Tellicherry announced the decease of Dubois, it was found that he had died at the very hour when his likeness appeared to his friend.

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FAIRIES.

There are lots of fairies in Wales, even now, and amongst other tales connected with the lore of Welsh fairies we find the following:

A young man had just quitted an adjacent farm-house early one fine summer's morning, when he heard a little bird singing in the most enchanting strain on a tree close by. Allured by the melody, he sat down under it until the music ceased, when he arose, supposing a few minutes only had elapsed, but his surprise may well be imagined when he saw the tree withered and barkless. Returning full of astonishment to the house, he found that changed too, and no one within but an old man whom he had never seen before. He asked him what he was doing there; upon which the old man abruptly inquired who was he that dared insult him in his own house? "In your own house! where's my father and mother," said he, "whom I left here a few minutes since, while I listened to the most charming music under yon tree, which, when I arose, was withered and leafless, and all things, too, seemed changed." "Under the tree!—music!—what is your name?" "John," said he. "Poor John!" cried out the old man; "I heard my grandfather, who was your father, often speak of you, and long did he bewail your absence; fruitless inquiries were made for you, but old Catti Madlen, of Brechra, said that you were under the power of fairies, and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore tree was dried up. Embrace, embrace, my dear uncle, your nephew!" The old man was about to embrace him, but he suddenly crumbled into dust!

They have a lake in Wales, it seems, which beats Killarney: In ancient days, a door in a rock near this lake was found open upon a certain day every year—we think it was May-day; those who had the curiosity and resolution to enter, were conducted by a secret passage, which terminated in a small island in the centre of the lake; here the visitors were surprised with the prospect of a most enchanting garden, stored with choicest fruits and flowers, and inhabited by the Tylwyth Teg, or Fair Family, a kind of fairies, whose beauties could be equalled only by the courtesy and affability which they exhibited to those who pleased them: they gathered fruits and flowers for each of their guests, entertained them with the most exquisite music, disclosed to them many secrets of futurity, and invited them to stay as long as they should find their attention agreeable; but the island was secret, and nothing of the produce must be carried away. The whole of this scene was invisible to those who stood without the margin of the lake; only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle, and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music at times breathed with rapturous sweetness in the breeze of the morning.

It happened upon one of these annual visits that a sacrilegious wretch, when about to leave the garden, put a flower, with which he had been presented, in his pocket; but the theft boded him no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished and he lost his senses. Of this injury the fair family took no notice at the time; they dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual, but their resentment ran high; for though the Tylwyth Teg and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day, though the birds still keep at a respectful distance from the lake, and some strains of music are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island was never re-opened.

Some time after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water, in order to discover its contents, when a terrific form arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country.

Wild cats at present infest the forests of Germany in such numbers that sportsmen in many districts complain that there is hardly a hare to be shot. This ferocious little member of the feline race has even committed considerable havoc among the young deer in some parts of the country. The consequence is that regular cat-hunts have been found necessary to thin their numbers.

JILTING.

De Quincey wrotc of murder as one of the fine arts, but we are unaware that any philosopher has ever treated of jilting as an abstract science. There are few words in the language more misunderstood. An English paper discourses so sensibly on the subject that we cannot forbear reprinting the entire article. It is *apropos* of a certain criminal trial recently concluded, but will answer as a text treatise on jilting for all time. Our authority says:

So long as there is love-making in the world, and engagements, and talk of weddings and young folks' happy prospects, so long will one shadow haunt these felicities, and experience have its moments of misgiving; so long will society have to report from time to time of sudden changes, broken promises, feelings outraged, and hopes blighted in their pride of bloom. Whenever happiness depends on the consent of two, one may fail; and whatever is possible to human weakness and error will certainly now and then be done. No circle, therefore, is ever long without its interesting case of jilting, whether arousing indignant sympathy or giving play to that refining casuistry which is a feature of our day. But to us it seems that the question, as a question, is particularly prominent just now, possibly from the discussions following a celebrated criminal trial, and also from the use made of it by a popular novelist, to stimulate the curiosity and interest of his readers. The term which we have been forced to adopt was probably devised when constancy was a more unquestioned virtue than it is with us—when people were not so much in the habit of analyzing their natures, and feelings were supposed to be under absolute moral control; and thus a certain act cannot be expressed summarily without giving it a vulgar name, and so committing the speaker to an adverse judgment. And yet jilting is rarely so simple a business but that something, and generally a great deal, may be said for it, and especially where the perpetrator is a lady. In fact, it is not only that the term itself is feminine, but we believe the act, in its proper typical significance, is feminine also—where, that is, it results from actual change of mind. Men commit breaches of faith quite as often as women, but when they do so, it is almost always from deliberate self-interest, not from any startling change in their feelings. Crosbie, who creditably represents the male jilt, is in a way constant to Lily. His affections were not the things that swerved or changed owners; they simply interfered with his prospects. This was the scrape he found himself in, and he thought he knew his way out of it. A real change of feeling, the act of breaking an engagement at the last, simply because the person with whom it was contracted has become distasteful and caprice turns love into loathing, is a woman's act, and this is the conduct that admits of two sides in social discussion. There are plenty of men ready to follow Crosbie's example, plenty of other men to take for granted, in their own minds or amongst men of the world, that there was nothing else to be done; but the tongue does not run on this theme; in fact, it is one of the things to be done—taken for granted—*not* talked of. But all the refinements of sentiment, all the subtleties of conflicting duties, all mazes of feeling may be found entangled and complicated in a case of lady-like jilting, where the rules of good breeding have been observed with discriminating delicacy, and an array of heart-rending scruples pleaded in extenuation. What, it is boldly asked, is a woman to do under such circumstances? and the reply is not so easy to find as the indignant side imagine.

Take the ordinary case. A young man and woman meet, are mutually attracted, go through a course of flirtation, ripening into courtship on his side, and resulting in eager, happy acceptance on hers. Amidst the gratulations of friends and the jubilation of the contracting parties, who enjoy the celebrity and glory of their position, the affair progresses, and the day nears which is to make him "the happiest of men." The lady, in the delicious excitement of her *trousseau*, suffers feeling to sleep, till suddenly she discovers a change in herself. Her William is no longer all-in-all to her; she wakes to his faults; finds him tiresome, vapid, finally intolerable. William is, in fact, just what he always was—his good and bad very much on the surface—his little awkwardnesses always patent to his friends, but a good honest fellow, with a heart only too much in the affair for the success of his hopes. It is she who sees him with different eyes—eyes which exaggerate every defect till life looks hideous under the prospect of his inseparable company. To people not in love, and alive to the irksomeness of uncongenial society, life-long companionship with anybody to whom they are not used is an alarming if not repulsive idea. Those who reason from what they know in themselves, not upon general principles, and who happen always to have felt constancy in the abstract something of a puzzle, sympathize with a hapless girl entangled in a horrible mesh of promises not in her power to perform. They think her recoil from William not unnatural, and begin to wonder that these things do not happen ofter. Thus, in every affair of this sort, where the lady has done nothing flagrant to aggravate her case, there will be strong differences of opinion, and there will be persons to constitute themselves respectively counsel for the prosecution and the defence. The simple people who think a promise binding and constancy a virtue, and a very easy virtue too, are on the lover's side. They realize what must be the supreme bitterness of that moment—made up of rage, grief, bewilderment, shame, blank void—when a man, having garnered up his hopes on some fair one, has his heart returned upon his hands; when, having believed himself first in her affections, he finds himself nothing—not only not beloved, but repugnant. No, they cannot forgive a woman who can inflict upon the man who loves her, and whom she has once loved, such complicated and humiliating torment. The lady's advocates assert, on the other hand, that constancy is not an affair of the will—that the fault lies with destiny, or with William himself, who does not stand the test of close intimacy. And then comes the question, what is a woman to do when she finds the prospect of a union with him unsupportable? True, she has promised; but is there not a more binding promise beyond, which she could not undertake without conscious falsehood and hypocrisy? Would it not be a greater wrong, even to him, to marry than to break away while there is yet time? The power to answer this question does not really influence our right of censure, but it is put as though the whole point turned upon it. In fact, nobody is in a condition to answer the Yes or the No except the lady herself and her closest intimates, for it hangs on something of which the outside world cannot be the judge, which yet has a right to be angry when it sees an honest attachment brought to grief. Only, if the lady can prove herself in the right in breaking her engagement, our blame ought to be of a severer sort than if the decision of conscience is that she ought to have gone through the thing at any cost to herself. It all depends on whether she ever cared for him in the way her words and actions gave him to understand she did. If she did, if there has been one spark of real love in the business, she should have swallowed her scruples, and all would have come right; and so she will discover when too late. There are some forms of caprice and change of mind we can pity. There is in the feminine organization a tendency to sudden misgivings and disgusts, the offspring of nerves rather than feeling, and akin to the spleen and vapors which in old times were such acknowledged sources of inconvenience and perplexity to mankind. What so natural as that should clash now and then with that other characteristic of seeing things, not with the eye of reason, but of imagination—that proneness to illusion without which perhaps it is impossible ever to be properly in love at all, and which sets off her lover in a glow of colors certainly not all his own? Is it strange that the veil should flutter aside now and then, that her constitutional fastidiousness should betray her into some vagaries? Nature and society conspire to make her look forward to marriage as her calling; but there is another side. Something never fairly considered before has to be sacrificed to bring about this consummation. It is no wonder if the prize, when fairly within reach should lost its *prestige* at odd moments; and, if the influence of the hour is allowed its way, it precipitates her into the act of jilting. She shows herself capricious and changeable; we can boldly pronounce her wrong, and at the same time unhappy in her error, for we know that habit, duty and the sense of the inevitable would soon have established her in the first favorable way of thinking.

But what if she has *never* cared for him? What if, from the first, her course has been one of simple selfishness, of which this is the natural *denouement?* What if all along her aim has been to make him wish to marry her, without concerning herself with results? What if the desire to attract has blinded her to the nature of her own feelings precisely at the time when they would have been her best guides? In most cases of the kind it is no want of charity to believe that this final act has been held in reserve, though perhaps only with a semi-consciousness, from the first. In this case she is quite right in having recourse to it; but she can only be right now at the cost of having been wrong all along—wrong in altogether a deeper, more pervading sense, than her weaker but sincerer sister in error. Both are selfish, both have failed to recognize a paramount claim upon them; but in one case it is an isolated act, in the other a course of action. We can only argue on simple cases. We know that in actual life they are complicated by a thousand intricacies, demanding the nicest casuistry. No woman is bound to marry a man simply because she has promised him, if he reveals qualities dangerous or incompatible with domestic comfort. The man who has it in him to cut her throat if thwarted, may fairly be broken with; though this is a judgment which has found not a few impugners in late discussions on the subject, as though some power of self-control were no essential and integral part of a man who pretends to a place in human society, and would attach other destinies to his own. Let us finally observe of the jilt proper and unmitigated that, whatever her profession of regret at giving pain, she would not be pleased—would even feel defrauded of her due—if her victim did not suffer a considerable intensity of disappointment, and if this did not extend over a long period, and affect his whole life. It is never pleasant to her to hear of his "getting over it," and marrying somebody prettier, richer, and more devoted than herself. The news gives her a sense of jealous ill-usage, which exhales in pique and disparagement.

And in this temper we see the essential difference between masculine and feminine heart-treacheries. The man who jilts most commonly does it for some substantial advantage, not often from simple vanity or whim. The lady probably wants feeling, but she has not necessarily been prompted by mere vulgar self-interest. She has thought only of herself, but that self need not be the outside self that dresses fine and fares sumptuously. The man has all along better known his own mind. Through all its changes he has had a consistent notion of doing the best for himself—a consideration to which the woman's craving for conquest has possibly blinded her. Hence the false lover's course has been a more comprehensible and reasonable affair than the flirt's, and his delinquency more reducible to a pecuniary standard, and appraisable by a jury. In one obvious respect, besides the deeper social injury, his sin is beyond comparison the greater, as being more gratuitous. He has had the power of selection, and time to deliberate; with the lady it is now or never, and she may be surprised and flattered into a consent immediately repented of. But, on the other hand, the man has one temptation to treachery in a far greater degree than comes to women. He is tried by change—change of place, of circumstances, of station in life—all bringing an army of opposing influences of which few people know the force till they are tried. Thus a man engages himself with many a vow of eternal fidelity, and emigrates to the colonies. It may require an exceptional constancy to keep his word at the antipodes, where life perhaps alternates between absolute solitude or, when he comes upon female society, an easy intimacy of intercourse to which our manners offer no parallel.

The officer at country quarters used to be the typical inconstant and breaker of hearts, the man "who loves and rides away." We are not sure that we may not now divide this evil fame with the curates, and for the same reason—the trial brought about by change. One consequence of admitting a different social class into the Church will be a countless number of breaches of promise. It is so already. A young man—and these ambitious young fellows are all in a hurry to begin life—engages himself to a pretty girl of his own class. Something puts it into his head to enter the Church, to which there are so many side entrances in these days. His *fiancée*, between pride in him and the prospect of personal advancement, is delighted. He scrambles into some miserable smattering of learning, and is ordained to a curacy. Here somebody asks him to dinner or to tea. For the first time in his life he finds himself in a drawing-room, and sees ladies in company array. Shy, awkward and loutish as he seems, his spirit is all agog; a new world opens to him; he perceives at once that he has thrown himself away. Nothing seems impossible to a man who has begun a career, and cast off something of his old slough; it is the season for the very intoxication of vanity. His first love is despised in his eyes; she is a hindrance and a stumbling-block; but for her he might make some great match. In this temper he can easily find some adviser to press on him the duty of not making a fool of himself, and the rest follows as a matter of course. But, independently of obvious temptations of this sort, and where there is no social advancement or novelty of scene to account for them, there has always been an especially clerical form of jilting. The fact is that honor and simple good faith—virtues of natural religion—are the real guardians of constancy; and where nature and conscience teach us our duties with sufficient clearness, men have no right whatever to turn their backs upon these counsellors, under the pretence of seeking a higher guidance. Revelation was given to supplement, not to supercede. But certainly the world has all along allowed to religious teachers a wide license in this particular. A man's usefulness, or a higher vocation, have been pleaded as justifications in cases where simple laymen would have met with hard measure, and have even gained him credit as evidence of self-denial. It was a very extreme case where mediæval saints left their wives to shut themselves up in monasteries; but all orders and sects have their instances where the tie, if not of marriage, yet of solemn betrothal, has been held light in comparison of more spiritual duties; and nobody has thought much of all the grief and desolation incident to the suffering and passive victims in these boasted sacrifices. This is the weak side of real enthusiasm, for we are not speaking solely of cases where it is used as a specious veil.

The treachery under discussion increases so much with the social standing of the actors, and with their opportunities for refinement, that our judgment must be guided by these considerations. In the uneducated classes, where there is little delicacy of manners, or nicety of discrimination—where, as it seems, one companion does very nearly as well as another, and a lost love can be replaced by another at the shortest notice—the grave sin of jilting must dwindle into a peccadillo. The less subtle the link that binds, the slighter the obligation. Of course, it is quite possible for our housemaid to be jilted in as crushing and blighting a sense as our daughter or sister, but experience teaches us that our sympathy may safely wait for facts before it overflows in the same measure. There are some loves, in all classes, of as low an organization as certain forms of animal life. Cut them in two, with however effectual a snap of the shears, and new tails and budding horns presently assure us of the vitality of the severed members; or, in other words, there will simply be two couples where before there was one. Nobody really jilts another, in any harsh sense of the word, who does not sin against the respectable public opinion of his class; but, on the other hand, that society must be in an elementary or demoralized condition where this rudest form of inconstancy is not regarded as a grave offence, not only to the individual sufferer, but to the circle in which it has been committed, as a breach of public duty, as inflicting a wound on that pure and simple good faith which is the foundation of all social credit and honor.

FASHION.

Fashion is tyrannical! The laws with which she governs the world are arbitrary, and most generally irrational. One need only turn over the fashion-plates of the last century, to be convinced of the truthfulness of these propositions. In them we find "style" as changeable as the clouds upon a summer's day; nor do these changes develop new beauties. Indeed, Fashion does not search for beauty, but merely for novelty: this is the talisman for which she struggles, for which she torments the human form divine, amplifying shoulders and diminishing waists. Says the poet:

They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small.
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;
Oh! never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins!

Such is the inquisition which the giddy goddess has established; such the means by which she attains her ends. For nearly every other species of idolatry the charitable man can find some toleration in his heart; in every other species the philosopher can detect some strange yet rational allurement, some glittering seduction calculated to induce devotion; but in the creed of Fashion—that hollowest of all hollow creeds—these do not exist. Her appeal is not to the nobler sensibilities, nor to any dormant principle of devotion; she works only on human vanity and the folly of the age; she feeds only upon the most insignificant of passions. Let any man ask himself why such and such "styles" are prevalent—such hats, and such coats, and he will find no response. The truth is, that even in this age of rationalities, we walk the streets dressed in more irrationality than is the clown of the sawdust ring in his cap and bells. It is the "style" to have a pair of buttons affixed to the waist of our coats! and why? In old times these buttons were so placed, because they acted as a support for the sword-belt which every gentleman wore girded about him. Yet why should we wear them now? Fashion decrees it, and we submit; not because there is any intrinsic beauty in that pair of buttons; not because they are useful or ornamental, but simply because they are "the style." And so on through the whole list of fashions we shall find no better logic, no truer reasoning.

Love will Find a Way.—A couple, not one hundred miles from Manchester, carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old gentleman's cloak every day, and when the father went into the counting-house and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it, and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?

The following stanzas, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, were among the autograph contributions to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair:

Peace! Shall we ever hear that blissful sound,
And see the raging steeds of war unbound?
Our streams run blood, our fields are crimson mire,
Smoke hides the sun, the night is red with fire—
How long, O Lord, how long?

As one that sleeping moans, but knows not why,
Till at the last he wakes with sudden cry,
I, slumbering, wake to hear a nation's prayer
Piercing the death-chilled, sorrow-laden air—
How long, O Lord, how long?

Patience! The fire must burn the root of shame;
The tears of anguished souls must quench the flame;
God led His people to the promised shore
Through the long desert. We will ask no more.
How long, O Lord, how long?

FROM OUR FRENCH FILES.

THE French journals which reach us by the last steamer seem unusually full—sprightly as French journals usually are—of clever little stories and amusing gossip; so full that, assuming it to be no great harm to pirate in foreign waters we translate for the CALIFORNIAN's columns what strikes us as racy and good, confident our French friends will never miss it.

Louis Ulbach is one of the three mysterious *courriéristes* of the *Indépendance Belge*. He writes in that journal over the signature of "Phares," and his last *courrier* has a number of rather amusing *mots*. For instance (but first it will be necessary for the reader to know that in France at a fire it is customary for the bystanders to form a chain by joining hands, for the purpose of passing water and to prevent thieving)—he tells us that a thief having taken advantage of a fire to make himself a present of a watch, the Judge said to him at his trial, "You are doubly guilty; for you have stolen a watch, when you should have been making a chain!"

As the Judge condemned him to a chain, we suppose that in wearing it the thief atoned for his fault.

Ulbach also tells of a Mr. X——, a banker who was very hard on his customers in money matters, so much so that his name was proverbial through Paris. X—— was also fond of referring to the good old times, and never uttered three sentences without invoking the principles of '89. This caused one of his victims to remark: "Yes, he goes for the principles of 89—per cent."

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AN EASTER EGG WORTH HAVING.

Another writer in the Grand Journal in his *Chronique* says: We have been shown the lady who received the largest Easter Egg of the year; our *confrere* Henri de Pène circulates the story. There was on that day a grand dinner at the lady's. While it was in progress a large cart, drawn by two powerful horses entered the yard of the hotel, containing not an egg, but an enormous globe—a veritable machine— of extravagant dimensions, and having the shape of a gigantic egg. This ovoid, painted blue and ornamented with ribbons and gilding, had the following inscription in letters of gold: *Noli timare*. People thronged from all quarters and surrounded this mysterious egg, asking questions of the carman, but he knew nothing. At last, encouraged by the inscription, which said do not be afraid, they opened the egg. It contained a horse, a magnificent English saddle animal, all ready caparisoned for mounting, which began to paw and neigh as soon as he got fairly out of his elegant oval prison. The *connoisseurs* who happened to be there all united in estimating the value of this horse at the lowest figure as 15,000 francs.

We know of nothing more gallant than this present, unless it be the one which the Archduke Maximilian made to his sister-in-law, the Empress of Austria. He offered her the Island of Lacroma situated in the Adriatic close by Ragusa, the same island whereon Richard Cœur de Léon was imprisoned on his return from Palestine. The Empress will spend some time at Lacroma for the benefit of her health.

And since we are speaking of presents let us call attention to a paragraph, singular, to say the least, which appeared recently in the *Gazette de Vienne*, worded as follows: "His Imperial, Royal and Apostolic Majesty, by a decree dated March 10th, deigned to grant to the Imperial Royal *frotteur* [the man who waxes the floor of the Court] the Cross of Merit to reward him for the good services he has rendered through many long years." The cross of merit to a *frotteur!* Is the 10th of March by any chance the 1st of April with the Austrians?

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THE VERY ECSTASY OF LOVE.

If a Frenchman's love were as enduring as it generally is violent, the thing would be phenomenal. What would old Polonius have said to this story? A young man of family, enlisted as volunteer, and who had arrived at the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the French army, came from Africa to spend his furlough in Paris. He fell madly in love with a lady, (a little actress, the prettiest in the world, who, though young, has already acquired considerable notoriety,) and the young couple forgot in the sweetness of their honeymoon that the furlough of the young soldier had expired. One night it was necessary for the guards to go to the house of the enchantress and carry away the lover by main force, to make him join his regiment. He was immediately put in the cars, under an excellent escort; but, at one of the stations, opening the door and escaping from the guard, thanks to the darkness, he crosses on foot the forest of Senart, and after six hours' walk returns, worn out, muddy, and soaked through—the night was very stormy—to kiss once more the finger-tips of the beloved one. This accomplished, and comforted by his stirrup-kiss, he leaves her once more, this time of his own free will, and returns to his duty. "What is there about these women that makes one love them so?" asks the writer from whom we translate, and we fancy the shrug of his shoulder as he puts the question upon paper.

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A NEWER WAY STILL OF PAYING OLD DEBTS.

In these warm days the coolness of the hero of the following *histoirette* is decidedly refreshing: L——, a painter of talent, and a good liver, has creditors—so many that he pays none of them. Amongst the most importunate was his tailor. One morning the first clerk of this latter creditor knocked at the door.

"I come, sir, to ask you for money," said the clerk politely, but with the decided tone of one who means to have what he asks for; "my employer has heard that you received some money yesterday, and——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted L——, with perfect equanimity, "but if you have made up your mind to preach to me, I must tell you beforehand that however eloquent your sermon may be, it will be impossible for me to pay your bill to-day."

"Is that your final reply, sir?"

"You have said it."

"In that case, I must tell you, with great regret, that I am ordered not to leave here until you have given me the money."

"As you please, sir; take a seat."

The clerk sat down, and L——, opening the door, calls out to the *concierge:* "I am at home to nobody, only I wish you would come in to-night and take the letters you find on my desk to their addresses.

Then he shut his door, put the key in his pocket, sat down to his desk, wrote a lot of letters which he sealed with black, and then scribbled all over a large sheet of paper headed in large letters:

"THIS IS MY WILL."

The clerk followed all his movements and laughed to himself with that knowing air which seems to say: That is not very smart!

When L—— had done writing, he opened a large closet, got on a chair, and unwound a long roll of list of all colors. Now the tailor's curiosity began to be aroused.

"What now?" he thought to himself. "Has he an idea of making me his prisoner, and compelling me to make list shoes?"

L——, arming himself with a hammer, began to fasten the doors and windows with a seriousness which resembled sadness. This accomplished, he took a large bronze cup, from which he improvised a chafing dish; he filled it with coal and lit it.

"This is a farce," thought the clerk to himself; but this time he did not laugh.

L—— goes back to his desk, arranges his papers, and writes these words, which he sticks on the wall:

"ACCUSE NOBODY OF OUR DEATH."

At that moment, the tailor, who began to sneeze, either from fear or incipient asphyxia, got up and said to L——, who was stretched out on an arm chair, his eyes already closed: "Excuse me, sir, I get 1,800 francs a year for collecting bills and not for getting suffocated;" and he turned towards the door.

"It is too late," said L——, placing himself before him and over-topping him with his great height, "*our* determination is irrevocable!"

"*De grace*, sir, I am suffocating, let me out—either through the door or through the window!" cried the tailor.

L——, who had all he could do to keep from laughing, at last turned the key in the lock, the door was opened, and the bill and the clerk went down stairs four steps at a time, and L—— has never seen nor heard of either of them since.

—

TAKING NOTES.

The other night, while Mario was singing, or rather trying to sing, the *Barbier de Seville*, one of his best friends was seen industriously writing away in his memorandum book.

"What is X—— about?"

"He is taking notes of Mario."

"That, perhaps, is why Mario has so few left," said a wag.

—

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

Eugene Sue, in one of his romances, relates in this wise the interview of a priest with a *commis voyageur*—or travelling clerk—on the deck of a ship:

"Then you were present at the miserable end of this worthy bishop?"

"Alas, Sir Abbot, I was, like him, a prisoner to the savages."

The other—"What a pity, sir; he was such an estimable and generous prelate!"

The other—"And so sweet, so tender."

"I see that you fully appreciate him."

"Alas! Sir Abbot, I ate some of him."

—

REMOVING A DIFFICULTY.

The following pleasant story of life in the Marquesan Islands, very much like the above, we find in the *Grand Journal*. It purports to be told by a Catholic missionary who had long been resident there:

A native came to the missionary one day, accompanied by two wives, and announced an intention of having his union with them blessed by the Catholic priest.

"Two wives!" said the missionary, "but, my friend, our holy religion forbids polygamy."

The savage withdrew without breathing a word. Fifteen days after he returned, having only one wife on his arm, and reiterated his request.

"Have I not told you," said the missionary, "that there is an insurmountable obstacle?"

"But I have only one wife, my father."

"How is that?"

"I have eaten the other!"

HAYTIEN HORRORS.

WORSHIP OF THE GOD VEAUDOU—A YOUNG CHILD SACRIFICED AND EATEN BY NEGROES—EIGHT NEGROES CONCERNED IN THE CANNIBALISM.

OUR readers are probably aware that the prevalence of a terrible superstition among the negroes of Hayti has been unveiled by the discovery of the sacrifice of a child to one of their infernal deities. The mere fact of the crime has been told in the daily journals. In reproducing the particulars from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, we do not design to pander to the popular appetite for horror, but simply to illustrate the depth and degradation to which superstition can conduct the ignorant, even in a community which claims to be civilized, in this nineteenth century.

The accused, eight in number, were named Jeanne Pellé, Floréal Appollon, Guerrier François, Congo Pelleé, Julieu Nicolas, Néride François, Roséide Sumera, Beya Protspere. A judgment in the matter was rendered last month. The following is the act of accusation; we translate it almost literally in order to preserve its local color, form and style:

"Towards the middle of December last, Congo, the accused, in order to have his miserable position changed, applied to the god Veaudou, who, according to his tale, ordered him a human sacrifice. The foolish and wicked Congo told it to his sister, the accused Jeanne Pellé, who also believes herself in communication with infernal spirits.

"Claircine, daughter of Miss Claire, scarcely seven or eight years old, living with Jeanne, her aunt, was the one picked out by her uncle and aunt to be sacrificed.

"On Tuesday, the 27th of December, Jeanne, who lives at Bizoton, got up at 2 in the morning and got ready to go down to town, bringing her innocent niece to Congo, with whom she arranged everything. The child was to be spirited away during her absence, which was to last a few hours only.

"Therefore, before going down to town, the perfidious Jeanne went to her sister Claire's house, to induce her also to go to Port-au-Prince, no doubt to facilitate the abduction of Claircine. The poor mother, suspecting nothing, said it was too early, and that she would not go to town before daylight; she went, however, with Jeanne to the latter's house after a few things which she had left there the day before. On the way she saw Claircine seated with Congo (the sheep and the wolf) before the latter's door. She determined to take Claircine home on her way back, and to have her sleep there. In the meanwhile she went to Jeanne's house, who delivered up to her the things in question; but on her return the child was not in front of the door any more.

"She called her, but Congo answered: 'Claircine is abed inside.'

"What reasons could the mother have to fear for her child? Was he not her uncle?

"Towards 6 in the morning, on going to hang in the sun some wet clothes, Claire again saw the child, who this time was warming herself by the fire Congo had lighted; she heard him tell Claircine to go to Julien's. Suspecting nothing, Claire went back home and left for Port-au-Prince, as she intended. So the unfortunate Claireine started to go to Julien's by order of her uncle, but soon came back to tell Congo that she had lost her way, as though the unhappy child foresaw already her miserable fate.

"But the ferocious Congo, who had premeditated his crime in concert with the worthy Jeanne, knew that the accused, Floréal Guerrier and Beya, were all together expecting their prey at the house of Julien. He then sets out with Claireine, takes her to Julien's, and gives her up to the monsters, who tie her limbs; thence the victim is transported alive to Floréal, where she remains (her limbs still tied) in a mysterious place, commonly called "Humfort" by the adepts of the sect of Veaudou. The wife of Floréal, the accused Nereine, coming back from the river in the evening, saw the child in that state at her husband's, who entrusted her then with the secret.

"Claircine remained shut up for four days. During that time Congo and Jeanne, to put justice off the track and prevent suspicion, pretended to look for the child who, they said, had lost her way when going to Julien's. What a combination! All Bizoton heard of the disappearance of Claircine. To quiet the mother the perfidious Jeanne pretended that she had consulted a *papa*, named Digo, and that he had given her to hope that Claireine, though taken by a spirit, might some day be restored to her parents.

"Thinking that they had, by this clumsy fraud, deceived the vigilance of all, relying especially on the influence of the magic art, the scoundrels decide to consummate the sacrifice. They are about to murder the little girl, who, among her assassins will see her uncle and her aunt.

"The accused, Floréal, Jeanne, etc., belong to the ridiculous sect of the Veaudou; vagabonds without profession, ignorant, and, above all, wicked; they believe that without merit, without work, the manna is to fall from heaven into their mouths; they are meanly jealous of the good fortune of others.

"The cannibals—for we must at last call them by their name—the cannibals are at work. On Wednesday, 30th December, at 10 at night, the accused, Jeanne, the dreadful woman, the evil-doer, goes to Floréal's, her accomplice, where she finds the accused, Congo, Guerrier, etc. The child was taken by Congo and carried to Jeanne's house, where the accused Roséide kept herself against a table; she had been invited to the ceremony.

"There an atrocious crime, entirely unprecedented in our customs—a crime which would make the wolves themselves step back with fear—a savage crime was perpetrated.

"Jeanne strangled the poor child with her hands, whilst Floréal pressed her ribs and Guerrier held her feet. The child died in fearful convulsions, and her body was stretched out on the floor.

"Jeanne handed a knife to Floréal, who cuts off with one blow the head of the deceased, and this same Floréal skins the yet warm body; then, like wild dogs fighting over a piece of rotten flesh, they quarrel for the biggest share. Jeanne, Floréal and the rest precipitate themselves on the remains of the poor deceased and devour them; after this infernal repast the abominable guests go with the head of the young girl all covered over with blood to the house of Floréal, where it is boiled with yams.

"Néreine ate some and was taken with vomiting; Roséide ate some also and had an indigestion.

"The head is placed on an altar; Jeanne takes a small bell, rings, and orders a procession around the head.

"The cannibals, intoxicated with blood, begin a mysterious song; the ceremony over, the skin and the entrails of Claircine are interred not far from Floréal's house.

"Her blood and her pulverized bones are gathered in earthen vases and carefuly preserved.

"After having dined thus, the joyful guests, their hands soiled with innocent blood—blood which God would not allow Abraham to shed on a holy altar—the guests gaily separated, appointing to meet again on King's day, when another young girl was to be sacrificed, Losama, who was found at Floréal's, and whom Néreine had stolen on the highway leading to Léogane."

The eight cannibals have owned to the facts that were alleged against them with a calm and composure which added to the horror of their crime. They appeared to have full faith in their abominable superstition.

The jury of Port-au-Prince have returned a verdict in the affirmative on all the points of accusation. The tribunal has in consequence sentenced to death the eight culprits, and ordered that their execution should take place on the square of the exterior cemetery.

THE NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company Directors have completed a contract with Glass, Elliot & Co., of London, England, to manufacture the improved cable, unanimously recommended by the Scientific Committee, and arrangements have been made to lay the same in the summer of 1865. The conductor of this consists of a copper strand of seven wires, (six laid around one) each wire gauging 0.144 of an inch, and the centre strand 0.144 of an inch, and weighing 300 lbs. per nautical mile, embedded, for solidity, in Chatterton's compound. The conductor of the old cable of 1858 consisted of six wires laid around one, being about half the gauge of the new one, and weighing only 107 lbs. to the nautical mile. The insulator of the new cable is to consist of gutta percha, in four layers, between each of which is to be a thin layer of Chatterton's compound, making the diameter of the core 0.464 of an inch, weighing 400 lbs. per nautical mile. The insulator of the old cable was formed of three layers and weighed 261 lbs. per nautical mile. The external protection of the new cable is in two parts: first, the core is surrounded with a padding of soft jute yarn, saturated with a preservative mixture; next this padding is the protective covering, which consists of ten solid wires of the gauge of 0.095 of an inch, drawn from homogeneous iron, each wire being surrounded separately with five strands of Manila yarn. The whole of the ten strands thus formed of the hemp and iron are to be laid spirally around the padded core. The external protection of the cable laid in 1858, it will be remembered, consisted of eighteen strands of charcoal iron wire (each strand composed of seven small wires) laid spirally round the core, which latter was previously padded with hemp saturated with tar mixture. Each strand was of No. 14 gauge, and entirely unprotected from the action of the sea-water. The weight of the new cable is to be 35¾ cwt. per mile, while that of the old one was 20 cwt. The breaking strain of the new cable is 7¾ tons; of the old cable, 3¼ tons. The strength of the new cable is to be equal to 4.64 times its own vertical weight in the deepest water, (2,400 fathoms,) while that of the old cable was only 2.05 times the strength requisite for the deepest water.

A COUNTRY PAPER, under the head of "Life in San Francisco," says: "No less than six distinct cases of stabbing occurred there lately in one week, one or two probably fatal." Most people would call this death in San Francisco.

A LOVE SONG.

COME from your long, long roving
On the sea so wild and rough;
Come to me, tender and loving,
And I shall be blest enough.

Of man though you be unforgiven,
Though saint be unable to shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I care not, I ask not, my darling,
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely—
Poor and despised though you be;
All are nothing, *nothing*, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.

AMERICAN NUPTIALS IN PARIS.

A private letter from a gentleman resident in Paris just received from Paris, furnishes the following items of news, or rather of *noces*, from which it will be seen that though Paris may be the city to which good Americans are transported after death, it certainly is not that blessed place in which there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It appears that a Confederate young lady has become a convert to decided union principles, and that a neat little question of international law is involved in even so simple a thing as a wedding. It will also be seen that a shipment of legs is going on to the South, which looks as though it is apprehended that there will soon be a need for them there:

Miss Mary Davis, a young and beautiful Californian, has just been married to George Bucknell, one of my old Latin Quarter friends. The bride is much admired here and also in Germany, where she received numerous offers of marriage—from princes all the way down to commoners; but like a true American girl she stuck to her first love. She is a granddaughter of Capt. Lount, of Napa Valley, and a step-daughter of Eugene Sullivan, Esq., of your city.

Another marriage has also just been celebrated here, which created no little sensation, from the fact of its having been the first ceremony of the kind performed here between citizens of the Confederate States, under the sanction of Mr. Slidell. The bridegroom was Dr. Thomas Pratt, of the Confederate army, (twice a prisoner of war,) and the fair bride a daughter of the famous Doctor Sims, of Alabama, (not Capt. Semmes, of the *Alabama*,) who has had such a brilliant professional success here. There were several army and navy officers of the C. S. A. present, and they as well as the bridegroom wore their Confederate uniforms. As a matter of course, Secessia came out strong. * * * * * Three hours after the ceremony the bridegroom bade adieu to the disconsolate bride, and sailed for the South in the hope of running the blockade into Texas and joining his regiment. He was accompanied by several Confederate officers. Among them was young Magruder, a nephew of the General, (whose family, by the way, is still in Paris,) and Dr. Derby, the young surgeon who amputated General Hood's leg at Chickamauga, and re-sected his elbow at Gettysburg. He carried with him artificial legs for Hood, Ewell, and several other officers in the Confederate army.

This marriage has created much discussion here, many persons insisting that it is illegal; arguing that as Mr. Slidell and the government which he represents have not been recognized by France he has no right nor power to legalize marriages on foreign soil. This is international law at all events. The religious ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Forbes, of the English Church. Altogether it has attracted more attention than any marriage which has taken place here for a long time.

DRAMATIC MENTION.

Miss Richings made her *début* at Maguire's Opera House, on Monday night, in that strange musical *olla podrida*, *The Enchantress*. The house was well filled, and the *débutante* received that greeting which appreciative audiences, all the world over, accord to talent associated with taste. Perhaps the heartiest testimonial of appreciation which Miss Richings received on Monday night, more decided even than the clapping of hands which the enthusiasts in the dress circle and parquet venture, or the cat-calls in which the boys in the gallery indulge when pleased, was the one fact that the majority of the audience sat a piece through which began at 8 o'clock in the evening and did not close until half-past 12 the next morning. And here a word: does not Mr. Maguire, in this one respect, give us too much for our money? Is not the brevity of human life lost sight of to a guilty degree in such pieces as *The Enchantress*?

The piece was well put upon the stage—capitally. There was new scenery, and there were new costumes and new trap-doors, and everything that could go to ensure a success. The number of supernumeraries that were marshalled together to give pastoral or martial effect to the situations was positively overwhelming. Had the *débutante* not made such a decided success, all these accessories would have attracted critical attention, and furnished the daily papers something to write about; but as it was, interest mainly centered in Miss Richings. As a person she is pleasing, possessed of a dignified presence and magnificent hair and eyes. As an artist she is excellent; her voice is rich and under careful cultivation, though somewhat lacking in metallic quality. In her trills she reminds one of an aviary of canary birds in full twitter. As an actress Miss Richings has self-possession without forwardness, and a pleasant grace of manner which never lapses into affectation; she is easy and natural, and we would welcome her to these shores on this latter account if on no other. Her father, Peter Richings, a gentleman long known to the stage—and the acquaintance is mutual—played the part of "Rauir." (*Apropos* of Mr. Richings, if he can be made to play "Sir Peter Teazle" it will prove a card.) Mlle. Acosta and her masculine supporter, Wiethoff, danced, and, altogether, the entire performance went off merrily and well. *The Enchantress* has kept the boards ever since, and will be repeated nightly until further notice. This afternoon the *Marble Heart* is the attraction.

At the Metropolitan, last Saturday evening, the sale of the Sanitary flour did not go off so briskly as had been anticipated. And we know not why; for certainly there are enough dough-faces in town to ensure, one would think, a favorable reception for flour. Perhaps it was because such a perfect Fourth of July had been kept up over the sack in other and smaller towns, and San Francisco was loth to follow the lead. It is a mighty touchy town, for its size, this San Francisco of ours! Or it may be that purse-strings have already been tugged at so persistently by those who hold the purse-strings of the Sanitary Fund, that San Franciscans scarcely felt like coming down with the dough, even when the flour was offered them, especially in times when stocks are drooping and twenty dollar pieces are rapidly coming to look as large as cart-wheels. But be the reason what it may, certain it is that the sack of flour did not bring much more than a tenth of the sum that was predicted for it. (And, by the way, this is as good a place as any other in which to acknowledge the receipt of photographs of the flour and the gentleman whom we suppose to be the miller, from the artist, George H. Johnston.) A warrant for military services, donated by Strattman—the warrant was for services rendered by him as Major at the Camp of Instruction—calling for $62, was sold and re-sold several times for its par value in gold, the first buyer being W. B. Farwell. Each buyer donated it again for sale; no one would have dared to keep it if inclined; and so the thing went on until quite a neat little sum was raised from the proceeds.

The *Outcasts*, a dramatization from Miss Braddon's novel of that name, dramatized by poor Cranshaw, who gloomily found the dark portals of a suicide's grave, was produced at the Metropolitan on Monday night. So there was a sensation at both houses—for the *Outcasts* is to the full as sensational a piece as *The Enchantress*. We shall no more attempt to initiate the reader into the mysteries of the plot than we would attempt to explain to him a Chinese puzzle. And this for two reasons: In the first place, we would not deprive them of the pleasure they will have in attempting to unravel it; and in the second place, we could not explain it even if ever so much inclined—perhaps this latter reason ought to have been given first. Everybody in the course of the play kills somebody, and nobody is happy; and towards its conclusion a man is drowned. Those of the people who are not married want to be married, and those who are married evince a strange anxiety to get rid of their wives. So that in this one particular, at least, the play is very much like real life, and pointedly illustrates the truth of the old poet's lines—

> Marriage is a rabble rout;
> Those who are out would be in,
> And those who are in would fain be out.

The leading parts are taken by Allen and Courtaine, Mrs. Jordan playing the pretty daughter of one of the parties, that either kills or gets killed—we forget which—very prettily. The *Outcasts* is about as good a representative of the sensational drama as one could ask to witness. Those who desire to see it have but one chance more—this afternoon—when a performance will be given for ladies and children; thereafter the *Outcasts* will be cast out and the brand swept from society and the bills.

The Metropolitan had a New Idea on Wednesday night, and it filled the house.

To-night the benefit of Washington Hose Company No. 1 comes off at the Metropolitan, on which occasion Ghioni has been secured and will sing. Mrs. Judah, Frank Lawlor, Joe Murphy and Master Farron have volunteered their services; so that with the regular company too, a good performance may be expected. The *Little Treasure*, and the farce of *Kiss Your Father*—a farce indeed if one's uncle has a pretty daughter—constitute the bill. On Monday night, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin appear; and this closes our Metropolitan mention.

Paul Julien, the violinist, a *protégé* of Sontag's, and brought up by her, has arrived, and will soon give a concert. He is said to be an excellent violinist.

BRIEF MENTION.

Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, has written a *History of the Administration of President Lincoln*, including his Speeches, Addresses, Letters, Messages, and Proclamations, with a Preliminary Sketch of his Life. It is to be published by Derby & Miller.

A Defence of Green, the Malden Postmaster, is in press. It is understood that the plea rests on the private life of the person in question.

Artemus Ward contemplates accepting a proposition to go to England. His new book, giving an account of his travels and adventures in California, Nevada, Utah, etc., will soon be completed.

Simmons, the conjurer, who did *not* achieve a brilliant success in this city, is at the Broadway Theatre, in New York. He announces himself as the "Autocrat of the Realm of Music," and the "Basilcontbaumaturgist of the nineteenth century." His principal feat consists of producing blood-red writing on the arm.

It is said that the future Empress of Mexico has just turned author, and issued privately, *Souvenirs de Voyage a bord de la Fantasie*, and *Un Hiver dans l'Isle de Madère*."

At last accounts, Miss M. E. Braddon was engaged upon a new "sensation" novel, which was to appear early in May. Its title had not been made public.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow has in contemplation, it is said, a *Life of the late Rev. Thomas Starr King*.

The fourth series of Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, which will be devoted to the history of Christ and his precursor, John the Baptist, as represented in Christian Art, has been completed by Lady Eastlake, the wife of the President of the Royal Academy. It will soon be published in two volumes, with numerous etchings and wood cuts.

Novelists abroad are having their attention turned to American habits by the prominence which American affairs have of late assumed in the world. The following occurs in a list of recent publications: *Ein Urtheilsspruch Washingtons. Historischer Roman von Julius Backer. Zwei Bande.* Jena: 1864. The subject is the conspiracy of Arnold and the adventures and capture of André, developed in a variety of incidents which are as ridiculous as they are false.

The lady or gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Holme Lee" will soon publish what would seem like a volume of miscellaneous writings, under the title of *The Silver Age: Essaykins*.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—A change has taken place in the importing and wholesale liquor house formerly known as H. Webster & Co., the interest of Mr. Webster having been purchased by the other partners, who continue the business under the name and style of Nudd, Stanley & Co. With the exception of Mr. Webster's retirement, the new firm is made up of the same members who constituted the old.

THE Pacific Insurance Company has levied an assessment calling in in the whole of the subscribed capital, $750,000. Forty per cent. has already been paid in. Of the new call thirty per cent is to be paid in on the 1st of June, and thirty per cent. on the 1st of July

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

When it was promulgated that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the unthinking, or those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scouted the assertion as chimerical, and adduced strong evidence of its utter impossibility. Long articles, replete with arguments, seemingly unanswerable, of the position that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the accumulation of the poisons which constitute disease. A great cry went up from the interested in the continued supremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another, that electricity, as a curative agent, had been tried and proved to be of but little if any value—thinking, poor souls, the world of science stood at the same point it occupied one hundred years ago. That were wrong, while those old fogies were content if they cured one in every five patients, there were those who were diving into the science of electricity, and finally it was discovered that the trouble was in the instruments used. From that time to the present improvements have rapidly advanced, until every disease in the catalogue of human ills have been either cured altogether or checked so as to enable the sufferer to seek those changes of climate which ultimately perform a perfect cure. Diseases hitherto considered incurable have been cured, and those diseases which took months, and even years, to cure by medical process, are now cured in a few weeks; and all by the *Improved Instruments* of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street, San Francisco. It is astonishing to see the number of patients and diversity of diseases that have been relieved by the electropathic system. From early morn till late at night his instrument is engaged imparting strength and health to all who have the good fortune to obtain his services.

The charges, too, are not as heavy as by the old system; besides there is no medicine to pay for, let alone the unpleasantness of swallowing the nauseous stuff. During the time the Institute has been in operation there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism. None have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except known empirics) permanently. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropathic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases fully as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results.

Connected with this system are the renowned Electro-Magnetic Baths. Here let us caution the public against the numerous impostors in the bathing line. The pure magnetic bath is one of the most effective aids in the removal of disease from the system; but if given at the wrong time is likely to aggravate trouble, and cases have been known where the patient has been injured so badly as to require months to remove the injury. Persons in quest of this bath should be careful and not apply to a place where there is no physician to judge of the necessity of the remedy. In fact, the only place where they can be obtained, in all their purity, is at the Institute, where the Resident Physician will always be happy to examine and see that they are not unseasonably administered, and if not necessary, advise the requisite remedy.

To FEMALES, the Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful diseases to which you are liable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience; should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipients feel buoyant and youthful where before they were languid and unable to enjoy the pleasures of life. One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freckled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

To the nervous the Directors would say, that you can be entirely removed from those dreadful feelings of evil forebodings, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life. Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. The Directors, in issuing this pamphlet, do it in the hope that it may be the means of awakening the public who have not studied into such things, to a sense of their duties, and if possible prevent those who have the care of a rising generation from poisoning their young charges with vile drugs, thereby entailing upon them troubles which, after life, may cause them to curse the origin. Also, that those in need of remedial agents may know where they can find them without resorting to taking the thousand-and-one poisonous nostrums that are continually being palmed off as sovereign panaceas for all the ills of humanity. Avoid them all—they are snares set to rob you, and do you bodily injury at the same time.

The Electropathic Institute was started amid the cry of interested charlatans, who used all the power their riches and the prejudices of the public gave them to prevent its success. It has risen to a position that is beyond their baffled malice, and will be honored in the scientific world when they are forgotten, or only remembered for their crimes and impositions. A thinking public are fast consigning them to that oblivion their works merit. Let them go, they will not be missed.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature, that it can only be studied by its results. We know by its action it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body from the centre to the surface, by its energy, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poisons from returning to the hitherto diseased parts—and here let it be understood, that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface—except, perhaps, in cases of cold where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial disease is peculiar. The best authorities are of opinion that it liquifies the mercury—which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro-Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water, the patient is not troubled any more with those pains peculiar to the diseases. In all other cases it forces to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a *luxury*—there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it; but the reverse is the case—being one continued pleasure all the time. Try it you that are suffering either from disease or the injudicious use of poisonous drugs, and you will be made to rejoice that you have had the courage to strike out from the beaten path.

Below are a few certificates from patients that have been cured at the Institute:

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

San Francisco, April 18th, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been under the treatment of Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, and that he has cured me. My disease was mercurial, accompanied with chills. I applied to him on the 11th day of this month. I recommend all afflicted to employ him. He has cured me without medicine, by the use of his Electropathic Instrument. JOHN CALLAGHAN.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

The undersigned takes this method of acknowledging publicly the benefits he received from the treatment applied to him at the Electropathic Institute while, suffering under a terrible infliction.

This is to certify that I have been under Electropathic treatment at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street. When I applied to Dr. Josselyn I was cramped up with rheumatism, and also had the coast ague. So bad was I that, without relief. I don't think I could have lived more than one week. The Doctor, with his instrument relieved me the first treatment from all pain, and perfectly cured me of all disease in twenty treatments, without the use of medicines. I cordially recommend all afflicted to patronize the Institute, for it is truly a blessing to the afflicted, and the operation is very pleasant. I wish to publicly thank Dr. Josselyn for his care and sympathy. JOSEPH SEGER, of Bolinas Bay.

September 19, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, A.D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

Sacramento, October 19th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear and Honored Sir:—You requested me to let you know how I felt after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble. My sleep is sound, and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad habits had weakened my system. Not only is the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble is gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' standing, I think your system almost miraculous. Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this, if you please. I have sworn to it, as you see.

C. BOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, A.D. 1860. CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

Hornitos, November 1st, 1860.

Well, Doctor, I am at home and have been to work in the water for several days, and there is no return of the Rheumatism, as I call it; and Mercurial pains, as you stated them to be. I feel as gay as a lark, no pain or bad feelings, no stiffness, but perfectly well, and all done by you in three weeks, without one drop of medicine. You had hard work to make me believe before you commenced, that you would cure me, but now I find it very easy to believe. Although my friends look rather incredulous, they cannot doubt my sober earnestness. Doctor, you have my thanks, and I will benefit you all I can, by spreading your fame up in these parts. Respectfully yours,

GEO. PERKINS, JR.

To J. M. Josselyn, M.D., Resident Physician, at the Electropathic Institute.

Nevada, November. 8th, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival, I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicine I have swallowed to no purpose, and then to think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicine; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid Instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.

Yours, till death,
FRANCIS GARLAND,

To J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician Electropathic Institute.

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

Yreka, November 10th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear Sir: Your letter dated October 16th is before me. You wish to know how my bronchial troubles are. Now, Doctor, that looks a great deal like a joke. I once had such an affection, of several years' standing, but thanks to your natural mode of treating disease, it has gone to be numbered with the things of the past. Since my return I have not felt the slightest trouble from it. When you pronounced me well I did not expect to ever hear from it again. Any one who sits under treatment of that *Improved Instrument* of yours will have the same feelings. It imparts vitality to the system so rapidly that confidence is at once established. I have to thank you that you did not refuse to treat me because I could not pay you the whole of your reasonable charge; enclosed is the balance due you, and God bless you for the kind treatment I received at your hands.

Yours, ever grateful, WM. GARDNER.

State of California, County of Siskiyou—ss.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of November, A. D. 1860.

B. F. WELLITS, Notary Public.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was troubled with dumb ague, accompanied with rheumatism, very badly. My disease was taken in Washoe. After having exhausted medicines without benefit I applied to Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, on the first day of November. After taking twenty treatments with his Improved Electropathic Instrument, I am perfectly cured, having been entirely relieved of all pain or inconvenience I feel as strong as I ever did when in the best of health. I cheerfully recommend all afflicted to his care, as being the best physician I ever became acquainted with. One great advantage, he uses no medicines, but cures by a process which is perfectly natural. The time occupied in my case was thirteen days. D. O. HARRA.

November 14th, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Personally appeared before me, D. O. Harra, and subscribed and sworn to the above certificate, on this 14th day of November, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

San Francisco, August 31, 1861.

To the Directors and Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute: Sirs—You requested of me a certificate of the cure you performed in my case. Below I append it:

This is to certify that I was troubled with a swelling which commenced in my ankles, and gradually extended upward until it affected my whole body. I sought the best medical aid in New York and Boston, and they all pronounced it dropsy. Hoping to retrieve my health I visited California in February last. I consulted the Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, and now, after five months of treatment, and waiting to see its effects, I am pronounced well by competent judges. It did not take but three months of treatment to cure me, but I waited to see that it did not return. I feel perfectly assured, from what I saw while under treatment, that Electricity, as applied at this Institute, will cure any disease to which the human family is liable.

Now, gentlemen, you can make what use you please of this certificate. With my thanks to the Resident Physician for his kind attention, I subscribe myself,

Your thankful patient,
MRS. C. A. CARLTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The advantages of electricity as a remedial agent are universally admitted by the medical and scientific world. It requires, however, experienced skill to apply this remedy efficiently, and this skill of application is possessed in an eminent degree by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, of the San Francisco Electropathic Institute. The Doctor is well known to us as a scientific gentleman, and an ardent devotee to his profession. He is no pretender, but has conferred incalculable benefit to those who were so fortunate as to seek relief at his hands. For those who desire speedy and permanent relief from the rheumatic pains so prevalent in this region, we can recommend no surer remedy than a visit to Dr. Josselyn, at his rooms in San Francisco, No. 645 Washington street.—*Placerville Republican.*

ARE YOU SICK?—We wish to say a word to those that are sick. We have in this city an institution known as the Electropathic Institute, situated at 645 Washington street. The establishment is under the care of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, a physician who has no superior in the city. He has been in charge of the Electropathic Institute for several years, and has been uniformly successful in his treatment of the numerous patients that have placed themselves under his charge. The electric treatment will cure many diseases that cannot be reached by any other mode. Dr. Josselyn gives his personal attention to all of his patients, and is always ready to give advice to those that may call upon him. His charges are very moderate; and we cannot do the sick a greater favor than to recommend them to call on him before placing themselves in charge of another.—*San Francisco Daily Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Josselyn's Electropathic Institute. Voluntarily and unsolicited, we make the following statement, proving its great beneficial effects, particularly in rheumatic cases. Some months since we were on an editorial trip, visiting the mountains. The stage upset and landed all the passengers including the writer, below in the valley, where the Deer Creek overflowed by receiving the additional material, extraneous to its usual contents. For some hours exposed in our wet clothes to night wind and weather, we soon felt the effects of the accident, in the mountains—pains in the back, hip, and legs; so much so that for weeks we hardly could walk. Treatments of all kinds were applied, but without avail, until our attention was called to the Electro-Galvanic Baths and appliances of the above Institute. Thank God, after two weeks, we have been fully restored, and enjoy now the free use of our limbs and body, as fully as previous to our involuntary bath in Deer Creek.—DR. H. BIEN, Ed. *True Pacific Messenger.*

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J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician.

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Tho Personal Liability of Stockbolders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Company :

Louis McLean,	Lloyd Tevis,
W. C. Ralston,	H. F. Teschemacher,
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Wm. M. Lent,	A. L. Tubbs,
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J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176
Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warrantod. All are iuvited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos enternd for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says : "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement hy the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constaut supply of the above superior instruments can ho found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workmnn, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST
—AND—
BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,
And everything to he found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.
One Door above Montgomery street. my28

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are hnrefooted :
GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!
No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS
We will dispose of nur IMMENSE STOCK
AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and nrriving, upwards of
$150,000 WORTH
OF
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
Which we aro determined to give tbe public, nnd all our customers, for cash,
25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,
Suitable for House Sboes, Regardless of any Cost,
ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit n call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,
PIONEER SHOE STORE,
Corner Washington and Kearny streets.
my28

WM. SHEW'S *PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY!*

☞IS NOT REMOVED !☜

As many persons have erroneously supposed, hut remains at the same place where it has heen all the time for tbe last eight years,

NO. 423 MONTGOMERY STREET,

And is the hest place in the world to obtain a good likeness and a durahle picture. my28

REMOVAL.

J. K. PRIOR,
Importer and Dealer in
GAS FIXTURES AND PLUMBING MATERIALS,

Has removed to 730 MONTGOMERY STREET, near Jackson, opposite Metropolitan Tbeatre. Just received, an extensive assortment of plain and ornamental Gas Fixtures, of entire new patterns. Being constantly in receipt of new goods hy every steamer, the attention of thn public is invited.

FOR SALE :

IRON PIPE,	LEAD PIPE,
SHEET LEAD,	SHEET ZINC,

As low as any importing house in tho State. my28

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Giscours, several extremely finn

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining nur stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fino pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
my28 San Francisco.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.—First Premium,

Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesnln and Retail.
my28 44 Loidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

By reading the annexed notices, the reader will see what the press of the city and State says of the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. We reprint all the notices that have yet reached us, the good and the bad—there is a mild-flavored joke in this, for they are all good—precisely as they appear in the originals. It is the more common custom to extract a line or two, and thus from a criticism which is perhaps on the whole uncomplimentary cull a sentence or two of passable praise. But we prefer to give these notices—especially the one with which the *Bulletin* favored us—in full, in their whole length and breadth.

It will be seen that the sprightly little *Call* speaks as critically as it does warmly; the *Alta* says something, and would have said more had not the smallness of the sheet whereon it is published cramped it for room. The *Press* says a good deal in a paragraph; the *Echo* devotes a third of a column, and speaks so warmly in praise that the reader can imagine us blushing—if imagination can go so far. The *Franco-American* sees the *Echo*, but it is impossible to go it any better. The weeklies, too, which might have been pardoned for considering the CALIFORNIAN as a "hated rival," and passing it by with a cold shrug of the shoulder, pat us encouragingly on the back—a little patronizingly, but it is meant in kindness. The *Spirit of the Times* is especially warm in its notice, and the *Sunday Mercury* did us a courtesy in the outset which it might very well have refused. The *Monitor* gave us a paragraph; and this exhausts, we believe, the city list.

From the interior, so far as heard from, we have received the same appreciative reception—a subdued egotism looks out in that word appreciative. Sacramento had something to say, and says it. The *Star* shines on us; the *Bee* doesn't betray the shadow even of a sting; the *Union*, never gushing, speaks with critical calmness, and its words all have weight from that very fact. It warns us against not permitting San Francisco to occupy too much space in our columns, and we promise not to fall into that fatal error. We also promise not to give too much space to Sacramento. Both these large and growing cities shall occupy about the same place in our columns that they do in the State at large. Marysville follows suit. The *Express* and *Appeal* both compliment the paper highly, and give their best wishes for its success. So far so good. The press having met us thus kindly, it only remains for the people to be equally appreciative in order to bring to the CALIFORNIAN that substantial success without which every paper, no matter what its merit may be, must be written down as a practical failure. Our agents in the interior towns write that it pleases. We have only to add that the subscription book is always open.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address, and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakespeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 729 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table;* which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALILORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFONIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFONIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of this new literary weekly is on our table. It presents a beautiful typographical appearance, and we may safely say is the neatest printed paper in California. C. H. Webb, who has gained a local literary reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," is its editor. The CALIFORNIAN promises to be a popular and successful publication, and we add our quota of recommendation most cheerfully to this end.—*Marysville Appeal, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,

my28 Proprietors

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month, served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,

Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,

728 Montgomery street.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

GRAND RE-OPENING

OF THIS BEAUTIFUL

TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA!

WHICH HAS BEEN ENTIRELY

RENOVATED AND RE-EMBELLISHED

SATURDAY AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE,

THE MARBLE HEART,

Cast with the full strength of the DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Operatic Season!

SATURDAY EVENING, - - - - JUNE 4TH,

And every night until further notice, Balfe's Magnificent Operatic Romance of

THE ENCHANTRESS!

Sixth Night of

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

As "Stella;" and

MR. PETER RICHINGS,

As "Raiur;" assisted by

Messrs. FRANK MAYO,
C. R. THORN,
WM. O'NEIL,
W. BARRY,
D. C. ANDERSON,
W. STEVENSON,
H. CLIFTON,

And the Dramatic Company. In order to give effect to the Gorgeous Ballet, MLLE. C. ACOSTA and MONS H. WIETHOFF, together with an entire Corps de Ballet, have been engaged.

ALSO—An Enlarged Orchestra and an auxiliary force of nearly ONE HUNDRED PERSONS. my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,

je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of H. WEBSTER & CO., have been dissolved by mutual consent.

H. WEBSTER,
A. D. NUDD,
S. L. STANLEY,
C. S. LORD.

NUDD, STANLEY & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale

LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

No. 410 FRONT STREET,

Successors to

H. WEBSTER & CO.,

Having purchased the entire interest of H. Webster, in the house of H. WEBSTER & Co., the undersigned will continue the business under the name and style.

ASA D. NUDD,
SAM'L L. STANLEY,
CHAS. S. LORD.

San Francisco, June 1st, 1864. je4

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,

DENTIST,

No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS,

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

je4 San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

MANAGERS - - - - - B. C. MARSH, J. H. ALLEN.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

COMMENCING AT 2 O'CLOCK:

THE OUTCASTS!

MR. J. H. ALLEN, HARRY COURTAINE,
MRS. EMILY JORDAN, MISS FRANCES R. GASS.

In the principal characters

AT NIGHT:

BENEFIT OF WASHINGTON HOSE CO., No. 1.

SIGNORA GHIONI, MRS. JUDAH,
FRANK LAWLOR, JOE MURPHY.

Volunteers will appear, together with the full Dramatic Company.

MONDAY NIGHT,

MR. AND MRS. IRWIN,

— IN —

THE SPY OF THE POTOMAC!

PRICES—$1 00, 50 cents, and 25 cents.

OPPOSITION STEAMER DAY,

JUNE 23D.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMSHIP

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. L. BLETHEN - - - - - - - Commander,

Will be dispatched for Panama,

ON THURSDAY - - - - - - JUNE 23D,

From Mission street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

Connecting at Aspinwall, via Panama Railroad, with the magnificent new Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ The GOLDEN RULE is the largest, fastest, and and most elegant steamship on the Atlantic Ocean.

For information or passage, apply to

I. K. ROBERTS, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

je4 Up stairs, San Francisco.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,

Together with a complete assortment of

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,

Between Sacramento and California streets.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,

my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus:

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

In pursuance of a Resolution of the Board of Supervisors, the citizens of San Francisco are respectfully invited to assemble at the Chambers of the Board, in the City Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING, June 7th, at eight o'clock, to make the necessary arrangements for the proper celebration of the ensuing Anniversary of our National Independence.

The Military, Fire Department, Masonic and Odd Fellows' Fraternities, and all other associations or organizations desiring to participate, are invited to be present.

A. H. TITCOMB,
H. L. KING,
G. W. BELL,

Committee of the Board of Supervisors.

San Francisco, May 31 1864 je4

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 11, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance / 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier

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MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEIGHBORHOODS I HAVE MOVED FROM.

BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

NUMBER THREE.

SOON after I had moved into Happy Valley I was struck with the remarkable infelicity of its title. Generous as Californians are in the use of adjectives this passed into the domain of irony. But I was inclined to think it sincere—the production of a weak but gushing mind, just as the feminine nomenclature of streets in the vicinity was evidently bestowed by one in habitual communion with "Friendship's Gifts" and "Affection's Offerings."

Our house on Laura Matilda street looked somewhat like a toy Swiss Cottage—a style of architecture so prevalent, that in walking down the block it was quite difficult to resist an impression of fresh glue and pine shavings. The few shade trees might have belonged originally to those oval Christmas-boxes which contain toy villages; and even the people who sat by the windows had a stiffness that made them appear surprisingly unreal and artificial. A little dog belonging to a neighbor was known to the members of my household by the name of "Glass" from the general suggestion he gave of having been spun of that article. Perhaps I have somewhat exaggerated these illustrations of the dapper nicety of our neighborhood—a neatness and conciseness which I think has a general tendency to belittle, dwarf and contract their objects. For we gradually fell into small ways and narrow ideas, and to some extent squared the round world outside to the correct angles of Laura Matilda street.

One reason for this insincere quality may have been the fact that the very foundations of our neighborhood were artificial. Laura Matilda street was "made ground." The land not yet quite reclaimed was continually struggling with its old enemy. We had not been long in our new home before we found an older tenant, not yet wholly divested of his rights, who sometimes showed himself in clammy perspiration on the basement walls, whose damp breath chilled our dining-room, and in the night struck a mortal chilliness through the house. There were no patent fastenings that could keep him out—no writ of unlawful detainer that could eject him. In the winter his presence was quite palpable; he sapped the roots of the trees, he gurgled under the kitchen floor, he wrought an unwholesome greenness on the side of the verandah. In summer he became invisible, but still exercised a familiar influence over the locality. He planted little stitches in the small of the back, sought out old aches and weak joints, and sportively punched the tenants of the Swiss cottages under the ribs. He inveigled little children to play with him, but his plays generally ended in scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough and measles. He sometimes followed strong men about until they sickened suddenly and took to their beds. But he kept the garden-plants in good order, and was very fond of verdure, bestowing it even upon lath and plaster and soulless stone. He was generally invisible, as I have said; but some time after his grey wings over the valley, like some fabulous vampyre, I had moved, I saw him one morning from the hill, stretching who had spent the night sucking the wholesome juices of the sleepers below, and was sluggish from the effects of his repast. It was then that I recognized him as Malaria, and knew his abode to be the dread Valley of the Shadow of Miasma—miscalled Happy Valley!

On week days there was a pleasant hum of boiler-making from the foundries, and the gas works in the vicinity sometimes lent a mild perfume to the breeze. Our street was usually quiet, however—a foot-fall being sufficient to draw the inhabitants to their front windows, and to oblige an incautious trespasser to run the gauntlet of batteries of blue and black eyes on either side of the way. A carriage passing through it communicated a singular thrill to the floors, and caused the china on the dining-table to rattle. Although we were comparatively free from the prevailing winds, wandering gusts sometimes got bewildered and strayed unconsciously into our street, and finding an unencumbered field, incontinently set up a shriek of joy and went gleefully to work on the clothes-lines and chimney-pots and had a good time generally until they were quite exhausted. I have a very vivid picture in my memory of an organ-grinder who was at one time blown into one end of our street, and actually blown through it in spite of several ineffectual efforts to come to a stand before the different dwellings, but who was finally whirled out of the other extremity, still playing and vainly endeavoring to pursue his unhallowed calling. But these were note-worthy exceptions to the calm and even tenor of our life.

There was contiguity but not much sociability in our neighborhood. From my bed-room window I could plainly distinguish the peculiar kind of victual spread on my neighbor's dining table; while, on the other hand, he obtained an equally uninterrupted view of the mysteries of my toilette. Still that "low vice, curiosity," was regulated by certain laws, and a kind of rude chivalry invested our observations. A pretty girl whose bed-room window was the cynosure of neighboring eyes, was once brought under the focus of an opera glass in the hands of one of our ingenious youth; but this act met such prompt and universal condemnation as an unmanly advantage, from the lips of married men and bachelors who didn't own opera glasses, that it was never repeated.

With this brief sketch I conclude my record of the neighborhoods I have moved from. I have moved from many others since then, but they have generally presented features not dissimilar to the three I have endeavored to describe in these pages. I offer them as types containing the salient peculiarities of all. Let no inconsiderate reader rashly move on account of them. My experience has not been cheaply bought. From the nettle Change I have tried pluck the flower Security. Draymen have grown rich at my expense. House-agents have known me and were glad, and landlords have risen up to meet me from afar. The force of habit impels me still to consult all the bills I see in the streets, nor can the war telegrams divert my first attention from the advertising columns of the daily papers. I repeat, let no man think I have disclosed the weaknesses of the neighborhood, nor rashly open that closet which contains his secret skeleton of his dwelling. My carpets have been altered to fit all sized and shaped apartments from parallelopiped to hexagons. Much of my furniture has been distributed among my former dwellings. These limbs have been stretched upon uncarpeted floors, or have been let down suddenly from imperfectly-established bedsteads. I have dined in the parlor and slept in the back kitchen. Yet the result of these sacrifices and trials may be briefly summed up in the statement that I am now on the eve of removal from my PRESENT NEIGHBORHOOD.

THE ruler of Cashmere has recently taken stringent measures to prevent the further manufacture of the inferior shawls which are now sent in such large quantities to Europe, and are so poorly made as to be nearly unsaleable. In the city of Siree Nugger, or Cashmere, there are 70,000 persons engaged in this manufacture.

Talent is a docile creature; it backs into the shafts like a lamb; but genius is impatient—its wild blood makes it hard to train.

JUNE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY A SAN FRANCISCAN.

LET Eastern poets sing of zephyrs light,
And insects sporting under balmy skies;
Give us the sea-breeze and the brisk delight
Of chasing hats instead of butterflies!

Let those who can their moonlight vigils keep,
Or gaze from balconies on twinkling stars;
Wrapped in the sea-fog let us dreamless sleep
In double blankets, *sans* mosquito bars.

What though they rave of girls in spotless white—
In tulle or muslin, with bare necks and arms;
Behold our maidens—more unconscious sight—
Who trust Æolus to display their charms.

They talk of sunsets, and of skies aglow
With golden glories that the clouds unfold:
Well, let them talk!—to them the glittering show;
To us possession and the genuine gold.

The summer showers, of which they fondly sing,
The hush of Nature—the deserted street—
The inky heavens—the first drops that bring
A grateful coolness with their pattering feet;

The long-drawn sigh that brings the earth relief—
The pavements spattered with round wet rosettes—
The rush of waters—of all joys the chief,
If one the duties of his life forgets.

To eat and sleep, and eat and sleep once more,
Is all we ask for, (this our clime supplies,)
Ere we return to dust, in turn to draw
The tears unwilling from our children's eyes!

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

IV.

WILLIAM, I solemnly declare—I call heaven, the suns, the moons, the long-haired comets, nature, and all the world, to witness that Dr. Schultz is an ass—in everything but his spectacles!

I was at the end of the chapter yesterday when old Fritz came in announcing the doctor. I quickly hid my paper, and pretended to be reading an old book.

Dr. Schultz is a man of middle size, plump and proper; he offers to the observer the calm and naive physiognomy of the German school. He has a soft and honest eye, a youthful smile and grey hair, but his nose was never made to wear spectacles; they are always slipping down and he looks over them, revealing a mind full of after-thought—a reason why I distrust him.

"Well, my young friend," said he to me, stretching out his hand, "here you are, deep in your translation of Pindar."

"It has nothing to do with Pindar," I replied, *ex abrupto;* "I want to go out of here—to go and skate in Holland."

"That is marvellously well," he replied; "I just came to propose to you a trip in that direction. Have you skates?"

"No, I will buy a pair."

"I have a splendid pair, *mon cher;* permit me to offer them to you. I will order Herman to polish them, for they are a little rusty—in two days they will be ready. It is now September, and the canals are not yet frozen over."

"All right; you will send them to me," I replied, rising.

"What! do you wish to leave to-day, in this storm?"

"Instantly; I have been shut up here long enough."

"Ingrate!" he exclaimed; "have you such a contempt for my hospitality?

"Don't try to humbug me any more—it is not for hospitality that they take people into mad-houses."

"What do you mean?—hospital, if you please."

"Tell that to others. I know you, Dr. Schultz. I know what kind of people you think you can cure. Here is my reply: you must send instantly for the burgomaster; the counsellor Schreiber, with one of his colleagues; the rector of the Academy, and two professors of the Faculty; before them I intend to confound you and prove the soundness of my mind."

"What a strange fancy, *mon cher;* no one here has doubted your good sense."

"No one?" replied I, darting at him a scrutinizing glance. "Would you swear it?"

He was troubled, and hesitated a moment. "Well," replied he, at last, "since you compel me by your logic, I will tell you something in confidence. Yes, there is some one who does you this injury. You have an enemy."

"Ah, you see it, then?"

"And this enemy is—yourself," added he, crowning his pleasantry with a great burst of laughter.

I could not preserve my gravity, and laughed with him.

"What a paradox!" I said.

"A paradox! I will bet my Erasmas *elzevir* against your Rembrandt etchings that you cannot refute my assertion."

"I take the bet."

"Take care; I will overwhelm you with Locke, Kant, Liebnitz, Spinoza—"

"Bravo! I will refute it by Schelling and Hegel and the system of the absolute identity of the subjective and objective. I will make a clean sweep of you."

"Is it thus! I accept the transcendental idealism of Schelling. I hold that for each wise and thoughtful person there is nothing but real philosophical—do you follow me?"

"*Parbleu!* you have arrived at the Pyrrhoniau school, revived from the Greeks."

"Be it so: what mortal can affirm his own wisdom? Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato taught universal laws, which have been demonstrated to be false by the algebras of Galileo, of Newton and of Kepler."

And he strung out the whole litany of sceptical arguments from the *hypotypose* of Sextius Empiricus to the dialogues of Berkley.

The remainder of our discussion, dear William, I will not inflict upon you. My argument was very long. At first the doctor listened with a smile, but his incredulity was soon changed, first to surprise, then to trouble, and finally to confusion. He was silent. I pitied his embarrassment, and stretched out my hand to him; he seized it; then suddenly yielding to I know not what excitement, he precipitated himself into my arms.

"My friend, my Mentor and my brother!" he cried in a supplicating voice, "save me, save me, for you alone can cure me."

"What is the matter?" said I, astonished at such a transport.

"I am the most unfortunate of men! I conceal a secret sorrow which devours me, and my spirit is tortured without cessation by horrible pangs—I am mad!"

"You? *bon Dieu!*" I cried.

"It is a secret that no one has penetrated; I confide it to you, and implore you. Know that, like your own, my mother died crazy. I studied medicine, hoping to cure myself, but all my science is powerless. The least mental agitation throws me into absurd hallucinations. It is necessary that my faithful Herman confines me while the fit is on. That is the reason he watches over me always; he alone is in my confidence. My wife does not know the frightful truth. If she learned it she would die of grief for our poor children. Do not abandon me, my friend. Your words are a balm for my cruellest pangs. You have already dissipated a part of my terrors. Fill my mind with the light and truth you have already revealed to me. Remain near me, in order to convince me, and do not let me again be seized with error, for I feel that your words are those of truth. But I fear to have you leave me; I appeal to your humanity, to your heart. Save a father, a mother, from despair! Save my poor children!"

And in his excitement he threw himself at my feet and clung to my knees. I was affected, and knew not what to say. He saw tears in my eyes.

"André! André! You weep—I can then hope, for my salvation depends on you. You have a generous soul. You will sacrifice yourself—one month, I ask no more!"

Too much moved to resist, I have promised him not to go away, but to devote myself to his cure.

There was a lull in the storm, and the rain ceased. Profiting by the clearing up, I led him into the garden. His fevered look, his animated gestures, showed an extreme agitation which the electricity in the air increased. Without his perceiving it, I led the conversation to flowers; he has very rare ones, and I succeeded in diverting his mind from the sad preoccupation which oppressed him. I left him very calm, and returned to my room wearied and fatigued.

Poor man, how he must suffer! I am no longer astonished, William, at the trouble which I have for some time noticed on his mind. This morning he said that my heart was sound, but my mind was diseased. Alas! I feel that he is deceived. It is in my heart that the wound is—it is there that my delirium and torture exist.

But since I am in my senses to-day, I wish to be happy and to laugh all day long. To-morrow I will resume the story of my unhappy passion, and that sad but blessed season when my poor godmother charmed away my soul forever.

V.

Scarcely had I risen the next morning when the doctor came to see me. The agitation of yesterday had ceased, and he went away tranquil and reassured.

The storm raged all night, sweeping the heavy clouds towards the north. The air of the morning is pure.

A bullfinch whistles on the high branch of a poplar, and his loving companion replies to him from the next. They know me well, for I feed them with crumbs of bread, and they eat from my hand, bringing to me their brood. I call them Romeo and Juliet. Joyous little ones, they sing; it is day, and day does not separate them as it did the lovers of Verona. I see them flying gaily through the sky. Oh, how sweet it is to love, even in absence. The image of Diana smiles on me, and I see in memory the happy days gone by. Sad and regretted loves, consolation of my present hours, to you I consecrate this day!

The day after this unfortunate accident to my godmother, knowing she would not leave her room, and that I could not see her, I went off into the woods. I wished to cradle myself in my dream, and I must own that Diana herself would have troubled it; for I was still too much moved by the discovery of my love to bear her sweet looks without blushing. I thirsted for solitude in order to give vent to the joy which possessed me. Besides, I was full of her image, and in all the pathways I retraced her footsteps. Absent, I dared to speak to her, and the illusion followed me. She walked with me in the shady alleys, and a mystery hovered over us. Towards noon I met one of the wood-keepers, old Simon, who furnished me with my first gun when I went on my first hunt. *Faraud*, my dog, nearly threw me down in his joy at seeing me.

"Ah, Mr. André," said Simon; "good morning, and welcome home! Down, *Faraud!* You have travelled on foot, and must come to the house and rest, and take a glass of wine. There is still some of the Baron's—your father—left. Oh, how much you resemble him. It is Jane will be happy to see you."

All the world was keeping holiday—I carried happiness with me.

Jane had passed her youth in the service of my mother. She had danced me on her knee; and with these tried old servants I was carried back to my childhood. Their familiarity awakened the fading impressions of other times. I again saw the towers of my old chateau, and my mother and godmother running with me on the grass after butterflies. The sweet reminiscences of the past mingled themselves with the joys of the present, and blended in one single note, which said: Love.

I left my old friends with many promises to return soon, and resumed my wandering walks. The idea came to me to make a pilgrimage to the little cabin where the evening before my heart suddenly unfolded itself while I watched near *Her*. I arrived at the Wild Boar's glade, and was just entering the sacred resting place when suddenly I saw a man appear on the door step. Two others were inside; I recognized some smugglers of the neighborhood. Vexed with this *contretemps*, I was going away, when from the inside of the cabin a voice called me by name. It was Bastien; a lad from Maufert, who was as devoted to me as a dog, for some help I had given his sick mother once when he was away on one of his many voyages.

"Enter, Mr. André, and put yourself in the shade!"

I accepted his invitation. In a corner of the hut were ranged bales which gave out a strong smell of tobacco. In spite of the fiscal laws, the people of the frontier have no scruples as to smuggling. With them it is only an industry accompanied with risk, and no one engaged in it distrusts his neighbor.

"By my faith, Mr. André," resumed Bastien, "it has not been an hour since I spoke of you; we have some cigars not often seen here."

"It appears, then, that you still follow your dangerous trade. You will be hung some day, Bastien, or get finished by a bullet."

"Bah! in war, expect war!"

While speaking, he played mechanically with a trinket, which he turned by its chain, and which attracted my attention. He perceived it.

"That," said he, "is a waif found in this heap of leaves."

I recognized a little gold medallion, enamelled in blue, which my godmother often wore on her necklace. But I was very careful not to betray its identity, for I knew that Bastien would be eager to carry it to the "Countess Diana," as they called my godmother in the country.

"I don't know how much it is worth," resumed he; "it is to be divided among three, and I am going to carry it to Monthermé, to see what Father Abraham says. Good-bye, boys," continued he, addressing himself to his companions.

"You return to Maufert?" said I to him.

"Yes, Mr. André, and if you wish me to make the trip with you, I am at your service. The night will soon be upon us."

I accepted his company, and we left. "This medallion is very pretty," said I, after we had walked about a quarter of an hour.

"Well, if you please, Mr. André, take it, and give me for it what you choose. The Jew would be sure to cheat me."

I immediately concluded the bargain, and entered into possession of my treasure.

"The trip is ended," said he, joyfully, "and then I can see Catharine."

"You still talk to her?" inquired I, employing an idiom of the country, which means, to make love.

"Nay, nay," he replied, "we are always lovers."

"Look out for the Count. He doesn't like that any one should roam around the servants of the Countess. It is said that you have been seen in the park. If he watches and catches you he will play you an ill trick."

"Oh, he is not malicious enough to catch me; I have my means."

Next day I went down into the garden before the usual hour. My godmother was generally an early riser, and visited her flower-garden as soon as she got up; and I aided her to gather bouquets to fill the vases. I awaited her, anxious and troubled, desiring and at the same time fearing her coming. I trembled lest I should betray, by my joy, the tender passion which had blossomed in my heart. But I waited in vain; the breakfast bell rung, and still she did not appear.

"Ah! there you are," said my guardian, when I entered the breakfast-room; "I thank you for honoring me with your company."

I was invincible to his irony. At the first glance I remarked that Diana's plate was on the table. At the same moment the door opened and she entered. I ran to meet her. She stretched out her hand and I stopped short.

It had been my habit from infancy when I met her in the morning, and when I took leave of her at night, to kiss the hand which she extended me. This day I dared not. Doubtlessly she attributed my reserve to confusion from being frightened at the accident of which I had been the cause. With a charming gesture and an adorable smile she herself placed her hand to my lips and gave me a little tap on the cheek, that was a caress as well, and passed on. I could not keep from blushing, although I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my interior emotion. I felt on my neck, near a medallion of the Virgin which my mother gave me, the trinket which Diana believed lost. It burned me.

"André," said she to me, "what did you do yesterday?"

"One thing, certain; he occupied himself very little about you," said my guardian.

I was not too much vexed at this stupidity of the husband, and I smiled disdainfully to myself, knowing what my godmother ought to think of it.

"I went to see Simon," replied I.

"It was in reality a splendid occasion to divert yourself," replied M. de Maufert.

"Catherine told me that you came twice to inquire about me, and I thank you for it, my child," added my godmother.

I was really so brave that had it not been for my obedience to the doctor's prescription, I would have been able to get out after one day's seclusion.

At this moment M. Placide (the steward of the Count) came in. I was glad of this arrival, which would absorb my guardian in a debate on affairs, and ensure me a *tete-a-tete*.

"I see with pleasure," said this obsequious person to me, "that the Baron is quite well this morning."

"It was not I that was sick; it was Madame the Countess," replied I.

The flat face of M. Placide wrinkled up, a grimace which passed with him for a smile.

I didn't like this cunning and roguish Norman, who hid his astuteness under an humble and soft air—like his name. He was the Count's *ame damnée*, a prerogative which was enough to make me detest him. I nicknamed him Tristan l'Hermite.

The breakfast over, the Count interrupted his conversation with M. Placide to say to my godmother, "You will stay at home still, to-day; will you not, my dear?"

"Pardon me; I am going to the church to witness the marriage of Dorothée. André will accompany me. It is as well that your farmers should not believe that you are altogether indifferent to their great family events."

"You can depend on it that they will be infinitely grateful to you," said he, ironically.

"I believe it, sir," replied Diana, with a certain tone of dignity, which her husband had learned to respect.

Delivered from these troublesome persons, we went gaily away, down the slope of the hill to the gate which opened on the village road. Diana still felt a little feebleness; she walked along leaning on my arm, and a vestige of paleness on her cheek reminded me that it was for me she suffered.

"Poor, dear godmother," said I, "how sorry I am to see you suffering by my fault."

"Chut!" interrupted she, "don't speak of it; but see there, what a beautiful *fete!*"

All the village was in tumult. It was the prelude to one of the Ardennoises marriages, which last eight days. Father Lelut, the farmer of the Count, was rich, and related to everybody in the country. For ten miles in every direction the large farmers came, piled up in their carriages with their families. The square before the church never saw so many embraces; and on the plump cheeks of the girls, dressed in pretty toilettes, there resounded kisses which might well frighten the birds.

On the arrival of the Countess, Lelut hastened to the door, bringing his daughter, and presenting the husband, a young man with a frank, open, intelligent face—one of those rustic natures, of which modern education and the school of Grignon will soon make us countrymen, whom England will envy. He paid his respects in perfect language, in his turn presenting his mother, a good old peasant leaning on his arm. He accomplished this piece of etiquette with a mixture of pride and respect which so well became the age of one and the rank of the other that my godmother held out her hand to the son and embraced the mother. The beautiful Dorothee blushed with pleasure. The happiness of these two young hearts, that loved each

other with that healthy and honest affection which makes happy families, threw me into an indescribable melancholy—I also loved; but my love would never be but a dream.

As we left the church, a farmer's wife fifty years old, who had seen Diana when a child, came to pay her respects to her.

"Ah, Madame the Countess," said she, "where is the time when we ran in the field across the newly-mown hay? My daughter often talks to me about it. And your little one—he is well, I hope?"

"What little one?"

"Why, your godson, that you used to bring to drink milk."

"My little one, behold him!" said Diana, pointing to me.

"Ah, *Siegueur*! this large gentleman—he looks almost like a husband!"

And we returned home jesting on this charming theme, which threw me into indescribable trouble. Under the shelter of this pleasantry my godmother imposed on me that sweet servitude which is one of the most exquisite forms of love. A carriage passed us on the road, and we recognized one of our neighbors of the chateau. I saluted her.

"Perfidious!" said Diana to me. "I warn you that I am very jealous. You smiled at Madame Biernes!"

"And you looked at her husband," replied I, in the same tone.

POETICAL JUSTICE.

There are few things over which the reader of fiction is more inclined to ponder, if he reads thinking of anything besides the amusement of the moment, than the distribution of rewards and punishments with which a novel is invariably concluded. Till lately, the principle of this allotment was generally understood and followed. The writer treated his public like children, who were to be satisfied by having all they wished. Terrible calamities might distress the reader through the story, but a *bonne bouche* at the end sent him away in good humor. Except that a moral gloss was thrown round this conclusion, it differed nowise from that which recurs so steadily and so appropriately in the *Arabian Nights*—"And so they remained feasting and enjoying all imaginable pleasures till they were visited by the Terminator of Delights, the Separator of Companions." The rule was, to marry the hero and heroine, not without a sufficient income; to provide the faithful confidante with a husband from among the hero's friends; and to assign to the other actors domestic bliss on the one hand, death or Botany Bay on the other, according to their respective merits. With the great increase of novel readers, new fashions have come in, and success is sought by startling methods unknown to our simple ancestors. Sometimes the couple are left poor; sometimes they do not marry at all; sometimes the end is positively tragic. Yet the old theory stands its ground well, and seems likely to last as long as novels themselves. Scott's account of the remonstrances which forced him to mar the last chapters of *Ivanhoe* by recalling Athelstane to life, Charlotte Bronte's lively description of the letters she received inquiring after the fate of Paul Emanuel in her story of *Villette*, both witness to a widely spread feeling which few have braved with success.

Its cause is not far to seek. The principle on which it rests is one which, if it meets us most often here, is far more wide-reaching, and made its power felt before novels existed. Under one aspect, it is the expression of a belief in the moral government of the world in its oldest and simplest, one might almost say, its most childish form, which, looking merely at the outward result, seeks to comfort itself under the misfortunes and contradictions which it sees around it by the notion that injustice is only for the moment, and will be redressed, for good or for ill, before the end of life. Or, again, it is a kind of unconscious moral utilitarianism, which rests virtue on external consequences, and maintains, like the child's story book, that honesty is in the long run the best policy. It may not say expressly, "for this reason you are to pursue virtue," but the implied lesson is perhaps that which the pupil remembers best. With these ideas, however, we are only concerned so far as they stand related to the doctrine or rule, or whatever it may be, which we call Poetical Justice—as they explain its meaning and value, and how it comes to hold its place so firmly in fiction. It is the apportioning to every one his share of good and evil, of pleasure and pain, according to our estimate of his deserts—a justice which goes further than that of law and equity, inasmuch as it is not merely on claims and rights that it adjudicates. This would be but little; it professes to award exactly what character merits, and to represent the concurring judgment of the moral law and of human sympathy. So far from being guided by results, it will find a peculiar gratification in reversing the sentence which the world has passed—it will think less of what a man has done than of what he had the capacity for doing. Sensitive people, self-denying people, misrepresented people—all those, in short, to whom circumstances have been unfavorable—receive from its tribunal a general setting right. That such a distribution of rewards, whether they exist in external goods or in the content and happiness of the mind, is not to be found in actual life, needs no proof. Yet, if we except the earlier Greek tragedy, where an unappeasable fate punishes the innocent, and visits the sin of an ancestor on his race from one generation to another, it has been the creed or the practice of the poets in all ages. Its latest form is the worship of success, gained by whatever means, of which we have now so many fervent apostles. That doctrine has not yet succeeded in entirely diverting men's respect, much less their pity and sympathy, from those who fail, but it finds a powerful support in the belief to which they cling so fondly, that, as a matter of fact, good fortune steadily attends good conduct—a belief that continues to influence many who would be the first to disclaim it. For a time, it was the fashion to maintain this unshrinkingly in the teeth of experience. Job's friends argued that, since he was in misery, he must have committed sin to deserve and produce it. The same idea found expression in those who thought that the men on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all that dwelt in Jerusalem, and is still adhered to by a large number of respectable people, who see in a man's misfortunes what they call a "judgment," and felicitate themselves on prosperity as a mark of the deserved favor of heaven. It was an improvement on this rough and indeed coarse view to think that, however external rewards might be allotted, the inner condition rectified all injustice. The tyrant might surround himself with everything lust or ambition could desire, but conscience revenged herself by the pangs of his soul, while the sense of virtue enabled his victim to endure with calmness and hope whatever cruelty could threaten. It has now been long a commonplace to say that riches and fame, and such other goods, have little to do with happiness; but is it not equally certain that vice does, so invariably as Plato would have us believe, make miserable him with whom it dwells? The wicked—or those who, having been wicked, have neither made recompense for the wrong they have done nor shown any other sign of repentance—are often, to all appearance, as happy as their neighbors. A quiet and contented old age sometimes succeeds a heartless and unscrupulous manhood. Or a criminal, to take extreme cases, is often simply obtuse—feels no compunction for deeds at which others are horror-stricken, and grieves only at the detection and punishment of his offence as a misfortune, natural perhaps, but in no moral sense justly deserved. If this be so, we are driven back upon some further answer, and that answer can be only a confession of our ignorance. We cannot but suppose that it is worse eventually to live a lower life in which vice is not even felt to be be painful—a life whose enjoyments, however by ordinary measurements they may seem preferable to the uneasy strivings of a mind that can see and hope for something better, must, in the light of any absolute standard, appear vile and wretched. The difficulty is one that need press heavily on those alone who make the attainment of pleasure and the avoidance of pain the sole and ultimate principle of human action. Leave this sordid criterion, and the perplexity ceases, or is merged into a wider one.

If such, then, are the facts of the world—if poetical justice realizes itself irregularly in its old and simple sense, and not perfectly even in that later one which takes account of the man's inner state as well as of its external position—the question returns, in what manner is the artist to deal with it? Poet or novelist, the function of each, though in very different ways, is to present an image of nature and life less as they are than as they should be, to disentangle from the complexity of phenomena those which make up a perfect ideal whole, to give a type of things as they would look could we see them from a height at which the smaller would disappear and the larger show in their true relations. As the painter selects from the landscape before him those points in it which give it its character—omitting, so long as the likeness to a single real scene is not lost, any which distract the attention and mar the effect—so the writer of fiction is allowed to leave out of his narrative whatever interferes with the development of its leading ideas, and may, without being accused of untruthfulness, pass lightly over the mass of those petty incidents which make up the greatest part of human life. As neither this license nor that which permits him to confine his description to a limited portion of time, artificially separating the events which are his proper subject from those which have caused them and those which they in turn cause, can be denied him, so is he also free to represent the laws which govern character and action in a somewhat broader and bolder light than they can appear to one who moves among them. We are perplexed by the details which he neglects in order to give prominence to the principles working through them. We see only the half of an act, and only the outside of the man; he is supposed to know motives and conditions, to be master of the inmost workings of the mind. And so, just as the ancients thought that the fitness of things required that a noble soul should inhabit a noble body, the poet may depict virtue as accompanied by that which natural justice would assign to her—may make success attend great powers rightly exerted, and show evil as in itself weak and self-destructive. The more realistic representation which a novel gives ought, it might be supposed, to hold more closely to the facts of life, and to show, as they show, unlucky chance appearing to make sport of effort, baser natures victorious for the present over the higher. That the average novelist attempts this even less than the dramatist may be because it is his cue to please the multitude, who like a plain, comfortable morality which looks well, even if it will not bear examination. The stalest moral falsity is not too stale for the cheers of an audience in the minor theatres. But this is not the whole of the cause. Quite as much must be allowed to the mind's tendency to seek a completeness and perfection which is not satisfied unless actions are followed by their so-called legitimate consequences. To make the tale a work of art at all, it must be regularly wound up, with its threads disentangled, and each person left in a definite position naturally resulting from his previous course of conduct. In no way is it so easy to do this as by humoring the reader's moral instincts—by removing from this imaginary sphere the imperfection he finds in the world, and letting him forget for the time the casual, uncertain, fettered way in which men must be content to live. Thus a happy *denoument* gratifies a critical taste, while it excites a soothing emotion—happy if the chief actors of the tale deserve sympathy, without which the tale itself will seldom be popular. The poet's task is, indeed, a higher one. With a keener insight into the nature of things, it is his function to teach us all that the metaphysician can, but also something more; for he must display in the concrete, with the light and play of life, that which the other dimly shadows forth in the abstract. Dealing with acts as the grounds of emotion, he will describe the struggle of good or evil as they excite sympathy or aversion in our minds. Freed from the shackles of every-day life, he can choose and shape his materials, looking more to ideal truth than to external probability. He may still do Poetical Justice; but in his hands it will not be merely the distribution of ordinary rewards or ordinary ills, of wealth, or fame, or power, but of whatever is in each case the natural consequences of the inner principle. That result may be outward success or peaceful content; but it may also be neither. It may be a rising through struggles and sufferings into a worthier, though not therefore a more agreeable life. No problem that history can present need be too difficult to be met thus. It was surely, if not a sort of cowardice, at least the refusal of a task noble in proportion to its difficulty, when Schiller forsook history to gratify the old poetical justice, and gave his Maid of Orleans a glorious death on the field of battle, instead of the horror of the trial and the stake at Rouen. If the thing happened, a poet should be able to face it. If his principles, poetical and moral, are good for anything, they ought to find here, too, their application. To make virtue utterly baffled, would be too painful to be frequently attempted; to represent her as vanquished and miserable would probably call forth the instinctive answer, "Then the virtue was not true, after all." Moral teaching is not directly any part of the poet's aim; but the less he seeks to unfold a moral lesson in the old narrow sense, giving purple to virtue and rags to vice, the wider and the truer will his morality be.

It is of course not to be looked for that the ordinary novel or romance should forsake its usual object of amusing the reader by ingenious adventures, or clever sketches of the surface of things, to venture on questions so intricate as those hinted at above. But as, in every story, consequences must be attached to acts, and as every-day life shows us cases where the old method is palpably inadequate, it is surely the novelist's business to follow so far as he can in the same path. Most writers of fiction, finding it too severe a task to trace the growth of character and describe the subtler movements of emotion within the soul, confine themselves to the broader lines which distinguish one man from another, and to the more strikingly manifested passions in the individual mind. Thus, having treated everything in a broad rough way, they reckon with their creatures in the same coin, and deal out the tangible results which they have deserved. The lovers are married, neglected merit is recognised, and all the good people have their wishes gratified—their wishes being, like themselves, of a definite limited kind. When an author possesses greater power of psychological analysis, the artistic perfection and inner truth of his work will be so much the greater for it; but these are qualities we cannot expect to find often, still more rarely in union with the power of constructing an interesting plot. One would not say that either psychology or pathos was Mr. Thackeray's forte, yet perhaps there is no more successful instance of the neglect of the vulgar poetical justice than that which he gave in the end of Colonel Newcome's life. Some scenes are needlessly painful or tedious; some are not free from a false sentimentalism; but no one can say that the whole is not more true, more fitting, more moving and instructive, than it would have been if the good man had enjoyed the happy old age which our sympathy would have given him. In all cases, if the novel cannot solve the problems we have spoken of, it can at least suggest them. The old plan ignored them. Strangely mixing the ideal and the actual, it took from the latter the positive goods and ills of the world to distribute them with a freedom and on a principle which it professed to draw from the former. It was agreeable, it was simple; but it was true neither to fact nor to philosophy; and it purchased its success by perverse assumptions which were not always harmless.

Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in the Temple.—One of the most touching episodes in French history is that of the confinement, in the prison of the Temple, of Louis XVI. This subject especially struck Mr. E. M. Ward as one upon which he could display his art in historical painting. When Louis XVI. was first removed to the Temple he was still legally King, according even to the laws of that period. It was not until some time afterwards that he was formally deprived of his royalty, though his title was taken from him without any form at all, as soon as he fell into the hands of the Commune of Paris. He was attended in his prison by men who not only treated him with disrespect, but persecuted him perpetually in their incessant interference. In Mr. Ward's picture we see the gaolers in the room adjoining the one occupied by the King. This room they are converting into a cabaret, and one of the party is puffing the smoke into the chamber of the royal prisoner, though Mr. Ward could, with truth, have shown the gaoler in the same apartment; for they seldom left the monarch and his family alone, and were always present at their meals. After which, if their libations had been at all copious, they would dance and sing the *Ca ira*, and the *Carmagnole*, varied by some ribald ballads of the day. The insults and brutality of these men to the unfortunate captives, who were at first allowed the presence of the Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel, were only equalled by the treatment of the young Prince by Simon, the brutal cobbler gaoler, after Louis himself had been executed. Of the after sufferings of Marie Antoinette, all readers of French history are perfectly aware.

M. Victor Hugo, at Hauteville, in Jersey, is in the habit of giving forty "most necessitous" children a dinner once a fortnight. Twenty are dined weekly. The dinner is a sound meal of fresh meat and a small glass of wine. In this procedure M. Hugo is guided by the report of a commission of medical and other scientific men appointed in 1848 by the French Government to consider the causes of such diseases as scrofula, rickets, and impoverishment of blood among children of the poor. The commission gave it as their opinion that these diseases were caused by the children being almost entire strangers to animal food, and would be entirely prevented by their having a meal of fresh meat once a month. M. Hugo goes beyond the requirements of the report, and gives the needed meal once a fortnight. He has been rewarded by undoubted success—the cure of many and the sensible improvement of nearly all the fortunate children. What a respectable act of charity, displaying brains as well as heart! What goodly results! Scrofula and rickets kept at bay; the beauty of childhood, that had else been lost, saved! Little limbs, that had else become soft and lame, kept straight and strong—helps to the acquisition of the appearance and the sensations of health; the dullness of a monotonous poverty lighted up by the prospect and pleasure of a fortnightly feast; the strengthening of belief in kindliness and friendliness; the respect for wealth so used—in a word, a healthy physical foundation for any amount of good moral influence. This is the true charity alike of religion and reason. "Let it grow."

It is good to repeat old thoughts in the newest books, for the old works in which they stand are not read.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, June 11th, 1864.

THIS is an anniversary, a day full of memories. It is a dimple in the Present into which the wine of the Past has flowed—a strong wine that stirs the now languid blood like the shrill of a trumpet, a wine made more heady and neither softened nor mellowed by age.

No need to stoop the lips to meet the beverage; it bubbles up like the waters of a mountain spring, and one could not escape the draught if he wished.

Commend me to the man who is always ready to drink what he brews, though it be bitter as the ashes of that fruit which grows by the borders of the Dead Sea. Regrets are as weak as they are unavailing, and it is only the coward who starts and shudders at consequences—the brave man meets and controls them. The souls that win in life are those which run in iron grooves, never recking and never swerving, speeding to their goal though hopes and hearts are crushed beneath the wheels of their ambition; meeting the world at every turn straight and unyielding as the blade of a matador, and to friend and foe exposing but one front—the dead blank wall of indifference.

The pathway is red at first with the blood of victims, but it will soon whiten with the daisies that grow above graves, and then people will only say: The one who passed along this way was fond of flowers and cultivated them.

As I have already said, this day is an anniversary. It is needless that I say an anniversary of what, so those who are curiously disposed can fill up the blank as they choose. It may be an anniversary of my first trowsers, or my first measle, or my first love—one hypothesis is quite as good to bet on as another, and even those who do not pay their money may take their choice: The only thing I insist upon is that I be allowed to celebrate the day as best pleases me.

Imagine this page a table, my friends, and you all seated around. We are admonished not to look upon the wine when it is red—so I have provided for the convivial occasion a wine that is white as a woman's shroud. Never mind the cellar it comes from, and do not look to find the date of the vintage written on the bottle, for none is there. Fill your glasses—not noisily, for it is only the fool who is boisterous in his cups; and remember at this repast that we are all gentlemen, I beg of you. A toast:

Drink deeply, gentlemen, to all who love us! and I call for bumpers.

In the spring-time of my life, when I read Keats, and believed in woman's affection and all that, and thought what a nice thing it would be to have lots of whiskers and money, and to be a pirate, and to fall in with some damsel by the sea who would love me for myself alone and not for my money—in that redolent but unripe period of my existence, I used to drink in the thinnest of claret to those I loved.

Now I drink in rich, red, musical Burgundy, to those who love me!

This is a wisdom that comes to us with our riper age; it is pity that they do not teach it us with our primers in youth.

It is from those we love that all our pain comes—pleasure they give us seldom or never. It is upon the altars which their selfishness erects that we pour out a more costly chrism than any that ever flowed from the hand of priest, and it runs to waste, as it were, in a wilderness, leaving our own lives parched and arid as the sands of a desert.

Those who love us, on the contrary, give all and ask nothing—if they expect more, in the most cases they get fooled. And as it is generally more pleasant to be sacrificed for than to be sacrificed, I reiterate my toast, and will drink it as long as a drop is left in the bottle.

When the bottle is emptied, I'll prove my sincerity to the sentiment by smelling of the cork. . . .

Writing of wine has very much the same effect as drinking it. My pen staggers and reels, and I feel very much as our friend McDougall may be supposed to when he rises in the Senate to make a speech.

I wonder, by the way, how it feels to be drunk on the Senate floor. The sensation must be a very curious one, indeed; somewhat analogous, I fancy, to being drunk in a church. Fault is found with McDougall by some of his constituents, but I really cannot see why. There certainly is not a more consistent man in Congress. He got drunk the first day he went there and has been drunk ever since, and a greater proof of consistency he could not show, unless he started a distillery.

I am rather glad that McDougall is where he is. Not because it keeps him away from California, but because he answers the purpose of a great Moral Lesson. Spartan fathers used to cure their sons of drunkenness by the spectacle of a drunken slave. May we not cure the youth of our land of all desire to get elected to the Senate by showing them a drunken Senator? . . .

The idea suddenly occurs to me that I should like just now to go into the country. Everything goes, it is said, and at this particular season everything and everybody seems to be going where the scenery is truly rural.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows"—and I would like to go there and have a wild time if it were possible. But it isn't; other duties claim my attention, and the only approach I can make to a country residence this year will be by buying a few geraniums for my windows, scattering hay-seed over my carpet, and getting a bell-boy to shake a piece of green baize at me occasionally.

If I could only keep a cow on the roof or in the attic room, my happiness would be complete. For I don't care much for the country after all; it is only the name of going there.

A negotiation is on foot now that promises to result to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned—I being the only one concerned.

I have a back office that smells musty, and has not been swept for a year or two. I am negotiating with a small boy to sit constantly in the front room, so that when people rap and enquire for me I can slip through the back door and he will tell them that I've gone into the country for a few days.

And to tell the truth, when I go into that back room of mine it requires very little imagination to fancy myself in the country, for it smells musty and cheesey, and is full of bugs and earwigs and such things.

I went to the country last season. I was only absent from town a day or two, but that was long enough to be chased by a bull and worried by calves in a manner that passed the bounds of human endurance.

Not any for me, this year, if you please.

When I build that snug little residence which I intend to put up some day—it will be a bachelor's house, and, of course, without Eves—depend upon it that it will be built not many miles from town. . . .

If memory serves me rightly, the third number of the Californian is published to-day. I wonder how every one likes it as far as they've got. So far as returns have been received, people are well satisfied enough, but there are several back counties to be heard from that have not spoken yet.

I think of trying to effect a permanent and regular engagement on the paper, for the editor's health is weakening under his arduous duties, and the doctor thinks he had better go to Oakland or the Potrero for a few days.

The Fashion Editress of the Californian has gone to Mare Island to spend the summer. She gets the sea-breeze there, and besides it is a nice place in warm weather.

She requested me to attend to the fashions while she was gone; consequently I have been on Montgomery street every day looking at the women.

So far as my observation goes they all dress much alike—so much alike that when a bevy of girls goes along I really cannot tell which is my wife though I'm confident that she's among them.

Of course I cannot set myself up as an autocrat on fashion—though I do know a deal about other things. But for all that I know what I'd wear if I were a woman:

I'd wear a riding-habit made of pea-green *moire antique*, or a crimson poplin, and if I had pretty feet I'd make it my habit to hold the habit up when I crossed the street, whether the crossing was dry or not.

As a general thing I'd wear poplin dresses. The young men might ask me what it was, and then I could say "pop"—for short, you know—and if they popped I could tell them to ask "Pop," you see; and that would be so nice, you know; and a lot of us girls could go there together, and have the most splendid time, you know, and there wouldn't be anybody but our own set, for we wouldn't ask that hateful——

Bless me, if I didn't dream I was a girl again! That comes of singing: "Backward! oh, backward! turn Time, in thy flight!"

To resume about the fashions—sometimes I'd wear a piqué, and I'd sit in the parquet, and hold a bouquet, and look distingué—if I didn't, demmé!

Seigneur! Doesn't that look as though Time *had* gone back on me, and made me one of the boys again?

But to resume about the fashions: Principally, I'd wear poplin dresses; if I wanted a tulle, among the number of fools that are always stuck around a good-looking girl—I wouldn't be a girl unless I could be good-looking—I'd probably find one.

I'd wear an *aigrette* of some kind of feathers—I think the two that curl so prettily at the end of a drake's tail—and then if Montgomery street didn't notice me I'd go over to Oakland, where people have good taste but seldom an opportunity to see good clothes.

I have heard it said that a lady was best dressed when one could not remember what she wore.

According to that interpretation, I think Menken must have been the best-dressed woman that ever struck this town; for, really, I cannot remember that she wore anything!

Possibly some people may think that, notwithstanding all I've said about fashions, I know nothing at all about them. Bah! Don't I follow fashion about as closely as any one in San Francisco? Look at me when I go down Montgomery street of a bright sunshiny afternoon. The beauty and fashion are sure to be out, and that I follow them both—you bet! . . .

The translator of *La Comtesse Diane* has just come in, and requests me to say a word for him. He is a French exile of the old school; rich, but respectably connected. He was in France when the present Emperor executed that little change of base which placed him where he is, and Madame, his old *chère amie*, where she is. He has fought in the Grand Army—but desires me to say that he is not the Drummer Boy of the Ninth New York regiment who drummed an hundred and forty dollars out of our people, the other evening, to replace a drumstick which he lost in infancy. Although an elderly person, our French translator is too light-footed to need a cork leg.

But what I was going to say is this: I am desired to explain that a very large part of the argument between the man in the mad-house and Doctor Schultz is omitted. People need not conclude that it was omitted because there was something improper in it, and rush immediately off to buy the book, because they would be wofully disappointed. It was omitted because a very dry metaphysical discussion occurred that would only have bored readers and made the printers candidates for mad-houses themselves.

It had more words and fewer ideas in it than any editorial which the daily press has furnished during the week, and this is saying a great deal.

The editor of the Californian also desires me to make an explanation. He says that with the first number of his paper he took special pains, and that every proof was carefully read, but that notwithstanding it came from the press as full of typographical errors and bad grammar as any of the dailies.

He was very much disgusted and determined to have the second number perfect. It did not prove so by any number of right letters in the wrong places, other letters where they had no business to be, and all the many deviatious from orthography which the reader scarcely notices but which vex the editor's heart exceedingly.

What vexes him the more is to know that the fault is all his own, and that the foreman, who is the very glass of typographical accuracy, as well as the mould of the forms, and all his assistants, are "guiltless as the unborn babe"—which latter probably doesn't know much about type. I tell him, too, that the universal wonder about town is that the first number of a paper, issued in six days from the time the office was bought, should be so free from misprints; that in the hurry of correcting a proof just as the paper is going to press some trivial mistake can hardly fail to occur, and that the little things that to him and the sympathizing foreman seem so glaring, not one reader in a hundred would detect. But my words are not the balm they should be to his wounded spirit.

At this moment he is groaning over the first side of the present number. He has discovered that a word in the Countess Diana proof is one jumble of letters apparently tumbled into the form from the cases at hap-hazard. His eye lit on the unfortunate word on first seeing the first impression of the first side, and taking the *Ex pede Herculem* rule—which I tell him is not in all cases ex-pedi-ent to adopt—he declares that the paper is one tissue of blunders and that in consequence he will never again see a happy hour in a world where printers so corrupt your language and other papers steal your ideas. I tell him that faint heart never made the mare go, that yellow gold is the best policy, and that if he is virtuous he can win a fair lady; but it is all of no use.

He says he thinks he'll be a nun, and go where none will see him more—to some convent where the conventionalities of life are strictly disregarded, where the proprietors will not be responsible for valuables not deposited in the safe, where all board bills are payable weekly, and the guests are requested to turn off the gas on retiring.

I take the letters every day received from agents the country through and correspondents. I point to one in particular, in which, accompanying an order for papers, comes a request that he will send his photograph, and a promise to procure twenty subscribers.

Think of it! He send his photograph! Mighty good chance the paper would have for obtaining a circulation after that struck the town. I advised him candidly not to send the photograph until after he got all the subscribers that were likely to come in, and he promised not to.

From all quarters come the most encouraging and flattering letters; but he is unhappy, and contemplates a temporary retirement from a world which wearies him, and is principally made up of people whom he owes. If he does he will leave me in charge of the paper, and if in that case I do not improve its tone my head is not clear, and I am not

Inigo.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that a new place of summer resort is opened in the "Calistoga Springs." The name presents a happy combination, and while it revives in the minds of pleasurers musical memories of Saratoga and the gayeties of the season there, it at the same time identifies these Springs with our own State. Sifting the etymology of the name, we find that it is meant to convey the impression of waters which can be best defined as Hot Saratoga. Calistoga, however, has one eminent advantage over its Eastern prototype—no Congressmen go there, and there is not such a thing as a Congress Spring among all its many founts of living waters. It has also hot mud baths, and in these luxurious appliances Saratoga is lamentably deficient—though some of its visitors not unfrequently get stuck in the mud. Mr. Brannan has spent a mint of money on the place, and many thought that he was sinking his dollars in a well and getting himself into hot water metaphorically as well as literally. But the event has proven different; Calistoga is already thronged with visitors to enjoy the trotting and trotting, and the enterprise even so soon gives an earnest of proving a fiscal as well as a physical success.

A mutiny occurred on board of the *Ocean Queen*, on her last trip from New York to Aspinwall, among some soldiers who were being transferred from the Atlantic side to replenish the navy of this coast. Two of the ringleaders were shot dead, and the mutiny quelled. Subsequently ten jumped from the cars on the Isthmus transit, the train running at the time twenty miles an hour. Two were shot by the guard, and the other eight were subsequently captured. Some of the men have been placed on the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, and the balance will probably be ordered to the *Lancaster*.

BOOK MENTION.

Notwithstanding the exorbitant price of paper, the presses of the Atlantic coast continue to turn out books almost as plentifully as they did in peace times. A number of books laid on our table by Roman have been awaiting notice so long that they can scarcely be called new, and the majority of readers being probably already familiar with their merits, will perhaps care little for our opinion. Nevertheless, a little mention may not be out of place.

A Woman's Ransom is by Frederick William Robinson, an author who had before given several volumes to the world. The present novel is his best work. The plot is carefully and skillfully constructed, and develops sufficient excitement in its progress to keep the reader's attention alive to the end, without at all partaking of that vividly sensational style which forms at the same time the charm and the bane of what are called "popular novels." The style is pleasant and graceful, and, all in all, the book is well worth reading—though we think that to have shortened the story and omitted a good share of the detail, would have improved it. Brevity, at times, is more than either wit or wisdom.

Eliza Meteyard, better known by the *soubriquet* of "Silver Pen," which Douglas Jerrold bestowed upon her, writes *Mainstone's Housekeeping*—a charming book for people to take who are going into the country. The plot, of course, is as improbable as most women's plots are, and her ideas of some things in life are as vague as a person's naturally would be, removed by the accident of sex and the intention of society from knowing anything about them, but the book has freshness and novelty, and power and vigor as well are discernible on every page.

Annis Warleigh's Fortunes is one of those pamphlet novels which the Harpers publish, and which everybody reads—Holme Lee is the author. As a general thing it is safe to buy anything that the Harpers think it worth while to republish. They occasionally make a mistake, of course, but these mistakes grow fewer and fewer year by year, and soon they will come to be infallible as republishers. To follow the fortunes of Annis Warleigh will not throw any one into spasms, neither will it put the reader to sleep. The author, or authoress, (for the sex of Holme Lee is yet a problem to the public,) tells in a good story in a quiet way, and merits thanks therefor.

A Southern Lady, in *Cave Life in Vicksburg*, tells a stirring story of the siege of that stronghold, and of the extremities to which the garrison and citizens were reduced. The title of the book indicates the style of habitations the people were compelled to pop into in order to avoid the shells, big with death and destruction, which fell like hailstones into the city. The book itself, written with the spirit which a personal experience of all that is narrated naturally inspires the author, gives one an excellent idea of how it feels to be in a city which is undergoing a determined siege, and makes one content to take the word of others on the subject without testing the truth of the story by personal experiment.

Red Tape and Pigeon-Hole Generals is a sort of camp-book, written to amuse the soldiers, and it will probably serve that end. It would not, however, particularly attract the cultivated literary taste, or divert the man whose leisure moments are few from the more serious occupations and duties of life.

Private Miles O'Reilly publishes *His Book*, a jolly, rollicking volume, containing much fun and some strong satirical hints at follies in the army and elsewhere. The author, Lieut.-Col. Chas. G. Halpine, was for some time one of the editors and part owner of the New York *Leader*, and connected as editorial writer at different times with the New York dailies. He is a dashing and forcible writer, with a strong vein of humor running through even his serious compositions. He is also possessed of a delicate poetic fancy, and some years ago published a volume of poems 'by the Letter H." At the commencement of the war he received an appointment under Corcoran, and has been doing staff duty ever since, the majority of his service having been with Gen. Hunter. Lest this notice may sound too much like an obituary, we will state that he yet lives.

The Laws and Principles of Whist, by Cavendish, is a book which we hope all who play *at* whist in the country will buy and carefully study. If there is one violation of moral law in life that deserves less forgiveness than another, it is surely the sin of trumping your partner's trick; revoking is but a minor crime. The ethics and religion of whist are too little understood. It is no trivial little game like euchre or seven-up, but it is a science, an art, an accomplishment, which should be as carefully cultivated as playing on the flute, or dancing, or doing anything else that society demands.

BOOKS THIS WEEK.

New and fresh from the press of the Harpers and the shelves of Roman comes a *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, by John Hanning Speke. Foremost in the book stands a vignette of the author, and if a bad pun were allowable in speaking of a good book we should say: This Spekes for itself! The author is a Captain in Her Majesty's Indian army, a Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, and a fellow and correspondent of we don't know how many other different societies; but better than all that, he is a good fellow and a sensible one, with a great love of adventure, keen powers of observation, and the somewhat rare faculty of telling intelligibly what he sees. The expedition—his third one into Africa—which gave birth to this book was undertaken avowedly for the purpose of establishing the truth of his assertion that the Victoria N'yanza, which he discovered, would eventually prove to be the source of the Nile. He succeeded in establishing this, and the account of his adventures is as absorbing in interest as a romance, aside from the scientific information with which the book abounds. The author lets in much light, too, upon that vexed and dark question, the negro's capacity for improvement. One thing which will particularly arrest the reader's attention is the thorough unconsciousness exhibited to all dangers and hardships, except as they impede his footsteps in penetrating to the great fountain-head which he is determined to discover, as he pushes through cane-brake and among all the wild beasts of that huge menagerie, nothing daunted, nothing dismayed. And in his narrative he has given us a great story, plainly told—a monument of heroic proficiency under circumstances the most appalling, and a treasury of new and surprising knowledge, for all of which he merits a dozen additional medals to the ones he already has earned. We would be sorry that space did not permit us to make a few extracts from the work this week, did we not believe that it is one which should be bought and read by all.

The Small House at Arlington is, we think, one of Anthony Trollope's best novels. Having been published by the Harpers serially in one of their periodicals before its appearance in its present form, a detailed notice is unnecessary. Fewer deans, deaneries, bishops and curates are interwoven in the plot than the author commonly conceives it necessary to introduce, though the sameness which pervades the realm of Trollope generally is very perceivable. It was partly *apropos* of the use made by the novelist of a broken engagement to stimulate the interest and curiosity of his readers, that the article copied in last week's Californian from the *Saturday Review* was written. In this case it is the man who jilts; he is the false one, and Crosbie's behavior to Lily should form a text-book for mothers and aunts to all future generations.

The Raids and Romance of Morgan and his Men we open with fear and trembling, and close with a single glance at the title-page. It is written by Sally Rochester Ford, and is a reprint from the Mobile edition. If we praised it our patriotism would be suspected; if we condemned it the honesty and fairness of our criticism might be open to doubt. Were even the fact that we had read it to get abroad, who would defend us from the voice of the Howler? On the whole, we will allow the book to lie upon our table, if not until "this cruel war is over," at least until next week, when we have more time.

The *Ferry Boy and the Financier* is the alliterative and somewhat finny title of a Salmon-colored book, written appropriately enough by a "contributor to the *Atlantic*," and by another queer coincidence, the history of Salmon P. Chase, who, queerly again, appears to have come from the Connecticut river, a stream once famous for salmon. The story of the financier's life—which might have been happily titled *The Tale of a Salmon*—is plainly and simply told. Salmon seems to have been officious in youth, and an official later in life; he will go down to posterity noted as the inventor of greenbacks and the originator of a currency which, while it may have saved the nation from bankruptcy, has produced more financial confusion than can be adjusted in the present century.

Family Pride is a new novel by the author of *Pique*. The title indicates the plot, which turns upon that family pride which so often goes before a family's fall, but it does not open up the long line of incident and narrative through which the author contrives to lead the reader to the *finale*. A deal of ingenuity is displayed in the story, and it is in the main well managed, though the surprises might have been better planned, and the climaxes are not always adequate to the actions and events which precede them. It is a reprint from an English work, and it is in England that the scene is laid.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MENTION.

Maguire's Opera House on Thursday evening asserted its right and title to the name by actually making itself the scene of a genuine Opera, *La Traviata*—Miss Richings appearing as "Violetta." A slight nervousness was visible in the lady's voice on first coming upon the stage, but she soon seemed at home with the Italian, and mistress of the music as well as the *libretto*; and her excellent acting soon won her friends from all parts of the house, who stood by her to the end. The last scene, where the poor girl at last finds rest from the troubles that haunt her pathway, was most effectively rendered. Of course the wan, whitened cheek of the *prima donna*, and the white-curtained bed with its white sheets and counterpanes, and the prevailing paleness of everything in the room, had a deal to do with the feeling; but aside from this, Miss Richings' acting was marked by a pathos which had power, and her vocalism was replete with sensibility. Bianchi made a rather adipose "Armand"—we should say "Alfredo," but *Traviata* always confounds itself with *Camille* in our mind—but he sang well, and acted well, aside from the paradoxical spectacle of a fat and middle-aged man dying of love. We fancy that Shakspeare's words should be so amended as to read: Fat men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. Gregg actually made his *bow* without a *wow* to it, and sang his part through with but a single hark—and that was on the C. Once he took a note up in his mouth and shook it, but he worried it with less than his usual pertinacity. *Traviata* will be repeated to-night, and to-morrow evening the *prima donna* takes her benefit. Let lovers of the lyric stage give the beneficiary something to remember California by. If people continue to come out as they did on Thursday evening, perhaps Mr. Maguire can be persuaded to give us a carnival of opera, for the house was full, and the audience, for a wonder, were well dressed.

The Wilson-Zoyara troupe has started on its tour through the interior; the lights are out, and the huge tent is gone—even the pegs are pulled up. No more of nights shall we see the immense chandelier whirling and twining like a python in coils of fire around the pillar that supported the canvas; the voice of the clown uttering his merry quips and jokes is heard no more within that ring from which the last vestige of sawdust is blown; gone is the graceful Zoyara and the no less charming Mlle. Eloise; gone, too, are the lithe brothers, Ross and Carlo, and the gymnastic pair, Durand and Painter. It will be many long days before we again see one brother impale the other with knives, and never paling himself as he performs the difficult feat; weeks will come and go before we again see the gaily caparisoned horses prancing through the streets, at the same time exercising themselves and advertising the performance, and, in the van, "sonorous music blowing martial sounds."

We are really sorry that the Hippotheatron has gone, for it was a charming place to drop into of an evening. There is a jollity about a circus that few other entertainments possess. One takes things *al fresco*, as it were, and ceremony and conventionality can be laid aside for the moment. The bad breaths of the crowd, and all offensive odors of musk, onions, and the like, are blown away into the outer air and across the bay—alas, for Contra Costa!

As a parting word to Mr. Wilson, and an honest endorsement for him in his country tour, it is only justice to say that in his Hippotheatron he furnishes the finest entertainment of the kind that ever visited this coast. The riding of Ella and Eloise is wonderful, and in the trained black horse of the former we see what education combined with intelligence can accomplish even with a brute. Carlo and Ross as acrobats stand without rivals, and the dexterity of one of the brothers in the use of the knife passes anything ever seen at a boarding-house. Still, he would have to pay us a considerable sum and furnish a coat of mail before we permitted him to see how near he could come to our skin with a knife without actually cutting it. The gymnastics of Durand and Painter show what may be done by the cultivation of muscle, and lend one to believe that the name Painter—backwoods speech for panther—was bestowed on the latter for his activity. The Hippotheatron pitched its tent at Redwood City last night, performs at San José to-night, and next week goes through the valley counties.

The Metropolitan has not been doing a very good business of late—not one paying house during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin made their appearance on Monday night, in *The Spy of the Potomac*, but failed to draw—little wonder in that—and Thursday night, which was announced for Mrs. Irwin's benefit, saw the theatre closed—the bonfires and mass meeting in the street, and *La Traviata* at the Opera House, having drawn off amusement seekers, so that not enough were present to warrant the manager in keeping his doors open. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne and Miss Annette Ince have now undertaken the task of the Metropolitan; and we hope they will succeed in solving the problem of how to keep it open and make it pay. But these be parlous times indeed for lessees and managers, as dollars have assumed gigantic dimensions of late, and one has to hunt to find them. Certainly the fair managers have our best wishes for their success in the undertaking.

Gilbert's Museum offers attractions to those who are fond of curiosities, or, borrowing the *Round Table's* motto for the moment, "the notable, the useful, and the tasteful." The Lightning Calculator has been so much occupied of late in calculating how fast Gould and Curr could fall and what extremely low figures it could get down to, that he has not been able to devote his spare time to footing up the profits of the Museum, as was his usual wont. But there is the Giant Boy, an innocent little fellow some eighteen years old and only eight or ten feet high, who illustrates what one can do in the way of growing if he only makes up his mind to it when he's young and does'nt "let up" as he gets long and along in life. Then there is the little North Carolina Slave, the greatest argument against miscegenation that can be produced, if not, as is claimed for her, the smallest woman in the world. The Tyrolean warbler who performs upon three wind instruments at once, has the advantage of political lecturers, who have to depend wholly on one mouth; and his conversion of a coffee-pot into a "Fountain of Harmony"—so the bill says—would seem quite as difficult as the conversion of a cannibal into a Christian. It is worthy of remark that those who can palm themselves off as children at the door of the Museum, can see the whole performance for fifteen cents.

A charming performance in light gymnastics was given by C. J. Robinson's classes at Miss Aldrich's gymnasium on Thursday evening. We have called it a performance, when perhaps we should have better said that a few were admitted to witness the exercises. It is pleasant to see what ladies can do if they only "make an effort," and learn that feminine muscle is as susceptible of cultivation as that which cords the backs and strengthens the arms of men. Mr. Robinson teaches Dr. Dio Lewis's system, and is himself a pupil of that eminent light weight of the gymnastic ring.

A Fracas at a London Theatre.—In 1721, half-a-dozen tipsy beaux, with one among them of the degree of an earl, who was wont to be tipsy for a week together, raised a riot to aveuge an affront in the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His lordship crossed the stage while Macbeth and his lady were upon it, to speak to a boon companion who was lolling at the opposite wing. There, too, stood Rich, the manager, who told the peer that, after such an act of indecorum, he should never be admitted behind the scenes again. The earl looked up, and, steadying himself, administered to Rich a slap in the face, which Rich returned, with interest. Swords dashed forth in a minute from half-a-dozen scabbards, whose laced and lordly owners solemnly decreed that Rich should die. But Quin, Ryan, and Walker rushed to the rescue, with their own weapons naked in their hands. With the aid of some other members of the company they made front, charged the coxcombs, and drove them headlong out of the stage door, and into the kennel. The beaux waxed wroth; but, executing a great strategic movement, they stormed the front of the house, and rushing into the boxes, they cut and thrust right and left, broke the sconces, slashed the hangings, and were proceeding to do further mischief—"fire the house!" was ever a favorite threat with these bullies—when doughty Quin and a body of constables and watchmen flung themselves on the rioters, and carried all they caught before the magistrates, by whom they were committed for trial. Ultimately the affair was compromised; but there is evidence that the actors were intimidated, inasmuch as they issued a declaration that they would "desist from acting till proper care be taken to prevent the like disorders for the future." The house was closed for nearly a week, and to prevent such outrages for the future, the angry King, who took an interest in theatrical matters, ordered that a guard should attend during the performance at either house. This was the origin of the attendance of soldiers—a custom which ceased at the patent theatres only a few years since.—*Their Majesties' Servants, by Dr. Doran.*

What was got by the Throat lost by the Heart.—A correspondent writing lately from Paris says:

The death of Vattemare, the bibliopole, who had taken in hand the cause of American literature, has caused some little sensation. Vattemare afforded, perhaps, the most extraordinary specimen of energy and industry which has been met with in modern times. Endowed by nature with the peculiar formation of the larynx which facilitates ventriloquism, he boldly set at defiance all conventional distinctions of classes, and leaving the desk and inkstand to which his father would have confined him, started forth reliant on his own resources to seek his fortune as a travelling exhibitor of the singular talent with which he had been gifted. For years he wandered all over the United States, the first man, perhaps, who ever dared to risk such a speculation alone. The results surpassed his hopes and expectations, and he returned to Europe, having realized an immense fortune, which, with true love of human kind, combined with that admiration of the fraternity of freedom to be beheld nowhere save in the United States, he resolved to dedicate to the furtherance of the brotherhood of thought and intellect amongst nations, fully persuaded that the fraternity of heart and soul would surely follow. In this he was disappointed. After sacrificing almost the whole of his hard-earned gains to the acquisition of thousands of volumes for the different libraries of Europe and America, he was fain to confess that, while the task of amusing mankind is one of splendid profit, that of instruction is one of bitter loss. And so he died, full of disappointment, leaving but little else than the regret experienced by his friends that all the care and labor of his life should have been expended in vain.

A gentleman had a parrot which had been taught many sentences; to a stranger he generally said, in a very consequential tone, "Who are you, sir?" There was also a black cat in the neighborhood which had a bad character for honesty, and who often made excursions into the room where the parrot was kept, in search of prey. In the course of time Miss Pussy got the name of "the black thief." Polly heard this and of course caught it up. One morning a chimney sweep came into the room, when Miss Polly called out, "Who are you, sir?" And then, after a pause, added again and again, most vehemently, "You black thief!" The poor man stood aghast at being thus accused, nor could the owner for some time make him believe that the parrot did not mean it for him.

SIMILIA.

Lo, I would bring the lily to my love,
And say that she was fairer than its snow;
But that faint flushes of a ruddier light
Than ever tinged its petals pearly white
Do up her cheeks in wondrous lustre go.

And I would bring the rose unto my love,
And say she was more beautiful than it;
But that a radiance lovelier than dreams
Wherein we gaze on silver-sanded streams
Doth o'er her face in trembling whiteness flit.

And I would bring the daisy to my love,
And say it only mocked her cheerfulness;
But that her cheerfulness may not be told,
E'en though this little star of white and gold
Should its own shortcomings to her confess.

So I would bring the violet to my love,
Nor further seek her sweetness to compare
To any flower that decks this common earth,
As all too meagre to portray her worth:
The violet alone may equal her!

OUR MYSTERIOUS SUBSCRIBER.

When I first received the letter announcing the fact of my appointment to the editorship of the *Puddleton Gazette*, the sudden revulsion of feeling for the moment almost overpowered me. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was not dreaming. Could it be possible that the enterprising proprietor of the journal in question had selected such an humble individual as myself, out of the legion of distinguished literary men with which he must be acquainted, to fill this important post? Was *I* destined to take a prominent part in "supplying a great local want," and "directing the political opinions of an intelligent industrial population?" Yet there it was before me—the very words of the letter, and I afterwards found they also formed part of the prospectus—in unmistakable black and white, and signed in due form with many flourishes, "Peter Mangles, proprietor." As the fever-heat of my exultation cooled down, I began to realize more fully the extent of my good fortune. I felt that a new era of existence was dawning upon me, and that the great opportunity, which is said to present itself but once in a lifetime, had at last arrived.

As I looked back upon all the bitter struggles and trials of the two long years I had been in London, striving hard to earn a beggarly pittance with my pen—the many rebuffs and disappointments I had experienced—rejected "copy," inexorable editors, and heartless publishers—I felt more than ever convinced that there *had* been a conspiracy to keep me down, and prevent my attaining the position to which I had once hopefully aspired. All these things, however, were past and gone, and here I was at last exalted to the pinnacle of my youthful ambition—the editorial chair—and, as a consequence, on the high road to fame and fortune. It is true the *Puddleton Gazette* was as yet in embryo, existing only as a concept in the fertile brain of the enterprising Mangles; but the first number was announced to appear in a fortnight's time, and I was to go down to the spot forthwith, in order to put matters in train for taking by storm the world in general, and the inhabitants of Puddleton in particular. Up to this moment, I confess I had not the most remote idea of the locality of Puddleton; in fact, for all I knew to the contrary, its existence might be as embryotic as that of the journal which was destined to enlighten it; but on referring to the *Gazeteer*, under letter P, I found it described as "a small fishing town on the coast of ——shire. Post town, Burton-in-the-Marsh, distant 7¼ miles. Population, 3000." This certainly differed very considerably from the account given by Mr. Mangles, who described it as "an important local centre, possessing great natural advantages, and doing a large and increasing trade," etc., etc.; in fact, according to Mr. M.'s view, if there was a town in England which any man in his right senses would instinctively select either for business or pleasure, that town was Puddleton. It had, indeed, one defect—the want of a representative journal; and that want Mr. Mangles, with my valuable assistance, now undertook to supply. It is needless to say which version I adopted. The *Gazeteer* was at least ten years old, and its Puddleton was the Puddleton of the past; while Mr. Mangles's description (and he was on the spot, and ought to know best) was of the Puddleton of the present, —the prosperous sea-port town that was rising, like another Liverpool, from the foundation of an humble fishing village. To Puddleton, therefore, I would go.

I will not weary my readers with an account of a long, tiresome journey by railway, or of a ten miles' jolting over one of the roughest roads I ever saw, in a superannuated fly with very "fluffy" cushions, and an unmistakable odor of tar and red herrings, but will briefly state that I was duly deposited, without any material injury, at the door of the "Coach and Horses," Puddleton, about four o'clock on a raw November afternoon. After ordering dinner, I inquired where Mr. Mangles was to be found, and having received my directions from the waiter, of whom I may here remark that he was as "fluffy" and dilapidated as the fly, and likewise smelt of tar and red herrings, I set forth to pay my first visit to my new employer.

I cannot say that my first impressions of Puddleton were altogether agreeable; but the first view of a strange place through a thick fog on a cold November afternoon seldom does present a very gratifying prospect to a tired and hungry traveler. As well as I could make it out, the town appeared to consist of a number of straggling houses, built without the least attempt at regularity or order, on the slope of a hill, so as to give the whole a kind of lopsided look. The same full-flavored odor of red herrings and tar, which I had noticed in the fly and the waiter, seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere of the place; indeed, I afterwards found they were the staple commodities of the town; and as I groped my way up the dimly-lighted street, the paving of which seemed to have been laid down on the ingenious principle of first a flagstone and then a puddle, at regular intervals, I began to suspect that the vividness of Mr. Mangles' imagination had imparted a certain amount of extraneous color to his description of the beauties, both natural and artificial, of the town of Puddleton. While indulging in these reflections I reached the top of the hill, and turning to the right, according to the waiter's instructions, found myself in front of a long nondescript-looking building, which seemed as though it had been begun for a barn and finished for a meeting-house, there being a large archway at one end, and in the centre a semi-Gothic looking porch, which was reached by a flight of three or four stone steps. Over the door were two oil lamps, and between them was suspended a large board, on which was painted in huge white letters, accompanied by suitable flourishes:

"The Puddleton Gazette."

Here, then, were my future headquarters. With a beating heart I passed the steps with a bound and knocked at the door, which, after a brief interval, was opened by a diminutive youth, who graced a suit of clothes at least three sizes too small for him. On informing him of my business he ushered me into a room on the ground-floor, and proceeded up stairs to announce my presence to Mr. Mangles. During his absence I had leisure to take a bird's-eye view of the apartment in which I was waiting. It was a tolerably large room, with a broad old-fashioned grate at one end, in which smouldered the remains of a fire; but there was no vestige of fire-irons or fender. A plain deal table, not particularly clean, and three rickety chairs, (one of them *minus* a leg,) and a narrow strip of matting, which did duty both for carpet and hearth-rug, comprised the whole of the furniture. On the table was a large bundle of advertising "posters" setting forth in the biggest words and type the manifold excellences of the forthcoming journal; a small ditto of prospectuses, from which I now perceived that Mr. Mangles had borrowed his vivid description of the trade and prospects of Puddleton; an enormous pair of scissors, with paste pot to match; a few battered pens, and a broken-down ink-stand.

As I was taking a mental inventory of these various articles, there was a heavy step in the passage, and the door slowly opening disclosed a form which I felt could be no other than that of Mr. Mangles himself. I say I instinctively felt it, although it did not resemble in the remotest degree what I had pictured him in my imagination. He was a short, stout man, from forty-five to fifty years of age, with thick, grizzly hair, and a broad, but not ill-humored face, which struck me on the first view I had of it, as possessing the peculiarity of being preternaturally clean; but this was perhaps owing to the force of contrats with a singularly dirty shirt-collar. All that I noticed of his dress was that he wore a plaid shooting coat; "continuations" of the same material, but so short as to disclose a gap of questionable-looking stocking, at least three inches in width, between their lower extremities and the top of an enormous pair of boots; and that he had a large silk handkerchief tied carelessly round his neck. As he entered the room he drew himself to his full height, after the fashion of all little men, as if to impress me with the dignity of his presence, and looking me full in the face, but without moving a muscle of his own, said curtly, "Mr. Walker?"

As this was put to me interrogatively, I merely bowed, and said that Walker was my name.

"Good. Mine is Mangles. Now we know each other, let's to business."

Now, prepared as I was to devote the whole of my time and humble talent to the interests of the *Puddleton Gazette*, I confess I was somewhat taken aback by the abruptness of this proposal, and ventured to hint, as delicately as I could, that I had been travelling all day, and stood in need of rest and refreshment; in fact not expecting that my services would be required that evening, I had ordered dinner at the "Coach and Horses" punctually at six o'clock.

"Oh, dinner!" was the reply; and Mr. Mangles, after looking hard for a few seconds at the dying fire, suddenly turned round and rang the bell with a jerk.

The urchin who had admitted me answered the summons.

"Dobs," said Mr. Mangles, addressing the youth in question, "have I dined?"

"Yesterday afternoon was the last time," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Then," replied Mr. Mangles, fixing his eyes upon me, "I shall dine with you, sir. Six precisely. Time is precious. Dobs, show this gentleman out.

And Mr. Mangles left the room in as stately and impressive a manner as he had entered it.

I confess that my meditations, as I retraced my steps to the inn, were not of the most encouraging character. I did not quite like the manner of my new employer—to say nothing of the very cool proceeding of inviting himself to dinner at my expense—and began to entertain serious misgivings that I had been hasty in throwing up a small but certain income in London, for the problematical prospects and profits of a country editorship. However, I felt I was fairly in for it, and must make the best of my bargain, bad as it looked. After all it might turn out better than it promised. As for Mr. Mangles, I consoled myself with the reflection that his strange conduct might, after all, be mere eccentricity. At all events, I made up my mind to humor him, and not abandon my present undertaking without at least an effort. On reaching the "Coach and Horses," I was ushered into a snug little back room, where a blazing fire crackled and roared cheerfully, and cast a genial glow upon a white table-cloth and sundry other preparations, pleasantly suggestive of dinner, that ornamented an adjoining table. I had, however, still three quarters of an hour to wait, and determined to occupy the interval in writing a few letters. Just as I was concluding my task the timepiece struck six, and simultaneously with the first stroke of the hour the door opened, and in walked Mr. Mangles just as I had left him with the exception of a rather whiter shirt collar, which had the effect of somewhat toning down the startling cleanness of his face. He was as methodical and uncommunicative as before, barely acknowledging my salutation, and took his place at the dinner-table in as cool and off-hand a fashion as if he had been presiding at his own mahogany. During the whole of the dinner—a better bill of fare, by the way, than I had argued from the appearance of the "Coach and Horses," the fish being exceedingly good and fresh for a seaside place—my self-invited guest maintained the same taciturn demeanor, replying to my efforts to get up a conversation with bare monosyllables, which occasionally degenerated into grunts. Indeed it was not until the cloth had been removed, when I suggested a bottle of the landlord's best port, that he seemed to awake out of his torpor.

"Port, sir! No—poison, sir! Punch!"

"Did you say you preferred punch?" I mildly inquired.

"Of course, I did. Punch, hot, strong, rum, lemons, sugar. Mix them myself."

I accordingly rang the bell and ordered the desired materials, which being duly forthcoming, Mr. Mangles set himself down to his task; not hastily or with any show of levity, be it understood, but calmly, deliberately, almost grimly, like an alchemist of old bending over the mysteries of his crucible. As, however, the fragrant ingredients became gradually blended together, and the genial compound grew under his creative hand, his features relaxed into something like a smile, which deepened into a sigh of satisfaction as the first glass of the mysterious concoction touched his lips. Filling a second tumbler, he pushed it across the table towards me, exclaiming: "Nothing like punch. Taste it."

It was certainly a marvellous compound, and seemed to grow more and more insinuating with every sip. I made rapid progress with my first tumbler; and my companion, who had by this time got half through a second, seemed gratified by this practical proof of my appreciation of his mixture, and gradually thawed into something like cordiality. I availed myself of his change of temperament, and with the view of drawing him out and paving the way to conversation, I inquired whether he had lived long at Puddleton.

"Came here three weeks last Wednesday," was the curt reply.

"But surely," I observed, "you must have been intimately acquainted with the neighborhood before you could have ventured upon the undertaking in which you are now about to engage?"

He glanced at me a queer sort of look, and taking a long pull at his glass, answered: "Never even heard of the place until a month ago."

This was certainly very cheerful news for me, who had risked everything on the faith of this man's representations, to find that after all he knew but little more about the place or the people than I did. A light flashed upon me that I might possibly have been the dupe of a lunatic's hallucinations. Determined however, to fathom the mystery, I again returned to the charge, with, "Perhaps, then, you came here under the advice of some friend acquainted with the people and the locality?"

"I tell you," he blurted out, "I never heard of the place; and what's more, never heard of anybody who ever had, until a month ago."

"Then," I retorted, a little nettled as I saw the cause gradually become more and more hopeless, "you must either be a very bold man, or else have remarkable confidence in your experience of journalism."

I had at last struck the true chord. "Experience of journalism!" he exclaimed, in a loud shrill voice, and setting down his glass on the table with a bang that quite startled me. "Experience of journalism!" he repeated. Then suddenly drawing his chair up so as to face me, and lowering his voice as if by a great effort of self-control, he continued: "Listen to me, young man. I flatter myself there are few men living who know more about journalism than I do. For nearly forty years it has been the one all-absorbing study of my existence. In my early youth I became impressed with an idea that there was a fortune to be made out of newspaper property, and my whole life has been an unceasing effort to carry it out. Perhaps, sir, you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I have in my time been parent and proprietor of no less than fifty-nine different journals, in almost every quarter of the globe." And here he checked them off on his fingers with a rapidity that was perfectly amazing. "Let me see—seventeen in the United States, three in India, two in Australia, twelve in the various Continental towns, five in Scotland, four in Ireland, and sixteen in England and Wales—not to mention one in New Zealand, which unfortunately came to nothing, owing to my editor and principal compositor having been killed and eaten on the evening preceding the day on which the first number was to have appeared. Yes, sir—fifty-nine in all, and this will make the sixtieth and last—for I feel a deep internal conviction that the *Puddleton Gazette* is destined to yield the fortune which I have so long and vainly, yet confidently pursued. Now, sir, you know me. Good night!" And rising from his seat with the air of a man who had with much difficulty unburthened himself of a heavy load, he calmly tossed off the remnants of his seventh tumbler, put his hat upon his head with much deliberation, and left the room.

I shall pass over the next few days I spent at Puddleton; it will be sufficient to say that I was daily at the office, and saw a good deal of Mr. Mangles, who improved vastly on acquaintance. He dropped entirely the brusque patronizing manner which he had assumed at our first interview, and turned out to be a genial rollicking spirit, with a plentiful fund of anecdote, and a marked predilection for punch—on the whole, by no means a bad companion so long as he could be kept from his hobby of newspapers: on this subject he was a complete monomaniac. Whatever topic might be started, he invariably managed to lead the conversation—sometimes by subtle and almost insensible degrees, at others striking off at a tangent—to his favorite theme; and, notwithstanding all my efforts to check him, would expatiate for hours on the glowing prospects of the *Puddleton Gazette*, or enter into elaborate explanations respecting the failure of its fifty-nine predecessors—for it appeared they were all failures, though always through a most marvellous and unprecedented concurrence of adverse circumstances, and invariably when on the eve of becoming permanent successes. However, we worked on the whole very well together, and, by the evening of the day preceding the appearance of the first number of the *Gazette*, all our arrangements were completed, and the paper almost ready to go to press. During the last few days I had fancied there was something like a shade of despondency on the face of my coadjutor, but I attributed this to a natural anxiety for the result of his venture, more especially as the day of publication approached. On the evening referred to he was unusually vivacious; and as we sat in the twilight by the little office fire, with the comfortable reflection that the labors of the week were all but ended, he insisted on mixing a steaming brew of punch, to drink success to the new journal. While he was speaking, there came a single rap at the door, and without further warning there appeared the red head of Master Dobs, who now acted in the multifold capacity of buttons, printer's devil, office boy, and general messenger.

"Please, sir, printer wants candles."

"Then why the deuce don't you go to Prodger's, next door, and get 'em?" quoth Mr. Mangles, highly irate at being interrupted at such a convivial moment.

"'Cos he said as how he wouldn't let you have no more on

tick." And the youth accompanied the reply with a ghastly grin, apparently under the impression of having said something exquisitely humorous. Mr. Mangles dropped the lemon he was squeezing.

"Go and be —" The rest of his sentence was lost in the loud bang of the door, followed by the indistinct pattering of hob-nailed shoes in the passage, as though the triumphant Dobs were executing a war-dance of victory.

"Mr. Walker," said Mr. Mangles, picking up the lemon aon turning to me with a bland smile, "do you happen to have such a thing as half-a-crown about you?"

Now this was peculiarly embarrassing. The fact was, that the slender stock of capital with which I left town had dwindled gradually away during my fortnight's residence at Puddleton; and, as I had only on that morning paid a week's rent in advance to my landlady (I ought to have mentioned that I had removed from the "Coach and Horses" into lodgings) the sum total of my finances was at that moment represented by a few halfpence. Indeed, I had fully made up my mind to speak that very evening to Mr. Mangles on the subject of a certain agreement with reference to the payment of a weekly salary, which seemed to have escaped his memory on the previous Saturday. However, there was no help for it; so I replied, with assumed calmness, that, by some singular coincidence, I did *not* happen to have such a thing as half-a-crown about me.

"Well, if this is not supremely ridiculous!" laughed Mr. Mangles; "I really don't believe I have a farthing of change in my purse."

All I could say in reply was, that if we intended to have the paper out on the following morning, as announced, the printers must have the candles, and that if he had no change, doubtless the landlord of the "Coach and Horses" would cash him a cheque.

"Yes," said Mr. Mangles, with a reflective air, and speaking very slowly, "I dare say he would; but the fact is that—that —not having a banker's aecouut, I don't, you see, happen to possess a cheque-book; eh!"

"Well," said I, driven at last fairly to bay, "I am sorry to say I can't assist you. Here's all the capital I posscss in the world." And so saying, I deposited on the office-table the sum of threepence-halfpenny, good and lawful money of Great Britain.

Mr. Mangles turned deadly pale. "Just like my iufernal luck," he groaned. "Here I've been and spent every farthing I have in the wide world upou plant, paper, posters and advertisements for this precious *Gazette*, which I feel sure must be a great success; and here's the whole conceru going to smash for the want of a few paltry candles. Oh! oh! just like my infernal luck."

"Do you really mean to say," I interposed, "that you have not—"

Mr. Mangles drew himself up to his full height—about five feet five—shoved both hands deep into his pockets, clenched his teeth audibly and hissed out, savagely and deliberately, "Not a stiver!"

It was now my turn to be disconcerted. It was getting darker and darker every minute, and a second message came dowu from the printing-room for the candles, to enable them to continue work. As a last desperate resource, Dobs was again despatched to Mr. Prodger for the necessary articlos, with instructions to be profuse iu his promises to pay the whole bill on the following day; but the fiendish griu which bespread his couutcnance on his return was in itself sufficient to announce the ill success of his mission. The more I reflected on our position, the more hopeless it seemed; and, forgetful of all the once fondly-anticipated glories of the editorial chair, I began to think how on earth I should ever get back to Londou agaiu. As for Mr. Mangles, he leaned moodily over the expiring embers, the very picture of misery and despair. Suddenly a sharp ringing "rat-tat" was heard at the door. "Those confounded candles again," he murmured; adding, in a roar, "In the devil's name, come in." The door slowly opened, but instead of the grinning face of Dobs, a strange figure, enveloped iu a long black cloak, reaching almost to the ground, walked, or I should rather say glided—for the step was perfectly noiseless—into the room, and stood by the table. A queer conical cap, of the same material as the cloak, was perched on the top of his head, from beneath which protrnded a mass of coal-black hair, twisted and tangled into innumerable curls, like so many corkscrews. I have also a vivid impression of a long peaked beard of the Vandyke pattern, a thin aquiline nose, shallow sunken cheeks with high bones, and a pair of bright roving eyes, which wandered about the room with a wild, restless and malevolent expression; but I was so startled by the apparition, that I can hardly trust my memory.

The strange visitor pansed for a few seconds, as if in expectation of being questioned, and then said quietly "I wish to take in your paper, here is my name and address, and a quarter's subscription in advance;" at the same time depositing on the table a card and the money. Before we could recover from our surprise he had left the room.

Mr. Mangles drew a long breath, and without saying a word, rushed to the door; but the stranger had disappeared. "At all events," he said "the money is good. Here, Dobs, you villain, fetch the candles."

My story is almost told. The *Puddleton Gazette* duly appeared on the following morning, and I understand became thriving property; but my connectiou with it was brief, as I was shortly afterwards recalled to town, to fill a more lucrative post. The most extraordinary feature of the whole affair, however, was, that when we came to send the paper to the address given by our mysterions visitor, there was no such name, street or number to be found in the whole of Puddleton, and all our efforts to discover him proved of no avail.

What become of my friend Mr. Mangles I cannot say; but there is talk of a new paper to be published in the Great Desert, printed half in English and half in Arabic, and I should not be greatly surprised if he had something to do with it.

When I related the above story to my friend Rattle of the *Morning Snorter*, he laughed, and said, "Depend upon it, old fellow, the evil one looks sharp after his interests in this world and will always take care of his own. A new paper is too good a chance to be lost for want of a few shillings."

There are calumnies that kill women, but do only a slight injury to men, as certain reptiles kill with poison in the warm months and only wound in the cold ones.

Shut your eyes if you would disceru a truth clearly. The corporeal eye puts out the mental one.

BUTTERFLY LIFE IN PARIS—LONGCHAMPS.

Longchamps presents a lively appearance on those beautiful days of the year, when the queen bee and butterflies and any number of drones unfold their wings and go out for an airing. The Boston *Post* has a picture of the scene under the head of "Paris Gossip." The day, it says, is magnificent, the road well tended, hundreds of *gens d'armes* keep order amougst the disorderly procession of unrepentant thieves and magdalens which the Bourse and the Rue de Breda let loose upon the gaping population that lines the sidewalks of the Champs Elysées. The Empress has just passed by. She is attired in a species of gallant half-mourning, indicative of the share she takes of the sorrow occasioned by the loss of King Maximilian of Bavaria. Her dress is of violet-colored moire, with a paletot of the same cut, with tails *en gigot* exactly like the coats worn by the daudies of 1836, when the Duke of Orleans ruled the fashions by which ladies' hearts were to be ensnared. Two large buttons at the waist behind, and a row of the same in front, add to the illusion which leads us to believe we have before us a specimen of the handiwork of the great tailor of that day. Her Majesty's bonnet is very small, covered with black lace, and flashes in the sun, being embroidered with steel bugles—no doubt to denote the vivacity of her regrets; her hair is turned back from her face, which, alas! is growing hard in its expression, while the bloom of complexion is maintained by artificial means; and the dark lines on eaeh side of the mouth are growing deeper and deeper still—some say furrowed by sorrow, others by auxiety and vexation. But away rolls Her Majesty's carriage with its outriders, its emblazoned panels, and its liveried domestics; away with it roll likewise all care aud trouble; brilliant equipages follow—splendid vehicles so highly varnished that each turn of their gaily-painted wheels blinds the looker-on, as the sun shines down as usual with equal power on the unjust extravagauee of their occupants as well as on the righteous y acquired conveyance of the provincial devotee or Parisian bourgeois surging along the same road. Lovely wicker carriages follow in quick succession, baskets made to contain the ripest fruit of the hotbed of corruption furnished by the nineteeuth century. They are mostly driven by their fair owners; the horses are in general most splendid. The great horse-dealer went to England recently, to fetch the finest pair that could be bought, for one of these ladies—by name Cora Pearl—who has absorbed for the momeut all the intelligence, vitality, and capital of the youth of Paris. She does more than this, for she absorbs the whole attention of the public in the Bois de Boulogne, and the refined and intellectual race which was once at the head of all advancement and spiritual progress is so occupied with the doings of a painted harlot, that the elections which containcd the germs of liberty or the seeds of bondage are not even mentioned among the crowds of young men who loll upon the chairs or stroll down the asphalte, waiting with impatience for the appearance of the heroine. She comes at last; see how scornfully she passes by; her steeds are the most spleudid to be seen at Longchamps—and well they may be, for Hawes, who purchased them at Tattersall's, gave £1,000 apiece for them. The lady drives with nonchalance. She is alone in her wicker basket, and her whole appearance combines in itself the insolence and vice of this weak and frivolous populatiou. She sits upright to master the fiery coursers—and a cold sneer curls her lips as she pretends to be uuconscious of the attention of which she is the object; her eyes are seemingly fixed upon the horses, but all the while they flash right aud left, and convey to her brain without chance of error the net returns, the debtor and creditor account of the diamonds, laccs and bank notes which this drive aud its display will bring. She is attired wholly in blue satin; a broad flouuce of point lace, hooped at intervals by a huge rosette of ribbon, floats far and wide over the edge of the vehicle, now sweeping the mud from the steps, now brushing the dust from the splashing board—what cares she? the dress will be thrown to the rag bag on her returu; its cost was a miserable thousand francs; the good honest bourgeois, all agog at such magnificence, calls out to warn her that the glorious point-lace flower is catching in the wheel; she laughs at his ignorant notions of economy, and wrenches it away with such a suddeu jerk that it is torn to ribbons—she laughs again, this time quite loud; and throws the skirt with a sudden jerk over to the other side of the carriage, thus showing the silken hose and the great diamond shoe-buckles which adorn her feet. She has powdered her hair with gold, and this also is so successful that the public can scarce refrain from applauding as she passes by; they say the buttons on her dress are of real pearl, and exaggerated rumors run along the promenade concerning their value; in short, the Paris shopkeeper, whose whole soul is devoted to money and its power, is struck with reverence to behold its very representative in the person of this woman. Not so the Paris workman; he stands sullen and silent, gazing on the wanton waste and wicked spoliation of the people, which the long procession of such splendid equipages conveys to his troubled mind. He clenches his fist and turns away with a muttered oath to regain his home in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Groups of his fellow-workmen are gathered there; they too have just returned from Longchamps, and have beheld the same disgraceful sight with the same disgust and indignation, and vow that no such procession shall sully their Faubourg on Easter Monday, when the races at Vincennes attract the same display of barefaced insolence and vice. The threats have been so loud this year that the police force has been doubled to prevent violence. It is supposed that some of the boldest of the harlots will venture to parade their infamy through the honest Faubourg all the same; if so, it is most likely that the lesson which Parisian immorality will receive through its polluted idols will be a rather severe one.

Coating of Ships with Glass.—By direction of the English Admiralty, experiments, which are stated to be highly satisfactory, have been carried out at the Woolwich dockyard, to ascertain the practicability of coating the bottom of iron ships on a plan invented by Mr. Leatch, which consists in coating the iron surface with gutta-percha or other cement, and on this soft material to fasten sheets of glass about a quarter of an inch thick. The glass is previously bent to the shape of the ship, and pierced for the reception of the screws or bolts, the apertures being lined with a soft adhesive composition, which prevents the fastenings from coming into immediate contact with the glass.

KASPAR HAUSER.

Like the "Man in the Iron Mask," the identity of the unfortunate Kaspar Hauser, the foundliug of Nuremberg, has formed the subject of much speculation. To the present, the mystery hanging over his origin remaius uudispelled, and the whole affair is beset with such anomalies and contradictions that it is almost impossible to form even a well-grounded conjecture on the subject. The followiug are the ascertained facts of the case.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1858, a young lad of apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was found in a helpless and forlorn condition in the market-place of Nuremberg, by a citizen of that town. He was dressed like a peasant-boy, and had with him a letter addressed to the captain of the Sixth Regiment of Horse at Nuremberg. Being conducted to this officer and interrogated, it soon became evident that he could speak very little, and was almost totally ignorant. To all questions he replied, "*Von Regensberg*," (from Regensberg,) or "*Ich woas nit*," (I don't kuow.) On the other hand, he wrote his name in firm, legible characters on a sheet of paper, but without adding the place of his birth, or anything else, though requested to do so. Though short and broad-shouldered, his figure was perfectly well-proportioned. His skin was very white; his limbs delicately formed, the hands and feet small and beautiful,—the latter, however, showing no marks of his having ever worn shoes. With the exception of dry bread and water, he showed a violent dislike to all kiuds of meat and drink. His language was confined to a few words or seutences in old Bavarian dialect. He showed entire ignorance of the most ordinary objects, and great indifference to the conveniences and necessaries of life. Among his scanty articles of clothing was a handkerchief marked K. H.; he had likewise about him some written Catholic prayers. In the letter which he carried, dated "From the confines of Bavaria, place unknown, 1828," the writer stated himself to be a poor day-laborer, the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been deposited before his door by his mother, a person unknown to the writer. He stated further, that he had brought up the boy secretly, without allowing him to leave the house, but had instructed him in reading, writing and the doctrines of Christianity; adding that it was the boy's wish to become a horse-soldier. The latter enclosed a line, apparently from the mother, stating that she a poor girl, had given birth to the .boy on the 30th of April, 1812, that his name was Kaspar, and that his father, who had formerly served in the Sixth Regiment, was dead.

The poor boy having been taken before and attended to by the magistrates, his story was soon made known to the public, and he himself became the object of general sympathy. Binder, a burgomaster, exerted himself, in particular, to throw some light on the obscurity in which the origin of the young man was involved. In the course of many conversatious with him, it came out that Hauser, from his childhood, had worn only a shirt and trowsers; that he had lived in a dark place under grouud, where he was unable to stretch himself at full length; that he had been fed on bread and water, by a man who did not show himself, but who cleaned and dressed him, aud provided him with food and drink while he was in a state of natural or artificial sleep. His sole occupatiou was playing with two wooden horses. For some time before he was conveyed to Nuremberg, the man had coffie oftener to his dungeon and had taught him to write by guiding his hand, and to lift his feet and walk. The narrative gave rise to various rumors and superstitions. According to some, this mysterious foundling was the natural son of a priest, or of a young lady of high rank, while others believed him to be of princely origin, or the victim of some dark plot respecting an inheritance. Some incredulous persons believed the whole affair to be an imposition. On the 18th of July, 1828, Hauser was handed over to the care of Professor Daumer, who afterwards acted the part of his biographer. The history of his educatiou is remarkable in a pedagogic point of view, as his origiual desire for knowledge, his extraordinary memory and acute understanding decreased in proportiou as the sphere of his knowledge extended. His intellectual progress was, on the whole, small.

On the 17th October, 1829, he was found bleeding from a slight wound on the brow, which he said had been inflicted by a man with a black head. All efforts made to discover the perpetrator were ineffectual. The incident excited a great sensation; Hauser was conveyed to the house of one of the magistrates, and constantly guarded by two soldiers. Among the many strangers who came to see him was Lord Stanhope, who became interested in him, and sent him to be educated at Anspach. Here he was employed in an office of the Court of Appeal, but he by no means distinguished himself either by industry or talent, and was gradually forgotten, till his death again made him the subject of attention. This event took place under the following singular circumstances: A stranger, under the pretext of bringing him a message from Lord Stanhope, and informing him of the circumstances of his birth, engaged to meet Hauser in the palace garden at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th December, 1833. The hapless young man was faithful to the rendezvous, but he had scarcely commenced to converse with the unknowu emissary, when the latter stabbed him in the left side and he fell mortally wounded. He had, however, sufficient strength left to return home and relate the circumstances of his assassination; and three days afterwards, on the 17th of December, 1833, he died. Among the many surmises current regarding the unfortunate Hauser, the latest is that he was the scion of a noble family in England, and that his dark and mysterious history, with its atrocious termination, had its origin in this country. But nothing beyond mere conjecture has ever been adduced in reference to the subject,

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Warning to Young Men.—A young exquisite, who was anxious to raise up a ferocious crop of whiskers, and was told that bear's oil would facilitate their growth, went to a druggist and procured a bottle of oil which he put profusely on his face when going to bed. Next morning, on looking in the glass he was horrified to find either side of his face covered with a thick coat of white feathers. The druggist had made a mistake, and giveu him *goose* oil instead of bear's oil.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

WHILE we write the wires are still tingling with the news of Mr. Lincoln's nomination for re-election to the Presidency—for that this result will be achieved there cannot well be a doubt. The few may except to this action of the Baltimore Convention, but the many will recognize in it simply an act of political justice. Mr. Lincoln's heritage on his first election was far from a desirable one; the most experienced statesman might well have shrunk from the difficulties and embarrassments which the position offered. The whole machinery of our National Government was disorganized and disarranged; the Treasury was empty of money and the arsenals were of arms—both had been stripped by traitors; important Federal posts were in possession of the rebels; the army and navy were left half officered by the desertion of men of Southern birth; and, more than all, even that portion of the country which recognized him as President was divided and disunited as to its policy. In the Past there was no precedent by which he could guide his course; the Present was dark; in the Future there glimmered no beacon light. The Constitution made no provision for the emergency which had arisen, and the responsibility of overstepping its boundaries rested with him alone. In short, he found himself a President without power, a Commander-in-Chief without an army, the head of a nation without national support. He occupied the position of a pilot called to guide a ship which was rudderless.

Many of his friends doubted his competency to the herculean task which lay before him, and his enemies denied it—he surprised the ones and confounded the others. He displayed a remarkable sagacity in first outlining his policy. One indiscreet movement would have ruined everything; popular opinion was divided, and it was only by the most cautious steps that it could be led. Firm but conciliatory measures were adopted, and the inauguration of the war was left with the States in revolt. To have moved against them with fire and sword, as the radicals urged, would have divided the North as cleanly as by the blow of a scymitar, as well as lopped off all the Middle States with the Gulf ones forever. On the other hand, to have done nothing, would have been a confession of weakness, of which immediate advantage would have been taken by those in revolt. Mark the tact he displayed at this difficult juncture! A ship laden with provisions was sent to Fort Sumter; she went peaceably, not a gun was on her; the Government had a right to feed its soldiers; there was no harm in that. Impetuous South Carolina opened fire on the provision transport and the flag which flew above it—a flag which was endeared to every loyal heart by memories sacred as the ashes of our fathers who fought and conquered beneath it; a flag crowned with the glories of the sky, and to whose stars we look up proudly and reverently as we do to the eternal ones which burn in the heavens. The first gun fired from Morris Island awoke an echo of thunder in the Northern heart that now reverberates along the Rapidan and shakes the stronghold of the Confederacy to its centre. One burst of indignation went up from the lips of a people united by this crowning outrage and insult; they were ripe for the bold policy which the President immediately inaugurated. Few men in his position could have done as well—we know of none on this continent who could have done better. And a similar sagacity has marked his term of office throughout. Mistakes have occasionally occurred, but in the main the policy of the Administration has been a wise one; and whatever clamors have been excited for the moment, it has been justified almost without exception by the logic of events.

In the last Presidential campaign, Mr. Lincoln's election was urged by injudicious friends because he had been a rail-splitter, a Mississippi boatman, or something else of the kind. We endorse his nomination for re-election, and shall support him honestly and warmly, not because he was once a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, but simply because he has proven himself possessed of honesty and ability, because his Administration has been a successful one, and because it is only political justice to permit him to carry out the policy he inaugurated. His merit lies not in having once been a rail-splitter, but in the fact that he overcame all early disadvantages and rose to a more honorable position—in this one thing he displayed ability of no common order. That we are not at war with half the European powers, is due to his sagacity alone. Vague denunciation is all that can be arrayed against him, and no specific act of mal-administration can be alleged. His re-election is certain.

"Things," "Dramatic Mention," and "Shadows," (an original poem,) on the 4th and 5th pages.

TWO GENERALS.

PROMINENT among the candidates for what would seem an eminently undesirable position at present, the Presidency, stand two candidates. Both are generals, and there is a remarkable similarity in the claims which they put forward, one for a nomination, the other for an election, to the highest and most uncomfortable office within the gift of the people. One has done nothing; the other has said nothing. Each in his own peculiar field is unrivalled; which of the two is better fitted from his idiosyncrasy to fill the Presidential chair for the next four years others must determine, for we do not even propose its discussion.

But the even balance of justice may sometimes be adjusted by one who stands outside the ring—whose hands are free from the tremor and emotion which passion prompts or self-interest excites. So far as one of these candidates is concerned, even his bitterest opponent will not deny that no man, with the means which were placed in his hands and the opportunities which were offered him, could possibly have done less than George B. McClellan did. At this late hour it is not worth while, nor, indeed, is it necessary, to review in detail a career which proved a signal failure from the first. Placed in command of one of the finest armies the world ever saw—provided with everything which goes to make an army effective, and enjoying in an almost unprecedented degree the confidence of the nation—General McClellan had that golden opportunity to achieve distinction and write his name high and imperishably on the scroll of fame and history which occurs to few men in a century, and to none oftener than once in a life-time. Inaction marked his whole course. While the enemy were massed at Manassas and Centerville—their outposts stretching to Fairfax Court-house and beyond, the red, white and red fluttering within sight of the National Capital, and almost whipping the muzzles of our guns with its folds—all this while the immense army entrusted to his command lay encamped at Alexandria Heights, like a huge, supine turtle lying on its back and not even snapping its jaws. The generals of divisions and brigades longed for action; they were wearied of camp life, and clamored for an opportunity to drill their soldiers, already as perfect in the manual and theory of arms as soldiers well could be, under the fire of an enemy. They represented that there could be no harm in a reconnoissance to find out what the enemy was doing; that to dash with a brigade or two occasionally against his outer line, feeling the pulse of his army and gauging the strength of his fortifications, would season our men to fire and give them a confidence in themselves and in each other which would stand them in excellent stead in the first battle. But, no! there was a vague talk of strategy, and a fatuous whispering about some mythical "anaconda," until people came to see in our army, with all its flags and bayonets, only the glittering outlines of a great boa. The press, which had adopted McClellan as its pet for the moment, was ready with its excuses for all this non-action. At one time it told the people that the army did not move because the leaves were on the trees: "Wait until the leaves fall, so that our General can see the enemy," said these ready apologists. When fall came, shaking the green leaves to the ground, and the clear outlines of naked forests showed against the sky, it was: "Wait until the leaves grow, so that the enemy cannot see him." There was a talk of mud, and of rain, and of impassable Virginia roads—farmers were carrying their grists to mill over these same roads, but McClellan could not stir an inch with his! The mill of our General, like that of the gods, ground slowly. All this while he was likened to Napoleon! Perhaps the unfriendliness shown by the present Emperor of the French for the North may be traced to this injustice done to his uncle! It was forgotten that the First Napoleon led his army across the Alps, while the one which fluffy newspapers furnished ready-made to an impatient country could not lead his men over tolerable turnpikes—because it had rained, and the walking was bad. Our men remained in camp the long winter through, drilling and playing poker.

At last there came news, one night in March, that the enemy was evacuating Manassas. The next morning the army was in motion, and the advance division camped that night beyond Fairfax. Before the sun or the General was up next morning, Manassas was taken by a dozen newspaper correspondents and a few early birds wearing cavalry uniform, riding for the nonce as independent rangers. There were only burning ruins, the debris of a camp, and a few "formidable fortifications" left as a legacy to the army which took possession some hours subsequently. About noon a grand cavalry cortège came riding on a grand reconnoissance, McClellan and his staff in the van. The "formidable fortifications" underwent inspection. Formidable!—one would have thought the whole Confederate army the winter through had been engaged in making dirt-pies. There were little mud walls thrown up, which an active lieutenant jumped over—forgetful of the Romulus and Remus imbroglio which arose from a somewhat similar pleasantry. Fortifications! No soldier would have fought inside such traps. A single shell falling in one of them would have filled it with corpses. In place of the Columbiads and heavy guns that our General had supposed were mounted there, a few smooth-barked logs of wood showed their innocent ends through holes in the mud that could not well be dignified by the name of embrasures. Of course, it would be no more fair and logical to conclude that because these were found there they constituted the whole defensive armament, than it would be if one finding ten-penny nails in a hen's nest should conclude that the hen laid them, and had never laid, and was incapable of laying, anything else. But the platforms for the guns were of common inch-boards, proving that no heavy ordnance had ever been mounted there, and the ground showed ruts of the wheels of ordinary field-pieces. These had been wheeled in and wheeled out long before our army thought of moving.

The fact was revealed that a bugaboo had kept our army at bay the whole winter—a bugaboo that could have been discovered long before by one manly move or look.

Then came the Peninsula campaign. One would have thought that the hero of the Manassas movement went down to the Peninsula simply to pout and complain. He never was on a battlefield to inspirit his men with his presence during all those disastrous days; he was actually on no battlefield during the war. He led the van of the retreat to Harrison's Landing, and was safely housed on a gunboat with steam up and orders to the captain that *he* must be saved at all events, while the whole Peninsula was black with the smoke of guns, crimson with the blood of his generals and soldiers.

It was from this sylvan retreat that he addressed his letter to the President, disapproving the policy of the Administration, attempting to dictate to the power by which he was employed. Here he evinced a signal ignorance, or a wilful disregard, of what is taught as the soldier's first duty—obedience. It is laid down—underlying all lessons in tactics and in strategy—that what the statesman has planned it simply remains for the soldier to execute; that a policy once dictated by the civil power is to be carried out by the military arm, without regard to consequences. A subtle thread of ambition running through the man's whole nature is revealed in this letter, and a plan looks out from it which causes one to start with alarm for what might have happened. For had he proved successful in that campaign, there is ample margin to apprehend that he would have seized the reins of government and declared himself Dictator. It would have been easy in the flush of victory to have done so, and the letter to the President shows that with him the voice of duty was second to that of ambition!

That General McClellan is equal to the exigencies of the nation's need, at this perilous moment, scarcely even his warmest supporter can believe. His forte lies in something widely different from directing a nation's policy, or even launching its armies. As a drill master he has no compeer, as the organizer, perhaps, of an army, he has scarcely a rival. But this said of him and all is said. To use a simile which farmers will understand, in the Army of the Potomac he made a good plough, an excellent and efficient plough, but he proved himself unable to turn the first furrow when it was all done. The oxen were yoked, and the plough-shear was ready for its work, but he who had his hand on the plough could not even start the team, much less guide it.

To sum all up, a story is told which illustrates the character of our candidate completely. One of the large owners of the Illinois Central railroad came into the office of that company one day (this was when McClellan's shoulders had just been crowned with the third star) and said:

"So we give Generals-in-Chief to the army! Who is this McClellan? They say he was once an employé of our road. Tell me something about him!"

"I will tell you," replied one of the officers, who happened to be seated there. "He is one of the best engineers in this or in any other country. Probably there is no man in the world who can build and equip a road better, and put it in more excellent running order; but when this is all done, when he has it all built, equipped and completed—he cannot run it a single inch!" Anecdotes are scarcely argument, but this one is illustrative, and gives a key to the man's whole character.

As for the other candidate, this coast is already acquainted with him. He has been placed in situations where he might have said a great deal, but he has been singularly reticent on all occasions. With an opportunity to say more than any other man of the century, he has said less, and this silence has given him a certain prestige. People say to themselves, "How much he could have said if he had only spoken!" In the course of this campaign it will be necessary for him to speak, and we are rather anxious to hear his utterances. He has spoken once in accepting the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, and the result was hardly what would have been expected after such continued silence. But our people are personally acquainted with him, and whether or not he will receive their support can scarcely be regarded as problematical—there is not much reason to believe that he will prove an exception to the old rule about a prophet having honor in his own country. On the whole, we think his escape from the Presidency will not be so narrow as it was in 1856.

In conclusion, without taking sides at all, we simply wish to ask whether the election of a General—in this count we are not reckoning Butler, for he, in brief, is a barrister—is at this moment the wisest choice that can be made? Is it not better to have soldiers in the field, and statesmen in the Cabinet? Has the time arrived when a military dictatorship is necessary to the salvation of the country, that it is proposed to make the White House brilliant with gold lace and sabretashes? Would not brains do quite as well there as buttons?

IS IT A PANIC?

WE SCARCELY know whether to call the present financial flutter a panic or not. Leading mining stocks which have hitherto been regarded as legitimate and safe investments, offering to the buyer a security which was only equalled, not exceeded, by investments in real estate, have drooped to a figure which no one three months ago thought they would touch during the century. That their intrinsic value remains the same is patent to any who give the subject a moment's thought. All advices from the mines represent them as being in a more flourishing condition than ever; they pay the same dividends as usual, and, if disposed, could increase their dividends materially with the surplus which is permitted to accrue in their treasuries. Those holders who are behind the scenes and familiar with everything pertaining to the mines, their present state and future prospects, have not sold an inch, but on the contrary have taken advantage of the depression to increase their interests. If the movement now agitating the market had originated with them, there would have been some cause for alarm; but coming from another direction, we can only find a solution for it in the natural timidity of holders and that tendency to leap wildly at the first scare, and rush frightenedly in droves, which the weaker and woolier of men seem to possess in common with sheep.

If it did not promise to prove so disastrous in its consequences, the present scare would be ludicrous in the extreme. Gould and Curry is generally adopted as the standard by which other stocks adjust themselves, so we will take that to illustrate our position. All along during the past year it has paid a monthly interest of about three per cent. a month on the value at which it stood—between $4,000 and $5,000 a foot. The regular dividend of $125 a foot—it has paid higher than that—gave an interest of nearly three per cent. on $4,200. Compounding this monthly and the stock would pay for itself in about two years, and the mine as now developed shows, it is said, sufficient ore in sight to supply its mills for ten years at least. They be greedy capitalists indeed who would look for a better investment than this! Yet within the past few days, with no reason at all—for the dividends continue the same, and the mine, if possible, promises better than ever—this stock ran down as low as $2,400, and for some time stood at but little over that sum.

When the fool-killer goes his rounds on this coast, if he does not find considerable to do in Montgomery street, we are entirely out in a hypothesis we have lately established.

Parties are rushing their stock into the market for sale, and seem as anxious to get rid of it as though its next month's dividend would burn their fingers if they held it. Under this pressure the stock momentarily droops, but that it is worth one penny less than it was three months ago no one can seriously imagine. If a man has an acre of ground which regularly yields him a certain amount from its crop, paying a sure interest upon a certain value, that acre of ground does not actually lessen in value so long as the crop continues, let real estate depreciate to what price it may. The cases in one respect are not analagous, however; and the difference turns wholly in favor of the mining side of the argument. For while the crop which the acre of ground yields its tiller may bring a less price one year than another, the crop which the mine gives is immutable in value, inasmuch as it is the representative and exponent of all values. Of course we assume it as a fact that the gold and silver crop is certain and not liable to give out—a hypothesis which in the case of the illustrative mine under discussion is fair enough, unless all who have visited it have conspired together to tell an untruth, and the trustees and all familiar with its workings have been deceived greatly to their disadvantage.

One thing ought to stop this senseless sacrifice of property by the timorous crowd, if no other influence—even their own individual interests—have weight with them. Our large capitalists are quietly bagging all the stock they can take—preparing to reap a financial harvest from the whirlwind which fools are sowing to their own prejudice. Cannot people understand that the stock is worth as much to them as to any one else, and that the fact that shrewd capitalists are buying it up, and that owners familiar with the mine in every detail are increasing their already large interests, is proof enough that the investment is considered an advantageous one, and that the ill wind they are kicking up blows good to the pockets of their neighbors!

SOME one assures us that hydrophobia in dogs may be guarded against by amputation of the tip of the tail. The theory is excellent, but is not the practice too limited? Is not a grievous error committed on the score of caudal economy? If allowed to offer a hint, we would suggest that operators go a greater length in the curtailment, on the principle that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing thoroughly and well. How would it do to cut off the dog's tail immediately behind his ears?—he would never miss it, and thus all the horrors of hydrophobia might be prevented. Let those who have howling dogs try the experiment and report progress.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know how San Francisco is laid out. We have not a map of the town at hand, and could not give a stranger very clear information if we had; but if the present state of things continues long, we fancy it will be laid out flat.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE Money market during the week has exhibited much less stringency than for some time past, and discounts are readily obtained in bank at 1½ per cent. per month. Capitalists have been curtailing in some quarters lately, and now have an accumulation of unemployed means. The recent panic in the Stock market has measurably disappeared, and leading mining shares since Tuesday last have rallied very handsomely, and are now in great favor at enhanced rates. Hypothecated stock has been sold and taken out of the market. The "bears" have lost their grip, being compelled to become purchasers at high rates, to fill their short sales; and all timid holders have suddenly been inspired with singular confidence, and are not disposed to sell without awaiting further developments. It is now obvious that no legitimate cause existed for the recent break down in first-class stocks, whatever might have been thought of those known to be purely speculative, and a lesson has been taught some parties that may be of profit in the future.

It is asserted, with no little plausibility, that the recent decline in one or two prominent stocks was the result of the combined efforts of certain large holders, who confidently hoped to sweep every obstacle before them, and force the market down to a point that would shake the faith of the staunchest stock-holders, and thereby enable them to take in their sellers' option contracts at low rates, and also to buy largely for a rise. If this was the strategy employed it was only a partial success, and of very brief duration. A number of small holders have been sacrificed, and lost heavily. The injury inflicted upon the general market for all mining stocks was not so serious as might have been anticipated; but the mischievous influence of the effort to depreciate the value of the only stock hitherto beyond the reach of any material depression, will be felt for some time to come.

Receipts of Treasure from the interior have been up to the usual average this week. From Washoe, shipments of Bullion have exceeded in the aggregate those of last week. The steamer from Victoria and Portland brings nearly $500,000 in gold dust, most of which will go into the U. S. Branch Mint for coinage. Large receipts of gold dust from the Boise region are looked for the ensuing summer.

Legal Tender Notes have been moderately dealt in, and rule at about 54 and 54¼ at the close. The market is well supplied, but a fair demand may be noted for the payment of freights. The latest Eastern quotation for Gold is 199.

In Gould and Curry heavy transactions have taken place at the Stock and Exchange Board, and 160 feet were sold, falling from $2,600 to $2,400 seller 30, then rising to $3,200, dropping back again to $3,075 and closing yesterday afternoon at $3,125. The most reliable Washoe advices speak in flattering terms of this mine and there can be no longer any question as to its reliability and permanency.

Ophir shares fell on Monday to $600 but quickly advanced to $950 and $980, buyer 30, and were sold to-day at $875. These are important fluctuations and aptly illustrate the sensitiveness of the market at this juncture. The Ophir mine is looking as well as at any time since January last, and the current expenses of the Company have been much reduced of late.

Savage has obtained more favor the past few days, and advanced from $1,400 to $1,675, and was sold yesterday at $1,825. It is thought that this mine can resume the payment of dividends at an early day.

Chollar continues to be strongly held at about $565—sales were made during the week at $630, buyer 30 days. This mine is said to be looking well. Large quantities of fair ore is being hoisted to the surface.

Lady Bryan has fluctuated between $24 and $33, within which range of prices more than 1,200 shares were sold. Advices from the mine are favorable.

North American has been largely dealt in at exceedingly valuable rates, advancing from $105 to $130, then dropping to $110, again rallying to $135, buyer's option, and closing at $115.

North Potosi fell from $80 to $68, rose to $70, and is now held at about $71. Small sales were made.

Burning Moscow fell from $49 to $41½, and sold last evening at $43. Real Del Monte has been quiet but firm at $40.

Golden Age and Empire is in more favor and has advanced from $30 to $35. A second dividend is expected at the close of the month.

A COUNTRY EDITOR tells his readers that "some women have appeared in the streets of San Francisco lately, wearing 'plug hats,' and others wearing regular soldier caps, ornamented, of course, with a variety of costly trimmings." Does not our country friend know that he is behind the times, and that the fashions have changed since he heard from here? In his next issue he can tell his readers and the marines of the interior that some San Francisco ladies at present are wearing tin pots and trooper's boots, and that others have created a mild sensation by standing on their heads and thus promenading the streets. But if any of his lady readers are betrayed into following the fashion, he and he alone must bear the responsibility.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER lying open or openly lying before us, says of McClellan: "There he stands, firm and unshakable, the rock of the Democratic party." As things look now, he will be the rock upon which they split.

BRIEF MENTION.

AT HOME.

THE crops this season do not promise fairly, and the prospects, the country through, are of scarcity, all flattering reports to the contrary notwithstanding. So it is as well to make up our minds to bear it this once, and look for a better time to come next year.

Two Virginia ladies lately made the ascent of Mount Davidson. The Esmeralda *Union* calls it the greatest "feet" movement in Washoe for many months.

Charles Wheatleigh (an actor well known in this city) and his wife arrived from the East in the last steamer.

A bill appropriating $30,000 for the erection of additional Mint buildings in this city lately passed the Senate, and no difficulty is apprehended in its passing the House.

The "Drummer Boy" who raised a contribution of $140 at the Metropolitan Theatre on the occasion of the sale of the Sanitary Flour, for the purpose of replacing with a cork leg the one of flesh which he said he lost at Fredericksburg, turns out to have been a swindler. He had never taken up arms at all, and he lost his leg in infancy.

The new General of the Military Department of the Pacific is said to have left New York on the 23d of May. If so, he will soon be due. The question is, What will he do when he gets here?

Judge North has been ill, but is now sufficiently recovered to attend to the business of his Court. The recovery is good news to many mining litigants.

Washoe is shipping a remarkable quantity of bullion. There seems no symptom of a giving-out in the products of Silver Land.

There is a saloon in Colusa called "The Copperhead." The proprietors advertise Constitutional Cocktails, Seymour Smashes, Habeas Corpus Juleps and Vallandigham Eye-Openers.

On the principle which impelled the ass to kick the dying lion, a few discourteous papers are abusing General Wright, and already chanting the praises of his successor. A General who has grown grey in his country's service is too well seasoned to actual battle to be much disturbed by Billingsgate.

A meteor flashed over the heavens on Monday night. At first sight it looked as though it meant to stay in our city, but it passed on.

No preparation has been made in Mariposa county for celebrating the Fourth of July. Do not the butterflies intend to let the flag fly this year?

Dr. Franklin Tuthill, one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, in addition to making the speech of the day at the College commencement in Oakland last week, gave the following singularly graceful and original toast: "God, Grant, Victory."

Roman, the bookseller, is mated and married and gone off on a wedding tour. The day of the Tribunes is past, but we have no doubt that he will prove a Roman father.

ABROAD.

The advent of Garibaldi in England has been a godsend to its writers of cheap biographies, who have flooded the market with memoirs of the People's Hero.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, is said to have failed in his last comedy, *L'Ami des Femmes*, which is as heartless as it is clever.

Lamartine denies the report that he intends to marry, for the present at least.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow is said to have dissolved his literary connection with the *New Nation*.

Aldrich, the poet, is reported to have written a comedy for Edwin Booth, the tragedian.

General Winfield Scott is reported to be busy with an autobiography of his Life and Times. The portion written has been set up, and the proof-sheets already number over three hundred octavo pages.

James Holbrook, well known as special agent of the Post-office Department, and author of *Ten Years among the Mail Bags*, died at Brooklyn, Conn., on the 28th of April.

Madame George Sand lately achieved a very marked success on the stage, by her dramatization of her novel, *Le Marquis de Villemer*.

Eight thousand school-houses have been erected in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs took place.

Silver has been discovered in Michigan, near Lake Superior. One tract which was bought of Government a few weeks since for $200, has recently been sold for $6,000.

The *Ocean Queen* is said to have had a narrow escape from a pirate on the Atlantic side in her last trip to Aspinwall, as the *Florida* was lying off Bermuda to intercept her. The *Ocean Queen* being two days behind her time probably accounts for her escape from the *Florida's* florid attentions.

A new periodical, upon the plan of *Notes and Queries*, has just been started in Paris, with the appropriate title of *Intermédiarie*. It is the journal which has set on foot the investigations relative to the tomb of Voltaire.

The small pamphlet called *Miscegenation* has been republished in London by Mr. Trübner. It should have a run in Exeter Hall.

The original score of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is said to be now on sale at Dresden.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, who writes upon almost every subject, has published an *Ode for the Three Hundredth Birthday of Shakspeare*. The verses are said to be of that class which neither gods, men nor columns accept, and the price is only six cents.

AN IMMENSE MASS MEETING was held on Thursday evening to endorse the nomination of Lincoln. Platt's Hall was filled to overflowing, and the multitude in the street outside blocked the road to carriages. Guns were fired during the day, and at night music paraded the streets, rockets were set off in various parts of the city, and illuminations and flags made quite a carnival time. The pulse of the people showed plainly in this demonstration: San Francisco has spoken!

THE editor of the *Commonwealth* writes from London that the *Spectator* is beginning to show signs of favor towards Fremont, and that, among other exiled patriots living in London, Karl Blind is full of enthusiasm for his election, Karl is probably a patriot, and he may as well be Blind as not so far as Fremont's election is concerned, for even those who have good eyes don't see it!

ON THE RAPIDAN.

The languid Southern night was faint
With wafted breath of odorous bloom;
The heavy masses of the trees
Were clustered full of dewy gloom;
With slumberous voice, a wakening breeze
To murmur to the leaves began;
Only the picket kept his watch
All night beside the Rapidan.

Hour after hour his weary eyes
Had marked the torrent dart and gleam—
Had seen the shadows rise, and float,
And vanish down the falling stream.
The moon peered through the leaves and watched,
With curious glance, the lonely man;
And still he saw the shadows toss
Upon the rushing Rapidan.

He saw them, but he heeded not:
His dreaming mind was far away,
Where, through the night, the crested waves
Went flashing up the moonlit bay.
On rock and tree his gaze was bent;
But Northward, far, his quick thoughts ran
To eyes that wept and lips that prayed
For one beside the Rapidan.

The moon that filled the Southern sky
With glancing floods of silver light,
On distant plain and river poured
Her splendors through a Northern night.
The very breeze that stirred his hair
Perchance *her* tear-worn cheek might fan.
Slow dragged the night, in dreams like these,
Beside the lonely Rapidan.

What sounded through the quiet air?
What flashed beside the hurrying stream?
The waning moon's uncertain light
Brightened upon a bayonet's gleam.
With breath quick-caught, and eyes wide strained,
He bent, the shadowed banks to scan;
So throbbed his heart he scarcely heard
The rushing of the Rapidan.

Ah, watcher by the lonely shore,
Thy moments glide with winged feet!
One prayer to Heaven, one thought for *her*,
Ere that true heart shall cease to beat!
The light winds caught the murmured name,
A sigh along the stillness ran;
A shot—a plunge—and onward rolled
The waters of the Rapidan! [*Boston Transcript.*

TRUE GHOST STORIES.

The following narrative, taken from Mr. Owen's book, and drawn from nautical life, exhibits coincidences unmistakably produced by some agency other than chance:

THE RESCUE AT SEA.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age (in the year 1838) he was first mate on board a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages, bound westward, being then some five or six weeks ont, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfonndland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin—a small one—was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwartships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other—the one opening aft into the cabin, the other, fronting the stairway, into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours, sir?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose; and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but, as he met that fixed gaze, looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there *is*, sir; there 's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, yon must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else wou'd ventnre down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if I ever saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"Heaven knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go dowu at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you 've always found me willing to do what 's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color; "but if it 's all the same to you, sir, I' d rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the staterooms. Not a soul could be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did I not tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It 's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "here 's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the nor'-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and a sailor," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told yon the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it towards Bruce, he said, "Write down, '*Steer to the nor'-west.*'"

The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two hand-writings, said: "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat in deep thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide and seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board, but not a living soul beyond the crew and the officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the dence do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. *I* saw the man write; *you* see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck, and give the course nor'-west. And Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an ice-berg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a great many humau beings on it. Shortly after they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Qnebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally froze fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew aud passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionally great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk!

At first he tried to persuade hinuself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you: but I would be much obliged to yon if you would write a few words on this slate," and he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything yon ask," replied the passenger, "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose yon write, '*Steer to the nor'-west.*'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside, so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over and gave it to him with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote *one* of these. Who wrote the *other?*"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter: "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the bark; "what was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, (the captain of the wreck,) "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman"—pointing to the passenger—"being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, sometime before noon. After an hour or more he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved thi this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a bark, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, yon know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot donbt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To Him be all thanks for His goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the captain of the bark, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably to the south of west, and I altered my course to nor'-west, and had a look-out aloft to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the bark I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but *how* that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

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AN APPARITION OF THE LIVING.

During the autumn of 1857, Mr. Daniel Muller, a young American gentleman, after having travelled throughout Germany, was returning to the United States in a Bremen packet.

One tempestuous evening his mother, Mrs. Anne Muller residing near New York, knowing that her son was probably then at sea, became much alarmed for his safety, and put up in secret an earnest prayer that he might be preserved to her.

There was residing in the same house with her, at that time, one of her nieces, named Louisa Allen, who was in the habit of receiving impressions of what might be called a clairvoyant character. This niece had heard the expression of her aunt's fears; but, like the rest of the family, she was ignornnt that these fears had found expression in prayer for her cousin's safety. The day after the tempest, she had an impression so vivid and distinct that she was induced to record it in writing. It was to the effect that her aunt had no cause to fear, seeing that the object of her anxiety was in safety, and that at the very hour of the previous evening when the mother had so earnestly put up a secret prayer for him, *her son, being at the time in his state-room, had been conscious of his mother's presence.*

This she read to her aunt the same day, thinking it might tend to comfort her.

And then she waited with great anxiety for her cousin's return, when she might have her doubts resolved as to the truth or falsehood of the mysterious impression regarding him. He arrived three weeks afterwards, safe and well; but during the afternoon and evening that succeeded his arrival, no allusion whatever was made by any one to the above circumstances. When the rest of the family retired, Louisa Allen remained, proposing to question him on the subject. He had stepped out; but after a few minutes he returned to the parlor, came up to the opposite side of the table at which she was sitting, looked agitated, and, before she herself could proffer a word, he said, with much emotion: "Cousin, I must tell you a most remarkable thing that happened to me." And with that, to her astonishment, he burst into tears.

She felt that the solution of her doubts was at hand; and so it proved. He told her that one night during the voyage, soon after he had lain down, he saw, on the side of the state-room opposite his berth, the appearance of his mother. It was so startlingly like a real person, that he rose and approached it. He did not, however, attempt to touch it, being ultimately satisfied that it was an apparition only. But on his return to his berth he still saw it for some minutes, as before.

On comparing notes, it was ascertained that the evening on which the young man thus saw the appearance of his mother at sea was the same on which she had so earnestly prayed for his safety—the very same, too, which his cousin Louisa had designated in writing, three weeks before, as the time when he had seen the apparition in question. And, as nearly as they could make it out, the hour also corresponded.

The foregoing history is taken from Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable book, to which we have before been indebted; and that gentleman adds:

"The above narrative was communicated to me by the two ladies concerned, the mother and her niece, both being together when I obtained it. They are highly intellectual and cultivated. I am well acquainted with them, and I know that entire reliance may be placed on their statement."

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SECOND SIGHT.

The celebrated German author, Zschokke, writes thus of his singular gift of second sight: "If the reception of so many visitors was troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally

either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject; not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to coufess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgmeut which we form of strangers, on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one towards, or repels one from another, becomes, after a time, more dim, aud is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such eases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, iu whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wantiug. Others, again, are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life, up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances belonging to one or other particular sceue in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily, and unsought, occupying in duration a few miuutes. During this period 1 am usually so plunged in the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiogomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other aceidents of the scene; till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a seamstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality, I then gave more attention to the subject, and, as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement ou the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied—'It happened as you say;' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I wi l give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

"On a fair day I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters, who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called 'The Vine.' We took our supper with a numerous company, at the public; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connection with the belief in mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. 1 turned to him with the question whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if 1 told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I uarrated the events with which my dream vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesmau's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, aud finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest, etc. A dead sileuce reigned iu the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasioually asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—eveu, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with this frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circum stances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his miud than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of differeuce? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons I fell in with an old Tyrolese who travelled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauerstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds, to the no little amusement of the peasants and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

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BISHOP HALL'S ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DREAM.

In my youth, when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me that she would not come to my Commencement (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge). When 1 related this dream to my brother (both of us waking together in a sweat) he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next carrier brought us word of our mother's death.

How can this be accouuted for on merely rational principles?

GENTLE ZEPHYRS.

M. Camus, in a volume lately published in Paris, entitled *The Bohemians of the Flag*, gives this selfish sketch of the Zephyr:

Clever acts of swindling, if successful, live in the memory of the battalion, and the first rule of the Zephyr is *rem, quocumque modo rem*. When sufferiug from impecuniosity, or to use the barrack *argot*, "stivercramp," the Zephyr combines the most ingenious schemes to draw "cartwheels" out of the pockets of the simple-minded Arabs. Thus, he will pick up some old rag and palm it off as the banner carried by the Emperor of Morocco at the Battle of Isly; at another time he sells to the highest bidder a knife which once belonged to Abd-el-Kader. Another Zephyr, whose name has not been handed down to posterity, was the inventor of humanitarian cartridges; that is to say, he made up cartridges of pounded charcoal and old bullets, which he sold at a high figure to the Kabyles, to be employed against the French in the next revolt. The Zephyrs, too, have turned their attention to natural history, and their greatest exploit was the inventiou of rats with a trunk, which proved the awful down-come of a Parisian *savant*. The experiment was ingenious, though perhaps a trifle cruel. The Zephyr cut off the tails of sundry rats, made an incision in their foreheads, and inserted the tails in them. The latter grew in their novel position, and thus the Zephyr was not only enabled to solve a rhinoplastic problem, but also to pick up sundry crowns to be incontinently converted into *absinthe* by himself and his comrades.

The Zephyrs' barracks offer a strange and dazzling spectacle. The walls are loaded with curious objects; ostrich eggs are laid out on tiger skins or those of other wild beasts; weapons of Arab origin are intertwined with grotesquely carved walking-sticks; peacocks' feathers float over stuffed birds. and pebbles of divers hues form capricious arabesques by the side of oriental papooshes. Every bed is a laboratory, where articles are fashioned to cheat the Arab and dupe the European, which the Zephyrs effect "with the attention of a tooth-drawer and the politeness of a pirate in straw-colored kids." Many of the Zephyrs have led a strange life ere drifting into Algeria. Let us take one of them, generally known as the Jackal, for a type of the accomplished military Bohemian: "His life resembled a romance of the cloak and the sword; it was a perfect *Odyssey*, in which the fantastic was allied with the incredible, and chance has written such singular chapters that the most skilful narrator would have hesitated to repeat them." Educated at an Italian seminary, his youth had been spent between the altar and the cell. On returning to France at the age of the passions, he shared all the liberal aspirations of his generation, and took part in the sanguinary revolts which in Paris followed the July Revolution. In turn carbonaro, republican, phalansteriau and St. Simonian, he had served all possible ideas, enlisted under every flag, caring nothing for the consequences of the shiftiness of his religious and political principles. At length, the turmoil of war in Algeria offered him a fresh sensation. He became a soldier, and from this moment his impetuous activity found aliment. He constantly astonished his chiefs by a rare intrepidity, but for all that he remained a simple private. While execrating the service all the time he was bound to it, he no sooner received his discharge than he re-enlisted, sure to find his way ere long back to the African battalion, for, as he said, "*On revient toujours a ses premiers amours.*" On one occasion he deserted disguised as an Arab, and traversed the whole of Oran, performing the part of a Marabout. And what was his end?—an obscure death from a bullet, a coarse jest from his comrades, and a hastily-dug grave in the desert.

It must be borne in mind that the Zephyrs are almost entirely recruited from the *mauvais sujets* of the middle classes; the Alsatian or Norman boor rarely commits an offence which will entail deportation. The cleverest among them is selected as grand master, or *grand-zig* of a species of Freemasonic corps; the members all pay obedience to him; he punishes any clumsy tentatives and encourages a bold stroke. Who but a Zephyr would have the audacity to sell the chargers of the officer to whom he was orderly? Detected in the very act, he had the ineffable coolness to reply, that as the horses were eating their heads off in the stalls, he thought it advisable to turn them out to grass for a while with a colonist. Another variety is the gallant Zephyr, who draws in his waist, hangs his *kepi* on a dozen of hairs, and acts the Lovelace. Cooks are beneath his notice, and his greatest delight is when a deceived husband challenges him, for that creates a scandal, of which he is the interesting hero. He is certain to be a clerk in the regimental office, for he cauuot endure the thought of handling a spade or doing sentry-go in the burning sun. He introduces himself to the colonists, gives lessons ou the piano, keeps books, teaches Arabic, and keeps his hand in by making love to all the fair members of the household. His comrades are naturally jealous of him, and christeu him the "Sentimental Swallow," but a judicious offer of glasses round generally secures him tranquillity.

The greatest achievement ever performed by the Zephyrs was stealing General Pelissier's dinner during the expedition against Laghouat; and next to that ranks the battle of Mazagran, in which the 10th company was entirely destroyed. The anniversary of this truly Spartan battle, in which 120 men resisted for a whole day legions of fanatics inspired by their Marabouts, is kept by a high mass and a glorious feed. The evening is spent in singing songs, the favorite of which is *L'Etoile du Bazar*, the motive being the star on the battalion button and the offence called *bazarder*, that is to say, selling the regulation shirts and stockings. The frequency of the latter offence is regarded as a virtue in the African battalion, and every recruit must have been guilty of it once at least, or he is sent to Coventry. Such is the Zephyr; and we may say that his character as drawn by Camus reminds us irresistibly of the dame, in *Tom Jones*, who granted that she was a so-and-so and a what's-her-name and a no-better-than-she-should-be; but, barring that, defied anybody to say that black was the white of her eye.

THACKERAYANA.

Mr. Thackeray's house is sold. Within the last few days it has been purchased by Mr. Huth, the rich city merchant. It is his intention to add another story to the building, which will thus lose much of its previous antique character. The sale of the library took place on Friday, the 18th inst., and although the collection of books was not extensive nor very important, yet the interest that attached to the dusty and ragged volumes, as they were brought in by the auctioneers' porter, was of a kiud that is only manifested on rare occasions—as when the personal effects of a great and loved individual, removed from amongst us, are exposed to view. The first book that was sold was the school-boy Thackeray's *Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary*. It contained the autograph, "W. M. Thackery, Charterhouse, July, 1827"—curious for the error in spelling the name—and was scribbled in when the Charterhouse lad was just sixteen years of age. This volume, which might have been worth 1s. 6d. on auy ordinary bookstall, realized £4 15s., and was carried off with great glee by the purchaser. Two Americans, and a tall. nervous gentleman, who employed a husky porter to bid for him, were the keenest speculators for the various lots. One of the most interesting books disposed of was not mentioned in the catalogue, but was discovered among some old waste paper by the auctioneers' clerk. It was a tiny French volume, with an inscriptiou on the fly-leaf stating that it was once the property of Lord Byron, who gave it to Maginn, the editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, from whom it passed, as a valuable gift, to Mr. Thackeray. It realized a goodly sum. The most speculative lots were four old kitchen drawers full of what the auctioneers' man termed "rubbish," but which actually contained all the used and imperfect volumes of Mr. Thackeray's library—those books that were apparently most frequently in his hands—full of little drawings, autograph memoranda, stray letters, and other personal memorials. These drawers realized a goodly sum, but they would have been cheap for biographical purposes at ten times the amounts paid for them. Amongst the other lots we may enumerate—*Biographie Universelle, Ancient et Moderne*," 52 vols., Paris, £8. *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens, presentation copy, inscribed "W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens, whom he had made very happy once a long way from home." For this little book, an ordinary copy of Mr. Dickens's story, there was a most exciting competition, and it was at length sold for £25 10s. Chastellux, (Marquis de) *Travels in North America*, with autograph of Washington, (1787) £4 10s. *Cornhill Magazine*, from January, 1860, to June, 1862, 5 vols., in red morocco, £8 12s. 6d.; 5 vols. of the same, in green morocco, £8. De Quincey, (Thomas,) *Selections, Grave and Gay*, Edinburgh, £5 10s. Bronte, (Charlotte,) *Villette*, 3 vols., a presentation copy, £5 5s. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, from commencement in 1731 to 1827, 142 vols., £11. *A Course of Mathematics*, by C. Hutton, with an autograph of Mr. Thackeray, £3 10s. *The Midnight Spy; or, a View of the Transactions of London and Westminster from the Hours of Ten in the Evening till Five in the Morning*, (1776) £2 4s. *The Bloody Register; a Select and Judicious Collection of the most remarkable Trials from the Year* 1700 *to* 1764, 4 vols., £4 17s. 6d. Richard Doyle's *Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson*, 1854, £1 3s.

The copy of Dickens's *Carol*, alluded to above, was, it is understood, purchased for the Queen. Mr. Waller, the bookseller of Fleet street, was a large purchaser of Thackerayian relics, and has other curiosities belonging to that author.

Mr. Thackeray's property has been administered, and is sworn under £20,000.—*London Weekly, March 26th.*

Death of an English Bibliopole.—The London *Athenæum* furnishes a brief biography of George Daniel, an English author of considerable reputation, who recently died in an apoplectic fit at Stoke Newington. He was well known in literary circles and to bibliopolists, both as an author and as the collector of one of the best libraries of rare books in existence. His Shakspearean collection, first folios aud first editions, black-letter ballads, etc., are singularly interesting and complete. Among the Shakspearean treasures in the possession of the deceased is the famous cassolette so often described and engraved, and which was presented to David Garrick by the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon upon the occasion of the Jubilee. This, with the whole collection, acquires a peculiar interest at this period, when the Tercentenary Festival to the honor of the great dramatist has just been celebrated. Mr. Daniel was the author of the *Modern Dunciad*, a clever satirical poem published by Pickering in 1830, which passed through six editions; *Virgil in London*, an antiquarian novel; *Merrie England in the Olden Time*, and numerous other works. The deceased was in his seventy-fifth year, and was the direct descendant of Paul Danieli, the head of a distinguished Huguenot family. We presume Mr. Daniel's collection will at once be thrown into the market, such being the rather unfeeling custom which at present obtains in England.

Remarkable Beneficence.—I acquainted you with the appearance of a periodical devoted to fac-similies of the handwriting of eminent people. In looking over one of the recent numbers I was struck by a touching letter from Casimir Delavigne. A poor literary man wrote him, in 1832, to beg for a loan of money. It unfortunately happened that the day the letter fell into Casimir Delavigne's hands they were empty; so he replied, stating the unfortunate circumstance which prevented him from relieving an unfortunate brother. He signed his name and proceeded to fold the letter, when his conscience appealed to him in charity's name not to turn off the beggar empty-handed. He took his pen again and added this touching postscript: "Sir, I cannot resist the painful emotion I experience. I send you the only object of value I possess. It is a repeater-watch, which I beg you will use in any way you may please. You will not deprive me of it, for I shall not use it again; it would remind me every hour of the day that an unhappy man appealed to me in vain when I still possessed the means of being useful to him."—*Paris Correspondence, Publisher's Circular.*

SHADOWS.

FROM the low seat by my window
I watch through the misty rain,
And think of the far-off dear ones
With a sad and tender pain.

I think of a far, far valley,
Where budding and blossoming trees
Are full of delicious odors
And tuneful with birds and bees.

And there my blue-eyed darling—
My only little boy—
Calls from amid the lilacs
With shouts of childish joy.

He has found a nest of birdlings,
And he cries aloud with glee
As he hears their first faint chirpings
In the broad-leaved lilac tree.

Now in the dreary twilight
As the sea is growing dark,
Through the golden gateway yonder
Comes a little phantom bark.

I hear a child's sweet laughter,
A musical, broken speech,
And the wee feet's dainty patter,
As they come along the beach.

I feel the warm arms twining
Around my neck in glee;
I see the golden shining
Of a fair head on my knee.

Back, over leagues of forest
And miles and miles of sea,
The spectre flies, and, flying,
Seems beckoning to me.

I start—it was a vision;
I am silent and alone,
And still the mists are falling,
And the dull wind makes its moan.

Again I fall to dreaming,
And watch through drizzling damps
Each shadow as it passes
By the dimly shining lamps.

For over that worn pathway
I have seen a shadow fall,
The heartiest friend—the brightest,
The dearest of them all.

A genial face and radiant,
A mirthful eye and bright,
A mouth up-curved with frolic
Crosses the street-lamp's light.

I hear some Scottish ballad,
Some curious, quaint old song,
And the half dancing footsteps
As they gaily come along.

One or two fancy shuffles
Upon the lower floor,
The snatch of a tune on the stairway,
And a whistle at my door.

I start again—it has vanished;
I am sitting still alone;
It was but the storm-wind's whistle
And the frail roof's creaking groan.

And so my life is ebbing
Like the dark waves down the bay,
Each tide some vain dream bearing
Forever and ever away.

I hear the departed calling
From the farther and better shore,
And I know, by their happy voices,
They are sorrowing no more.

But even in that far haven,
Where the weariest are blest,
I know my haunted spirit
Could never find a rest.

I would turn from the angels' singing
For the sound of his coming feet,
For the magic of his laughter,
For the home songs low and sweet.

There would be no heavenly sunlight
Like the sunshine of his hair,
The amber hair that clusters
On his forehead broad and fair.

No heavenly affection
Of the starry angel band
Like the love so strong and human,
And the clasp of that warm hand.

And among the radiant children,
Not one so dear to me
As the child that comes in shadow
Through that gateway of the sea.

And so, through sober twilights,
And nights that endless seem,
I sit by the little window
And dream—and dream—and dream.

And wake again to wonder
What the dear ones may relate,
And if ever and forever
My soul must watch and wait.

At the French Opera, in Paris, there has been produced a singular one-act comedy, called *Le Docteur Magnus*, written by M. Ernest Boulangir. The plot seems to be absurd enough, (one oddity being that the characters are all asleep at the rise and at the fall of the curtain,) and this is described by a friendly critic as even less interesting than the story—the "destination" of the whole being described as simply that of "making one wish for the ballet."

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

CAVALRY SKIRMISH AND SURPRISE NEAR KOLDING.

It was about eleven o'clock, on the 3d of March. The weather was a keen, dry frost; the ground was slightly coated with snow; the sky was beautifully azure, and, for the latitude and season of the year, remarkably free from clouds. Field Marshal General Wrangel was standing at the door of his hotel, surrounded by a group of officers, uniformed in blue and gold. The sunbeams glanced and shone on well-polished helmet and cuirass. From the earnest expression of the Field Marshal's face, and the rapt attention of his staff, it was manifest that matters of profound importance were being discussed. But whatever might be the precise subject of this conference, a speedy termination was put to it. A well-mounted dragoon came galloping up to the group—way was instantly made for him; the Marshal having returned the salute of the new comer, curtly inquired, "What is it?"

"A Danish peasant, who seems friendly to our side, declares he has tidings of some importance to convey," was the prompt reply.

"Let me see him," said the General.

The horseman galloped back for about a hundred yards, until he came to the summit of a knoll; here he halted and waved his sword.

In a few seconds, he was seen to return at a smart walking pace, accompanied by a tall, strongly built, fair-haired and remarkably ruddy complexioned man, dressed in a suit of thick, dark grey woollen stuffs.

"Your name?" said the General, when the apparent peasant was brought into his presence.

"Ulric Christiansen."

"Your occupation?"

"A farmer—or rather, has been."

"Where is your farm?"

"It is within a mile or so of Snoghol."

"And what want you with me?"

"I want to deliver a body of Danish horse into your hands."

"Are you a Dane?"

"I am."

"How then come you to be a traitor to your own King and country, thus to favor the foes of the one and the invaders of the other?

"Because my King has been a tyrant, and my country a harsh step-mother to me."

"But King Christian has only been a few months on the throne, and within that time he has had no time to oppress his subjects, however much inclined he might be to tyrannize."

"True; but King Christian has continued the policy of King Frederick and his predecessors."

"What precise act of oppression do you complain of?"

"I have had my sheep, my horses, and my cattle seized for rent, which was paid, but the receipt for which I had mislaid and could not produce. I went to law. I lost, and was cast in costs, for the payment of which my household furniture was seized, and I, with my wife and children, were cast forth destitute on the high road. I appealed to the High Court of Copenhagen, but as I had no money, I could get no redress. I presented, or rather tried to present, a petition to the King, but I was spurned from the palace by a pampered menial in livery. Think not that only the German subjects of this monarchy are the oppressed, or that there are not thousands of Danes disaffected to the Danish rule."

"If you speak truly, you have been hardly used, and though your treason cannot be justified, it is not without extenuating circumstances. But where are those Danish horse which you propose to deliver into our hands?"

"Do you see the grey ruins of what was once the noble Castle of Koldiug?"

"Of course I do. It is situated on a hill, and conspicuous for miles all around."

"Well, then, a little beyond that hill is a hollow. In the little wood at the western end of this hollow a body of Danish cavalry is concealed, waiting for an opportunity to make a dash on the outposts of the allies, and effect what mischief they can. I propose to you a plan by which these horsemen may be captured; it is very simple. Let a hundred or so of your cavalry make a detour, keeping to the base of the hill, by which, after an easy canter of about half an hour's duration, you will have cut off the Danish detachment from the main body of the army, and surprise, capture or kill those who expect to surprise you."

"You speak plausibly," said the Prussian General, "but what security have I that you are not a spy, whose object is to entrap us?"

"My word," replied the Dane.

"It is not enough," said the German.

"My life, then!" exclaimed Ulric Christiansen. "Let me accompany the body of hussars, and if my information should prove false, let me undergo the doom of the detected spy."

"That is fair enough," said the Field Marshal; "but the hussars do not want your guidance; you will therefore remain with us, until the result of the expedition is known. Let this man," continued the General, addressing himself to one of his aides-de-camp, "be watched, but well treated. Remember, on no account must he escape."

Five minutes after, a troop of a hundred Prussian horse was seen skirting the base of the range of low hills which lie to the north and to the west of Kolding.

The Prussians were confident, and joked freely among themselves of the surprise which they had in store for the Danes. They had just entered on a part of the road which runs through a wood, when they were startled by a loud shout which rose on rear and flank, and before they had time to change their position they found themselves fiercely attacked and surrounded by a strong body of Danish cavalry. A desperate fight ensued; but the Prussians were out-numbered as well as surprised. About twelve of them were killed or disabled, some seven or eight contrived to make their escape and to regain the headquarters, from which they had been allured; the rest, to the number of eighty were taken prisoners. The fact is, they had been designedly led into an artfully contrived ambuscade.

The wrath of Field Marshal Wrangel when he became aware of the occurrence was terrible. He foamed at the mouth; his face became of a livid white, through the intensity of his rage. He could scarcely articulate himself with sufficient clearness for them to understand that he desired that Ulric Christiansen should be brought into his presence. As, however, his intention with regard to this matter was naturally anticipated, that personage was speedily before him.

By this time the face and bearing of the Dane had undergone a complete change. Instead of his previous meek and almost abject appearance, his port was now bold, contemptuous, and even defiant.

He gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of the angry Field Marshal, while a smile of exultation and disdain spread over his usually simple and good-natured countenance. After a few moments' hard staring and furious facial convulsions on the part of the Field Marshal, that dignitary found composure to exclaim, "You are a spy."

"I know it," was the quiet reply.

"You shall die!" said the German.

"I am already avenged," said the Dane.

The cool and dauntless bearing of Ulric told upon his enemies. Half-suppressed murmurs of admiration were heard among the officers assembled.

The old Field Marshal himself was not proof against this feeling.

The General was rapidly growing cool. At length he said, addressing himself to the prisoner:

"Well, you have played us an ugly trick; but all is fair in war. But die you must. As, however, you are a brave man, and as I prefer a spy to a traitor, instead of the death of a dog, you shall have the death of a soldier. Instead of being hanged as you deserve, I will take it upon myself to order you to be shot."

Ulric thanked the General for his kindness, and ten minutes after he lay stretched upon the snow, a riddled and bleeding corpse.

Kolding—the neighborhood of which was the scene of this incident—is a town in North Jutland. There is also a province of the same name. The town is built at the mouth of the Kolding Aue, or stream, in the Kolding Fjiord or creek. It has a church, a town-house, normal school, hospital, and the ruins of a fine old castle, which was once the residence of the Danish kings. This castle was built in 1248. In 1808 it was consumed by fire, in consequence of the imprudence of the Spanish troops quartered there. The ruins are very fine, and highly interesting. Kolding has manufactures of woollen cloth and flannel, and a winter haven of the fourth class, admitting vessels drawing nine feet of water. The population is about 3,000.

VEXATIOUS TO THE LAUREATE.—The London *Daily News* tells of an annoyance to which Tennyson was subjected by the Garibaldi fever which, at the date of the paper, was raging in England. It says:

The tree planted by General Garibaldi in the garden of the poet-laureate on Friday last, had two of its branches torn off during the night of Saturday. It was carefully watched by Mr. Tennyson's gardener until after dark, but between bedtime on Saturday and the morning of Sunday was so mutilated that the beauty of its foliage is permanently and seriously marred. The tiny tree itself possessed previous interest of association: it was valued for the circumstances under which it had been procured and presented to Mr. Tennyson, who has now the mortification of feeling that its crowning honor—that of being reset by Garibaldi—has been its bane. Whilst the injuries done to this plant (*Wellingtonia gigantea*) were being pointed out to the present writer, he heard with mortification of the indecent intrusion to which Mr. Tennyson is exposed. Strangers are found from time to time seated in his garden, peering in at his windows, wandering freely through his grounds. From the lawn in front, when conversing with his family in assumed privacy, he has, on casually looking up, discovered an enterprising British tourist taking mental notes of his conversation from the branches of a tree above. Mr. Tennyson has been compelled to make fences, raise embankments, train foliage, and in fact half fortify his house, and in spite of all is not permitted to enjoy what any of our readers so circumstanced would expect to enjoy as a thing of course—the quiet freedom of a country home.

STERNE AT THE GEORGE INN.—A recent *Life of Sterne*, by Percy Fitzgerald, gives us the following picture of Sterne taking his ease in his inn:

Entering "The George," we find Mr. Sterne sitting with a large company, chiefly "gentlemen of the gown," listening with deep offence to a smart young fellow scattering his flippancies against the clergy and the whole *personnel* of religion—specially addressing himself to the hypocrisy of ministers. At length, when he has made an end, he turns to our Laurence, and rashly and besottedly asks if he does not agree with him. Possibly he interpreted that Voltairean mouth as being sure to deal with Voltairean matter. With a twinkle of those eyes, and a lifting of the corners of that ace-of-hearts mouth, the young clergyman ignores the question utterly, and begins to describe a particular pointer of his, reckoned the most beautiful in the whole country, but which had one "infernal trick" of always flying at clergymen. Here was warning for the incautious youth; there was mischief at the bottom of this apologue, and he should draw off while there is yet time. But he must put a question—from sheer embarrassment, perhaps: "How long, sir, may he have had that trick?" "Sir," replies the other (and we see Mr. Sterne taking his first Shandean somersault), "*ever since he was a puppy!*" The witling was crushed, amid the tumultuous applause of the "gentlemen of the gown." The joke was presently all over Yorkshire. People now begin to respect—even to regard with awe—the man who kept such dangerous petards by him, and will be cautious of offence.

A TOURIST stopping at a French hotel, saw the phrase "fresh water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog-eaters without knowing it.

WATER BALLAD.

THE following poem has been excavated from an old volume of the *Athenæum*, to which it is said to have been contributed by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, a year or two before his death. It is not included in any edition of his works:

"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream, so brightly flowing,
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavor
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek my fatherland!"
"Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, for ever
I'd have thee by my side."

The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home;
And still they sang together,
As steering o'er the tide,
"Row on, through wind and weather
Forever by my side."

MAXIMILIAN AND A MUDDLE.

A PARIS correspondent, under date of April 22d, speaks of the departure of Maximilian. In this connection he gives a gossiping tale which he says came out on the occasion of a breakfast given in honor of the departure of his Mexican Majesty, the Imperial family being all assembled. Here is the picture:

The day is splendid, the view from the windows of the banqueting hall most heavenly. Early spring wafts in its cool, balmy breath from the fresh flowers newly brought from the imperial green-houses to adorn the terrace beneath the windows, so that light and life and animation may be given to this parting scene; the band below plays patriotic airs, which should stir the feelings of the imperial family and make them gush with fondness towards each other at such a solemn moment as this. But imperial grandeur evidently brings with it a solemn curse, for not one member of the family there assembled seems touched by any other sentiment than that of a selfish ambition, and the departure of the son, brother, and nephew, which by right should occasion a sad vacuum in the household, seems looked upon by all as a happy relief! The conversation proceeds from coldness to urgent exhortation, from that to resistance, then on to recrimination, until at length, like the spark from the penny pipe with its innocent smoke, the explosion becomes inevitable, deadly and inexorable. The Emperor Francis Joseph is of a cold and sullen temper, but seldom dares to give way to passion, for fear of the awful visitations to which he has been subject ever since the attempt made upon his life in 1853. But like all people who are forced to place restraint upon themselves, when the temper *does* break out, it becomes tremendous and overwhelming; and they say the scene which took place on the occasion of this harmonious family breakfast will never be forgotten. It appears that a strange and mysterious incident had occurred a day or two before the meeting. A peasant of Transylvania—a sort of half-savage cross between the Slowak and the gipsy—had clamored loudly at the palace gates for admission to a private audience with the Emperor. The man, evidently possessed of great energy and tenacity of will, ended by interesting one of the aides-de-camp, who consented to listen to his story, which was simply that, one day, being at work in the fields, he had beheld a glorified figure like that of Saint Francis suddenly standing before him. The figure had spoken in mild, persuasive accents; had bidden him, as he valued his eternal salvation, to hie directly to Vienna and disclose to the Imperial ear the awful secret which was then whispered into his own. For this purpose had the peasant walked barefoot from the plains of Transylvania, upheld by faith in his divine mission, and maintained through cold, hunger and fatigue by that sentiment alone. The aide-de-camp, impressed with the man's earnestness, mentioned the circumstance to the Emperor, who instantly ordered the messenger to be admitted. What passed at the interview none can tell; but the peasant was dismissed with great consideration, and was provided with every comfort for his return home. He would accept no money, but refused not the offer of a conveyance, in order to insure speed enough to enable him to be in time for sowing his autumn crops; and it was observed that from the very hour of his visit, the Emperor, who had strenuously opposed the departure of the Archduke, began to be as urgent in its favor. The secret seemed, however, to weigh upon his soul, and in the heat of the dispute at the farewell breakfast, what wonder that it should have come out hot, burning, and suddenly like the thunderbolt! It fell amid the group with the same effect, scattering shame, dishonor and dismay into every heart. The Archduchess Sophia fled in consternation, not merely from the room, but from the palace, from the city, from the very country; for she hurried by rail to Munich, where she staid till the actual departure of the Archduke rendered a repetition of the terrible scene between the brothers no longer possible. The secret, which, as usual, although kept a profound one in the palace, is none to the public of Vienna, declares that the Duc de Reichstadt, being left in sole charge of the Archduchess Sophia, during his last illness, had made so great an impression on her heart that the extremest affection and intimacy arose between them, and that the knowing ones of that very knowing city of Vienna never wonder at the contrast presented by the Archduke Maximilian, both physically and morally, to the rest of the imperial family; nor that he should always from his youth have manifested such a passionate admiration of the Bonapartes; nor that he should all his life have sought to imitate their love of tinsel, vanity and lies! This gossiping tale, also, is made to account for the interest taken in the Archduke by Louis Napoleon, whose passion for everything Bonapartean has been surely sufficiently proved all through his career. The Archduke, whose resemblance to the Bonapartes is again displayed in his reckless expenditure and running into debt, has managed to obtain four millions from his brother, in addition to the vast sum already bestowed upon him by Napoleon III. as a sort of compensation for his abandonment of the remotest chances of succession to the crown of Austria. The Transylvanian peasant's story is supposed to have caused this deviation from the solemn word of honor already given by the Emperor that he would not bestow one farthing! From having been regarded as an obnoxious measure, replete with humiliation and wounded dignity, it has been at last considered as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A PRINCESS ON THE STAGE.

THE same correspondent who tells us of the doubts about Maximilian's legitimacy, narrates how a lady of rank yielded to the fatal fascination of the foot-lights:

If royalty has been humbled in the person of an Emperor since I last wrote, the aristocracy has likewise had a let-down in the person of a princess of almost imperial blood, who, seized with sudden passion for art strong enough to make her regard it as the only loyalty, the only aristocracy, the only distinction worth possessing on this earth, has cast her birth, rank, and education to the dogs, and consented to play *Phédre* and the *Gamin de Paris* before an audience as numerous as could be squeezed into the smallest and dirtiest little theatre of Paris, that of *Jeunes Eleves*. The lady in question happens to be triply endowed with the aristocratic element, inasmuch as she is an Apraxine by birth, (which family is the first in Russia after the Romanoffs;) a Bathyany by marriage, being wedded to the Count Bathyany, some time Governor of Pesth, high in the good graces of the Emperor of Austria, and by alliance an Esterhazy, her mother being married to Prince Pepe Esterhazy, also of the first Hungarian family! The lady is, moreover, the mother of a numerous family and the leader of the highest aristocratic *clique* which exists, that of Vienna. She was married young to Count Bathyany, and lived in all the regal pomp and splendor which the great wealth and official importance of her husband not only enjoined but compelled for many years. No thought of devoting herself to any other interest than that of her husband and children, when one fine day the manager of the Great Theatre at Pesth, being in the painful situation to which theatrical managers in every country seem destined, applied to the Countess Bathyany, as being the greatest lady in the place, for assistance in the dilemma to which he was reduced. This was no less than the proposition to stop the performance unless the actors could be paid before the rising of the curtain, as they positively refused to come on without their salaries. The Countess describes her own emotion at the appeal: "I had no money, and my grief was great. I gazed around the room in despair, when my eyes fell upon the casket which contained the diamonds that had been presented to me on my marriage, and which, according to Hungarian custom, stood on a satin cushion on the table where the bridal prayer-book, handkerchief, and bouquet are likewise, and where they remain until replaced by those of the daughter first married. I rushed to the table and seized the casket, and opening the lid, tore from it the brilliant necklace, ear-rings, brooches and other gewgaws whose value was immense, and placing them in the hands of the astounded manager, desired him to go and pawn them at once, and save the theatre from ruin, while I would come in state and fill the house with my friends and dependents." The case was too urgent to admit of resistance on the part of the manager, who was blessed with that reliance on Providence so characteristic of his class, and seems to have taken the incident as proof of the favor with which he was regarded by heaven, and hurried forth to obey the lady's high behest, with what satisfaction you can imagine. The theatre was crowded that night with all the rank, beauty and fashion of Pesth; the drama was saved for a while, but the lady was lost forever! The excitement of the adventure, the love of publicity, the desire to shine, brought out at once the craving for admiration which had been her besetting sin, and she became that "slave of the drama," that "worshipper of art" which, by our cold Anglo-Saxon races, is simply denominated "a stage-struck heroine." Soon was she found to play on those very boards of the Grand Theatre for the benefit of the poor, and threatened by the Governor, who had proceeded to her husband, with annoyance and imprisonment if she attempted the unheard-of step. Soon was she adored by the students, and protected by them in defiance of the Governor's command; and at length, mortified and triumphant, glorious yet ashamed, did she journey forth to Paris, leaving husband, children, family, friends, rank, wealth and fortune, to throw herself completely into the arms of art! The divine mother has proved, however, up to this moment, but a sorry parent, for no great success has been obtained as yet. The *role* of *Phédre* was just as badly played as it would have been by a *roturiere*, neither better nor worse, while that of the *Gamin de Paris* was infinitely worse than ever before attempted. Distinction must show itself somewhere! As authoress as well as actress did the benevolent Countess attempt to amuse the audience, and a little piece of her own composition was likewise to be played. Fortune was not propitious, however. No other description of the plot can be given than this: The curtain rises, and discovers a young lady deep in thought. The storm is raging without—thunder rolling, lightning flashing, rain falling. A joyous hurrah is heard behind the scenes; the young huntsman, evidently intended to be the hero of the piece, arrives, glad and uproarious. The door bursts open; he appears upon the threshold in full hunting-costume, top-boots, velvet coat, tight breeches and all. He pauses for an instant to produce an effect, then exclaiming with a gush of delight, "At last behold me!" springs with a bound to the footlights, when, O horror! the bound was to sudden—the breeches were too tight—need I go on? No, you can guess the rest. Decorum, commiseration, sympathy, public morality, all mixed together, formed an amalgamation in the minds of the spectators, which betrayed itself in shouts of laughter and loud cheers, amid which, as the poor actor could neither advance nor retreat, nor move to the right or to the left, no other course was left but to drop the curtain, and so ended amid the most frantic screams of merriment, "*Le Reve d'un Artiste, Vaudeville en un acte, par la Comtesse Bathyany.*" The accident was so flagrant, and withal so *apropos*, that it has been imagined to have been created by the Russian cabal which had assembled in great numbers to annoy and ridicule the great lady of high Russian birth who had boldly preferred the distinction afforded by art to that awarded by fortune. The endeavor, however unsuccessful, will certainly mark an era in the annals of the social world. The Countess Bathyany has leaped over a high fence, it is true, but has broken it in the attempt to clear it.

It is better to labor under aberration of mind than aberration of morals.

MEDORI'S MARRIAGE—O MORES!

THE *Morning Call's* New York correspondent, who has a singular ear for gossip, tells us about Medori's marriage. Blankman will be remembered from his having been made heir of the lady whom the correspondent errs in terming *demi monde*, since she decidedly belonged to *tout le monde*. Another *dame celebrée* is building a splendid residence in Fifth Avenue. What is New York coming to?

One of the sensations of the day with us is the precipitate marriage of Medori, the famous *prima donna* of Maretzek's Italian Opera Troupe. Medori is no longer a "chicken" in years, and in point of beauty would not much alarm the Venus di Medici; but she has a magnificent voice and sings divinely. You may suppose the latter when you learn that her salary, opera or no opera, is $2,000 a month, payable in gold, for three performances a week. That's an auriferous mouth you see, and no mistake whatever about it. I presume she is about thirty-five years of age, and weighs, it may be, 225 pounds. She is decidedly corpulent, has a large, round face, and can neither be called handsome nor homely. She is quite as excellent an actress, though, as vocalist, and consequently we have had a very few *prime donne* in this country who can be justly said to have surpassed her professionally.

Medori's first husband was a gentleman of distinction in Brussels, and one of great affluence. She took to opera from choice, therefore, not from necessity. She lived in grand style in Belgium and was immensely popular. She finally came to the United States on a professional visit, over a year ago, and produced quite a *furore* with her vocalism. While she was here, her husband died, and much to the general chagrin, she had to leave New York in the midst of a wonderfully successful engagement, in order to return, temporarily, to Belgium, to administer on her late husband's estate. Rumor says that he left her property worth $250,000! As soon as she could complete her legal arrangements at home, she returned to this country, where she has been singing ever since, and evincing ostensibly not the slightest desire to marry again. But it seems that widows are "very onsartin," as the darky observes; for Medori has long been receiving the attentions of a young lawyer here, of indifferent character and associates, but a good looking and dashing fellow. And now, despite all the opposition of her friends, she has privately married him.

This gay young fellow, who has carried off Medori, looks youthful enough to be her son. He is about twenty-eight years of age, though, and Medori is his third wife. Bets are being made, therefore, as to how long *she* will live now. The name of this gentleman is Edmund Blankman. He has an older brother, who is, or was, a chorus singer at the opera. He has also a younger brother, who is studying law under him. Edmund was a poor fellow in Philadelphia, but was resolved to grow rich. "Put money in thy purse," was his maxim, and he concluded to try and do it by means of his "shape and figure," since he was not built to do it on his "muscle." Edmund married a lady cigar dealer in Philadelphia, who had a thousand or two saved up, and they came on to this city. She soon died, and her money helped to keep him in his profession until he became the "lover" of a celebrated woman of the *demi monde*, named Fanny White. Fanny at last married him, and having amassed a fortune as proprietress of two or three licentious houses, retired to the enjoyment of private life. Some two years ago she was suddenly found dead in her room, and her will, discovered hidden away in an old closet, left all her wealth to Blankman. He was suspected of murder and of forging the will; but, after a tedious investigation he was pronounced innocent and the validity of the will was sustained. Then he *was* rich at last. But he wanted to be a millionaire. He met Medori. He made love to her. He went to the opera every night. He sat in a conspicuous seat. He applauded her vehemently. He threw her cartloads of beautiful bouquets. She rewarded him with her hand, as the *finale* to all this incessant exertion.

Blankman now boasts that he has arrived at the apex of his desire. He is really wealthy. He thinks he is worth half a million; and he speaks in language nicely proportioned to such an extent of opulence. He and his bride propose, as soon as her engagement with Maretzek is over, to make the tour of Europe *en Prince*. They design then to return to New York, and purchase a magnificent mansion up the Fifth Avenue, among the *creme de la creme*. They expect to have horses and carriages which shall be the envy of the whole city. In short, they meditate making all our mushroom fashionables, shoddy included, die outright of jealousy. That's the grand result. And why not? Mme. Restell, who is so notorious for the success with which she aids wicked women in disembarrassing themselves of the consequences of crime, has made money enough, they say, to buy a superb dwelling, worth $100,000, up the Fifth Avenue; and she not only intends to occupy it, herself, but carry on her business in it! What will delicately-nerved Fashion say to this?

NOT TO BE BELIEVED.—The *New Nation* republishes the following scandalous paragraph as having appeared in a New York journal of the 30th of April. If the story be false—and its monstrosity is too incredible for belief—the correspondent deserves to have his ears slit:

Washington is full of stories of startling developments, certain to be made before the Special Committee authorized today on Treasury Department. Affidavits and witnesses are ready to testify that, in addition to gross frauds, a regular system of prostitution is going on in the female bureau of the Treasury, with the connivance of its band of officials, and that a code of morals exist, degrading to women as it is repugnant to decency, and calling for the brand of infamy on those at the bottom of it. Many of the female clerks have been secured as witnesses. The stories that are told and vouched for as true respecting the appointment of female clerks, and the relations that some of them hold to very high officials, are simply shocking. The scandal has got to be so notorious that it leaked out in the debate in the House on Friday last; and it was announced that the revelations were of such a nature that they could not be repeated before the ladies in the gallery.

PARIS, where small journals have so long been the rule, at last rejoices in one very nearly as large as a comfortably-sized blanket—very appropriately called *Le Grand Journal*. It is published on Sundays, and at one franc per month—bringing its price to about five cents a number. Paris is progressive.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

When it was promulgated that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the unthinking, or those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scouted the assertion as chimerical, and adduced strong evidence of its utter impossibility. Long articles, replete with arguments, seemingly unanswerable, of the position that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the accumulation of the poisons which constitute disease. A great cry went up from the interested in the continued supremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another, that electricity, as a curative agent, had been tried and proved to be of but little if any value—thinking, poor souls, the world of science stood at the same point it occupied one hundred years ago. That were wrong, while those old fogies were content if they cured one in every five patients, there were those who were diving into the science of electricity, and finally it was discovered that the trouble was in the instruments used. From that time to the present improvements have rapidly advanced, until every disease in the catalogue of human ills have been either cured altogether or checked so as to enable the sufferer to seek those changes of climate which ultimately perform a perfect cure. Diseases hitherto considered incurable have been cured, and those diseases which took months, and even years, to cure by medical process, are now cured in a few weeks; and all by the *Improved Instruments* of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street, San Francisco. It is astonishing to see the number of patients and diversity of diseases that have been relieved by the electropathic system. From early morn till late at night his instrument is engaged imparting strength and health to all who have the good fortune to obtain his services.

The charges, too, are not as heavy as by the old system; besides there is no medicine to pay for, let alone the unpleasantness of swallowing the nauseous stuff. During the time the Institute has been in operation there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism. None have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except kaowu empirics) permaneatly. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropatbic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases fully as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results.

Connected with this system are the renowned Electro-Magnetic Baths. Here let us caution the public against the numerous imposters in the bathing line. The pure magnetic bath is one of the most effective aids in the removal of disease from the system; but if given at the wrong time is likely to aggravate trouble, and cases have been known where the patient has been injured so badly as to require months to remove the injury. Persons in quest of this bath should be careful and not apply to a place where there is no physician to judge of the necessity of the remedy. In fact, the only place where they can be obtained, in all their purity, is at the Institute, where the Resident Physician will always be happy to examine and see that they are not unseasonably administered, and if not necessary, advise the requisite remedy.

To FEMALES, the Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful diseases to which you are liable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience; should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipients feel buoyant and youthful where before they were languid and unable to enjoy the pleasures of life One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freckled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

To the nervous the Directors would say, that you can be entirely removed from those dreadful feelings of evil foreboding, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life. Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. The Directors, in issuing this pamphlet, do it in the hope that it may be the means of awakening the public who have not studied into such things, to a sense of their duties, and if possible prevent those who have the care of a rising generation from poisoning their young charges with vile drugs, thereby entailing upon them troubles which, after life, may cause them to curse the origin. Also, that those in need of remedial agents may know where they can find them without resorting to taking the thousand-and-one poisonous nostrums that are continually being palmed off as sovereign panaceas for all the ills of humanity. Avoid them all—they are snares set to rob you, and do you bodily injury at the same time.

The Electropathic Institute was started amid the cry of interested charlatans, who used all the power their riches and the prejudices of the public gave them to prevent its success. It has risen to a position that is beyond their baffled malice, and will be honored in the scientific world when they are forgotten, or only remembered for their crimes and impositions. A thinking public are fast consigning them to that oblivion their works merit. Let them go, they will not be missed.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature, that it can only be studied by its results. We know by its action it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body from the centre to the surface, by its energy, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poisons from returning to the hitherto diseased parts—and here let it be understood, that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface—except, perhaps, in cases of cold where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial disease is peculiar. The best authorities are of opinion that it liquifies the mercury—which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro-Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water, the patient is not troubled any more with those pains peculiar to the diseases. In all other cases it forces to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a *luxury*—there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it; but the reverse is the case—being one continued pleasure all the time. Try it you that are suffering either from disease or the injudicious use of poisonous drugs, and you will be made to rejoice that you have had the courage to strike out from the beaten path.

Below are a few certificates from patients that have been cured at the Institute:

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

San Francisco, April 18th, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been under the treatment of Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, and that he has cured me. My disease was mercurial, accompanied with chills. I applied to him on the 11th day of this month. I recommend all afflicted to employ him. He has cured me without medicine, by the use of his Electropathic Instrument. JOHN CALLAGHAN.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

The undersigned takes this method of acknowledging publicly the benefits he received from the treatment applied to him at the Electropathic Institute while, suffering under a terrible infliction.

This is to certify that I have been under Electropathic treatment at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street. When I applied to Dr. Josselyn I was cramped up with rheumatism, and also had the coast ague. So bad was I that, without relief. I don't think I could have lived more than one week. The Doctor, with his instrument relieved me the first treatment from all pain, and perfectly cured me of all disease in twenty treatments, without the use of medicines. I cordially recommend all afflicted to patronize the Institute, for it is truly a blessing to the afflicted, and the operation is very pleasant I wish to publicly thank Dr. Josselyn for his care and sympathy. JOSEPH SEGER, of Bolinas Bay.

September 19, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, A.D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

Sacramento, October 19th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear and Honored Sir:—You requested me to let you know how I felt after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble My sleep is sound, and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad habits had weakened my system. Not only is the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble is gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' standing, I think your system almost miraculous. Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this, if you please. I have sworn to it, as you see. C. BOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, A.D. 1860. CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

Hornitos, November 1st, 1860.

Well, Doctor, I am at home and have been to work in the water for several days, and there is no return of the Rheumatism, as I call it; and Mercurial pains, as you stated them to be. I feel as gay as a lark, no pain or bad feelings, no stiffness, but perfectly well, and all done by you in three weeks, without one drop of medicine. You had hard work to make me believe before you commenced, that you would cure me, but now I find it very easy to believe. Although my friends look rather incredulous, they cannot doubt my sober earnestness. Doctor, you have my thanks, and I will benefit you all I can, by spreading your fame up in these parts. Respectfully yours,
GEO. PERKINS, JR.

To J. M. Josselyn, M.D., Resident Physician, at the Electropathic Institute.

Nevada, November. 8th, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival, I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicine I have swallowed to no purpose, and then to think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicine; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid Instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.
Yours, till death,
FRANCIS GARLAND,

To J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician Electropathic Institute.

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

Yreka, November 10th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear Sir: Your letter dated October 16th is before me. You wish to know how my bronchial troubles are. Now, Doctor, that looks a great deal like a joke. I once had such an affection, of several years' standing, but thanks to your natural mode of treating disease, it has gone to be numbered with the things of the past. Since my return I have not felt the slightest trouble from it. When you pronounced me well I did not expect to ever hear from it again. Any one who sits under treatment of that *Improved Instrument* of yours will have the same feelings.. It imparts vitality to the system so rapidly that confidence is at once established. I have to thank you that you did not refuse to treat me because I could not pay you the whole of your reasonable charge; enclosed is the balance due you, and God bless you for the kind treatment I received at your hands.
Yours, ever grateful, WM. GARDNER.

State of California, County of Siskiyou—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of November, A. D. 1860.
B. F. WELLITS, Notary Public.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was troubled with dumb ague, accompanied with rheumatism, very badly. My disease was taken in Washoe. After having exhausted medicines without benefit I applied to Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, on the first day of November. After taking twenty treatments with his Improved Electropathic Instrument, I am perfectly cured, having been entirely relieved of all pain or inconvenience I feel as strong as I ever did when in the best of health. I cheerfully recommend all afflicted to his care, as being the best physician I ever became acquainted with. One great advantage, he uses no medicines, but cures by a process which is perfectly natural. The time occupied in my case was thirteen days. D. O. HARRA.

November 14th, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Personally appeared before me, D. O. Harra, and subscribed and sworn to the above certificate, on this 14th day of November, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

San Francisco, August 31, 1861.

To the Directors and Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute: Sirs—You requested of me a certificate of the cure you performed in my case. Below I append it:

This is to certify that I was troubled with a swelling which commenced in my ankles, and gradually extended upward until it affected my whole body. I sought the best medical aid in New York and Boston, and they all pronounced it dropsy Hoping to retrieve my health I visited California in February last. I consulted the Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, and now, after five months of treatment, and waiting to see its effects, I am pronounced well by competent judges. It did not take but three months of treatment to cure me, but I waited to see that it did not return. I feel perfectly assured, from what I saw while under treatment, that Electricity, as applied at this Institute, will cure any disease to which the human family is liable.

Now, gentlemen, you can make what use you please of this certificate. With my thanks to the Resident Physician for his kind attention, I subscribe myself,
Your thankful patient,
MRS. C. A. CARLTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The advantages of electricity as a remedial agent are universally admitted by the medical and scientific world. It requires, however, experienced skill to apply this remedy efficiently, and this skill of application is possessed in an eminent degree by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, of the San Francisco Electropathic Institute. The Doctor is well known to us as a scientific gentleman, and an ardent devotee to his profession. He is no pretender, but has conferred incalculable benefit to those who were so fortunate as to seek relief at his hands. For those who desire speedy and permanent relief from the rheumatic pains so prevalent in this region, we can recommend no surer remedy than a visit to Dr. Josselyn, at his rooms in San Francisco, No. 645 Washington street.—*Placerville Republican.*

ARE YOU SICK?—We wish to say a word to those that are sick. We have in this city an institution known as the Electropathic Institute, situated at 645 Washington street. The establishment is under the care of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, a physician who has no superior in the city. He has been in charge of the Electropathic Institute for several years, and has been unfeignedly successful in his treatment of the numerous patients that have placed themselves under his charge. The electric treatment will cure many diseases that cannot be reached by any other mode. Dr. Josselyn gives his personal attention to all of his patients, and is always ready to give advice to those that may call upon him. His charges are very moderate; and we cannot do the sick a greater favor than to recommend them to call on him before placing themselves in charge of another.—*San Francisco Daily Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Josselyn's Electropathic Institute. Voluntarily and unsolicited, we make the following statement, proving its great beneficial effects, particularly in rheumatic cases. Some months since we were on an editorial trip, visiting the mountains. The stage upset and landed all the passengers including the writer, below in the valley, where the Deer Creek overflowed by receiving the additional material, extraneous to its usual contents For some hours exposed in our wet clothes to night wind and weather, we soon felt the effects of the accident, in the mountains—pains in the back, hip, and legs; so much so that for weeks we hardly could walk. Treatments of all kinds were applied, but without avail, until our attention was called to the Electro-Galvanic Baths and appliances of the above Institute. Thank God, after two weeks, we have been fully restored, and enjoy now the free use of our limbs and body, as fully as previous to our involuntary bath in Deer Creek.—DR. H. BIEN, Ed. *True Pacific Messenger.*

ELECTROPATHY.—Electricity has long been classed among the most effective medical agents. It possesses great advantages over the system of therapeutics hitherto relied upon, as it reaches more certainly the seat of disease, especially in nervous or rheumatic complaints. The Electropathic Institute, No. 645 Washington street, under the charge of its able Resident Physician, Dr. J. H. Josselyn, has attained a well merited celebrity for the many cures which have resulted from the skilful application of this invaluable remedy.—*Daily Morning Star.*

☞ All letters answered with promptness and pleasure. Office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advice gratis.

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Ja4 *Resident Physician.*

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Phelan & Collender have sold all their stock and disposed of their business on this Coast to MATHEW E. HUGHES, who will in future have Billiard Tables with PHELAN'S PATENT IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS for sale in this market.

While returning thanks to the Public for the patronage bestowed upon them, Phelan & Collender desire to recommend Mr. HUGHES as their SUCCESSOR, to those desirous to provide themselves with Billiard Tables with Phelan's Unequalled Patent Cushions, which Mr. HUGHES will always be prepared to supply, as received direct from the undersigned, sole proprietors and manufacturers.

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By GEORGE E. PHELAN, Attorney.
San Francisco, May 26, 1864.

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SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth, opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,
20,500 Card Photographs,
Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors,
SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.
☞CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.
Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
637 CLAY STREET,
my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY.

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company:

Louis McLean,
W. C. Ralston,
Frederick Billings,
H. Carlton, Jr.,
Wm. M. Lent,
J. G. Kittle,
J. B. Thomas,
J. G. Bray,
Asa T. Lawton,
J. Whitney, Jr.,
Edward Martin,
L. B. Benchly,
A. Seligman,
Wm. Sherman,
Wm. Alverd,
Charles Mayne,
Erwin Davis,
P. L. Weaver,
Samuel C. Bigelow,
Herman Michels,
H. L Dodge,
H L. Goldstein,
H. Hanssmann,
Morton Cheesman,
H. M. Newhall,
W. Norris,
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.
J. H Jewett, Marysville.
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Lloyd Tevis,
H. F. Teschemacher,
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A.B. Forbes,
A. L. Tubbs,
Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Newton,
John O. Earl,
S. J. Hensley,
John Wightman,
L. Sachs,
Jas. DeFremery,
J. G. Kellegg,
G. W. Beaver,
Elie Lazard,
William Sharon,
Adam Grant,
Alphens Bull,
A. G. Stiles,
M. P. Jones,
D. Stern,
S. M. Wilson,
D. J. Oliver,
Jabez Howes,
F. W. Brooks,
I. Lohman, Sacramento.
T. R Anthony, Stockton.
D. W. C. Rice, Marysville.
W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

WM. SHEW'S *PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY!*

☞IS NOT REMOVED!☜

As many persons have erroneously supposed, but remains at the same place where it has been all the time for the last eight years,

NO. 423 MONTGOMERY STREET,

And is the best place in the world to obtain a good likeness and a durable picture. my28

REMOVAL.

J. K. PRIOR,

Importer and Dealer in

GAS FIXTURES AND PLUMBING MATERIALS,

Has removed to 730 MONTGOMERY STREET, near Jackson, opposite Metropolitan Theatre. Just received, an extensive assortment of plain and ornamental Gas Fixtures, of entire new patterns. Being constantly in receipt of new goods by every steamer, the attention of the public is invited.

FOR SALE:

IRON PIPE, | LEAD PIPE,
SHEET LEAD, | SHEET ZINC,

As low as any importing house in the State. my28

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
my28 San Francisco.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.—First Premium,

Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

Of the many noticee received since our last iseue, the following, owing to the preeeure on our advertising colnmns, are all we have room to publish:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made ite appearance in San Francieco last Saturday. It ie edited hy C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attaiuments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the Englieh style of literary papers, and ie by far the handsomeet journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of Califonia are in need of just snch a paper ae the CALIFORNIAN appears to he, and if the publisher will eend us hie journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the succese he merite.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the heet of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN ie the name of a new weekly literary paper which ie to make ite *débût* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the husiness affairs of his journal properly, it is eure to eucceed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new candidate for literary honors, the first number of which appeared on Saturday. It is published weekly in San Francisco, hy C. H. Webb, a gentleman who has obtained eome celebrity as a writer. As a specimen of heautiful typography the CALIFORNIAN is unexcelled. It is in octavo form, and therefore convenient for binding, and we conclnde the editor will endeavor to make ite contents sufficiently valuable for preservation.—*Territorial Enterprise, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary weekly published at San Francisco, the firet number of which has reached us. The hest compliment we can give our new cotemporary is that if it holds up to the standard of its specimen number, it ie hound to he a success. It is substantial.—*Gold Hill Daily News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will he spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Puhlic for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can he hronght hy fsthmue transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is empleyed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have heen made with contrihutors nbroad fer

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year hy mail to subscrihers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month, served hy carriers.

All communications and correspondence muet he addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

"OLD THINGS PASS AWAY."—The advent of the Florence dates a new era in sewing mechnnism. To purchase any of the old contrivances for sewing, since the introduction of this "Ne Plus Ultra" of Machiaes, would he as unwise as for a lady with her needle and thread to attempt to stitch a race with the imperfect sewiag machiaes formerly nsed. We know positively that Mr. Hill, agent for the Florence, (office, 111 Montgomery street,) has, up to this time, heen nnable to supply the demaad for these admirahle Sewiag Machiaes, showing conclusively thnt the public fully nppreciate their many advantages. jn11

WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, caa supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the couatry for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are nnable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employmeat Office. jul1

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE,

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods oa my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwardiug.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customere without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1 1m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

JOHN BROUGHAM'S NEW COMEDY

OF

PLAYING WITH FIRE!

Cast with the full strength of the DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Operatic Season!

SATURDAY EVENING, - - - - JUNE 11TH,

Verdi's grand Opera of

LA TRAVIATA,

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

As "Violetta;" and

SIGNOR BIANCHI,

As "Alfredo Germont;" assisted by

Mr. JOHN GREGG,

Mons. CHARLES,

Sig. RONCOVIERI,

Aad the Italian opera choruses, and MLLE. C. ACOSTA aad MONS H. WIETHOFF, in Ballet.

SUNDAY EVENING,

LUCREZIA BORGIA,

In preparation, the operatic spectacle of

SATANELLA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:—Dress Circle aad Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet $1; Gallery 50c; Reserved seats, extra 50c. Private Boxes, $10 aud $5.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8.

WILSON & ZOYARA'S

Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the preseat season.

Performaaces will he givea during the coming week nt the towns in the

SAN JOSE AND CONTRA COSTA VALLEYS.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havaaa at immense cost, have a world-wide reputatioa, eaabling the manageaeat to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, nad ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department ie the world-renowned

ELLA ZOYARA,

MLLE. ELOUISE,

And a nnmber of elegant and daring Riders, whilst

MESSRS. ROSS AND CARLO
Head the Acrobatic Corps;
MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;
MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
The Comic Departmeat.

The Ring is under the supervision of MR VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that has ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. M. HUDSON - - - - - - - Superintendent

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR!

THE GIANT BOY,

Eighteen yoare old, and eight feet in Height!

THE MUSICAL ANOMALY, THE TYROLEAN WARBLER,

Whose remarkable skill in performing upon THREE WIND INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE, and whose wonderful coaversion of a commoa COFFEE POT into a fountain of harmony, have astouaded all who have seen him.

THE GREAT CHROPLASTIC

GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES.

THE LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE,

The emallest woman in the world,

And upwards of two thousand Curiosities.

Also, a heaatiful set of Cosmoramic Views, illnstrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an Aquaria Garden attached to the Museum.

The admission to the eatire Exhibition le only 25 cents; Childreu 15 cents. jul1-tf

PERSONAL TAX ASSESSMENT ROLL

OF SAN FRANCISCO—1864-65.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordnnce with Section 1 of an Act eatitled "An Act to provide for the collection of the Taxes oa Personal Property in the City aad County of San Francisco," approved May 9th, 1862, that the Persoual Assessment List hae heen completed aad delivered over to me as Clerk of the Board of Supervisore; aad thnt the said Board will meet as a Board of Equalizatioa on this the SIXTH DAY OF JUNE, at twelve o'clock nooa, and continue in session from time to timo uatil the 20th day of June, 1864, for the purpose of determining complaiats in regard to errore of Assessment of Personal Property and correcting errors therein.

Tho Assessment List will be open for examination in my office from this date, from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., daily, (Suudays excopted,) durlug the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

All applicatioas for reduction of assessments are required to he made in writing and verified hy oath.

JAMES W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.

San Francisco, June 6, 1864 jul1 1t

HEALTH

—AND—

AMUSEMENT,

Combined!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment; while the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they nt the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

PROF. ROBINSON has recently heen employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN meet on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 P. M. For Ladies, Lads and Misses, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

PROF. ROBINSON will give instructiou, on applicatioa, to classes aad private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jn11-1m

CALISTOGA SPRINGS,

NAPA VALLEY,

The great watering place of the Pacific, not excelled in Europe or America.

BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

GRAND HOT MINERAL SWIMMING BATH,

STEAM BATH,

From the Natural Springs—a sure cure for the Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Eyes, and Pulmenary Complaints, helag impregnated with Sulphur, Iron and Magnesia.

CELEBRATED HOT MUD BATH,

The same as used by the Romans in Italy two thousand years ago.

An elegant TROTTING PARK, one mile in length.

The best TROUT FISHING and SHOOTING within one mile.

Seven hours from San Francisco, hy Steamboat and Stage, four hours hy hoat and three hours by stage—starting at 9 o'clock every morning. Fare hy steamer and stage, five dollars.

Thirty miles from the Geysers, etages running every day.

Telegraph line connecting with nll parts of the State.

*** No finer public accommodations on the contiaent.

jul1-1m F. B. GILMORE, Landlord.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most spleadid valley, surrouaded with large, heautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has heea recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted aad thoroughly renovated. New spring heds aad every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo hy Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carrisges, or saddle horses, at few rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them hy telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this dsto Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Fraucisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1-3m

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

The Copartnership heretofore existiag under the name and style of H. WEBSTER & CO., have been dissolved hy mutual consent.

H. WEBSTER,
A. D. NUDD,
S. L. STANLEY,
C. S. LORD.

NUDD, STANLEY & CO.,

Importere and Wholesale

LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

No. 410 FRONT STREET,

Successors to

H. WEBSTER & CO.,

Hnviag purchased the entire interest of H. Webster, in the house of H. WEBSTER & Co., the nadersigned will continue the business under the name and style.

ASA D. NUDD,
SAM'L L. STANLEY,
CHAS. S. LORD.

San Francisco, June 1st, 1864. je4

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, thnt Supervisors WM. C. HINCKLEY, MONROE ASHBURY, and MICHAEL CODY, a Committee of the Board of Equalization for the correction of errors in Assessment upon Personal Property for the fiscal year 1864-65, will meet in the Chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Suadays excepted,) from 12 M. to 3 o'clock P. M., until WEDNESDAY, 15th last., for the consideration of such applicatioas as may be brought before them. Sworn statements are required hy law. The Roll will be open for public examination from 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M. By order of the Committee,

JAS. W. BINGHAM, Clerk.

San Francisco, June 6, 1864. jul1-1t

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,

DENTIST,

No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS,

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

je4 San Francisco.

OPPOSITION STEAMER DAY.

JUNE 23D.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMSHIP

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. L. BLETHEN - - - - - - - Commander,

Will he dispatched for Panama,

ON THURSDAY - - - - - - JUNE 23D,

From Mission street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

Connecting at Aspinwall, via Panama Railroad, with the magnificent new Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ The GOLDEN RULE is the largest, fastest, and and most elegant steamship on the Atlantic Ocean.

For luformation or passage, apply to

I. K. ROBERTS, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery aad Pine streets,
je4 Up stairs, San Francisco.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and

Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goode to he found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,

Together with a complete assortment of

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE

RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Traiae will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will he run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. aad 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers caa reach the Depot hy either the Third or Fourth street liaes of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Missiou as follows:

Between the houre of 8:30 A. M. nnd 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus:

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California. In the matter of the Petition of JOHN ZEIS, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Joha Zeis, to be and nppear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the City nnd County of San Francisco, on Monday the 11th day of June, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not he granted, and an assigament of his Estate be made, nnd he ho discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent he stayed.

Witness my hnad and the seal of said Court, this eighth day of June, A. D. 1864. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By J. NARHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

(Seal aad Internal Revenue Stamp.)
Stanley and Hayes, Attorneys for petitioner.
jul1-4w

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not pilee of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted hy all men, but tho bleediag, blind, or external Piles can he easily and speedily cured hy the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. Tho Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, nnd yet it has proved to he a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale aad retail hy W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

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FIRST-BORN.

I.

A stillness of death all around—
A hush in the sea and the sky:
The damp of the dew on the ground;
The vapors all dark, in a mound
Do lie,
Where the day did burn out in the west,
When the great, kingly sun had gone by,
Goldeu crowned—
When the great, kingly sun had gone hy
To his rest,
Deep down in the Ocean's breast.

II.

And what does it mean that so pale
Is the delicate blue on high?
And what can it mean, what can ail
The beautiful heaven to fail
And lie
In a pallor of pain aud affright?
Ah! a flickeriug flame I espy—
Siug it, Hail!
Now a flickering flame I espy
With delight—
Lo! a star is born of the night!

MARY STUART AND CHASTELAR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART ONE.

The peerless Mary Stuart was still in her blooming teens when, by the death of her young husband, Francis II., bereft alike of wedded love and regal supremacy in the "land of the lilies," aud abandoned wholly to her sorrows, she reluctantly quitted that fair France she loved so well, to seek once more in doubt and danger tho rugged shores of her native realm.

Admiration for for the *Reine Blanche** was at that time not confined to France and Scotland; it was European. Can an impulse so universal be wondered at when we gaze on her portraits? All about her yielded to the resistless charm of that beautiful face and form, which only to look on was to love. Cotemporary poets might aptly say that "the loveliest rose of Scotia bloomed on the topmost branch." Ronsard and Du Bellay called her the *tenth* Muse. Yet, after all the rhapsodies of the poets, she was rather worshipped as a real woman, endowed with infinite perfections, than as a mythical ideal—and that with a devotion as touching as it was chivalrous in its hopeless generosity.

Unhappily, the favor of the lovely Stuart was as signally disastrous to those upon whom it lighted as her own "fatal gift of beauty" proved to herself. There is a strange, sad moral in the history of this beautiful queen. "Probably the gift that women most desire, beyond riches, wisdom, even virtue itself," remarks a recent writer, "is a power of fascination over the other sex;" and this dangerous charm must have been possessed by Mary to a degree that in the days of Greece and Rome would have been attributed to supernatural influence. With all her advantages of rank, talent and education, this very quality, so far from adding to her happiness, seems to have been the one engine which worked her destruction, and that of every kindly heart that came within her sphere. Of all the eminently beautiful women the world has seen, Mary Stuart wrought the most of wreck and utter ruin with the kindliest disposition and best intentions. Delilah, we have never doubted, was a heartless sensualist, covetous only of pleasure and gold. The Phrynes and Aspasias were probably, finished courtesans, with whom the affections were but instruments necessary to a profession of which they were thorough mistresses. Cleopatra, like a royal voluptuary, grudged no price for her desire; and in her love of conquest, blazoned forth and made the most of her rich southern charms. Marguerite de Valois knew and cultivated her resplendent beauty with the diligence of a devotee and the scientific aptitude of a Frenchwoman. But the Queen of Scots alone seems to have been half ignorant and wholly careless of those advantages which women most prize and cherish—seems to have regarded her loveliness as little as the flower its fragrance, and to have gone about frankly and freely dispesing her dangerous notice with the innocence of an involuntary and unconscious coquette.

Of physical beauty there is no question that she possessed an extraordinary share, perhaps more than any woman of that or any other age. Like her mother, (Mary of Lorraine,) she was of lofty stature and peculiar dignity of bearing, whilst she inherited from her father an exact symmetry and the most graceful proportions. James V., though he made bad use of his physical advantages, was one of the comeliest and best-limbed men in his dominions. Mary's hand was a model for a sculptor, whilst every gesture and every movement of her body was at once womanly and dignified. But it was the Queen's face that riveted the attention and fascinated both sexes with its entrancing loveliness. Other women might be beautiful; other women might have had the same smooth, open brow, the same chiselled features and pencilled eyebrows, the same delicate chin, and white, full neck and bosom, ay, even the same long, soft hazel eyes, and rich, dark chestnut hair; but where was the woman in Europe whose glance, like hers, raised from under those sweeping eyelashes, found its way straight to the heart? whose smile seemed at once to entreat aud command, to extort obedience aud bestow reward, like sunlight penetrating the coldest object, and warming and brightening all within its sphere?

Since her return from France to the land of her birth, the young sovereign had "behaved herself in a manner so princely, honorably, and discreetly," and was at the same time so courteous and affable, that, with the assistance of Knox and his followers—whose judgment cannot be supposed unprejudiced—she had gained the universal love and approbation of her subjects—no easy task, considering the conflict of selfish interests around her. She treated gravely of affairs of state with her council, sitting all the while over her embroidery frame, quietly aud demurely plying her needle. Hunting, hawking and other sports filled up the day; and music and dancing were the usual amusements of the evening. The majority of her subjects made allowance for their Queen's youth, gaiety, and beauty; and, so long as she discharged her duties in a grave and princely manner, did not blame her for endeavoring to enliven the Court of her native kingdom with some shadow of the festivities which had surrounded her while on the throne of France. Unimpeachable in her public conduct, the accomplished princess loved to retire into something like private society, but always with the honorable attendance of her ladies, and accessible to the ambassadors who resided at her Court. When Randolph, the English envoy, once pressed matters of state upon her at such a moment, "I see," she said, "you are weary of this reception. You had better preserve your diplomatic gravity and return to Edinburgh, and keep all your weighty conversation till the Queen returns there; for I promise you, I do not know myself what is now become of her, or when she will return to her throne or canopy of state."

Mary—at this epoch of her life more the heroine of romance than of history—was herself conscious, it would seem, of her tendency to this easy pleasantry, and had an apprehension that in an unguarded moment it might be carried too far. Indeed, a melancholy instance of this did occur in the case of one of her suite. This girl-queen had the good sense, shortly after her enthronement in the gloomy halls of Holyrood, to dismiss most of her French followers. It would have been well had the poet Chastelar been among the number. Young, handsome, and well-born, his romantic disposition and undoubted talents had rendered him an especial favorite in the gay circles of the Court of France, where so many of its nobility had congregated round the youthful consort of Francis, to pay their homage as much to her beauty as to her sovereignty. To look on Chastelar, with his long dark curls and his bright eyes, was to behold the poet-type in its most attractive form; and when to beauty of feature and culture of mind were added a graceful figure, skill in horsemanship—as in knightly exercises—great kindliness of disposition, and gentle birth, what wonder that with the ladies of Mary's Court to be in love with Chastelar was as indispensable a fashion as to wear a pointed stomacher or a delicate lace edging to the ruff? And Chastelar, with true poet-nature, sunned himself in their smiles and enjoyed life intensely, as only such natures can, and bore about with him the while an unsuspected and incurable sorrow near akin to madness in his heart.

Chastelar was a nephew on his mother's side of the renowned knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*," Bayard, and a native of Dauphiny. At an early age he had entered the household of the Constable Montmorency, and was afterwards promoted to that of the Marshal d'Amville. Firmly attached from childhood to the illustrious house of Montmorency, he was one of those gallant and loyal gentlemen who followed its fortunes, alike ready to share the disgrace or favor which was reflected by turns, as the event might be, from chief to retainer. Possessing the defects as well as the good qualities of the men of his day—imaginative, intellectual, brave, a duellist, indifferent as to religious matters, and a poet in his hours of love and leisure—at the Court of the Louvre, among the gay and glittering retinue of Catherine de' Medici, Chastelar was held pre-eminently *a la mode*—in its *salons* by his wit and courtesy, in its duels by his courage and address. Hitherto he had trifled with love as he had with danger. When his duties as a gentleman and a soldier were fulfilled, and the Marshal had nothing further to require of him, Chastelar thought only of penning some quatrain wherewith to insinuate himself the more willingly into some fair one's heart, or was equally ready to do battle for the friend or mistress whose colors he wore. He had several brilliant affairs of honor, and the boatmen of the Seine knew him well, for more than twice or thrice had they ferried him across the Louvre shore to that of the Pré-aux-Clercs opposite. Chastelar had indeed figured conspicuously among the heroes of that rendezvous for measuring swords; and in those days great was such prestige both in court and city, and a high recommendation even to princesses of the blood as well as to fair dames and demoiselles of quality. Chastelar owed more than one conquest to the renown thus acquired for skill and valor. Even Ronsard had allowed himself to be captivated by the halo of wit and gallantry which hovered around Chastelar. From the height of that poetic throne upon which his cotemporaries had placed him he had deigned to encourage and applaud the inspirations of the enterprising youth who, without rest or truce, pursued at the same time military glory, literary fame, and ladies' love:

Farfallone amoroso
Notte giorno e d'intorno e girando
Delle belle turbando il riposo
Narcisetto Adoncino d'amor.

A somewhat frivolous exterior and volatile manner, however, concealed a strong and fervid nature, a delicate and morbid sensibility which none suspected, not even Chastelar himself, but the revelation of which grew out of suffering, through the indescribable tortures of a passion into which he rashly threw his entire soul, and which passion the lovely woman who was its idol reciprocated at most by coquetry only. Availing himself of the marked and flattering notice he had obtained at the Court of Francis II., Chastelar had, during the brief term of her widowhood in France, paid assiduous court to Mary Stuart, who on her part, never regarded the homage he offered her in

* Mary was called "La Reine Blanche," from having mourned forty days in white for her first husband, Francis II.

verse as anything else but those purfled phrases, the loyal and gallant declarations which were so much the fashion at that epoch, and with which she was daily overwhelmed. A poetess herself, as much by nature as by study, her heart warmed towards those who indulged in the same delightful art. Chastelar wrote both in French and Italian; and finding that Mary deigned to read and admire his productions, he seemed thenceforth to have made her the only theme of his enamored and too presumptuous Muse. But it happened that at the time Chastelar's mad passion for the Queen was at its height, she was, as we have already said, forced to quit the land she loved so well. Marshal d'Amville—who was utterly ignorant of Chastelar's infatuation, and who, encouraged by the kind demeanor of the Queen, himself aspired to succeed to Francis as her husband—accompanied the fair exile to Scotland, and took Chastelar with him, to whom, as he never thought he should find in him a rival, he entrusted the secret of his love; and when he was forced to quit Mary he left the young poet with her, charging him to maintain the recollection of his passion in the heart of the Queen. This confidential office brought Chastelar in still closer contact with Mary: and as, from his talents as a musician and a poet, the Queen treated him with unusual favor, he grew insensibly bold enough in his own blind adoration to risk everything in order to obtain another title.

Chastelar, shortly after Mary's return to Scotland, went repeatedly backwards and forwards between Paris and Edinburgh, both as a retainer and confidant of d'Amville, and occasionally as the special messenger of the Queen, charged with important communications to her uncles, the Guises, and other high personages; and bringing back, in prose and verse, not only the homage of the enamored d'Amville, but of Ronsard and the rest of her adorers at the Court of Charles IX. It was Chastelar who laid at her feet these tuneful regrets of his literary patron, Ronsard :*

Le jour que vostre voile aux vents se recourba,
Et de nos yenx pleurans les vostres désroba,
Ce jour, là même voile emporta loin de France,
Les Muses qui souloient y faire demeurance,
Quand l'heureuse fortune icy vous arrestoit,
Et le sceptre françois entre vos mains estoit.
Depuis, notre Parnasse est devenu sterile:
La source maintenant d'une bourbe distille,
Son laurier est séché, son lierre est detruit,
Et sa croupe jumelle est ceinete d'une nuit.

* * * *

Quand cet ivoire blanc qui enfle votre sein,
Quand votre longue, gresle et délicate main,
Quand votre belle taille et votre beau corsage
Qui ressemble au portait d'une céleste image;
Quand vos sages propos, quand vostre douce voix
Qui pourroit esmouvoir les rochers et les bois,
Las! ne sont plus icy; quand tant de beautez rares
Dont les graces des cieux ne vous furent avares,
Abandonnant la France, ont d'un autre costé
L'agréable sujet de nos vers emporté;
Comment pourraient chanter les bouches des poëtes,
Quand par vostre départ les Muses sont muettes?
Tout ce qui est de beau ne se garde longtemps:
Les roses et les lys ne régiment qu'au printemps.
Ainsi vostre beauté, seulement aparüe
Quinze ans eu nostre France, est soudaine disparüe,
Comme on voit d'un eclair s'évanouir le trait,
Et d'elle n'a laissé sinon que le regret,
Sinon le désplaisir qui me remet sans cesse
Au cœur le souvenir d'une telle prueesse.

* * * * * *

Mary, in return for these gallant verses, sent the author from Holyrood a magnificent buffet of chased silver plate, which cost two thousand crowns, with the inscription, "*A Ronsard, l'Apollo Francois.*" This royal guerdon was placed in charge of Chastelar, to deliver among other tokens and pledges of the *White Queen's* enduring love for her "most cherished, pleasant land of France."

Unhappily for the amiable and light-hearted Mary, excessive familiarity and undue favoritism exposed her at this time to slanderous attacks. The respect due to the Queen was forgotten in the great liberty allowed by the woman. One Capt. Hepburn ventured to behave towards her with brutal indelicacy, and escaped punishment only by flight. His example did not, however, serve as a warning to the unfortunate Chastelar. That fervid lyrist addressed impassioned verses to her, which too plainly revealed his invincible passion.

O déesse . . . .
Ces buissons et ces arbres
Qui sont entour de moy,
Ces rochers et ces marbres,
Sçavent bien mon émoy

Bref, rien de la nature
N'ignore ma blessure,
Fors seulement
Toi que prende nourriture
En mon cruel tourment.

Mais s'il t'est agréable
De me voir misérable
En tourment tel;
Mon malheur déplorable
Soyt sur moy immortel!

Mary replied to these effusions by others of responsive sentiment, and so kindled the already heated imagination of the devoted young man, that it reached the verge of delirium and madness. On his return to France, at the time of the first civil war, he had felt no disposition to march with D'Amville against his co-religionists, the Huguenots, or join the Huguenots against his liege lord D'Amville, ad had consequently taken an early opportunity to revisit Scoland. He arrived secretly in Edinburgh, without apprising any one in that city of his movements.

Mary Stuart was sitting one morning in her favorite bower at Holyrood, surrounded by those youthful maids of honor who had attended her in France, and to whom she had become so greatly attached—for they were her countrywomen, and of the same age as herself. The young and lovely princess was engaged at her embroidery frame, laughing and chatting with her four attendant Maries, when the gentleman usher, who stood at the door of the apartment, entered, and with a low obeisance presented a letter to the Queen. Mary took the missive with a gracious smile from the person presenting it, and contemplating it for a moment before she opened it, with a look of pleased surprise—for it was curiously, or rather fancifully, folded, tied with green silk thread, and highly perfumed—

"This, sure," she said, "is from none of our Scottish subjects; the fold is French." And she sighed. "It hath the cut and fashion of the *billet-doux* at St. Germains, and," she added, laughing, "the precise flavor, too, I dare avouch. But I should know this handwriting," she went on; "I have seen it before. This, however, will solve the mystery." And she tore the letter open, and was instantly employed in reading it, blushing and smiling by turns, as she proceeded with the perusal. When she had done, "Mary Seton," she said, raising her eyes from the paper, and addressing that one of the bevy nearest her, "whom, think you, is this letter from?"

"I cannot guess, madam," replied the young lady appealed to.

"Do try," rejoined Mary.

"Nay, indeed I cannot," said the former, now pausing in her work, and looking laughingly at her royal mistress. "Perhaps from the Count Desmartine, or from Dufour, or Dubois?"

"No, no, no," replied the Queen, laughing; "neither of these, Mary. But I will have compassion on your curiosity, and tell you. Would you believe it?—it is from Chastelar, the poet."

"Chastelar!" repeated the maiden, in amazement; "what in all the earth can have brought him here?"

"Nay, I know not," said the Queen, blushing, for she guessed, or rather feared the cause. "But read and judge for yourself," she added, handing her attendant the letter, which contained a very beautiful laudatory poem, full of feeling and passion, addressed to herself, and which the writer concluded by requesting that he might be permitted to form part of her Court, declaring that it would be joy inexpressible for him to be near her person, he cared not how lowly or mean a capacity. The having opportunities of seeing and serving her, he said, would reconcile him to any degradation of rank, to any loss—save that of honor.

"In sooth, very pretty verses," said the maid of honor, returning the poem to the Queen, "but, methinks, somewhat over bold."

"Why, I do think so too, Mary. Chastelar rather forgets himself; but poets, you know, have a licence, and I cannot be harsh to the poor young man. It would be cruel, ungenerous, and unworthy of me."

"But what say you, madam, to his request to be attached to your Court?"

"As to that, I know not well what to say, indeed," rejoined the Queen. "Chastelar, you know, Mary, is a gentleman, both by birth and education. He is accomplished in a very high degree, and of a graceful person and pleasing manners, and would thus do no discredit to our Court; but, I fear me, he might be guilty of some indiscretions—for he is a child of passion as well as song—that might lead him into danger, and bring some blame on me. Still, I cannot think of rejecting altogether his humble suit, so prettily preferred; and if he would promise to conduct himself with becoming gravity and reserve in all matters, and at all times avoid ruffling and duelling, I object not that he be attached to our Court. I will, at all events, make trial of him for a short space. Kerr," she now called out to a page in waiting, "go to the hostelry whence this letter came, and say to the gentleman by whom it has been sent, that we desire to see him forthwith. Let him accompany you, Kerr."

In a short time after the messenger had been despatched with the invitation to Chastelar, the door of the Queen's apartment was thrown wide open, and that person entered. His bow to the Queen was exceedingly graceful, and not less so, though measured with scrupulous exactness in their expression of deference, were those he directed to her ladies. Chastelar's countenance was at this instant suffused with a vivid blush, and it was evident that he was under the excitement of highly agitated feelings, but he lost not for a moment, nor in the slightest degree, his presence of mind; neither did these feelings prevent him conducting himself at this interview with the most perfect propriety.

"Chastelar," said the Queen, after the ceremonies of a first salutation were over, "I perceive you have lost none of your cunning in the gentle craft. Those were really pretty lines you sent me, choice in expression, and melodiously arranged. I assure thee it is a very happy piece."

"How could it be otherwise, madam," replied Chastelar, bowing low, "with such a subject?"

"Nay, nay," said Mary, laughing and blushing at the same time, "I am no subject, Chastelar, but an anointed queen. Thou canst not make a subject of me."

Chastelar now in turn blushed, and said, smiling, "Your wit, madam, has thrown me out; but, avoiding this play on words, my position is good, undeniable. All men acknowledge it."

"Go to, go to, Chastelar; thou wert ever a flatterer. But 'tis a poet's trade. Thou art a dangerous flatterer, however; for thou dost praise so prettily that one cannot suspect thy sincerity, nor be angry with thee, even when thou deservest that one should. But enough of this in the mean time. You may now retire, O prince of troubadours, and I think the sooner the better, for the safety of these fair maidens' hearts, and your own peace of mind, which a longer stay might endanger. Our chamberlain will provide thee with suitable apartments, and see to thy wants. Mark," she added, laughingly, "we retain thee in our service in the capacity of our poet—of Court poet—a high and honorable appointment; and thy reward shall be the smiles and approbation of these fair ladies, the beauty of all and each of whom I expect thou wilt forthwith embalm in immortal verse."

Chastelar, bowing, was now about to retire, when the Queen, again addressing him, said, "We will send for thee again in the afternoon, to bear us company for a while, when thou wilt please bring with thee some of thy newest and choicest madrigals."

Expressing a deep sense of the honor proposed to be conferred on him, of the Queen's kind condescension, and avowing his devotedness to her service, Chastelar withdrew, and was provided with the promised apartments by the express orders of Mary herself. On being left alone, Chastelar again fell into one of those reveries to which he was prone, and again launched into that strain of extravagant adulation which, on another occasion, he had embodied in verse. Again he compared Mary, in his incoherent ravings, to everything that is beautiful in earth, sea and sky; but comparing her to these only that he might assert how far she surpassed them. There were mingled, too, with his eulogiums on this occasion, expressions of that imprudent passion which subsequently at once urged him to commit the most daring offences, and blinded him to their consequences. Poor Chastelar's ravings, in the instance of which we are just speaking, were unconsciously uttered; but they were unfortunately loud enough to arrest the attention of the domestics, who were passing to and fro in the lobby into which the door of his apartment opened. These, attracted by his rapturous exclamations, listened, from time to time, at his door, and were highly amused with the rhapsodies of the imprudent poet. The latter becoming more and more vehement, and in proportion more entertaining, the domestics finally gathered in a cluster around the door, to the number of six or eight, and, with suppressed laughter, overheard all that the excited and unguarded inmate chose to utter. That, however, was so incoherent, or at least of so high-flown a character, that the listeners could make nothing of it; and, as they could not, they immediately concluded it to be nonsense, and the speaker a madman. But there came one to the spot, at this unfortunate moment, who, with sharper intellect and more comprehension, at once discovered the meaning that lurked under the florid language of the poet's ill-timed soliloquies.

While the servants were crowded round the door of Chastelar's apartment, too intent on their amusement to notice the approach of any one, a chance-comer had advanced unseen to within a few paces of where they stood. Here, with his arms folded across his breast, he had remained unobserved for several seconds, gazing with a look of surprise and displeasure on the merry group assembled around the poet's door. When, however, he was discovered, the knot of listeners instantly broke up in the greatest hurry and alarm.

"How now!" exclaimed the unexpected intruder—a person of about thirty years of age, of rather slender form, of cold and haughty demeanor and austere countenance—"how now!" he repeated, in a voice the tones of which were naturally severe; "what means this idling? what do ye all here, knaves, in place of attending to your duties?"

Instead of answering this question, the terrified domesties were now endeavoring to make off in all directions; but the querist's curiosity, or perhaps suspicion, having been excited by what he had seen, he instantly arrested their progress by calling on them, in a voice of increased severity and vehemence, to stop.

"Come hither, Johnstone," he exclaimed, addressing one of the fugitives; "I must know what ye have been all about." And without waiting for an answer, "Who occupies this apartment?" he inquired, pointing to that in which was Chastelar.

"An' please, my lord," replied Johnstone, bowing with the most profound respect, "ane that we think 's no vera wise. He's been bletherin' awa' there to himsel', saving your honor's presence, like a bubbly-jock, for this half-hour back, and we can neither mak tap, tail nor mane o' what he's saying."

"What! a madman, Johnstone?" said the Earl of Moray, the Queen's half-brother, for it was no less a personage; then hurriedly added, "Who is he? what is he? where is he from? when came he hither?"

The man answered categorically:

"I dinna ken, my lord, wha he is; but frae the thinness o' his chafts, I tak him to be ane o' your French lauuloupers. He cam to the palace aboot twa hours syne."

The Earl's curiosity was now still further excited, and without saying a word more he drew near to the door of Chastelar's apartment, and became also an auditor of the poor poet's unguarded language; but not such as it was in the case of the listeners who had preceded him. To him that language was perfectly intelligible; at least, to the extent of informing him of Chastelar's ambitious love. To Moray this was a secret worth knowing; and in the hope that he might discover this attachment to be reciprocal, and thus acquire an additional influence over the Queen, his sister, at the expense of her reputation, he considered it a singularly fortunate incident. Perhaps he expected that it would do even more for him than this; that it would eventually help him to the accomplishment of certain daring views towards the Crown itself, of which he was not unsuspected. Whether, however, he was able to trace, in distinct and definite lines, any consequences favorable to himself from the fact which had just come to his knowledge, it is certain he was pleased with the discovery, and considered it an important acquisition. That he viewed it in this light, indeed, was evident even by his countenance, cautiously guarded as its expressions ever were.

Lord James Stuart, created Earl of Moray by his half-sister—the lay-churchman, the soldier-statesman—was, after her, the most important personage in Scotland, by reason of his royal descent, the position which he had taken in the affairs of the country, the influence which he exercised as the secular head of the "Reformed" party, and the confidence with which he had inspired most of the nobility. Though still young, he had earned considerable distinction, both as a soldier and a politician. To the most undaunted courage he added the most consummate ability. Possessing great judgment, energy of character and firmness of purpose, with less variableness and cunning than is commonly ascribed to his astute and fickle countrymen, frank and blunt, though not incapable of dissimulation and falsehood, he was always guided by that resolute good sense which seldom fails to conduct a man quickly and safely to the object he has in view.

The Earl, on being assured of the fact of Chastelar's attachment to the Queen, withdrew from the door with a look and brief expression of satisfaction, and went directly in quest of the chamberlain. On finding whom,

"So, Mr. Chamberlain," he said, "we have got, I find, another animal added to our herd of fawning, drivelling courtiers. Pray, who or what is he—this person who has taken up his quarters in the northern gallery? and by whose authority has he been installed there?"

"By the Queen's, my lord," replied the chamberlain; "I have had express and direct orders from the Queen herself to provide this gentleman with apartments in the palace, and to see to his suitable entertainment."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Earl, biting his lip and musing for a moment. "By her own express orders!" he repeated; "it is very well." Then, after a pause, "Know ye this favored person's name, Mr. Chamberlain?"

"Chastelar," replied the latter.

"Chastelar! Chastelar!" repeated the Earl, mechanically, and again musing; why, I think I have heard of that gallant before. He is one of those trifiers called poets, methinks—a versifier, a scribbler of jingling rhymes. Is it not so?"

"I have heard the Queen say so, my lord," replied the chamberlain. "She has spoken of him in my hearing as a poet."

* Ronsard had in his youth lived for three years as page to Mary's father, the gay and handsome James V, was teacher of poetry afterwards to his lovely daughter, when Dauphiness, and became one of her most ardent admirers.

"Ah! the same, the same," said the Earl; "but how obtained he access to the Queen, know ye?"

"Through his own direct application, my lord. He addressed a poetical epistle to her Grace. I understand, from Goodal's hostelry, where he had taken up his quarters in the first place, requesting permission to wait upon her."

"And it was granted?" interrupted the Earl.

"It was, my lord; and he has already had an audience."

"Ah! so!" said the Earl, without having, during any part of this conversation, evinced the slightest emotion, or symptom of the deep interest he took in the communications which were being made to him. "Know ye," he went on, "if that favor is to be soon again conferred on him? When will he be again admitted to the presence?"

"That, my lord, rests on the Queen's pleasure; but I hear say that he is to attend her this evening in her sitting apartment."

"So, so!" said the Earl, nodding his head as he uttered the words; and turning on his heel, he walked away without further remark.

From the officer with whom he had just been speaking the Earl of Moray carefully concealed the motives which had prompted his inquiries, but determined henceforth to watch with the utmost vigilance the proceedings of the Queen and Chastelar, until some circumstance should occur that might put them both fairly within his power. Unaware of the dangerous surveillance under which he was already placed, it was with a delight which only he himself, perhaps, could feel, that Chastelar received in the evening the promised invitation from the Queen to attend her and her ladies in their sitting-chamber. The invitation was conveyed in some playful verses—an art in which Mary excelled—written on embossed paper. The enthusiastic poet read the delightful lines a thousand times over, dwelt with rapture on each word and phrase, and finally kissed the precious document with all the eagerness and fervor of highly excited and uncontrollable emotion. Having indulged in these tender susceptibilities for some time, Chastelar at length folded up the unconscious object of his adoration, thrust it into his bosom, took up a small *port-feuille* covered with red morocco leather, gilt and embossed, the depository of his poetical effusions, and hurried to the apartment of the Queen, where he was speedily set to the task of reading his composition for the entertainment of the assembled fair ones; and it is certain that on more than one of them, the tender and impassioned manner of the bard, as he recited his really beautiful verses, added to his highly prepossesing and graceful delivery, made an impression by no means favorable to their night's repose. It would, however, perhaps be more tedious than interesting, were we to detail all that passed on the night in question in the Queen's apartment, to record all the witty and pleasant things that were said and done by the Queen, her ladies and her poet. Be it enough to say that the latter retired at a pretty late hour; his imprudent passion, we cannot say increased, for of that it would not admit, but strengthened in its wild and ambitious hopes.

From that fatal night poor Chastelar firmly believed that his love was returned; that he had inspired in the bosom of Mary a passion as ardent as his own. Into this unhappy error the poet's own heated and disturbed imagination had betrayed him, by representing in the light of special marks of favor occurrences that were merely the emanations of a kind and gentle nature—thus fatally misled by a passion which, if notorious for occasioning groundless fears, is no less so for inspiring unfounded hopes. Such, at any rate, was its effect in the case of Chastelar on the night in question. On gaining his own chamber he flung himself into a chair, and spent nearly the remainder of the night in the wildest and most extravagant dreams of future bliss; for in the blindness of his passion and tumult of his hopes, he saw no difficulties and feared no dangers.

Curious Consequence of Eating Salmon.—My friend Mr. J. K. Lord has been kind enough to submit for my inspection the under jaw of a human being, the condition of which is most remarkable. The depth of the teeth in the solid bone is very singular, but the most curious part of this jaw is, that the teeth *are all worn down level* at the line to which the gum would have been attached when the person was alive, so that had we looked into the mouth of the living person the teeth would appear to be just projecting out of the gums, just as does the stump of a tree when sawn off close to the grass of a well-mowed lawn. The upper or grinding surface of the teeth are *ground perfectly flat* and smooth, so that the three substances that compose the teeth can easily be made out, viz., (from without inwards,) the enamel, the dentine and the pulp. The cause of this most curious grinding down of the teeth is as follows: Mr. Lord tells me that vast numbers of salmon run up the Columbia river, and their progress being stopped by the falls, the Indians catch them in large quantities, and preserve them for winter food, These poor Indians cannot obtain salt with which to dry their fish, so they split it up into slabs and put it on the hot rocks to be dried by the heat of the sun; the sand from the disintegration of these rocks is blown by the wind on to the fish which are exposed to dry, and the consequence is that it becomes thoroughly peppered with sand, which sinking into the soft fish becomes more or less incorporated with it. The Indians, nevertheless, are obliged to eat it, as they have not much else for food; and the consequence is that the sand gradually wears down the teeth, just as a "nether" mill-stone is worn down by constant attrition. The under jaw now before me probably belonged to a man about twenty-five or thirty years of age. The condition of the wisdom teeth teaches us this; they have been "cut" some time, but yet are not nearly so much worn as their neighbors in the jaw. Though all this curious wearing down of the teeth has taken place, still there are, strange to say, no symptoms of decay, or anything like a hollow tooth in the whole series, so that if any dentist having read the foregoing remarks should think of pitching his tent near the falls along the shores of the Columbia, he would be grievously disappointed, as there being no bad teeth, there will be no business to be done. I have observed that the teeth of ancient monks and ancient Britons are more or less ground down, but in them the wearing away of the substance of the teeth is not nearly so marked as in the case of the Columbian Indian. In the case of the monks the eating of hard food, such as pulse, has caused this appearance.—*Frank Buckland.*

WHAT IT COSTS TO DRESS A LADY.

Modern civilization and refinement is developing among us, from the female chrysalis, a brilliant creature, who bears about the same relation to woman that a meteor does to the sun. This peculiar and radiant specimen of feminine human nature is the "lady" *par excellence*. One occasionally shoots across our pathway in going up and down Broadway. We notice her stepping from her carriage or daintily crossing the sidewalk, and wonder how anything so exquisite and perfect in its way was ever put together, or how, being completed, it remains so mysteriously charming and unapproachable, so wondrous and admirable a creation of beauty and art, as to scarcely betray a suspicion of human origin.

We gaze with admiration, mingled with awe, on the fair and delicately-moulded figure, on the stately and immaculate folds of silk and lace in which it is enveloped, on the swimming motion which presses and parts the air without apparently touching the earth, and on the marvellous whiteness of the jeweled fingers which disdainfully hold the rich robe from any fear of passing contact.

The idea of wearing so peerless a creature next to one's heart as wife, sister or mother, is simply an absurdity. She is quite too bright, if not too good, for human nature's daily food. Kisses would discompose her, tears commit unheard-of ravages, even smiles must not be indulged in too often, and laughter never. This superb stoicism is a chief point of difference between a lady and a woman. A woman is emotional; she is sympathetic; she is quickly excited to laughter or to tears; she will even neglect her personal adornment, and forego her own wishes and inclinations, where her feelings are very much interested. But the modern "lady" never by any accident forgets herself. Under any circumstances, her own individuality is the first object of her attention and the last of her thoughts, and the result is a dazzling female phenomenon, which we are content to worship at a distance and have no wish to appropriate.

Such an idea, in fact, would be little less than insanity in anything short of a millionaire. A lady, at present prices, is a luxury too great for an ordinary man to contemplate; the figures attached plainly to her making-up and adornments would frighten any man who did not possess a printing press of his own that could turn out an unlimited number of greenbacks.

Take the lady, for instance, who sweeps the pavement as she passes to the marble steps of a dry goods palace. Her dress is a rich mauve moire antique, at eight dollars per yard, and it is trimmed with lace leaves, edged with tiny drop buttons, which we happen to know can be purchased only at six dollars per pair. Twelve pairs, including the epaulets and trimming for the body, would be required at the very least, involving a cost of seventy-five dollars for the trimming alone. Add fifteen yards of moire, at eight dollars, and you reach nearly two hundred dollars, without the making, which, together with linings and smaller items, will be thirty dollars more. Her magnificent cloak is black velvet, enriched with a profusion of jet and guipure lace, and was imported at a cost of five hundred dollars. Her hat is Parisian also, and with its sweeping plume, which is the envy of half her female friends, was considered cheap at fifty dollars.

Were it worth while to come down to smaller details, we could enumerate her collar of real point, which cost fifteen dollars; her lace-covered parasol, which cost twenty-five; her lace-edged mouchoir, a bargain at forty, and her dainty walking boots, which, it is complained, do not pay the price of exchange at seven dollars per pair. Even then we leave out the jewelled watch, the daintily fitting gloves, once one dollar, now two dollars per pair, and two boxes of which scarcely suffices for a season. Taking the more prominent articles of costume, however, which can be seen at a glance, we have the following result:

Dress, including trimming and making	$225 00
Cloak, " "	500 00
Hat, " "	50 00
Parasol, " "	25 00
Collar, " "	15 00
Handkerchief	40 00
Veil	25 00
Watch, including chain and charms	225 00
Walking-boots	7 00
Gloves	2 00

Pursuing the subject still further, we find the following aggregate cost of an outfit actually purchased in New York recently, which we give without adding to or detracting from a single figure. The bill of a lady's furnishing establishment for supplying six plain and six elegantly trimmed and embroidered undergarments of each kind, including a puffed "corset cover," was nine hundred and twenty-five dollars. Add to this sum fifty dollars for two morning-wrappers, one woolen, the other buff cambric, with ruffles; one hundred and seventy-five dollars for white waists, three trimmed with lace and insertions, and three plain; sixty dollars for shoes, which gives two pairs of "mules" or dressing-room slippers, two pairs of kid breakfast slippers trimmed with ribbons and jet, two pairs of walking boots, two pairs of dress or carriage boots, and two pairs of embroidered "dress" slippers.

Next came the millinery bill, which amounted to one hundred and sixty dollars for four hats—one a white lace evening bonnet, another a "dress" Neapolitan, the third a straw for "demi-toilette," and the fourth a "round" country hat. Forty and fifty dollars is now considered a moderate sum to pay for a French bonnet. Leghorns, trimmed with real lace and plumes, sometimes mount as high as one hundred and fifty.

The dry-goods bill from a single large establishment was fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, and includes an embroidered white satin robe, one hundred and fifty dollars; a very handsome new style silk robe, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; black silk for a dress, forty dollars; violet and gold changeable silk, for dress also, seventy-five dollars; two organdie robes, fifty; cambric robe, fifteen; and a summer poplin, embroidered, twenty-five. A black silk cloak, neatly trimmed with guipure ornaments, was one hundred and twenty-five dollars; a Paisley shawl, one hundred and fifty; a real lace shawl, five hundred dollars; a handsome cloak of light French cloth, trimmed with silk ruching and steel embroidery, seventy; and a small real lace cape, fifty dollars.

The dress-maker's bill for making eight dresses, and finding linings, thread and the like, was one hundred and fifty dollars. Trimmings of every other description were supplied by the lady herself, which brought in another bill with the details of which we will not weary the reader. We must not omit, however, a simple lace evening dress which cost one hundred and fifty dollars, including garniture, nor three head-dresses, the aggregate cost of which was seventy-five dollars. Now add the following figures:

Undergarments	$ 925 00
Morning wrappers	50 00
White waists	175 00
Shoes	60 00
Bonnets	160 00
Dry goods	1,450 00
Lace evening dress	150 00
Dress-maker's bill	150 00
Head-dresses	75 00
	$3,195 00

The total here presented was much more alarming to the young lady principally interested than it can possibly be to the reader. She had come to New York with a check for three thousand dollars to purchase an outfit, exclusive of a watch which she possessed, and jewels which were to be presented by her lover. To her astonishment she found herself one hundred and ninety-five dollars ahead of her cash-book, and sundry articles, such as veils, furs, scarfs, fancy combs, collarettes, handkerchiefs, and the like, still unpurchased. She could not charge herself with extravagance. A Paisley shawl and a real lace shawl had been among the desirables insisted upon by her mother, and a rich wedding dress was an ultimatum with her father. She had bought no hundred-dollar handkerchiefs or camel's hair shawls, no furs, no expensive winter cloaks or delicate *bijouterie*, yet the fact stared her plainly in the face that the money which she had imagined capable of buying all these was gone, and that two thousand more would be needed before this year was out to supply other indispensable requisites to a fashionable wardrobe. Is it any wonder that young men are afraid to marry, when, after that event, they feel called upon to keep up the same rate of supplies, and even indulge to a greater extent the costly fancies of their young and pretty wives?

The statement, moreover, provides for none of the extraordinary occasions for which an extraordinary toilet has to be procured, and which not unfrequently costs the wearer thousands of dollars.

At a fancy dress ball, for instance, given only a few weeks ago, in Madison avenue, the cost of the dresses would be deemed fabulous. One beautiful lady wore a superb *rose de chine* satin, embroidered with real pearls. Upon her head, and enveloping her entire person, was a magnificent veil of real lace, also embroidered with pearls. The goddess Diana was represented by a young lady in a short dress of ponceau satin, embroidered with golden arrows; the top boots were of red satin to match the dress, and were finished with golden heels and tassels. Another young lady wore a short dress of green satin, green satin boots with silver heels, and laces, and hair powdered with silver dust. A lady, well known in the world of fashion, wore a rich robe of white satin, embroidered all over with dominoes; head-dress and white satin boots were made to correspond. The cost of these splendid costumes is greatly enhanced by the extreme difficulty of having every part made to correspond with the others. The city must frequently be ransacked for some small yet indispensable item of material, and as only a few artists are capable of executing the orders, their time and ingenuity become doubly valuable.

Gentlemen are frequently not a whit behind ladies even in the matter of dress. On the occasion above mentioned, the costume of the gentlemen consisted of suits of black velvet, knee breeches, ruffles of lace, and diamond buttons. This costume cost one of the gentlemen nearly one thousand dollars, including the hire of a superb set of diamonds worth ten thousand dollars, and the purchase of lace ruffles of extraordinary depth and fineness.

What we are coming to, when in the midst of our republican simplicity, without the necessity of upholding state forms and ceremonials, such sums are lavished on frail and perishable articles of attire, it is worth while seriously to consider, and having considered to determine whether or not to go and do likewise.—*Round Table.*

Encouraging to New Newspapers.—It is pleasant, in starting a new paper, to run across a paragraph like the following, which we find in a late London journal:

There is scarcely a newspaper in London in which three or four fortunes have not been sunk and by which as many persons have been ruined. The usual history of a journal is this: A, thinking to make a fortune, starts a journal. He spends £1,000 upon it, and finds it still exhibiting a loss. Money goes very fast in a newspaper, for the drain is a steady one, week by week, without pause—a process that will soon empty the wealthiest pocket. Having spent so much, he does not like to stop there. He proceeds, and another £1,000 vanishes. He stakes his last £500, and that goes too. Then he is obliged to sell at any price. He perhaps gets £100 for that which has cost him £2,500, and *he* is ruined. Then the buyer expends another £2,000 in like manner, and *he* is ruined, and sells to a third for £200 perhaps. The process may be continued even for a fourth or fifth, until even hope dies, and the enterprise is abandoned. But sometimes it happens that the fourth or fifth fortune has succeeded by the mere force of living on, and the journal is made to pay. But even then what is that profit, commercially considered? True, it is a fair profit for him who bought it for £200 and expended £2,000. But the actual cost of establishing it was the three previous fortunes of £7,500; add these, and the expenses of establishing the journal were, in fact, £10,000; and the profits do not *pay* as well as any other occupation would do for such capital as *that*. Try it thus: What annuity could be bought for £10,000, and would not that annuity be greater than the profits of the journal, successful though it may appear to be? These results may occasion surprise; but when we show what are the expenses of establishing and conducting a journal, and what are the receipts, and the reader will cease to wonder at the ruin in which journalism involves so many, and at the certain sinking of capital that is occasioned even by the most successful of these enterprises.

It is often the case that men, for the sake of getting a living, forget to live.

WOMEN'S BOOTS.

BY OUR FASHION EDITRESS.

IT IS SAFE to say that twenty years ago every fashionable woman in Ameriea wore thin-soled boots. The thinner they were the more elegant they were, in the estimation of their wearers. Then no woman could venture out in winter or bad weather without disfiguring her feet with unsightly India-rubber over-shoes. Balmoral boots came like a benediction upon the sex. They were imported first from England; and we are indebted to Queen Victoria for setting a fashion which has saved more lives perhaps than all the humane societies in the world put together. Her Majesty (like all Englishwomen) is a great walker—or she used to be twenty years ago—and she not only adopted stout boots herself, but insisted that the ladies of her household should wear them also. They were so much the fashion at her Highland Palace, that they took the name of Balmoral from it. Women are also indebted to her Majesty for those warm, sensible skirts which rejoice in the same name, and which have now become indispensable to them; but universally as they are adopted now, and sensible as they are acknowledged to be, we remember, when they first came into fashion, they were so stared at and ridiculed by the men, that few women had the eourage to wear them on the street. The introduction of a new fashion in San Francisco is very much like the introduction of a new religion among the heathen—the pioneers are very apt to become martyrs to their faith.

But to return to our boots: Happily for womankind a new civilization has dawned upon them, so far as their feet are concerned; and one sees no more upon the damp sidewalks and muddy crossings those paper-soled abominations in which they used to walk so surely and so swiftly to their graves. Stout boots with high heels and thick water-proof soles have taken their place. Women—especially in the country—are no longer debarred by bad weather from proper exercise in the open air; they no longer fear to cross the fields after a shower, or shrink from a rough path or muddy highway. Balmorals have emancipated them from a terrible thraldom. Queen Victoria, by her good sense and good example, has done more for them than their husbands and fathers ever did, and so we say "God save the Queen!" At the same time, we cannot help recording our wonder that the aforesaid parents and guardians should have permitted their wives and daughters to commit paper-soled suicide through so many years without making greater efforts to save them than the miserable subterfuge of India-rubber over-shoes—a fashion so hideous that many a woman with a pretty foot has doomed herself to voluntary captivity, or ran the risk of consumption, rather than take refuge in such monstrosities.

Balmoral boots, as first made by the English, were simply for service and for comfort. The French improved upon them, uniting elegance and grace to their other good qualities, until the present construction is very near perfection. Fashion, however, is never satisfied, and she has introduced many varieties and called them by many names. They are all excellent, and yet so different that they leave something for every taste. The most elegant and expensive style is called the Polonaise. They are made of the very finest kid, with Pompadour heels and water-proof soles. They are very high, ascending half way to the knee, where they terminate in two deep scallops, finished with black silk tassels. They are buttoned up the outer edge, and are elaborately stitched in white silk. We saw a beautiful pair of this description a short time ago at Lucke's, on Washington street. They were from the fashionable house of Chappelle, in Paris. Ladies who prefer home-made boots can get an excellent article of California manufacture in this city. For evening dress—that is to say, for ball dress and for dancing—white satin boots and slippers are always elegant. Black satin slippers, and even black satin gaiters, are admissible when worn with a dark-colored dress. Ladies who have large feet should strain a point in favor of this fashion, and avoid white shoes as much as possible, as they tend to magnify their size. We confess to a weakness for black satin gaiters, they do so idealize the most commonplace foot. In dancing they seem to twinkle like arrowy glances from a pair of coal black eyes, and the light seems to linger so lovingly around them, encircling them, as it were, in a halo of glistening sheen.

There is no reason why women of taste and fortune should not always be *bien chaussée*, there are so many beautiful shoes in fashion. What can be more dainty than those delicate kid slippers, lined with silk, decked with ribbons and embellished with embroidery; or those satin demi-toilets, quilted and wadded, and edged with costly fur or delicate swan's-down; or the simple Morocco slipper, with its slide of steel or silver, and its high Pompadour heels; and daintier than all, the lace embroidered slipper, fine as a cobweb, lined with delicate-tinted satin, and adorned with rosettes and borders of real lace?

Fond as the ladies of San Francisco are of imported fashions, there is one which we are surprised to see so little adopted. In Europe it is universal. It is what we call here embroidery, and braiding; they call it *soutache* there. It is the stitch made by the Grover & Baker sewing-machiue. Whether this machine has brought *soutache* into fashion, or *soutache* has brought this machine into fashion, is a question we cannot pretend to decide; but that they *are* the fashion, any one who has observed the style of dress during the last two years must admit. At the great Exhibition in London, one of the chief points of attraction to ladies was this embroidering machine. It was always surrounded by eager and admiring crowds—often by ladies of the highest rank. The royal Princesses inspected its performances more than once, and we remember handsome Mrs. Rogers dispensing bits of embroidered cloth and handbills of explanation (as fair *chatelaines* of yore used to give bread) to the hungry seekers after information. Ladies of all degrees bought them, from Duchesses down to commoners. Six were ordered for Windsor Castle, and as many more for the Dowagers of Kensington Palace. Even the fair Empress of Fashion and of France took lessons in its mysteries and miracles. We do not understand machinery—it is all a mystery to us. We cannot "run a machine"—we cannot even tell one from a steam engine, except by its surroundings; but we remember the pride with which we beheld this American invention superseding the dull, slow routine of hand labor. For English women it must have had a peculiar charm, for embroidery is a passion with them—a hereditary passion, descending through many generations. In the days of the Crusades, when their husbands and lovers were fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, under the red-cross banner, when it was not the fashion to go to town for the season, nor to the seaside for the summer, nor to Paris for the spring fashions, nor to Italy for the winter—before newspapers and circulating libraries, shopping and visiting, came in fashion—the unhappy wives and sweethearts who were left behind in their desolate old castles must have had a dismal time but for their embroidery. In nearly all the old palaces and castles in Europe one sees evidences of their woes and weariness in melancholy tapestries, faded and worn, worked years and years ago by loving fingers, long since turned to dust. It makes one sad to think of these patient women, bending month after month and year after year over their embroidery, with eyes weary with watching and dim with tears, with aching hearts full of a thousand nameless fears, with restless nervous fingers, sewing upon the senseless canvas, not stitches alone, but for every stitch a memory of the beloved ones far away. It was slow work then, but it belonged to a slow age, and so they suited each other. We live in a fast age, when men no longer go away for years to fight the Infidels, and women no longer hang the walls of their houses with their sorrows stitched in silk at the rate of a square inch a day. Those things have all passed away with the days of knight-errantry and travelling on horseback. Now that we have railroads and steamboats, and ploughing-machines and reaping-machines, it is fit that we should have sewing-machines also. Labor has been made light for women as well as for men, and the Countess of A. and the noble Lady B. can do as much embroidery now in a single day as their disconsolate ancestresses and all their maidens could do while their husbands were absent in the Holy Land.

In Paris a year ago every lady's dress and cloak and skirt was a walking advertisement of Grover & Baker's sewing-machine, and we hear from our correspondents that the fashion still prevails. Cloth cloaks in divers colors, black and blue and scarlet, and purple and white, are the mode. They are embroidered in colors to suit the taste of the wearer. They are used for visiting, for the street, and for the opera. We wonder that they are not more worn here, for they are neither too warm nor too thin, but are especilly adapted to this climate.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

IL TROVATORE, at Maguire's Opera House on Wednesday night, was fairly attended, although not as largely as on former representations of this popular opera. Sparkling as Verdi always is, sometimes audiences tire of sensation music as they do of sensation drama; and our composer—who is the Boucicault of the lyric stage—may be no exception to the rule. Miss Richings sang "Leonora" with her usual good style, precision and clearness, but her quality of voice lacked that dramatic intensity of expression which is a very essential feature of Verdi's music. In the fourth act she warmed a little, and her duet with "Count di Luna" (John Gregg) was deservedly applauded. Fresh from an afternoon concert, she may not have been in the best condition to render the music of a composer who has ruined quite as many voices as he has been the means of gaining reputation for. Signora Bianchi ("Azucena") looked well in her gipsy dress, and certainly displayed so much of that fire which "Leonora" lacked as to make her audience forget the absence of some essential contralto qualities in her voice. Signor Bianchi ("Manrico") came up to the measure of his reputation for artistic grace and good style—shown particularly in those bits of recitative in which both he and his wife excel. John Gregg ("Count di Luna") as usual spoiled the effect and degraded the uses of a splendid voice by an uncouth barbarism of style, and utterly marred the tasteful harmony of the whole opera by singing in English—a feature of Mr. Gregg's performance the more unpardonable as a few hours' study could remedy the defect. San Francisco audiences are forgiving and generous, yet we venture to say that in no other city in the Union would a singer attempt to force so gross a violation of good taste on the public. The chorus, evidently trusting to memory, without previous rehearsal, introduced some surprising effects in the *Miserere*. which would have utterly swamped the harmony of the whole scene, ensuing *aria* and all, but for the prompt leadership of Signora Bianchi, who from behind the scenes rushed vocally to the assistance of her liege. The *Anvil Chorus*, as a stage trick (quite unworthy the better genius of Verdi) lost its effect by being hammered out of time, and rendered the Minstrel performance of William Birch and Charles Backus in this same chorus an infinitely superior attempt. By the way, we would like to see *Trovatore* sung once again as an entire opera, and not mutilated to suit the tastes or inclinations of performers. Each successive representation shows the pruning knife. *Di quella pira* as sung on Wednesday night had a surprisingly ridiculous effect, owing to the absence of "Leonora," who should have been present, and to whom it was partly addressed.

Miss Richings on Thursday evening appeared as "Melanie" in *Napoleon's Old Guard*, and as "Isma" in the *Spirit of the Rhine*. Last evening she took the part of "Clari" in the *Maid of Milan*, and this afternoon and evening will sustain the principal *role* in the operatic spectacle of *Satanella*, which is to be brought upon the stage, if report speak truly, with magnificent effects of dress and scenery.

We learn that Maguire has effected an engagement with Charles Wheatleigh, who will make his appearance at the Opera House on Saturday next. This announcement will give great satisfaction to San Francisco where Mr. Wheatleigh has always been pleasantly known. Every one remembers the managerial good taste and ability he displayed two years ago in introducing Boucicault's dramas, as well as his professional skill in thoroughly identifying himself with "Salem Scudder," "Danny Mann," etc. Versatile and always correct, modest and talented, aiming rather to bring out the conception of the playwright, than to exhibit his own peculiarities, Mr. Wheatleigh has the reputation of being one of the most reliable and conscientious actors who appeared before a California audience.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne and Miss Annette Ince, the last lessees of the Metropolitan, have revived the "legitimate drama" during the past week with very fair success. In addition to the *Hunchback* and *Richelieu*, they have given us *Romeo and Juliet*—Mrs. Hayne playing the love sick youth of Verona to Miss Ince's "Juliet." Altogether there was a strong cast in this piece—Mrs. Judah as the "Nurse," and Courtaine as "Mercutio." Mrs. Hayne's make-up as "Romeo" would scarcely have led even the most imaginative to believe that she was a son of the house of Montague, though they might have accepted her as a daughter,—the woman being too apparent. Aside, however, from the rather incongruous spectacle of two women making love to each other, and shuffling off their respective mortal coils, because there were obstacles to their union, the play went off very well—Mrs. Hayne's reading being excellent. This afternoon the piece is repeated at the *matinée*, and this evening an unusually strong bill is presented—*Jane Shore*, with a powerful cast, to conclude with the comedietta of *The Lady of the Lake*.

Paul Julien's concert at Platt's Hall on Wednesday afternoon was fully attended, and proved one of the successes of the season. He brought music from the violin which not every one thought that instrument capable of. He is a genius in his line, and that line is a vio-line—if a bad pun may be pardoned because it embodies a palpable truth. Miss Richings and the Bianchis had an excellent opportunity for vocalization, and availed themselves of it, singing in their best voices and winning all the applause which Julien did not appropriate. We sincerely hope that the young *maestro* will give other concerts while among us. He came unheralded, but he has already won himself a position and a reputation by his own talent which is better than any ready-made one that he could possibly have brought with him.

A concert is to be given on Wednesday afternoon in aid of the family of the late Mr. Bucchel, and for the benefit also of Signor Poncini, who has long been connected with Italian opera in this city—and who has not got rich thereby. All the leading artists promise to appear. Julien will bring his bow, and the Bianchis and Signora Ghioni will come with their voices. Let it be a benefit, indeed, good people all; remember in your charity those who have so often contributed to your amusement, and come with your dollars notwithstanding the proverbial "tightness of the times."

The Wilson-Zoyara troupe have been starring it through the country with great success, delighting the people of the valleys with their magnificent tent and other things. They have taken possession of the New Almaden mines without the aid of Marshal Rand or his soldiers, and to-day exhibit in Oakland, so that those so disposed can cross over the bay and see them. On Monday the 27th, they perform at Sacramento, then away they go through the mines. If the people up there won't part with a few of their feet to see people stand on their heads, what will they do?

THE news has not come over the wires that Richmond is taken; but there is definite information that the Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs is taken, and by one of the Lelands—him who is known as William. It is strange how things run in families. All the Leland's nearly are Lelandlords. There are two or three of them at the Metropolitan; another one is at Saratoga; here is Lewis away out here keeping the best hotel in the country, on strictly Union principles; and seven or eight of the other brothers are quarrelling to see which shall get the big Lindell hotel at St. Louis, which it cost two fortunes to build and one to furnish. And some day we expect to see Jerome fling down his carving knife, dash his three-cornered white cap to the ground, and rush over to Oakland or up in the sage brush, and open one of the best houses the country ever saw, except the ones where his brothers, cousins, or uncles preside.

CAPT. SPEKE'S JOURNAL.*

AT ABOUT the time that the destiny of the negro had become seriously involved in the problem of our country's salvation Capt. Speke was quietly pushing certain geographical investigations in the heart of that country from which the negro had been originally deported. His expedition to Victoria N'yanza, undertaken in 1860, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, did not, as may be supposed, attract much attention from our people—engaged in the more serious task of preserving the time-honored lines and divisions of their own geography. It was not until the return of Capt. Speke, after two years' arduous toil, bearing the rich crown of discovery, that American eyes were turned reverently on that intrepid and persevering Englishman. The history of that expedition, which resulted in the discovery of the source of the Nile, is contained in the good-sized volume before us. It has other merits than those which spring from the settlement of a mere geographical speculation. It opens a hitherto unexplored region of adventure, and constitutes a kind of connecting link between Robinson Crusoe and modern scientific travel. Speke, with his two hundred "Fridays," and the awe that he and his firearms excited among the wondering savages, have an irresistible fascination to the reader. The few extracts introduced in these columns are clipped at random from its pages without reference to the progress of the narrative, which we cannot even outline here.

Capt. Speke does not give too great space to sporting details, although he occasionally indulges us with an episode which has the flavor of Burton. At Ugogo he bagged three buffaloes :

Starting in the early morning, accompanied by two of Sheikh Said's boys, Suliman and Faraj, each carrying a rifle, while I carried a shotgun, we followed a foot-path to the westward in the wilderness of Mgunda Mkbali. There, after walking a short while in the hush, as I heard the grunt of a buffalo close on my left, I took "Blissett" in hand, and walked to where I soon espied a large herd quietly feeding. They were quite unconscious of my approach, so I took a shot at a cow and wounded her; then, after reloading, put a ball in a bull and staggered him also. This caused great confusion among them: but as none of the animals knew where the shots came from, they si mply shifted about in a fidgety manner, allowing me to kill the first cow, and even fire a fourth shot, which sickened the great bull, and induced him to walk off, leaving the herd to their fate, who, considerably puzzled, began moving off also.

I now called up the boys, and determined on following the herd down before either skinning the dead cow or following the bull, who I knew could not go far. Their footprints being well defined in the moist sandy soil, we soon found the herd again; but, as they now knew they were pursued, they kept moving on in short runs at a time, when, occasionally gaining glimpses of their large dark bodies as they forced through the bush, I repeated my shots and struck a good number, some more and some less severely. This was very provoking; for all of them, being stern shots, were not likely to kill, and the jungle was so thick I could not get a front view of them. Presently, however, one with her hind leg broken came down with a charge the instant I showed myself close to her. One crack of the rifle rolled her over, and gave me free scope to improve the bag, which was very soon done; for on following the spoors, the traces of blood led us up to another one as lame as the last. He then got a second bullet in the flank, and, after hobbling a little, evaded our sight and threw himself into a bush, where we no sooner arrived than he plunged headlong at us from his ambush, just, and only just, giving me time to present my small 40-gauge Lancaster.

It was a most ridiculous scene. Sulimnn by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, while Faraj bolted away and left me, single-gunned, to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit. Now, having cut the beast's throat to make him "hilal," according to Mussulman usage, and thinking we had done enough if I could only return to the first wounded bull and settle him too, we commenced retracing our steps, and by accident came on Grant. He was passing by from another quarter, and became amused by the glowing description of my boys, who never omitted to narrate their own cowardice as an excellent tale. He begged us to go on in our course, while he would go back and send us some porters to carry home the game.

Now, tracking back again to the first point of attack, we followed the blood of the first bull, till at length I found him standing like a stuck pig in some bushes, looking as if he would like to be put out of his miseries. Taking compassion, I levelled my Blissett; but, as bad luck would have it, a bough intercepted the flight of the bullet, and it went "pinging" into the air, while the big bull went off at a gallop. To follow on was no difficulty, the spoor was so good; and in ten minutes more, as I opened on a small clearance, Blissett in hand, the great beast, from the thicket on the opposite side, charged down like a mad bull, full of ferocity—as ugly an antagonist as ever I saw, for the front of his head was all shielded with horn. A small mound fortunately stood between us, and as he rounded it, I jumped to one side and let fly at his flank, but without the effect of stopping him; for, as quick as thought, the huge monster was at my feet, battling with the impalpable smoke of my gun, which fortunately hung so thick on the ground at the height of his head that he could not see me, though I was so close that I might, had I been possessed of a hatchet, have chopped off his head. This was a predicament which looked very ugly, for my boys had both bolted, taking with them my guns; but suddenly the beast, evidently regarding the smoke as a phantom which could not be mastered, turned round in a bustle, to my intense relief, and galloped off at full speed, as if scared by some terrible apparition.

Oh, what would I not then have given for a gun, the chance was such a good one! Still, angry though I was, I could not help laughing as the dastardly boys came into the clearance full of their mimicry, and joked over the scene they had witnessed in security, while my life was in jeopardy because they were too frightened to give me my gun. But now came the worst part of the day; for, though rain was falling, I had not the heart to relinquish my game. Tracking on through the bush, I thought every minute I should come up with the brute; but his wounds ceased to bleed, and in the confusion of the numerous tracks which scored all the forest we lost our own.

The following description of the "freedmen," who formed part of his retinue, exhibits some peculiarities of the negro which most readers will recognize :

Sometimes they will show great kindness, even bravery amounting to heroism, and proportionate affection; at another time, without any cause, they will desert and be treacherous to their sworn friends in the most dastardly manner. Whatever the freak of the moment is, that they adopt in the most thoughtless manner, even though they may have calculated on advantages beforehand in the opposite direction. In fact, no one can rely upon them even for a moment. Dog wit, or any silly remarks, will set them giggling. Any toy will amuse them. Highly conceited of their personal appearance, they are forever cutting their hair in different fashions to surprise a friend; or if a rag be thrown away they will all in turn fight for it, to bind on their heads, then on their loins or spears, peacocking about with it before their admiring comrades. Even strange feathers or skins are treated by them in the same way.

Should one happen to have anything specially to communicate to his master in camp, he will enter giggling, sidle up to the pole of a hut, commence scratching his back with it, then stretch and yawn, and gradually, in bursts of loud laughter, slip down to the ground on his stern, when he drums with his hands on the top of a box until summoned to know what he has at heart, when he delivers himself in a peculiar manner, laughs and yawns again, and, saying it is time to go, walks off in the same way as he came. At other times, when he is called, he will come sucking away at the spout of a teapot, or scratching his naked arm-pits with a table-knife, or, perhaps, polishing the plates for dinner with his dirty loin-cloth. If sent to market to purchase a fowl, he comes back with a cock tied by the legs to the end of a stick, swinging and squalling in the most piteous manner. Then, arrived at the cook-shop, he throws the bird down on the ground, holds its head between his toes, plucks the feathers to bare its throat, and then, raising a prayer, cuts its head off.

Between open theft and pillage, and the equally scandalous though more civilized system of taxation by "hongo" or "déolé," extracted from our traveller by every petty black potentate through whose domain he passed, he was finally worried and harassed into a fever. Here is a single instance of the system of torture :

Incessant badgering went on for hours and hours, until at last Baraka, clean done with the incessant worry of this hot-headed young chief, told him, most unfortunately, he would see again if he could find a déolé, as he had one of his own. Baraka then brought one to my tent, and told me of his having bought it for eight dollars at the coast; and as I now saw I was let in for it, I told him to give it. It was given, but Makaka no sooner saw it than he said he must have another one; for it was all nonsense saying a white man had no rich cloths. Whenever he met Arabs, they all said they were poor men, who obtained all their merchandise from the white men on credit, which they refunded afterward by levying a heavy percentage on the sale of their ivory.

I would not give way that night; but next day, after fearful battling, the present of friendship was paid by Baraka's giving first a dubnani, then one sahari, then one barsati, then one kisutu, and then eight yards of merikani—all of which were contested in the most sickening manner—when Baraka, fairly done up, was relieved by Makaka's saying, "That will do for friendship; if you had given the déolé quietly, all this trouble would have been saved; for I am not a bad man, as you will see." My men then had their first dinner here, after which the hongo had to be paid. This for the first time was, however, more easily settled, because Makaka at once said he would never be satisfied until he had received, if I had really not got a déolé, exactly double in equivalents of all I had given him. This was a fearful drain on my store; but the pig, seeing my concern, merely laughed at it and said: "Oh, these savage chiefs are all alike here; you will have one of these taxes to pay every stage to Uyofu, and then the heavy work will begin; for all these men, although they assume the dignity of chief to themselves, are mere officers, who have to pay tribute to Suwarora, and he would be angry if they were shortcoming."

At Uganda, however, Capt. Speke's lines fell in more pleasant places. We append a description of King Mtésa, and the cool audacity with which Speke broke through the absurd ceremonials of his court :

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in "open ranks," who in their turn were followed by the hearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting wakungh, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed in a new mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, extending from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another head ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied with a string covered with snakeskin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting-up." For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plaintain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of wichwézi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and heads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language; and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full one hour," I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levee day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person.

For six months Capt. Speke was forced to dance attendance at this court, struggling and trying all diplomatic means to get assistance to go onward to his goal. The six months were not spent idly; all this time he recorded everything he saw, and that record is one of the most extraordinary diaries ever penned. The absurd ceremonials, extravagances, simplicity and cunning of court life, the reckless and sanguinary scenes he continually witnessed, the despotic king's cool disregard of the life of his subjects make a most remarkable episode. In the first transport of joy at learning of Capt. Speke's arrival, the king through sheer exuberance of spirits ordered one hundred and fifty of his subjects to execution, and repeatedly during our traveler's stay, offered to entertain him with the spectacle of women cut to pieces. But once was Capt. Speke enabled to interfere or arrest the tyrant's hand :

The first operation on shore was picnicking, when many large mbugus of pombé were brought for the king; next, the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees, and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the kamraviona and mzungu, (myself,) for help and protection; while Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and, as I heard my name, mzungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed to the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life Of course, I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released.

One more extract and we have done. Capt. Speke has struggled over burning sands and through tangled bushes, he has faced hardships and dangers in gaining these fountain waters which few men would endure even to win a bride, and now he has his reward.

At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain nor one hut being left entire—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Mtésa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

We were well rewarded; for the "stones," as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grass-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making "Usoga an island." But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about it, so far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, or top head of the Nile, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over 34 degrees of latitude, of above 2,200 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now, from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great* Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitungulé river; while from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the traveled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimaudjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamuézi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys; and farther, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the "salt lake," which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia toward the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this, in all probability, would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his, which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter change the established fact that the head of the Nile is in 3° south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria N'yanza to be.

Resisting the temptation to make further extracts—a temptation which meets us on every page—we resolutely close the book. It is impossible for us to republish it entire, and in no other way can we do the author justice. In Capt. Speke's Journal we have the most novel and valuable book of travel that has been given us for years, and those who do not buy the book and accompany the author on his travels from beginning to end, lose a most enjoyable treat.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By John Hanning Speke, Captain H. M. Indian Army, Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, Hon. Cor. Member and Gold Medalist of the French Geographical Society, etc. With maps, portraits and numerous illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. Sold by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

NEW STEAMSHIP OF THE OPPOSITION LINE.—The Opposition Steamship Line will have their new steamship, the *Golden Rule*, running on the Atlantic side the 23d of this month. She is a side-wheeler, built by Steers, and beautifully modeled, resembling in her lines the *Adriatic*. On her trial trip she made fifteen miles an hour. Her dimensions are as follows: 310 feet long, 44 feet 6 inches wide, and 24 feet 6 inches deep. She is very heavily built. Her frame is entirely of white oak and locust, which is thoroughly iron-braced and strapped. Her floors are filled in solid and caulked. She also has four water-tight compartments. Her engines were built by the Morgan Iron Works. Diameter of cylinder, 81 inches; stroke of piston, 12 feet; diameter of piston rod, 8½ inches; diameter of crank-pin journal, 10½ inches; length of crank-pin journal, 3 feet 6 inches; diameter of beam centre journal, 12 inches; diameter of water wheels outside of buckets, 30 feet; width of buckets, 12 feet; diameter of water wheel shaft journal, 18 inches; length of water wheel shaft journal, 20 inches. She has surface condensers and tubular boilers.

MISERY is the crucible into which destiny casts a man whenever she desires a scoundrel or a demi-god.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

"And hast thou then wounded so deeply my heart,
Thou beautiful maiden so dear?
O heal it again, love! but let it be soon;
'Twill break else for sorrow, I fear!"

But the maiden shook laughing her ringlets so fair,
And said, "O you poor foolish youth,
How can I your wishes fulfil, since you know
That I long since have plighted my troth?"

"And hast thou then lightly, and only in jest,
Thus wounded my heart? In return,
I pray that thy bosom, O never may know
All the anguish with which I now burn!"

With heart sorely bleeding the youth rushed away,
His eye bitter weeping, he flew;
And wander'd through street after street, till he came
To the house of a doctor he knew.

And when at the house he had quickly arrived,
He said to the old man, "O cure
My bleeding and suffering heart, for such pain
I no longer, alas! can endure."

The doctor replied, as he shook his grey head,
"Poor boy, thou canst leave me alone!
Though remedies many for pains I have found,
For this one, alone, I have none!"

And once more the youth wandered sadly away,
So inwardly gloomy and dull;
He wandered through street after street, till he came
To the churchyard so quiet and full.

And as in the churchyard he silently stood,
The sexton was digging a grave;
"O canst thou not heal my poor suffering heart?
O sexton! thy kind help I crave."

Then he, sadly smiling, nods slowly his head,
And says, "Just step in; there you'll see,
If I throw a few shovels of earth in, how soon
From your heartache and pain you'll be free!"

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE GHOSTLY RIDER OF HARDWICK HALL.

Hardwick Hall is memorable for a tragic event which took place there many a year ago now—a tragedy so dark and criminal, in fact, that becoming "haunted" was only the natural result of the henious offence committed.

It is situated in the vicinity of Chesterfield, a thriving town in the north of England, some six miles removed from the same, and is associated by name and position with the great wars of an early period; and with a fine Elizabethan mansion bearing the same name, belouging to the Duke of Devonshire, and which was completed about 1584.

The story we have to relate belongs, however, to a much later date, and to another dynasty; for there are some particulars in the history of crimes in great families which elude too close a scrutiny, so that only the leading facts associated with the great culminating one is all we venture to offer.

The Hall itself is a remarkably fine pile, occupying an elevated site, overlooking, every way, many an acre of waving woods—the ancestral oaks and elms, in fact, representing a vast estate, and testifying to the wealth and high condition of the family which possessed it. In one respect, the Hardwicks approach to historical interest, for at the time of the Civil Wars the head of the house befriended Charles with his wealth, his own blood, and the loss of his eldest son—these casualties culminating at Marston, when the fortunes and fate of the day were in favor of Cromwell.

In addition to the losses sustained by Sir Ralph Hardwick, who found himself coming to the ancient home he had once been so proud of—wounded so severely that his sword must rest on the wall henceforth, and bereaved by the loss of a favorite son—in addition to the great subsidies he had raised by loan and mortgage, and the pawning of his plate in order to aid the Royalist cause—he was mulcted in heavy fines by the Parliament, and found enough to do to keep the wolf from the door, besides mortgages foreclosing, and the like.

Lingering on daily till the Restoration, however, he bequeathed the old Hall and restored wealth to the sole surviving son of the race; and having seen the younger Sir Ralph wedded to the daughter of an old Royalist house, he closed his eyes in pious content, leaving a son, and the promise of a generation, to bear the old family name after him.

Here, therefore, we are now arrived at the true beginning of our story.

Sir Ralph Hardwick (the younger) was a fine, hearty specimen of his class—a gentleman with a fine estate, an Oxford student, but in no way too polished. The gentlemen of those days partook a little of the character of the "roysterer," and having huge appetites, sat long to the table; and in their libations were by no means so abstemious as their equals of the present day.

As a sportsman, like his father before him, he kept a fine stud, and lost or won at Newmarket or Epsom with equal indifference.

His kennels, his hounds, his preserves—add to which his wide-handed hospitality, rendered him one of the most popular men in the county.

He had married, at under thirty years of age, a most fair and accomplished lady, by whom he had a son and heir, who (after the family name his wife descended from, and to add a title to the estates,) was named Ralph Assheton Hardwick, who, in process of time, after having been adored and all but spoiled by his grandmother, grew to be a fine youth approaching his majority, and likely to prove a Hardwick every inch of him.

But the poor lady died in childbirth of a daughter, some three years after young Ralph was born, and Sir Ralph, (his father, old Sir Ralph being dead too,) found that the great Hall was lonely to him, despite the continued flow of company and visitors, and, perhaps, too, with a manly tenderness of how much his departed wife had helped to make his sumptuous home happy.

Be the reason what it may, he soon looked round for another partner, and only found a difficulty as to choice.

In the neighborhood there lived a spendthrift knight, of good "blood" and family, but of very impoverished fortunes. A mansion once magnificent, and now very forlorn and mouldy-looking, testified to its past splendor.

Sir Gervase Moore had been a "blood" in his day, and had led the "Mohocks," of the reign of James and the commencement of Anne, into glory and disgrace for many a day; and as his reputation in a middle sphere of life would have rendered him infamous, as he belonged to the *roués* and "rake-hells" of the age, he occupied a pedestal somewhat unduly elevated.

He had married, a little late in life, a woman who had brought him what sounded like a dowry; but as she rivalled him in extravagance and lavish expenditure, their short reign of glory was now over, and decay, with its crumbling timber, was overtaking the Moore family once more, when fortunately, as it seemed, Sir Ralph Hardwick's eyes turned more forcibly upon them than they had ever hoped to find in the limits of any past personal experiences.

This curiously-matched pair could boast of a daughter whose beauty, when Sir Ralph beheld her, captivated him, and made him her slave at once.

If Sir Gervase Moore was but too willing to seize upon the chance of an alliance that a nobleman need not have contemned, the solid wealth of dowry he could convey to his wife was surely sufficient to solve any doubt.

Lady Moore carried herself throughout with due decorum; and as Ethel Moore, the daughter, had no objection, the marriage was solemnized with much splendor.

If there is here some little complication apparent to the reader, it arises solely as an important element of our story, and indispensable to its thorough comprehension—a fact which must plead our excuse, and be our best reason, at once.

Our story will now march on with a more marked progress. Premising this with a few remarks.

Lady Moore had been a "beauty" in her prime, and was now long past it. Cynical, insolent, capricious, incapable of feeling the worth of wealth in any way but as to what it would bring to *her*—it may be judged, and rightly, too, that she was not of the class of mothers who bring up a daughter to one of the "bevy of fair women," which renders the maidens of England stars in that firmament where goodness, piety, tenderness, loving devotion, and instinctive good—all involved in the word Beautiful—are qualities we always look intuitively for, and rarely if ever, in vain.

Ethel Moore, now Lady Ralph Asshcton Hardwick, did not miss in any one item, or atom, the lessons of selfishness, pride, and impassive insolence her lady mother had taught.

She had taught her to conceal so much, that there might be something associated with the infernal in this unholy schooling.

She was certainly very beautiful; but it was a beauty that repelled and never won upon you, save when she made *play* with it at you, as she did to Sir Ralph before she wedded him; and soon he began to read her nature too thoroughly.

Cold and statuesque, tall, with a stately air, and a sweeping carriage, she was a showy splendor enough, and as a piece of living furniture in a rich man's house, might gratify his sense of pride; but she had crushed his heart, deeply hurt his love, and was likely to change his frank, loving nature utterly in the course of a few years.

To find out that the woman you are linked with for life is utterly the converse of what you expected her to be is something far from agreeable to contemplate.

The departed Lady Hardwick's son, Ralph Assheton Hardwick, had grown up to be a fine lad of four. The present Lady Hardwick gave birth to a son, and some few of Sir Ralph's hopes revived that the fact of her having borne him a son might, through the agency of the maternal sentiment, warm her cold, chill heart to him again; and he—as for him, he would be only too glad to respond.

It was a fine child, undoubtedly; but it bore less the stamp of the Hardwick face upon it than Ralph's eldest born did.

The one was a true Hardwick—the second, only "half a one;" and, in fact, though this face had the cut of the mother about its fine profile, the more questionable eyes, mouth, laugh of Sir Gervase Moore, neither of which people much cared to look upon, marred its early promise; for while the lights in the one shifted, the smile in the other was so suggestive of falsehood that men only associated with him equally under protest.

The step-brothers grew together side by side, and were remarked for their fine development; and, in truth, Sir Ralph was proud of both.

Soon they had their pony apiece, and the same tutors had the charge of them, and no possible difference could possibly be made between the half-brothers.

Only Lady Moore knew there was one—there would be one insuperable difference; for some day the one brother would be the heir of all the broad lands of Hardwick, and the other would not possess an acre!

Lady Moore knew this well, and did not fail in making her daughter, Lady Hardwick, know it also.

She made her know it so venemously, so darkly, so blackly, that had she whispered "murder!" into her daughter's ears she could not have spoken more plainly.

It is not necessary to sow too thickly that which is to grow into hemlock—deadly night-shade—things out of which crime distils poisons to attack the fount of life.

No! Little by little would do it, and effectually enough, too.

It is not necessary to come to the matter of a hideous, horrible, red-handed crime all at once.

To do that, is to shock and revolt, where, by degrees—sure, if slow—the consent which only backs the will is lacking.

It is not necessary to adduce the arguments—to give the precise, explicit details of conversation, short and broken—more in the shape of "hints" than of a didactic laying down of a plan which passed between them.

It would be useless to enter upon this ground further than by stating the result as yet only arrived at, namely:

That Lady Moore made her daughter (Lady Hardwick) see and know, beyond all doubt, that the true heir of the great estates of Hardwick, entailed too as they were, which would prevent any division—to the helpless, hopeless exclusion of her own son, Gervase Philip Hardwick, from any participation in the lordly share of the spoil—was certainly not *her* offspring.

The young mother hated Sir Ralph's elder born with a hatred that might be borne out of the depths of Gehenna, and this hate constantly engendered and warmed into a sullen fire, ready to be fanned into flame at the right moment.

The theory being ready, the idea entertained and cultivated, time, patience, circumstances would come, and the opportunity would quickly follow.

It seems incredible that a scheme—and we only hint at it—so full of probabilities of frustration, of meeting a degrading and even ludicrous end, should have been dreamt of at all.

If it was the result of an after-thought on the part of the woman, it was sufficient, for it was adopted in the main; yet there must be some years of delay yet, and *one* out of the thousand chapter of accidents might help to remove the heir, and leave the plotter unmasked.

Years of delay, such as might bring the elder son on the verge of his majority, when he would "come of age" with the usual rejoicings familiar to Hardwick Hall. And so the boys grew, the mother waited, and time went on.

Time only confirmed this immitigable woman in her purpose—for the mother, Lady Moore, had passed away, and Sir Gervase slept in the family vault, and another Gervase reigned in his stead, with whom we have nothing to do—time went on, and other children were born to Lady Hardwick; but her purpose only slept—it never faltered.

Sir Ralph had continued to live in a sort of sulky amity with his wife. His contentedness and domestic joy were, however, totally gone.

He had begun to take an extraordinary interest in his eldest son, who was now fast approaching his twentieth year! "But two years more of life," sighed the old man, for to his infirmities were added an accident in the hunting field; "two years longer and there will be another Sir Ralph, heaven bless him! Two years more——" and with these words upon his lips, he fell back in his bed, and expired with the calmness of an infant falling to his rest.

* * * * * * *

There had appeared upon the scene, so soon to be the seat of "action," an additional individual in the form of a lady of surpassing grace and charms, the daughter of an old friend of the dead Sir Ralph's, and according to old friendly family fashions at odd times—"few and far between," we will say—she had been betrothed to Ralph Assheton from her earliest infancy.

Miss Felicia Wingrove—an heiress in her own right, and a beauty of no ordinary kind—had been making, with her aunt and father, a short stay at Hardwick Hall; and meantime the note of preparation was sounded out on behalf of the great festivities to be held when the heir of the estates came of age.

It was on a bland, delicious summer afternoon that in a sumptuous boudoir, which overlooked a noble garden stretching away to right and left till the eye failed to take in its limits—it was on such an afternoon that a lady, stately still, for all she was approaching forty, sat looking forth out of an open window of this chamber, and with a glance of deadly ferocity and cat-like stealth watching two persons who were walking slowly up an avenue of trees and bushes, all of a varied kind, and glowing in all the pride of its very finest development of horticultural art.

They passed beneath the window, paused a moment, and Lady Hardwick could hear their pleasant voices borne on the summer air.

"Soh! they are there. It is time to commence the play," she muttered. "Well, I have felt my way, and if he has ambition, a sense of vengeance, what matter for a wrong or no?—we will make one!" she laughed scoffingly.

A footstep sounded in the chamber, and a handsome, well-built youth, his limbs set off by an elegant hunting dress of the period, stood before her.

"Philip," she said, "Philip Gervase Hardwick!" giving an emphasis to the name.

"Well, mother?" he replied.

"Come hither! Look forth!"

He advanced, obeyed, and with a cry and a change of color on his cheek, stood before his mother.

"You know who she is, do you not?"

"One fairer than the day, lovelier than the dawn; one I love till I think it will almost drive me mad if I have not from her lips the words I have begged of her."

"She will be your half-brother's bride soon, my son, and the words you want are matters of doubt."

"Not if I can stay them; not if——" he checked himself.

"Hah! you would use force, eh?"

"I swear that! I have not heard you speak in vain, so full of purpose as you have, without understanding you."

"You know *him*, then?"

"Who—my half-brother? Yes—oh, yes!"

"Do you think that he is, or will be, something more than that?" She uttered this with an all but tragic emphasis.

"Something more?" he repeated, as not having quite caught her meaning.

"Have you forgotten, then?"

"What, mother—*what* have I forgotten?"

"That he is heir to the lands, to the wealth, to the manor, to the Hall—to all that lies within, and all that lies without; park, forest, fields, lake, rivers—all, all, far as the eye can reach, either way."

The youth set his teeth together, and his breath came hissing between them.

"Yes, yes," he muttered; "I have not forgotten, and that shall soon be told. Where is Paolo?"

"With Orsino; and they have *dug*—what—what they have been told to do, and have left it ready for the work—finished and gone——"

"Gone?"

"They have gone where those who knew them will never know them more!" replied the lady, with a ghastly smile.

* * * * * * *

That night Ralph Assheton Hardwick disappeared, to the astonishment of the whole county; and to the shock was added the mystery attached to it.

Two Italians, Paolo and Orsino, a courier and a valet, the lady had brought with her on returning from a recent tour in Italy, disappeared too, and all search for them was ineffective.

It was not unnatural to arrive at a conclusion that the disappearance of the young heir was associated with the sudden vanishing of these two.

Rewards were offered: the woods, the towns, the cities were ransacked: all the north was, in fact, occupied by an army of defeated detectives.

All in vain!

As a consolation, however, there was a new heir at Hardwick—to wit, Sir Gervase, the half-brother; and as the farmers, tenants on the estates, and the mob of hob-nailed villagers from the vicinity round, found roast beef and October ale in plenty, the health of Sir Gervase was as easy to drink as Ralph's might have been.

And he was, speedily after *his* coming of age, to wed the maiden whose hand had so long been betrothed to the elder half-brother, poor Ralph; and while the lower class of visitors to the Hall had found the "coming of age" much to their liking, the wedding would induce the gentry around to crowd to the ceremony; and the day was finally named, though it had not yet quite come to pass.

* * * * * * *

But ghostly rumors began to circulate about the Hall, and crept about among the servants, and made them shudder when the night hours came, and surrender their places sooner than go by certain passages and galleries any time about midnight; and——

And, in fact, Hardwick Hall was *haunted!*

Haunted within, and haunted without.

Within, the shadowy forms of two bearded men, wearing cloaks, glared with fiery eyes upon the horrified creatures they happened to meet with in their midnight rounds.

Without——But the finishing part of our legend will more fully delineate him—or it—and indicate who the ghostly rider by night must necessarily be.

A hunting party, on a very large scale, had been got up, and while Miss Felicia Wingrove rode on the right of the young heir of Hardwick, and kept the post of honor in the hunt, a goodly cavalcade of cavaliers and ladies followed, and all was joy and laughter—hounds baying, horses neighing, horns braying—till a young buck was started, which led all pell-mell through the forest glades, till the turrets of Hardwick were fast lessening behind the waving trees.

Philip had turned to say some words to his fair companion, when he was at once aware of a shadowy phantom-rider by his side, and speeding on his ghostly steed between them.

A moment, the ghostly rider had turned a sort of reproachful look upon *her*, and she recognized the *features* at once!

The next, the wild rider had turned its blazing orbs upon Philip, while, with a gesture of the hand, it pointed to the ground, where felled timber and brushwood formed a thick encumbrance.

It seemed to say, "*There!*" as it pointed, and the younger Hardwick seemed to know it.

He uttered a cry—his horse shied and fell; and, amidst a great cry of alarm from those who now followed fast, they saw that he fell over the horse's ears, and lay stunned and bleeding on the ground.

Many trembling riders came up, and the retainers being called, Philip Hardwick was carried to the Hall.

Miss Felicia Wingrove, pale and frightened, had her pony led by a cavalier, while a huntsman walked beside her to prevent her falling off. She, too, returned to the Hall and sought her own chamber and attendants.

To those that yet remained behind the conduct of the dogs became a matter of astonishment—of almost fear.

The sagacious animals howled and yelled—beginning to tear up the earth at one particular spot, till some, remarking how *loose* it was, and that it was taking a *particular shape* or form, began to reflect.

Picks and spades were soon obtained, and the dreadful deed which had been done lay exposed in all its horrors.

There lay the corpse of young Ralph Hardwick, covered with gashes, and fouly spotted, splashed with blood.

That he had been murdered was now too clear.

* * * * * * *

The rumor soon reached the Hall—reached Lady Hardwick's ears, and her demeanor became awful.

With a wild shriek, she rushed from the room—hastened by corridor and passage, up the stairs, where at last they found her a grovelling, gibbering maniac, crouched on a broad slab of stone, over which she was moaning, and calling upon the names of the two Italians who had been in her service.

Alas! *such* a service.

This slab was taken up, and two grisly corpses were seen lying there, green with the poison which had been given them, and already decomposing under the effects of lime, which had been flung over them in their unhallowed grave.

The story, which has been "extant, though (not) written in very choice Italian," here closes; the usual results of such deplorable catastrophes taking place here, as they do throughout the world, and in every stereotyped form.

After this, Hardwick Hall became deserted, and was suffered to lapse into a sort of muddy decay for many a year; but another heir to Hardwick appeared in course of time, and his conduct, to some extent, palliated the "blot in his escutcheon."

THE FAKEER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE AT LAHORE.

I was present, in the year 1837, at the Court of Runjeet Singh when the Fakeer mentioned by the Hon. Capt. Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not, consequently, witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself, and others, the most credible witnesses of his Court, to the truth of the Fakeer having been so buried before them; and, from my having myself been present when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact which I have related. Capt. Osborne's book is not at present before me, that I might refer to such parts of his account as devolve the authenticity of the fact on my authority. I will therefore briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence, and whether any proofs of collusion can, in their opinion, be detected.

On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the Fakeer had been buried. It was a square building, called a baraa durra, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving there, Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his Court, dismounting from his elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so; there had been a door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar; the fourth had a door, which was also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh, in his own presence, when the Fakeer was interred. Indeed, the exterior of the building presented no aperture by which air could be admitted or any communication held by which food could be conveyed to the Fakeer. I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no mark whatever of having been recently disturbed or removed.

Runjeet Singh recognized the seal as the one which he had affixed; and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the success of such an enterprise, to guard as far as possible against any collusion he had placed two companies from his own personal escort near the building, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time he ordered one of the principal officers of his Court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him, while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the report, morning and evening, from the officer on guard.

After our examination we seated ourselves in the verandah opposite the door, while some of Runjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall, and opened the padlock. When the door was thrown open, nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and myself then entered it in company with the servant of the Fakeer; and a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room into a sort of cell, where a wooden box, about four feet long by three broad, with a sloping roof, containing the Fakeer, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head—on the exposure of which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the Fakeer's servant, putting his arms into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with its back against it, exactly as the Fakeer had been squatted, (like a Hindoo idol,) in the box itself.

Runjeet Singh and myself then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure; but, as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so: and may here remark, that the bag when first seen by us looked mildewed, as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

The servant then recommenced bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arm and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking the right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of his head—a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped: and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and, while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right—in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head, the body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume the natural fulness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue, and made him swallow it. A few minutes after the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the Fakeer, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakeer with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a khelat, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction.

From the time of the box being opened, to the recovery of the voice, not more than half an hour could have elapsed and in another half-hour the Fakeer talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed.

I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of the fact of a man being buried alive, and surviving the trial for various periods of duration; but however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief in the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to them.

Spiritualism in Europe.—A correspondent writing from Europe says: "A little bird has whispered to me that among the new poems of Mr. Robert Browning which will burst out along with the flowers of May, there is one that relates to 'mediums,' and will make a sensation in 'spiritual' circles. Mrs. Browning, as is well known, was in her last years much impressed with the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, but Mr. Browning felt far otherwise. However, his curious brain sifted them carefully. I have just learned, by a private letter, that spiritualism is rising up in Eastern countries. A Russian lady, now at Nice, has given *séances* in that city, and it is said that her powers as a medium are unparalleled. One *séance* had taken place at the house of Mr. Leslie, the U. S. Consul."

FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

On the 12th, my boy Dan had a curious adventure. After he had eaten his breakfast I gave him permission to take one of my shotguns and go out after birds. I heard the report of his piece several times, and finally, as the oxen were not ready for a start, I thought I would go out and see what he was doing. I had gone some little distance, and had stopped to consider which way I had better take around an abrupt, rocky hill, when I heard another discharge, which gave me a clue to my proper course. I was hurrying on, with my rifle over my shoulder, but before I reached the scene of my boy's exploits I heard his voice in loud, excited tones. I did not stop to listen, but kept on my way, for I fancied he must be in danger. When I came in sight of him I found him battling with an enormous bird, which I was then and am still willing to call an eagle. Dan was on his knees, his musket lying empty by his side, and the bird tearing at the light clothing upon his back. I noticed that he had a fowl of some kind in his right hand, and quickly afterwards I discovered that the eagle's attention was chiefly directed that way—that it seemed more anxious to get its talons upon the dead bird which the boy held in his hand than to do any particular mischief; and this naturally led me to the conclusion that the eagle was a female trying to gain possession of one of her offspring.

As soon as I comprehended this I called out for Dan to throw away the bird he had in his hand; but he did not hear me; the flapping of those enormous wings about his ears entirely shut out the sound of my voice. When I first came in sight of the engagement I had stopped from the very force of the novelty of the scene: and just as I was on the point of advancing, Dan made a desperate effort to overcome his adversary. Throwing himself quickly upon his back, he caught the bird by the legs and endeavored to hold her while he gained his feet; but he was forced to let go in a very few seconds. One blow of the powerful wing upon the shoulder sent him over upon his side, and he was glad enough to hide his face again. There was to be no more trifling. The foe was becoming dangerous. She now settled upon Dan's back, and would have torn the skin and flesh from the bones if he had not leaped to his feet. As he gained this latter position he saw me, and started towards me on the run. Whether the bird had seen me or not I could not tell; but if she had she did not mean that my presence should keep her from her revenge. She contrived quickly to sail above the boy's head, and again she threw him down. I could not tell exactly how she did it, though she seemed to strike him with both her wings.

As quickly as possible I hastened to the spot, with my rifle ready for use; and as the bird settled a second time I stooped and fired, putting a bullet directly through her body beneath the wings. She fell over upon her side, and I finished her with a pistol shot.

I found my boy Dan much bruised, and quite lame; but, fortunately, his flesh had not been torn. The cause of the trouble was what I had apprehended. I found the bird which Dan had held in his hand to be not fully fledged, though of a goodly size. He told he had seen it sitting upon a low branch; that he had shot it: and that when he went to pick it up, this parent bird, which he had not before seen, dropped from somewhere above his head and attacked him. The very first stroke of her powerful wings blinded and stunned him, and from the first he had not full possession of his senses. The bird might not have killed him, but if I had not arrived as I did he would have stood a pretty good chance of having his flesh badly torn.—*Col. Walter Dunlop's Note Book of South African Adventures.*

The Malden Murder.—A pamphlet has been written in defense of Edward Green, the Malden murderer. The circumstances of his killing the clerk of the Malden Bank at the counter by a pistol shot in broad daylight, and his robbery of the safe, will be remembered by all our readers. A correspondent of the *Call* furnishes the following concerning him:

Since his arrest and confession of guilt, his character and past life have been pretty thoroughly ventilated. One of these stories I have heard recently, and it is as follows: A gentleman, resident in Malden, two or three years ago, moved to your State, leaving behind him a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, and with whom he agreed to maintain a correspondence during his absence. Green admired the same lady, and being Postmaster, had an opportunity of knowing the fact that the Californian and the object of his affections maintained a lively correspondence. He paid marked attention to the lady for some time, and finally offered her his hand and heart. She was in a quandary; for a long time no letter had arrived from her old lover, and she had no doubt but that he had forsaken her. What should she do? At last, Green's importunate devotion was rewarded and the lady became his wife. In just about one year from their marriage, he was arrested on the charge of murder, confessed his guilt, and was an inmate of a prison. A few days after his arrest, his wife received a letter from her old lover, addressed to her by her maiden name, affectionate as ever, yet filled with expressions of wonder at her silence. From this she learned that he had written regularly, constant in spite of silence, was ignorant of her marriage, and hoped still for the continuance of their attachment and its final consummation in matrimony. In the general unbosoming of himself which Green made after his arrest, he confessed that he had intercepted and destroyed the letters of these two lovers, and had found in her correspondent's apparent neglect an argument in his own favor, in his suit to the lady.

It is understood that the British Government has granted the right of way through British Columbia for an electric telegraph to connect the existing United States lines with those to be extended from Russia across Behring Straits—a concession for the latter portion of this world-girdle telegraph having been previously granted by the Russian Government to Mr. Collins, an American citizen. By the completion of these lines communication between Europe and America will be established without encountering the risks of a submarine cable across the Atlantic. Mr. Collins has conveyed his grants to the Western Telegraph Company. The line will be pushed forward as soon as arrangements can be made.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS.

SEVERAL political newspapers — more especially the leading organs of the two factions in San Francisco known as the "boys" and the "men"—have accused the State Central Committee of having acted improperly in regard to the Congressional nominations. The official record of the proceedings of the Committee says:

A resolution was unanimously passed * * * to call District Congressional Conventions for the three Districts to meet at Sacramento immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention [which will meet on the 30th August]; the delegates to the State Convention to be delegates to the District Convention for the District in which they reside respectively, in all cases where the Union County Committees shall not order an election of delegates specially to the Congressional Conventions—or where no delegates to the Congressioual Convention shall be elected under such call of the County Committee; such Congressional Conventions, when organized, to each determine for itself the time and place where they will make their nominations for Congressmen and District Committees.

The "men" complain that the Committee in assuming jurisdiction over District affairs has meddled with the business of the County Committees, and that each District Convention should be held only within the limits of its own District. The "boys," or one disappointed and repudiated organ of that faction, complain that the Committee should have required the submissiou of the names of the nominees to the State Convention for ratification. All these complaints are unreasonable, as a little consideration will show.

The State Committee has no express jurisdiction over District affairs, but it has an implied supervision. In this case, it was necessary that the Committee should assume jurisdiction. In the Northern District an attempt was made by the County Committees to agree, and they could not; and there was no authority to decide. In the Southern District there could not have been an agreement, and there was no attempt on the part of any County Committee to fix a time or place for a District Convention. Neither was there any attempt in the Middle District. It was well known that the Central Committee proposed to call Congressional Conventions; the people had abundant time to consider the matter; they were forced to consider it by the publication of objections on many sides; and yet the majority of the County Committees and of the Union party undoubtedly expected and desired the State Committee to take the action which was taken. The call for the Congressional Conventions is therefore in accordance with the popular will and with reason.

The proper place for holding the Conventions is Sacramento, and there, as the future will show, they will do all their business. The Southern District Convention immediately after organizing might adjourn to San Francisco; the Northern District Convention might adjourn to Marysville; but neither will do so. There is no reason why the Conventions should not act as fairly and independently at the capital as elsewhere; and it is certain that the Conventions will be fuller and the business better attended to there than at any other place. Nearly all the counties will send only one set of delegates to both Conventions; and many who would attend a District Convention in Sacramento would not attend it elsewhere. To remove the Convention would be to fill it with proxies and increase the power of traders. The delegates from Tulare, Fresno, Stanislaus, Merced and Mariposa will certainly oppose an adjournment of the Southern District Convention to San Francisco; and in the North, Yolo, Solano, Napa, Lake, Sonoma, Marin, and Mendocino will object to going to Marysville. Custom has determined that nominations for the Judicial Districts containing many counties should be made at the State Convention. That has been the invariable rule, with all parties. The Union party did not depart from it last year. So much for the complaint of the "men."

The other complaint is still more unreasonable. No district nomination has ever been submitted to a State Convention. A mere formal ratification would do no good; and any refusal to ratify would not induce the District Convention to change its purpose, and could only lead to ill-feeling. The motive of this complaint is well understood and it has met the treatment it deserved.

Our conclusion is that the State Central Committee have done precisely what they should have done, and what all well-informed and sensible men would have done in their place. There has been some talk of a bolting Union nomination in this district but the idea must be abandoned. Good Union men cannot venture upon anything so dangerous. Independent Union tickets may be run safely in San Francisco when the County Committee does not command the public confidence, and when the regular nominees are unfit men, because we have a large majority, and the Independents have a thorough organization; but in the interior counties the regular Committees have the public confidence, the Independents have no organization, and the Union majority is not large. Out of 32,000 votes in this district we have only 5,000 majority; and any division would send a Copperhead to Congress. That idea of a bolting nomination must be abandoned.

WHAT CAPITAL CAN DO.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made in our financial article of the dissolution of the old banking house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., and the organization of a new house which will carry on the business of the old, with a capital stock paid in of $2,000,000. W. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz of the old house continue in the new one, and associated with them are twenty or more of our most eminent business men and prominent capitalists.

In this movement we have at last a step forward in the right direction, and one which will be recognized as a public good. The organization of this house is especially timely, and must have a beneficial influence not only in our city but also throughout the State. The bad prospects in the country and the tightness in the money market here were already causing people to draw long faces and look with gloomy forebodings at the future. The infusion of new capital, or rather the concentration of it for judicious use and circulation at a time like this, is like new blood in sinking veins, or the introduction of fresh air into a close and crowded room. The need on this coast has long been a large bank, a house built upon a comfortable capital and backed by brains. The curse of the country hitherto has been small banks, public borrowers and private lenders. Capital that judiciously applied would have given a new impetus to everything and brought back a golden return to its controllers as well, gathered in private hands and rusted in iron safes, to be doled out occasionally at extravagant rates of interests upon doubtful securities, but benefitting the community at large very little. There were banks enough about, but they were too limited in capital to meet financial needs when scarcity came. If a temporary tightness occurred in the money market, loans already out were called in and further accommodations refused. The action was very much like that which a water company would be guilty of if they, the moment that a temporary choking of their pipes occurred and the town became thirsty, should cut off the supply of water altogether. In some respects, capital is like water—not in that it is apt to evaporate or get spilled, but because when dispersed in little rivulets and springs it runs to waste, while, if concentrated, it can be made to turn the wheels of manufacture or float the sails of commerce. Of course, the capitalist owes a duty to himself to which the needs of his customer are secondary. But in most cases their interests are common, and what tends to the good of the one turns directly to the benefit of the other. The idea that the interests of lender and borrower are directly opposed to each other is as fallacious as was the long prevalent impression that authors and publishers are natural enemies and that their interests run in counter channels.

A concentration of capital for banking purposes is what this coast has long needed. In this new house, which is very aptly called "The Bank of California," it has it. Unless all commercial interests are greatly benefitted by the new bank, and the capitalists interested come in for a rich reward as well, we are greatly out in our surmises.

A Death March in our Busy City.—The funeral of a well-known musician of this city took place on Tuesday afternoon. As the *cortége*, with a band of eighty instruments, passed through Montgomery street, both sides of the thoroughfare were packed with a slowly-advancing crowd, who kept perfect time with the rhythmical swell of Beethoven's exquisite music. Every block added to the number of self-constituted mourners, who fell into step with the moving procession. Clerks and customers joined in the throng. The broker for the moment forgot his professional "feet" as he timed his own to the solemn cadence of that funeral strain; bulls and bears locked arms and walked reverently forward in the atmosphere of its harmony. An original threnody, of great pathos and beauty, said to have been composed by the deceased in anticipation of this event, was played for the first time, and the *cortége* was followed to the summit of Bush street hill before a large portion of the crowd were content to return to their regular pursuits. Altogether, the occasion formed an instructive and wholesome episode in the bustle and selfish life of a business thoroughfare.

The Countess Diana came in too late this week for a place on the first form, and an extra page of advertisements crowded her out from the second. The story of this interesting lady will be resumed next week and continued without further interruption. In the meanwhile those interested in the progress of the romance can rest assured that godmother and godson are doing as well as can be expected.

The *New Nation* intends to support Fremont or nobody in the coming election. It may just as well support one as the other; very little difference is involved in the result. As far as we are concerned, we had about as lief have nobody as Fremont.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE feature of the week in financial circles is the prospectus of the Bank of California and the announcement of a dissolution of the eminent banking house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co. The Bank of California, a joint stock company, comprising some of the solid men of this city as stockholders, will commence business on the 5th proximo, with a cash capital of $2,000,000, under the immediate direction of D. O. Mills, as President, and W. C. Ralston as Executive Manager. The transactions of this institution will embrace the general features of a banking business, and will doubtless prove an important auxiliary to the many interests requiring aid from such sources. Its capital stock will be increased to $5,000,000 if the operations of the Bank should assume in the future the proportions anticipated by those intimately connected with the association.

The British and California Banking Company and the British and American Banking Company are both adopting preliminary measures to commence business in this city. Subscriptions to the capital stock of the former corporation have been made in London to the full extent of their proposed requirements for the present.

This important increase to the banking capital of San Francisco is regarded with much satisfaction by all classes.

The Money market exhibits no material change; there being no unusual demand except in mining stock circles. Capitalists are timid and cautious in parting with their means for this description of collateral, even at excessive rates of interest. The Stock market during the week has been more steady than for some time past, and leading shares at the close are well maintained at current quotations. A large business has been done in a number of low-priced stocks at variable rates.

Forty feet of Gould and Curry have been sold at the Stock and Exchange Board within the range of $2,900 cash, and $3,150—buyers' option sixty days — closing yesterday at $3,100. The tenor of advices from the mine would ordinarily enhance the market value of this stock, but other influences are still at work checking any favorable feature that presents itself.

Ophir has been dealt in to the extent of 25 feet, at about $800; but is now in rather less request at $780. The development of certain portions of this mine, hitherto unproductive, is progressing favorably; and it is said that within sixty days the payment of dividends may be resumed.

Savage has measurably recovered from its recent depression, and is firmly held at about $1,775. A decided improvement in the productiveness of this claim has taken place during the past ten days, and the net earnings are accumulating for the next dividend.

Potosi advanced to $925 a few days since, fell yesterday to $900, and closes at $1.000, asked.

Chollar rose to $625, buyer 30, the early part of the week, then fell to $530, advanced again to $580, and declined since to about $500. Some 170 feet in all changed hands. The pay vein in this mine has been traced south a distance of 175 feet.

Imperial steadily rose from $125, seller 30, to $155, buyer 30. Bullion advanced from $70 to $75.

North American has been actively dealt in at declining rates, and some 500 shares were sold within the range of 118, buyer 30, and 95 cash—closing at $100, b. 30.

Lady Bryan has attracted considerable attention, and nearly 2,000 shares changed hands, advancing from $31 to $40, buyer 30, and selling yesterday at about $28.

Burning Moscow fell from $42 to $35, and sold at the close at $32. Real del Monte declined from $33 to $31.

North Potosi has fluctuated but little, and closes at about $75. Nevada (J. G.) has advanced from $35 to $55.

New Coinage of Cents.—We have been shown by Mr. Swain, Superintendent of the Branch Mint in this city, a new coinage of cents—sensible to say the least of it—specimens of which he has just received from the Director of the Mint. The new pieces are of bronze, and while new and fresh bear a remarkable resemblance to gold. The one-cent pieces are of the same size and very much like the old nickel; on one side they have the head of Liberty, surrounded by the words—"United States of America," and the date; on the other side the denomination of the coin in letters, enclosed in a wreath and surmounted by the Federal shield. The two-cent pieces are the novelty. The Federal shield with arrows, a wreath, the motto "God our trust," and the date of the coin occupy one side; on the other we have the bold numeral 2 over the word cents stamped in the segment of a circle, surrounded by a wreath of waving grain, and around all "United States of America." Altogether the coins are as pretty as any that ever came from the Mint, and the only regret of the possessor will be that they are not composed of more precious metal.

One of our agricultural journals is recommending the brine of herrings as a fertilizer. Would not this be farming on a small scale? It is really wonderful how prolific of resources these theoretical agriculturists are, and it is decidedly amusing to glance through the columns of a paper, whose editor actually does not know a Hydraulic ram from a Southdown, telling practical farmers how to till their lands. The old saying about teaching one's grandmother how to suck eggs, has a pertinent application in these instances.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, June 18th, 1864.

SURELY, there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they fine it!

That is what a friend of mine said when he went to Reese River. On his return he said he'd been looking in vain for the silver, and that as for the gold he thought there were more places where they didn't find it than where they did.

My friend was a sage, and he had a brush with the Indians, and came back from that country in such a condition that we couldn't get anything out of him but alkalis and other lies for a month.

Why do people go to Washoe when it is so easy to stay away?

Rather than go to Washoe I think I'd owe for my washing and dine out with my friends.

Washoe certainly has some good points. It sends us bullion and bricks—mark that, and then Mark Twain. But rather than all its points, good or otherwise, give me Point Lobos.

At this latter place the other day I struck a rich ledge of seal—green seal, at that—and at once located a claim. It takes in the Cliff House, Foster, the barkeeper, the dead whale and the big seal, Ben Butler.

It was while viewing this latter possession of mine that Whittier wrote that charming and truthful couplet:

> For of all sad words of tongue or pen
> The saddest are these: It might have Ben!

In staking out my claim I got possession of the Cliff House and Foster and the whale and the barkeeper easy enough. They knew that I intended to establish a big bank and gave me a quit deed—or a notice to quit, indeed, which is the same thing—without a murmur. But not so my friend old Ben. He said he didn't care a continental for my bank, and preferred to keep out to sea as far as possible. He had as good a lay out as he wanted on that rock of his; he rocked himself to sleep there and didn't pay any rent or gas bills, and the Bensley people couldn't lay any pipes on him—not they; they couldn't steal his water.

A cute lawyer got him, though. All water runs to the sea, and brandy and water sometimes goes there to, so I took Lake out with me. He suggested that there was a gentleman on Kearny street who was very fond of newspaper men and sometimes furnished them carriages to ride in all night, and that it would be policy to engage a team of him, since, if any trouble occurred in the settlement, suit could be brought by the reporter *in re* Porter, which would be all right and a great moral lesson as well.

We went out there—and how do you think the Judge worked it? He simply walked with a parchment in his hand to the edge of the beach and said: Sign, seal, and deliver!

The seal signed, the thing was done, and Richard is himself again—Richard of the Sea-liou Heart, he is now.

I intend to propose my seal when the primary elections come round again for a seat at the Board of Education. And then if he doesn't know the difference between the Union as it was and the Union as it isn't, when the words are plainly printed on an invitation to a Fourth of July celebration—why, he's a fit subject for the Coroner, that's all! . . .

I'm afraid I've digressed a little. We were talking of something else. To return to our motto:

Surely if there be a place in the world where they fine not only gold but also the people who have it, that place is California.

I was fined once, but the second time they tried it they couldn't find me. I was out—left for Washoe, the boy told them, at four o'clock.

Seriously, although many profess to be puzzled about the "place for gold where they fine it," to my mind the thing is plain and simple enough. California is the place, and reference is had to the proposed tax on our mines.

Speaking of that quotation, rather a comical thing occurred when the Californian was first started. An impression of the head of the paper was taken, and though many didn't like it—for which the editor didn't care two bits, seeing that it was his own funeral—all agreed that they had never seen a head like it before:

But one of the party reading the motto over aloud, cried out—

"What does this mean? 'Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they fine it, Van Vleck & Co.!'"

Sure enough, the name of the artist followed the quotation in regular credit order, so that with half California Van Vleck would have had the credit of that quaint verse and perhaps of the whole chapter, if a dexterous blacksmith had not been called in. A file soon took the name off from file. But it is due to Van Vleck to say that he engraved the Californian's head, though he didn't write the book of Job. . . .

I mentioned something about being on the point of starting a large bank. By reference to the advertisement in another part of the paper, it will be seen that my name doesn't appear; but this is easily explained. The fact of the matter is, I didn't want it to. For it is thought that I am concerned in starting a new paper, and this might have made people doubt the solvency of our bank, although two million dollars is paid in.

It will be seen, however, that I am interested by reading the paragraphs in the daily papers. These say "twenty of our most eminent and trustworthy citizens are concerned in the enterprise."

Now, how could you get that number together in this town without counting me in!

I reiterate that I am interested, and so is every one else that has occasion to borrow money. Before the enterprise was started I told Col. Ralston and Capt. Fretz that they might use my name if they thought it would do them any good, and they said if they had occasion to they'd let me know. So I suppose it is all right, and that by stepping up to the counter and handing in my checks on the 1st of July, I can have a jolly good time on the Fourth.

Two millions of dollars in town—only think of it!

In a slight conversation with Mr. Shotwell, the other day, I asked him how he liked the picture, and he expressed himself as very much pleased. He said he thought he'd obtain permission of the Court and draw a small check for six thousand or so immediately, for his funds were getting rather short. He was confident that either Mr. Ralston or Mr. Donohoe would cash a check for him, as they had done it once before, and he bore them no ill will for anything that subsequently happened. . . .

My chief trouble, of late, has been with Gould and Curry. Of course I don't own any, but it vexes me to think how it would have gone back on me if I did.

Suppose I had owned one hundred feet which cost me forty-five hundred dollars a foot, and which has been selling down as low as twenty-five hundred, I should have lost just two hundred thousand dollars.

It is frightful even in contemplation.

Or suppose I had two hundred and fifty feet of the stock which cost me, assessments and all—I being one of the first holders—three hundred dollars a foot. At one time I could have sold out at five thousand dollars a foot, and now the stock is selling at three.

You will readily see that my loss at the present time would be five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000.)

The whole stock cost me seventy-five thousand dollars—I might have sold out once for one million two hundred and fifty thousand, but if compelled to part with it now I could only realize some seven hundred and fifty thousand from the sale.

It is true that by holding it I would receive an interest of two per cent a month in dividends on the highest sum the stock ever touched, and that at that rate it would pay for itself clear in a very few years; but still would I not be justified in standing on the street corners and warning people that all mines were a weak invention of the enemy, something to be shunned and avoided?

Perhaps they are. My own experience has been far from encouraging to a young man who is pursuing things under difficulties. Wide West walloped me on my first arrival in the country and Daney dampened me the second week. Of course I wanted to get even with the game and quit, and allowed my friends to persuade me into other operations the results of which are yet undetermined—but as yet nothing in which I am specially interested has paid any dividends.

I'm not quite even with the game yet, but for all that I've quit it. It is a very pretty game, so far as my experience goes, and very easily played. The first thing to be learned is how to put down, and there isn't much occasion to be very expert at doing anything else. Any one can play it who knows how to ante and is possessed of one of those hopeful dispositions that are not discouraged by discovering that the more they put down the less they take up. But the game beats me, and my checks are all handed in.

I have some fortunate friends who are more than even on it—there is General Lent, for instance, who has just gone over the mountains in a balloon, making the round trip in about fifteen hours.

To my personal knowledge, he is largely interested in Gould and Curry; has more of the Savage about him than any copper-colored Indian in the sage brush; and as for Ophir, Yellow Jacket, and such little things—don't mention them.

The secret isn't generally out; but not satisfied with all this, he has gone after North Potosi. I scarcely think he'll fetch it.

North Potosi is christened after Judge North, and he's got something to say in disposing of the case. If he knew the small—the very small—interest which I personally have in the success of the suit, I'm sure he'd pronounce an opinion in its favor. It doesn't make much difference to him how he decides, but it is a matter of vital importance to me. I wonder whether he understands that.

Of very many things in life I'm an excellent judge—why can't they elect me to some such office up in Nevada. I think I'd show them a judicial wrinkle or two in a judicious way.

Voltaire said: *Si j'etois roi, je voudrois etre juste!* This is one of the points where Voltaire and the writer differ, much as they resemble each other in the possession of clear logical minds, keen powers of analyzation and subtlety of research, not to mention great erudition.

If a man is a King there is no necessity for him to be just; it pays much better to be the other thing. And the same remark holds good with regard to being a Judge.

Imagine Inigo on the bench; his florid yet noble countenance wearing a becoming expression of dignity mingled with that quiet repose which would naturally result from having made up his mind how to dispose of the case before he had heard a word of the evidence. This his charge to the jury:

Gentlemen of the Jury: You are assembled upon your oaths, but that isn't much matter up here in Nevada. In the case before you it is for you to decide which party can pay the best for a verdict in their favor, and it is for me to instruct you if you are wrong. You have not heard the evidence in the case and probably very few of you would have understood it if you had. In rendering your verdict you will be entirely governed by the number of feet which have been distributed among you, and you will remember that the Judge is entitled to his share. Sheriff, conduct these men into a comfortable room, furnish them with cigars and a reasonable amount of brandy and water, collecting the expenses from the party which wins the suit. And you will not permit them to have communication with any persons whatever, unless it be some one who comes to outbid all previous offers. For surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they fine it. Sheriff, do your duty, and subscribe to The Californian.

After this avowal of my sentiments and frank laying down of a platform, if Nevada doesn't pick me up, the loss is all its own. For I do think I could decide more cases in a day and make more money out of them, than any man over or under the mountains. . . .

Everybody knows that the Fourth of July is near, and everybody ought to know that it is their duty to buy fireworks and flags to celebrate the occasion with.

Will the Howler come after me if I mildly declare that I am not extravagantly fond of the Fourth of July and would willingly travel into the country to get clear of it if possible?

Just as regularly as the year comes round a certain number of men get their heads, hands or arms blown off in firing salutes; boys have their eyes put out in firing dilapitated pistols, and little girls are frightened into convulsions by squibs and rockets let off about their ears by youthful patriots.

There is a distinct remembrance in my mind of a fire-cracker having once been dropped into the corner of my left eye as I was passing down a crowded thoroughfare, hearing the hurrahs and speeches, and feeling my heart swell within me at the proud thought of being an American citizen.

The swelling of my heart has gone down, but the swelling about my eye lingers yet.

I shall try to go to Napa on the Fourth—or to Mare Island. For I don't think they have any at either of those places. There isn't quite enough Fourth to go round; and little out-of-the-way places like these don't get any—they are like the little lion that didn't get any Daniel. . . .

There were several other things I intended to say; but the same press which crowded *La Comtesse Diane* overboard this week, compels me to cut down my overflowing imagination to the limits of the paper.

In taking leave of my friends until another week rolls round, I do not say: Be virtuous and you will be happy, since there be those who "allow" that the proposition involved in that sentiment admits of doubt; but I do say: Try it on and see how it will work!

It has contributed much to the happiness of

Inigo.

ANECDOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us all the way from Sacramento the following batch of little stories, mostly of little people. They have a subdued flavor of that ever open and never shutting "Drawer" in a popular magazine where "little four-year olds" are always laid up in lavender. Without intending to infringe on the *Harper's* patent we print these, as our correspondent declares that they have never been published before, and pledges his word that everything happened as narrated. This first one on the list has got point:

At a soiree lately there was a little fellow about twelve years old, whom we knew very well by sight, but did not know any more than his first name. He appeared to be rather backward, and when dancing commenced had no partner. Seeing a young Miss of our acquaintance apparently disengaged, at the opposite end of the room, we offered to introduce him to her "No," said he, "I'd rather not be introduced to *her*." "Why not?" said we; "she's a very nice girl." "No, not to *her*; I'd rather be introduced to somebody else." The peculiar emphasis he placed upon *her* induced us to ask him, "Why not to her; what objection have you got?" The little fellow looked at us with as roguish a twinkle as ever shone out of two eyes, and said, "*She's my sister*." That let us out.

A tea meeting was on the *tapis* at our church lately. Little Lizzie and her brother Arthur were discussing the matter one day. Lizzie was eager to go, and anxiously waiting for the auspicious occasion; Arthur, however, did not appear to anticipate any pleasure from the affair. After talking a little while, Arthur asked: "Who's going to be there?" "Oh," answered Lizzie, "Mr. B. is going to be there; Miss K., Johnny W., and—Jesus is going to be there!" Let us hope that the Saviour's spirit, at least, was present on the occasion.

The presiding genius at our restaurant is not an adept in orthography. Among the delicacies included in our bill of fare the other day was "Stewed Hair." Though this article is frequently cooked in all manner of ways in such places, it is not generally put down in the bill of fare.

A friend of ours received the following letter lately from his partner, who had gone to Nevada with a quantity of goods to sell for their mutual benefit:

"Virginia City April —, 1864.

Dear Sir: I have just recovered from a spree. Goods all sold; money all gone; no credit; awful state of society. Please lend me $50. Yours, John W."

WURDS OF GREETIN'.

BY A FELLOE FROM THE HUB.

THET'S jest the way it ollers happ'ns—
I never c'n tel, but shure sumhow
Ez I start out sum other cap'ns
Nu craft goes sailin' 'cross my bow.

This time I hedu't really started,
But I wuz ser'ously thinkin' of it,
Wen this nu weakly 'fore me darted,
With "CALIFORNIAN" writ above it.

Better a darned site to forgiv him,
Thinks I, cz I wuz kind o' late;
Ef a feller's mad, it don't releeve him
Tu go tu chewin' the cud o' Hate.

A weakly sheet of rime an' reasonin',
Is wut the peeple want, I think;
Nut tu much sarse but lots o' seasonin'
Will sarve like holesome vittles & drink.

I like the growin' of other peeple;
There's folks must live besides myself;
An' I carn't 'ford on you to heap ill
Who'll soon be layin' me on the shelf.

So joy go with ye in the teachin'
O' folks some things they all don't know;
I b'lieve you'll never fall to preachin',
Nor think you'll reap ware you don't sow.

'Taint pol'ticks folks are ollers after;
'Taint morals either, shure's you live—
I ruther guess the devil 'd laff to
Read thru sech sermons ez you'd give.

It aint *all* principles thet peeples'
Thorts want to feed on an' digest,
Nor 'taint wat's taught beneath the steeples
Thet's *ollers* healthiest & best.

It's jest a pleasant kind o' salad,
A leetle o' this an' sum o' that,
A leetle prose, then say a ballad—
A salmagundi o' lean an' fat.

An' mix in the milky human kindness
Thet runs rite thru some good folks' days,
Thet cures a deal of others' blindness,
And whitens up folks' blackened ways.

It sumtimes gits a sort o' sprinkled
Intu the politicks men talk;
Then morals, that before looked rinkled,
Git smoothed an' look ez white ez chalk.

Sometimes it gits in a parson's sermon,
Au' takes the crinks out o' the creeds,
Makes the black surplus wite as ermine,
An' faith no 'count without the deeds.

It clears the way for pleasant dealin's,
And gives a thunderiu' sight o' grace;
It takes the sting out of the feelin's,
An' gives Old Nick an angel's face.

Then t'other thing—the tone keeps ringin',
An' in the air the flag I see;
Its burden paytriot hearts keep singin',
Singin', "My country, 'tis o' thee."

Our country! May the good God bless her!
You won't forgit her stripes an' stars,
And may we find her wrongs' redresser
In Grant, who's on the field of Mars.

He sees that from our constellation
Some wanderin' stars have fallen thru;
He's huntin' 'em thru all creation,
An' he, God willin', 'll find 'em tu.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

GROUNDLESSNESS OF THE CHARGES PREFERRED AGAINST IT.

OUR readers are aware that from time to time there have been rumors of frauds discovered in the administration of the Sanitary Fund; in the most cases vague rumors merely, but narrowing down occasionally to specific allegations which assumed a color of plausibility, if not of truth. And this has been the favorite excuse with those who were too niggardly to subscribe to the Fund: "Very little of the money finds its way to the soldiers." All familiar with the economy of the Sanitary Commission are aware that by the system of checks and counter-checks which is kept up it would be almost impossible for a fraud to be perpetrated without instant detection; but there are others who seem to imagine that the money contributed is kept in a great bag, into which all connected with the Commission are permitted to plunge their hands and help themselves at pleasure. The Rev. H. C. Badger—in a discourse from Dr. Bellows' pulpit on Sunday last—gave some illustrations of the unreliability of public rumor and the readiness, if not eagerness, of the multitude to receive false impressions, so pertinent and striking that we make copious extracts therefrom. Some of these illustrations belong to the history of the Sanitary Commission and so have a peculiar interest to Californians at present.

Remarking upon the specific statements which in some cases are testified to by "reliable witnesses," Mr. Badger said:

In truth, there are no reliable witnesses. No testimony can be received till the cross-examination has sifted it. The deceitfulness of evidence, the unreliability of testimony, passes belief. False inference is far more common than false statement. And men blend inference with observation; they testify not to what they saw, but to what they inferred; their eyes were good, but their logic was bad. All who have seen anything of legal testimony know how nearly impossible it is to induce witnesses to testify to what they *saw*—not to what they *thought* they saw.

Our public affairs continually bring us instances of this error. What scandal we heard all the winter of 1863, concerning the chief statesman of our present National Administration, the Secretary of State! The air of the Midland and the East was full of the rumor that he was intemperate, that he was a sot, that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was habitually, publicly drunk. In vain did you resist the rumor, in vain did you point to the admirable conduct of his department, to his state papers so able, so lucid, so calm, coming from none but a cool and clear head. You were confronted with any amount of direct testimony from men who had been to Washington and seen with their own eyes.

But when their statements were scrutinized, what was it that men saw? They saw the Secretary, while taking his luncheon at his public desk, drinking an amber-colored fluid from a wine-glass, which was repeatedly filled from a decanter by his side! Could anything be plainer? Should not men trust their eyes? Could one drink that amount and not be a sot? Could this be aught but brandy or wine? For, how should they know that, for convenience' sake, the Secretary had his *tea* sent to the Capitol in a bottle and drank it from a glass! A friend gave the Secretary a hint; a tea-pot took the place of the decanter, and the rumor died away.

This war gives birth to a monstrous amount of misrepresentation. It saddens the homes and discourages the charities of the land. That great charity of the war—the noblest of any age, the embodiment of Christianity, in whose labors the generous land of California has been honorably conspicuous—the Sanitary Commission, has not escaped the all-assailing blight of calumny. Several times the streams of charity flowing into its ample coffers have been slackened, and its contributors made heart-sick by stories of waste and fraud.

The stories seemed true; they were well authenticated; the witnesses were honest and able; they were on the ground; they testified, apparently, only to what their eyes had seen.

One of these cruel rumors was that faithless agents of the Commission had fraudulently sold to the paper-mill tons of lint and linen bandages which the tireless hands of our Northern women had gathered. The tale seemed true. A mill in Massachusetts had the articles. They were bought in Baltimore, or, as was alleged, of an agent of the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Bellows followed the story up, found the man who made the sale, and found that he had no connection whatever with the Sanitary Commission. He found, moreover, that the transaction was in no respect a criminal one. A "State Relief Association," having more of these things than were used, had sold them to procure other things, for want of which the soldiers from their State were dying on their hands. Though that necessity was unfortunate, the transaction was not, but praiseworthy. Nor was it in any way the act of the Commission, though both the Commission and the soldiers had to suffer therefor. It gave an excuse for not giving; and men are so proue to seize a pretext for shutting the purse! I have met many who had heard that rumor, but had never heard the truth.

There was another case more striking still:

A soldier appeared who had *bought* garments bearing the Sanitary Commission mark. It seemed that *five thousand* soldiers had done the same. There was no mistake here. Here were the soldiers wearing the garments; here was the Commission's mark, on the garments themselves. Five thousand pairs of stockings, which the hands of generous affection had sent for the hospitals, had been *sold*, by somebody, to *well* soldiers in active service. How faithless or inefficient the Commission must be to permit such frauds!

The President of the Commission, with his usual tireless diligence, sent at once to investigate, and lo! it appeared that an excellent quartermaster, Col. Ingalls, not being able to clothe his barefoot men, and being unwilling to see them suffer, had *borrowed* of the Sanitary Commission these five thousand pairs of stockings, to repay them when the Government supplies came on. They were sold to the soldiers, as all extra clothing is.

Now, the transaction was honorable and praiseworthy. The quartermaster and the Commission agent deserved somebody's thanks. It was one of the many cases where the Commission has been able to prevent as well as cure disease, thus reinforcing our armies. Yet how like fraud it looked! Every one of those five thousand soldiers could *prove* to all who would trust their eyes that wrong had been done. He had but to show the garments bearing the Commission's mark, and to allege that he, a *well* soldier, *bought* what should have been given to the convalescent or the sick. And out of that one transaction what thousands of reports could go to every corner of the land to discourage donations and shake the public faith! When we remember how rumors go as they fly, and that every man who repeats the story seems to remember a little more of it, we may see the need, in all such cases, of taking heed how we hear.

As to the prevalent belief that the coffers of the Commission are bursting with fullness, Mr. Badger said:

Let that report never be credited while there is a single soldier under arms! Let it be remembered that the Commission has never been able, and never can be able, to do all that needs to be done! And let it not be forgotten that this summer brings greater demands than ever before. Just now the expenses must be enormous. The great conflicts in Georgia and north and south of Richmond—disaster and the malarious summer in Louisiana—create a demand which cannot be satisfied. The great battle, running through May, and reaching from Fredericksburg down to Richmond, involves fearful expense. Besides the regular Sanitary Commission corps, which always accompanies the Army of the Potomac, and is large enough for ordinary emergencies, they have sent a special body of sixty nurses, and twenty-five relief agents, with nine great wagons and forty horses, while three steamers (to load one of which with vegetables for Butler's army costs $13,000) are kept busy, at an aggregate expense of not less than $500 per day. Then such items as $500 soldiers' postage on descriptive lists from Chattanooga; $4,000 for condensed milk; $6,000 for cordials; $1,000 cash to New Orleans; $10,000 to Washington, and $10,000 to the West, for current expenses in either region—such items, voted at a single session of the Executive Committee in May, and constituting but a small part of the monthly expenditure, show the incredible magnitude of the work the Commission is carrying on. That treasury can never be full. Nor can that treasure be fraudulently drawn when every check must be voted by the Committee of New York's most trustworthy men. Heed no rumor of overabundance or of fraud; when such stories are heard, take heed how ye hear!

THE USE OF BODILY PAIN.

A DEBATE recently occurred in the House of Lords, on a bill for altering the punishment of rape. It had been proposed, and it appears probable that the proposal will become law, to superadd the punishment of flogging—as often, if the Judge thinks proper, as three times—to that which is already inflicted for this crime; and the House of Lords not only adopted this view, but, by substituting the word "shall" for the word "may," rendered it compulsory to pass this sentence. Lord Cramworth observed that instead of legislating for crimes he should "much prefer a more general view of the question." The *Saturday Review* takes the affirmative, and thinks that the bill in question, together with that which inflicts the same punishment on garroters, shows that the public is at last beginning to open its eyes to the fact that the indulgence of a nervous horror at the infliction of sharp bodily pain is at once a pernicious and an expensive luxury. All fashions are said to "come round" in a certain term of years, and it certainly looks now as though the fashion of flogging would come into vogue again. Discussing the subject further, the *Saturday Review* says:

The true reason why violent, impressive, emphatic punishments are so effective is, that they show that the public have a strong decisive feeling upon the crimes for which they are inflicted. They are meant to gratify the desire of vengeance—a lawful, natural, and most useful feeling, so long as it is kept within proper bounds, and one which daunts and cows (as no doubt it was intended to cow) offenders against morals and good order. Let any one who doubts this recall his own experiences as a schoolboy. Why did we dread a punishment felt as disgraceful, and so intended? Not for the sake of the pain, but because it was an appropriate expression of that disgust and indignation which every one fears, and ought to fear when it is just. The greatest rogue stands rebuked and abashed before an angry man who does well to be angry. The vilest of the species have consciences, and they quail and cringe before the indignation which they know to be right and good.

This shows what class of offences ought to be punished by physical pain. The infliction of such pain is the most emphatic form of expressing anger, and the most compendious and appropriate way of gratifying a lawful and healthy desire for revenge. It is, therefore, the appropriate punishment for offences which excite that feeling. There are many offences which we punish without a very lively auger against the offender. Theft and dishonesty in general, are not as a rule, and on the first offence, the result of unruly passions inimical to society at large. They are not in the nature of acts of war, which excite our hatred against the offender. They are as often as not the result of criminal weakness, or of a sort of perverted dexterity. The offences for which flogging is appropriate are, for the most part, offences against the person, offences which create personal disgust and indignation. All sexual crimes come under this head; so, as the Legislature already decided, does robbery with violence; so ought extortion by threats, one of the most hateful enormities that the mind of man can conceive; so ought assaults upon women and children for other than sexual purposes. Of crimes against property, arson is perhaps the only one for which it would be desirable to flog under any circumstances. At present, a rascally scamp who wants to be provided for gets a halfpenny box of lucifers, sets a farm-yard in a blaze, and destroys property worth thousands of pounds, smilingly gives himself up to the police, pleads guilty at the assizes, and walks off to penal servitude with the easy satisfaction of a man who has provided himself with a comfortable refuge for several years at all events. A year's (real) hard labor, and a flogging every three months, would be quite another matter. There is one other offence which deserves flogging, and probably not more than one, and that is the mutilation of animals. Payment in kind is always a good rule, and nothing is more likely to teach a cruel brute the real enormity of his guilt than a practical acquaintance with physical pain. If by a general act the punishment of flogging were extended to some or all of these offences, we should probably see a considerable diminution in the worst class of crimes, and, at all events, we should have the satisfaction of knowing that those who committed them were really and emphatically punished. We should also gain the point of introducing something like a classification according to the guilt of the acts punished, into our criminal system.

HEAT OF TEMPER.—It sometimes happens that a character generally amiable is marred by a certain fieryness of temper which tends to lead its possessor into painful relations towards his fellow-creatures. The ordinary demeanor of such persons may be calculated to conciliate the greatest esteem; he may be remarkable for benevolent acts, incapable of any show of jealous or invidious feeling, and free from all the degrading vices, Yet, being at the same time prone to sudden and violent anger, and unable when in that state to control his actions, all these good qualities will go in a great measure for nothing, or only cause his fatal infirmity to be the more lamented. It is generally to be said in favor of such persons, that their passion, as it is easily induced, so it passes quickly, and that the moment it is passed their usual benevolent feelings regain the mastery. They are even remarkable as a class for the ability to show a thorough and heartwarm forgiveness. But these circumstances, while pleading for a gentle judgment, do not save the man of hot temper from the natural consequences of such a peculiarity. It is not one of the least of these that such a man can rarely enjoy a steady and confiding friendship. The uncertainty of his demeanor—the chance of sunshine being in one moment, for no good cause, changed into gloom and thunder—makes it impossible for any one to be on perfectly cordial terms with him. Thus his own habitual feelings of social kindness are constantly exposed to disappointment and the vexation of unrequited affection, and it can rarely be that he gets through life without sinking more or less deeply into the sordid mire of a misanthrope. Yet it is comparatively well for the irascible man if no worse befall him. Too often, under a moment's transient impetuosity, does he commit acts at which his better nature shudders, and which blight all the remainder of life.

Good morals may not always be good politics, but bad morals can never be.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT THEN?

In speculating upon the changes which the end of the war will involve in the conditions of society, our modes of thought and the structure of our government, the *Round Table* says:

One of the most obvious changes will be that which the creation of a great national debt will effect in the conditions of the people. We must expect, as a matter of course, that the results which followed the accumulation of national indebtedness in Europe will be manifested in this country, though under somewhat different conditions, and, perhaps, modified form. It is clear that the actual wealth of the nation will be dimmished but little if at all, by this debt. The productive power of Europe has never been greater than since the time that great national debts were incurred. Indeed, industry seems to have thriven more rapidly and yielded richer returns than when such obligations were unknown. Under the stimulus of taxation and the stern necessities begotten of a desire to discharge these obligations, labor has been organized and economized. So far, then, as the productive industry of the country is concerned, we may feel assured that as much, nay, more, wealth will be created than ever existed before. In addition to our agricultural products, from which we have heretofore derived the largest part of our national revenue, we may expect that our mineral resources will be developed in a far greater degree then ever. Mines of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver and gold will be worked as they never have been, because under the pressure of a debt which the nation will be bound to pay. Our manufacturing interests also will keep pace with the development of mineral resources, and will add to the wealth of the country. Invention will be stimulated, as it was in England after the close of the great wars with Napoleon, which imposed so great a load upon the nation, and which it has borne so nobly.

Another change, and one not so pleasant to contemplate, is almost certain to follow upon the creation of an enormous national debt, and that is, the concentration of wealth. The great fortunes of Europe, the houses distinguished for monetary strength, have been brought into existence simultaneously with the accumulation of government indebtedness. The Rothschilds, the Barings, the Browns, the Hopes, all attained to their position by this means. These houses first made made money by their transactions with the governments of Europe, and then added to their possessions by being the media through which such governments have borrowed money of the industry of their subjects. The same process is going on here before our eyes. Those who know the history of the various houses in Wall street can point out the men who are destined to be to America what the houses just mentioned are to the governments of Europe. By legitimate transactions Mr. Chase has made Mr. Jay Cooke, and through him scores of others, immensely wealthy. Henceforth America will be as distinguished for its rich men as it has heretofore been for its traders of moderate wealth. There will be the same wealth in the country, but it will be in fewer hands; we shall have fewer traders, but more merchant princes and princely bankers. This concentration of business began, in fact, before the opening of the war. The advantage of this will be that there will be fewer non-producers and more consumers, and business, by being done by the wholesale, so to speak, will be at a less cost to the industry of the nation.

As a matter of course, this concentration of great wealth will make the mass of the people poorer than has been the case with us. No matter how ingeniously taxation may be levied, the burden must fall at last upon land and labor, for from these two sources come all wealth. The man who tills the ground and he who fabricates the manufactured article will, in the end, be called upon to pay both principal and interest of the national debt, to which must be added the waste which is always incident to the collection of taxes, and the profit of their labor will be just so much less.

In speculating as to the effect of the military struggle in which we are now engaged, upon the national character, a hopeful picture is presented as follows:

Heretofore we have been governed by lawyers, by men who are fond of talk, but averse to decided action. The soldier, however, is a doer and not a talker, and soldiers will hereafter form a political class that will wield great influence. In conjunction with the advent of the military element in our current politics there will be manifested a higher sense of honor, which obtains in camps more than in courts, and a disposition to refrain from boasting, that sin of which we, as a nation, stand guilty before the world. The very campaign in which we are now engaged and which gives such encouraging promise of a victorious issue, affords a pertinent illustration of this point. At no time since the war began has there been so little of that over-confidence or of that cheap courage which is made up of words rather than deeds. The comments of the press, the daily talk of the people, are cautious. Every heart swells with devout gratitude to God for the measure of success attained, but outward demonstration is withheld until assurance of the glad tidings be made doubly sure. A skirmish is no longer a battle, nor a reconnoissance a campaign, nor a draw contest a victory; but each receives its proper name, and each is viewed in its bearings upon ultimate results. It is this spirit, we believe, which will permeate more and more the body politic. Though begotten of disappointment again and again repeated, it will prove a blessing in the end, not alone as regards our standing as a people in the eyes of other nations, but in its effects upon the national character itself. And the sentiment of honor which a soldier's life begets will have its influence upon the nation. To loose notions on this subject may be traced the origin of much of our present trouble. A bright day will it be when our party politics are purged of this disgraceful element; when neither orator nor newspaper will dare make charges against the name of any man, be it never so vile, which cannot be substantiated before a competent tribunal, to say nothing of the use of low, scurrilous language which is so common with partisan orators and partisan presses.

Herr Venedey has followed up his *Life of Washington* by one of Franklin, in which he gives an excellent sketch of the character and labors of our greatest American philosopher. "Washington and Franklin," he says, "were men of wholly different character. The one was a type of the magnanimity of the knight, the other of the prudence of the citizen. From the first day of his life to the last, Washington was virtue itself in action. Franklin's life, on the other hand, shows the way by which virtue may be attained, and is therefore of infinite use as an example."

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

A new opera by William H. Fry, for many years musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, has lately been produced in Philadelphia. "Figaro," a theatrical critic who was present at the first representation, says that on attempting to find where the opera was to be produced he had some difficulty, every one having heard of *Notre Dame*, but evidently supposing that it was a hotel or a church, or something of that sort, in Paris. Of the opera he says that it "abounds in delicious melodics which set every heart to music; with grand choral and instrumental effect which swept over the house like a storm; and with thrilling musical and dramatic situations which held the audience, at times. breathless with suspense. The following is an abstract of the plot of the opera—the libretto, by J. R. Fry, being written, says our critic, with so much ability as—rarest of exertions—to be positively readable.

The era of the story (which is based on Victor Hugo's celebrated romance) is during the reign of Louis XI. of France, in the year 1482. It opens during a festival, by which the Court and City of Paris welcome Margaret of Flanders as the bride elect of the King's eldest son; and on a morning when the populace of the city and neighborhood are engaged in celebrating the day of the King-of-Fools. Esmeralda, a girl belonging to a strange band of gipsies, and a great favorite, as a singer and daneer, with the people, gratifies them by taking part in their extravagant merriment. She has previously been kindly noticed by Capt. de Chateaupers, a young an noble officer of the royal guard; and has also become an object of unlawful interest to Dom Frollo, one of the ecclesiastics of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and Astrologer to the King; the latter character, in that age, being held in special reverence equally by the highest and the most ignorant classes of the civilized world generally. A half-crazed lady, a stranger in Paris and known as Gudule, has passed a number of years seeking a daughter stolen in infancy from her, by gipsies. She is encountered by de Chateaupers, whose interest in Esmeralda is quickened by the suspicion, that the girl may be of gentle birth, and that Gudule may be her mother.

While the revelry of the holiday is in progress, Quasimodo is brought to the great square in front of the Cathedral, attired as the King-of-Fools, and hailed with extravagant delight by the crowd. Quasimodo is deformed and ill-favored; a nameless foundling, picked up in his infancy and taken eare of by Dom Frollo, who has secured him the post of chief bell-ringer of Notre Dame. Frollo is indignant that his servant should court the burlesque homage of the people, drags him from his mock throne, and then only escapes the consequences of interference with their amusement, through the awe inspired by his mysterious profession. He is even more incensed at Chateaupers, whose presence has interrupted his passionate advances to Esmeralda. Hopeless afterwards of success by persuasion, he obtains the professed consent of Quasimodo, to aid him in abducting the girl from her humble and lonely home on the rural banks of the Seine—the hunchback intending however to protect her, though seeming to share in his patron's plot. They arrive near the house in the evening, at a moment when Chateaupers has preceded them, and when declaring his love, he is assured of Esmeralda's in return. She exhibits to him a dagger and an amulet, keepsakes from her childhood. Frollo, witnessing the love-scene through an open casement, in the sudden rage of his disappointment and jealousy, blows out a lamp near the window, and snatching the dagger, stabs Chateaupers unseen by any of the parties. Chateaupers falls insensible and Esmeralda faints.

Frollo, while endeavoring to bear her off, is interrupted by the lieutenant and soldiers of Chateaupers coming to the house. Quasimodo and Frollo hasten away at the moment when the girl, recovering her senses, is encountered by the soldiers. They seize her as the assassin. She is imprisoned, and Frollo adds to their accusation the charge that she had, by her sorceries, bewitched himself and Chateaupers. According to the laws of France she is, for this cause, condemned to death. Chateaupers proves to have been only wounded, and he and Gudule, whose relationship to Esmeralda is proved by the amulet in her possession, seek the King to obtain a pardon. At the same time she is secretly visited by Frollo in prison, who in vain offers to rescue her if she will surrender to his protection. She is taken out to be executed: the pardon is obtained, but too late to save her. As the bier with the body of Esmeralda is borne along, Quasimodo, who had cherished an honest and untold love for her, meets Frollo, and publicly proclaims him her false accuser and wanton murderer. Frollo, maddened with shame and remorse, rushes on him with a drawn dagger, is disarmed by Chateaupers, and, in the struggle, is killed by Quasimodo, who then falls himself, a suicide, beside the corpse of Esmeralda.

GEORGE SAND'S "MARQUIS OF VILLEMER."

The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular*, writing from Paris under date of March 18th, says that the last four teen days presented a most stirring fortnight. Among the excitements were the production of the younger Dumas' new play, *l'Ami des femmes*, and the dramatization of George Sands' *Le Marquis de Villemer*, by the authoress. And this, according to the correspondent, is the way the novel came to be dramatized:

Last year M. de La Rounat went to Nohant, Mme. George Sand's country seat; he was uninvited, and as he entered the drawing-room where the eminent authoress was seated with her son, M. Maurice Sand (whom you saw in America, in the suite of Prince Napoleon,) and his wife, who is a daughter of Calamatta, the well-known engraver, and her daughter, who is the wife of M. Clesinger, the sculptor, and with M. Alex. Dumas the younger, who was at Nohant on a visit, he (M. de Rounat) said: "Can you imagine, madame, why I quitted Paris to visit Nohant?" "Indeed I cannot." "It is to beg you to dramatize *Le Marquis de Villemer*, and give it to the Odeon." "Would it have any chance of success?" "I'll guarantee it a long career of success." "Very well, then, it shall be done. Alexandre, (she turned to the younger Dumas as she spoke,) would you like to join me in writing the piece?" "Yes, indeed; but let me read again the novel, and I'll give you a definite reply to-morrow." The next day M. Dumas declined taking part in the piece, and it was written by the authoress alone. There is scarcely anything changed in the novel except that Peyraque's family disappears for a Protestant body-servant, who makes somewhat the same figure the traditional Quaker cuts in English farce. It was thought that an energetic effort would be made to hiss the piece off the stage. Mme. George Saud's last novel, *Mlle. de La Quintinie*, raised a great many enemies, and it was said that they would damn the play, for they are most virulent. The square in front of the Odeon was filled from an early hour of the day with a dense crowd, and the wooden barriers, in which the early part of the audience are cooped here, were choke-full before noon, although the day was particularly disagreeable from a fine rain and cold wind which blew the falling spray to the very marrow of one's bones. The curtain was to rise at 8 o'clock, P. M. Admire the patience of this impatient nation, content to stand eight hours to see a play! As daylight declined the crowd became denser, and it was an arduous task for the police and soldiers to clear the way for the Emperor and Empress when they came about 8 o'clock. The play met with a most enthusiastic reception. After it ended, the audience, or rather the pit (which was chiefly composed of students from the great schools) went in a body to Mme. George Sand's town residence (she has long kept two small rooms for lodgings when she comes up to town; they are situated in No. 3 Rue Racine, a street immediately adjoining the Odeon,) and cheered lustily for her. After the *vivats* had lasted an hour, a figure in female clothes poked a night-capped head out of one of the higher windows, an appearance which brought down "one cheer more," after which the crowd proceeded to groan at the door of some of Mme. Sand's enemies. It came out next day that Mme. Sand had taken the cars for home after the performance, and that the honored night-gown covered an old crone who slept in the garret of the house, and who, hearing the uproars suspected her roof to be on fire, and thrust her head out of the window to ascertain on what ground her fears stood. Messrs. Michel Levy Freres announce the play in book form for publication next week; and although it is to appear in octavo form (plays are commonly published here in small duodecimo) and to cost 4f., they have already been obliged to double the number originally ordered and expect to see the first edition exhausted in less than a week. M. Nadar has just taken a noble photograph of Mme. Sand. Never before did a woman of sixty look so young; for Mme. Sand is sixty years old: she was born in 1804.

HOW BOOKS SHOULD BE WRITTEN.

In criticising Thomas Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* and *Age of Chivalry*, the *Saturday Review* indulges in some very sensible remarks as to how books should be written, by which it is designed to convey information to the people or to children. After pointing out the defects of Mr. Bulfinch's books, the critic says:

It is clear that Mr. Bulfinch has no idea whatever that mythology is a science. No doubt he would tell us that he does not wish to deal with mythology in any scientific aspect. All his object is, as he says, to "popularize" it, to teach people to understand the mythological allusions which they meet with in modern poets, "in polite conversation," and—an odd place, one would have thought, to hit upon—in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. He wishes "to teach mythology, not as a study, but as a relaxation from study; to give his work the charm of a story-book, yet by means of it to impart a knowledge of an important branch of education." We say nothing against all this; only we say that Mr. Bulfinch's object is in no way inconsistent with a scientific treatment of the subject; or rather that by a scientific treatment of the subject he would promote his own object more effectually. Half-educated people have always a notion that the accurate and scientific treatment of a subject is necessarily harder than what is supposed to be the popular treatment. Yet in truth it is just as easy to give a child who is beginning the study of language, history, or any other subject, accurate notions to start with as inaccurate ones. What you teach a child must be very imperfect and inadequate, but it may be, and ought to be, thoroughly and scientific as far as it goes. The pupil, as he grows older, must have a great deal to learn, but he ought to have nothing to unlearn. He will have to build on his foundation, but he ought not to have to root up the foundation itself. No doubt the processes by which scientific results have been obtained are above a child's understanding, but the results themselves are not. In fact they are far simpler, far more intelligible, than vague popular talk, simply because they have a meaning, while vague popular talk has none. A child who is able to read history or to learn a foreign language is quite able to understand so much of the true relations of nations and languages to one another as may form the groundwork of a more complete understanding of them afterward. A child may, from the beginning, be made to understand the difference between history and myth—between stories which are certainly true, possibly true, and certainly untrue.

Why People Live so Long in Europe.—A Paris correspondent expatiates on the longevity of human life in Europe, and thinks it is because the people there drink no water. Hear him:

How green old age is in Europe! There is M. Guizot, though past seventy, still full of youthful fire: M. Berryer is nigh upon eighty, with unchilled fervor: M. Theirs is seventy, and in his latest efforts there is no sign of age, except great experience of books, and men, and business; M. Dupin, Sr., is above eighty, and only last week he published *Guy-Coquille's Commentaries*, with vigorous notes; M. Sainte-Beuve has passed sixty, and his Monday's criticisms in *Le Constitutionnel* are reckoned more brilliant than ever; M. Villemain cannot be far from eighty, and he is as indefatigable as ever in the discharge of the onerous duties of Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy. I may have exhausted your patience, but I am very far from having exhausted my litany. You cannot match it in America, for you live too fast or too slow; you drink ardent spirits, or cold water, or German beer and never take holidays. People here never drink pure water, they drink wine, and for a month or two months every year they throw books aside and rest. If you would banish water from your table, and drink the English porters or ales (which are the only potable liquors suited to our dry climate) and turn rustic two months a year, you would think green old age no marvel.

BRIEF MENTION.

CITY AND STATE.

William M. Lent, of this city, and his party, made the trip from Sacramento to Virginia City on Monday last in 15 hours and 45 minutes, travelling by the Pioneer line. This shows that neither the people along the roads nor the roads themselves are keeping Lent. Hard to beat!

The opposition steamboat, the *Washoe*, resumes her regular trips between this city and Sacramento on Monday next.

Dr. Bellows is to deliver the Fourth of July oration in this city.

A prize fight occurred in the vicinity of North Beach, in this city, on Monday evening. It lasted two hours. We have heard of no arrests being made.

A little girl five years old, daughter of J. M. Collins, was run over by the Folsom street cars, Thursday, and instantly killed. The driver was arrested.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of George H. Hossefross, once Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. Monumental Engine Company and the Exempt Fire Company have subscribed $300 to defray the cost.

The plains of Butte and Colusa counties are said to be entirely destitute of feed for stock or even sheep at present. Unless they have very early rains, what little stock remains in those valleys will be starved to death. This has been brought about more by overstocking the range during the last three years than by the drought.

Joseph W. Ellis was robbed on the highway between Marysville and Nevada on Monday last. Denying that he had any money, the robber fired at him, inflicting a severe wound, when Ellis gave up a check for $75 and $10 in cash.

One of Green's stages was stopped two miles from Camptonville, on the 14th inst., and Langton's Express box broken open and robbed of $1,600.

Of the "California Hundred," only twenty-five men are left. J. Sewell Reed, Captain of the company, was killed in battle about three months ago.

Nine deaths occurred in Sacramento last week. The diseases were debility, complaint of the liver, paralysis, peritonitis, croup and cerebral congestion.

Lizzie Ann Dougherty, a child five years old, was burned to death in Sacramento on Tuesday afternoon.

The daughter of Catherine Clark, a girl nearly fifteen years old, was persuaded away while on her road to Sabbath School, in Sacramento, on Monday last by Charles Lotthammer, and has not been heard of since.

Over 10,000 sheep have passed through Nevada City for Nevada Territory during the past three weeks.

Hiram Miller, a boatman, was drowned in the San Joaquin river on the afternoon of the 12th inst.

The fruit-growers in Alameda county deny the story that there are worms in raspberries, and allege that the fruit this year is precisely the same that it has been every year, and is just as it grows wild in New England.

Three men have been arrested said to be implicated in the robbery of the Centreville stage on the 30th ult.

Another fast horse is *en route* for California—*Norfolk*, bought at the Laclede races, recently held in St. Louis, by a resident of this State, for the sum of $15,000.

The *Mountain Messenger* says that Downieville is building up again, and that all traces of the disastrous conflagration will have disappeared by the end of summer.

Great preparations are being made, the country through, for a celebration on the 4th of July. The usual programme will, of course, be the order—fireworks and speeches.

A butcher named Joseph Pellejuini was murdered, June 5th, at the Enriquita mines, by unknown parties. On the 6th, José Rodriguez was killed at the same place.

No clue has been found to the whereabouts of Mrs. Walthour's child, forcibly abducted from her mother's residence at Poverty Ridge lately.

NEVADA.

They had a prize fight up Washoewards on June 4th. The combatants were named Patsey Daley and Bill Davis. Daley got whipped, but unfortunately neither was seriously injured. The Gold Hill *News* says that "everything passed off decidedly pleasant to those who attended—there being not less than perhaps 3,000 people on the ground." "Decidedly pleasant" is good in such a connection.

Gold Hill had a fall of snow on the night of June 10th. A June snow-storm in a latitude of 40° north is scarcely tempting to emigrants. Virginia City also came in for an inch of snow, and given that inch did not ask for an ell.

The Virginia *Union* tells us that the remains of an Indian have been found near Salt Lake, embedded in rock salt four feet below the surface. Pickled Indian must be something rare even on the Plains.

The howitzer abandoned by Fremont in the mountains in his early explorations was lately used in Virginia City in celebrating the nomination of Lincoln and Johnson.

The streets of Gold Hill are crowded with teams, loaded with every conceivable article of merchandise and traffic, arriving from California.

The Aurora *Union* rejoices that families are now arriving at that place, and says that the increase of women and children gives the town a more civilized and home-like appearance.

It is stated that Lake Tahoe is being rapidly depleted of fish by persons who spear them for market.

John Haube found a bag containing $2,000 lying around loose on the streets in Virginia lately, and returned it the owner.

Judge North is still ill at Santa Clara. Judge Locke will probably take his place and open Court at Virginia City.

Nevada City was visited by a severe frost on Saturday night last.

According the Grass Valley *National*, a petrified bee-tree, with bees, honey and comb, was lately found in diggings on Buckeye Hill, seventy-five feet below the surface.

John Campbell was killed in a saloon at Aurora by H. T. Parlin, on the evening of the 6th inst. The jury found that the killing was done in self-defence.

The Esmeralda County Sanitary Association has donated two silver bricks, weighing a little over 1,542 ounces and valued at $1,517, to the United States Sanitary Commission.

Aurora has been visited by plentiful rains lately, which must have been very good and comfortable for the sage brush. A little of that water a few weeks ago for our grain crops would have been gratefully received.

A new line of stages has been started on the new route from Folsom to Markleville. It is said that the new route saves forty-five miles of tedious travel.

A wrestling match in Cornish style is going on in Virginia City; the 17th, 18th and 19th of June are the days of this protracted meeting.

Four lines of daily stages are now run from Carson to Placerville by the Pioneer Stage Company.

People are returning from Nevada Territory to this State, and many of them trudge it home on foot.

The grog-shops at Reese River are competing with the river itself. The price of liquors is reduced to 12½ cents a drink.

The Dutch Flat and Donner Lake wagon road is open for travel to Washoe.

A new paper is to be started in Virginia City, called the *Washoe Evening Express*.

Hay in Virginia City sells at $70 a ton.

THE EAST.

"The American Literary Fund Association" has been incorporated in New York. One hundred incorporators are named, and among them are leading publishers, authors and journalists. The object is to make provision for sick and needy authors, and the widows and orphans of those who give knowledge to the world but can bequeath to their families only want.

Cyrus W. Brown, brother of "Artemus Ward," died in Waterford lately.

John G. Saxe, the poet, is seriously ill at his residence in Albany.

Mrs. Hoey, so long at Wallack's Theatre, has retired from the stage.

A resolution has been introduced and passed in Congress which will result in an investigation of the Vanderbilt steamers plying from New York to Aspinwall.

ABROAD.

The late G. P. R. James left a posthumous novel, which is now in the press. It is entitled *Bernard Marsh*.

Edmund About's new book is entitled *Le Progrès*. It will be a stout octavo volume; price 7f. 50c. Nobody seems to know whether it will be a novel or a treatise.

There are three fun-making journals now published in London—*Punch*, *Fun*, and the *Comic News*. A fourth, called *Mr. Merryman*, has appeared.

The daughter of the late Dr. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, has edited and will immediately publish *Miscellaneous Remains from his Commonplace Book*.

There is a movement for founding a Professorship of the Celtic Language in the University of Edinburgh.

Rowland Hill, who established the penny-postage system, has retired from the secretaryship of the London Post-office, on account of ill health. The lords of the treasury, in consideration of the service he has rendered to the world, have granted him a pension of $10,000, his full salary, for life, and will continue his pension to Lady Hill, should she survive him.

Franz Liszt, the pianist and composer, has lately written two oratorios—*Elizabeth* and *Christ*—and is busy with a third, founded upon the legends of Francis of Assissi. He will return to Germany as soon as he has finished this last work.

The highest price given for any of Mr. Thackeray's pictures at the late sale in London was $130. It is said that his little collection in New York or Philadelphia would have realized at least five times as much as it obtained in London, even with his friends as bidders.

It is thought that the interesting article on Thackeray in the *North British Review* was written by Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*.

M. Alexandre Dumas' (the younger) new piece, *L' ami des Femmes*, is full of digressions on all sorts of subjects—love, marriage, friendship, riches; in fine, almost all the topics of the day except Renan's *Life of Jesus*. The piece is regarded with horror even in Paris, where vice has a licentious charter. It is brilliant but cold, and a great deal of the wit is in wretched taste.

Eight thousand school-houses have been erected in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs took place.

The great Sheffield flood washed and injured 4,000 houses. The total damage to property, exclusive of tenants' and proprietors' claims, is to the amount of $1,250,000.

All Paris seems to be gambling in stocks. Several suicides have occurred in high circles, of late, caused by the indulgence of this fatal passion; and the Duchess de Berry is said to be almost bankrupted by the immense losses which her husband, the Count de Lucchesi Palli, has met at the stock exchange.

A work on America, lately published in Berlin, says that the annual emigration from Germany to the United States amounts now to 30,000 or 40,000, more than one-half of the whole emigration of Germany. Sonora and California, the author thinks, present the greatest inducements to German emigrants.

Petroleum is said to have been discovered in the southern provinces of Russia over a large extent of country.

A. Porchat, the translator of Goethe's collected works into French, is dead. His age was 64. He had devoted ten years to his translation of Goethe.

A new cure for hydrophobia has been discovered in England, in the common nitrate of silver. It is said to decompose the saliva and neutralize the virus.

MINING MENTION.

WASHOE.

The receipts of bullion from the Gould and Curry, last month, amounted to $550,000. The Superintendent writes that the mine never looked better than now.

The Crown Point Company suspended work on its claim on the 10th. It is evident that, with what machinery it now has, it will not be able to take the water out rapidly enough to keep it below the drift. The mill is not running now, but will be started in a few days, as soon as repairs are completed.

The Uncle Sam Company are preparing their pump for work, which looks as if operations are soon to be resumed again.

The Pride of America Company have got their main shaft down to the depth of 229 feet, and have commenced drifting toward their lead.

The Midas Company have their shaft down to the depth of 359 feet. It is at present perfectly dry.

The Belcher Company is building a stone wall along in front of its mining works for the foundation to a new dump.

The Scott Consolidated Company has got its tunnel in about 250 feet.

The Overman Company has nearly completed its hoisting works, and they probably will be started the first of next week.

The Knickerbocker Company has been running a drift to its ledge, and is said to be now very near it.

It is reported that the Empress Company struck some very rich rock on the 10th inst.

The Nelson Consolidated Company will shortly erect powerful hoisting machinery on their claim, near American Flat.

ESMERALDA.

The Aurora *Union* is informed that the Del Monte Company has struck it rich in the old Lexington shaft. The lead is said to be about three and a half feet thick, and sparkling with gold.

A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, writing from Aurora June 9th, says:

Our mines continue to make more favorable returns, the shipment of bullion being largely on the increase. The mills are in full operation. The Young America Company are taking out from twelve to fifteen tons rich rock per day and carting it to Winter's mill. The Empire Company are carting rock to the Durand mill. Gregory's mill has been crushing for the Liberty Company. The Utah and the Cortez have their ledges well opened and are taking out rich rock. The Luzerne Company have a shaft about sixty feet deep, with a ledge four feet wide, and taking out good rock. The Esmeralda Company are doing better and now taking out rich rock. Wells, Fargo & Co. shipped $15,600 this morning, making $50,000 for eight days of this month.

CALIFORNIA.

Since last December, between $250,000 and $300,000 in gold have been taken out of the diggings at Howland Flat.

The Alsop Company at Alleghany will, it is said, soon recommence work on their ledges, and employ quite a number of hands.

A ledge of fine quartz has been struck at Franklin Hill, in Plumas county, about eight miles from La Porte, specimens from which show rich in gold.

A new ledge has been opened at Purp Flat Sierra county, the rock of which looks rich, much resembling those ledges which bear fine gold.

WAR MENTION.

The telegraph having been down the greater part of the week, our war news, in consequence, is very meagre. Great anxiety has prevailed on all sides to hear from the opposing armies, especially those which confront each other in Virginia. We had an installment of news on Thursday evening, but the lead gave out before Friday morning, and the wires were again down.

The news that Johnson, commanding in the Valley, was defeated by Hunter, near Mount Crawford, on Sunday the 5th, and retreated to Waynesboro, is confirmed by Southern papers.

Morgan has been marauding in Kentucky, which he entered at Round Gap, with a force of about 3,000 men. Gen. Burbridge fought him successfully at Mount Sterling on the 9th.

Morgan, with about 3,000 men, attacked the 168th and 171st Ohio regiments, under Hobson, at Cynthiana, on the 11th, and after a severe fight compelled Hobson to surrender. Our loss was fifteen killed, fifty wounded, and 1,200 or 1,500 prisoners.

On the 12th, Gen. Burbridge, who left Paris the night before, fell upon Morgan while his men were at breakfast, and after a severe fight, completely defeated him, scattering his forces in all directions. About 150 prisoners were taken, including 20 officers. Gen. Burbridge, at last advices, was closely following the rebels.

An ordnance train from Frankfort was attacked near Bagdad by Jenkins's guerrillas, and Mr. Sparks, the Union member of the Kentucky Legislature, was killed.

Frankfort was under martial law during its recent siege. On the 12th the rebels raised the siege and fled.

Sherman, in North Georgia, moved for Altoona on the 22d ult.; had several encounters with the enemy, in which he was successful; and on the 2d of this month entered Dallas. On the 8th our army was at Resaca, near Ackworth. Hardee commanded the rebel right, Polk the left, and Hood the centre. On the 11th our lines were within 400 and 500 yards of the enemy, but no fighting had taken place.

The army about Richmond is comparatively quiet. A detachment from Butler's command made a demonstration on Petersburg, a sort of a reconnoissance, but did not effect much. The rebels think they have reason to believe that Grant's purpose is to make a new base of supplies on the James River, and note that he is erecting a strong line of entrenchments at White House. The *Examiner* thinks that he will attempt to take Richmond from the north side, but prophecies a failure for him.

The Confederate Treasury is represented to be empty, for the first time during the war, and the soldiers are not at all inspirited by that fact.

President Lincoln has recommended the repeal of the $300 exemption clause.

Marmaduke's blockading force on the Mississippi has destroyed three steamers and captured their cargoes.

The Coming Horse.—The St. Louis *Republican* gives the following particulars about the horse *Norfolk*, purchased at the Laclede Races lately, by a gentleman of California, and now on his way out here:

We noticed in our report of the races of Monday the remarkable performance of *Norfolk*, a Lexington three-year old, brought here by Alexander from his stables in Kentucky. The surprising power and speed of the colt, resembling in those qualities, as well as in general appearance, his unrivalled and unequalled sire, occasioned much talk and speculation among horsemen, and among them one determined to become the owner of the splendid fellow if money would buy him. Alexander was willing, and *Norfolk* passed from his ownership to that of Winter, of California, for the sum of $15,001. Some curiosity was manifested to know why that one dollar, in excess of $15,000, was exacted. It was explained by the statement that Alexander, when he paid $15,000 for *Lexington*, then blind, was badgered by some people for paying so large a sum for a blind horse. He was determined to have it to say that one of his colts sold for more money than his sire, and so *Norfolk* brought back to his owner the sum paid for his sire, and one dollar more. We understand that this is the largest sum ever paid for a racing horse in America. *Glencoe*, we believe, cost the purchaser $30,000; but he was bought in England.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest hut easy air and address of a well-hred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise betweeu a *belles lettres* publiention and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhihited any of the higher features that cbaracterize such papers as the London *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnisbes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," wbich is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendahle. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefnlly looked over the first uumber of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sigbt, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-hred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. Tbere are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in tbe thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find bimself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide whieb, alas! hut rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at tbe same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always wortby of attentiou.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents tbis journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because tbe proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, priuted in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the sbape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with oredit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fai' making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a balf, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. Ho thinks, and very correctly too, tbat "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, tbe CALIFORNIAN, publisbed under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing tbe proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary jonrnal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and uttractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And tbe following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We bave received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical exeention, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly priuted weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, orginal and selected, of the bighest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured tbat tbey will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is tbe title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of whicb has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspapor experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, hnt one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of this new literary weekly is on our table. It presents a beautiful typographical appearance, and we may safely say is the neatest printed paper in Califoruia. C. H. Webb, who has gained a local literary reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," is its editor. The CALIFORNIAN promises to be a popular and successful publication, and we add our quota of recommendation most cheerfully to this end.—*Marysville Appeal, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table.* The contents of this nnmber, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectnal resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN neceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literery honors and public patronage made its best how on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin.* Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its bead above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. Tbe journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his jonrnal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era.* It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary weekly published at San Francisco, the first number of which has reached us. The best compliment we can give our new cotemporary is tbat if it holds up to the standard of its specimen number, it is bound to be a success. It is substantial.—*Gold Hill Daily News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new candidate for literary honors, the first number of which appeared on Saturday. It is published weekly in San Francisco, by C. H. Webb, a gentleman who has obtained some celebrity as a writer. As a specimen of beautiful typography the CALIFORNIAN is unexcelled. It is in octavo form, and therefore convenient for binding, and we conclude the editor will endeavor to make its contents sufficiently valuable for preservation.—*Territorial Enterprise, June 3d.*

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—This new and elegant candidate for favor among the sewing fraternity of this State, is an ingenious productiou and finished specimen of mechanism, such as we always look upon with favor. It must be seen to be appreciated. From viewing its operations, we can say the Florence readily performs the service claimed for it with singular ease and grace. *Mining and Scientific Press.*

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on tbe Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's tables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fiteb & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of tbe city and State. jn18

CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OFFICE, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco: Location, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Notice is hereby given, tbat at a meeting of the Directors of said Company, beld on the 8th day of June, 1864, an assessment of Five Dollars ($5) per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of said Company, at the office of said Company, in the city of San Francisco. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the TENTH DAY OF JULY, 1864, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the Twenty-third day of July, 1864, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. By order of the Board of Directors. JAS. T. HOYT, Secretary.
ju18 Office, 229 Bush street.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE Central Railroad Co.—Office Central Railroad Company, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is bereby given that tbe annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Central Railroad Company, for the election of nine Directors of the Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco, on TUESDAY, July 5th, 1864. The polls for the election of Directors will open at 12 o'clock M., and close at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day. Every Stockholder present, in person or by proxy, will have one vote for each share of stock which be may have owned for ten days next preceding such election. JAMES T. HOYT,
je18-td Sec'y Central Railroad Company.

OFFICE OF THE OMNIBUS RAILROAD CO., San Francisco, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is hereby given, that tbe annual meeting of stockbolders of the Omnibus Railroad Company will be holden at the office of the Company, (Howard street, between Third and Fourth streets,) on MONDAY, July 4, 1864, at 12 o'clock, for the election of seven Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may be properly brougbt before them. By order of the Board.
je18 JAMES O'NEILL, Secretary.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
Jn18 No. 528 Washington street.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. ju18

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,

DENTIST,

No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS,

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

je4 San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month, served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
ju11-3m

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of H. WEBSTER & CO., have been dissolved by mutual consent.

H. WEBSTER,
A. D. NUDD,
S. L. STANLEY,
C. S. LORD.

NUDD, STANLEY & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale

LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

No. 410 FRONT STREET,

Successors to

H. WEBSTER & CO.,

Having purchased the entire interest of H. Webster, in the house of H. WEBSTER & Co., the undersigned will continue the business under the name and style.

ASA D. NUDD,
SAM'L L. STANLEY,
CHAS. S. LORD.

San Francisco, June 1st, 1864. je4

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE,

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Rod Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jn11-1m

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

☞ WITH COG WHEELS. ☜

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Positocy is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jn11 No. 530 Merchant street.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

When it was promulgated that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the unthinking, or those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scouted the assertion as chimerical, and adduced strong evidence of its utter impossibility. Long articles, replete with arguments, seemingly unanswerable, of the position that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the accumulation of the poisons which constitute disease. A great cry went up from the interested in the continued supremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another, that electricity, as a curative agent, had been tried and proved to be of but little if any value—thinking, poor souls, the world of science stood at the same point it occupied one hundred years ago. That were wrong, while those old fogies were content if they cured one in every five patients, there were those who were diving into the science of electricity, and finally it was discovered that the trouble was in the instruments used. From that time to the present improvements have rapidly advanced, until every disease in the catalogue of human ills have been either cured altogether or checked so as to enable the sufferer to seek those changes of climate which ultimately perform a perfect cure. Diseases hitherto considered incurable have been cured, and those diseases which took months, and even years, to cure by medical process, are now cured in a few weeks; and all by the *Improved Instruments* of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street, San Francisco. It is astonishing to see the number of patients and diversity of diseases that have been relieved by the electropathic system. From early morn till late at night his instrument is engaged imparting strength and health to all who have the good fortune to obtain his services.

The charges, too, are not as heavy as by the old system; besides there is no medicine to pay for, let alone the unpleasantness of swallowing the nauseous stuff. During the time the Institute has been in operation there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism. None have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except known empirics) permanently. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropathic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases fully as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results.

Connected with this system are the renowned Electro-Magnetic Baths. Here let us caution the public against the numerous impostors in the bathing line. The pure magnetic bath is one of the most effective aids in the removal of disease from the system; but if given at the wrong time is likely to aggravate trouble, and cases have been known where the patient has been injured so badly as to require months to remove the injury. Persons in quest of this bath should be careful and not apply to a place where there is no physician to judge of the necessity of the remedy. In fact, the only place where they can be obtained, in all their purity, is at the Institute, where the Resident Physician will always be happy to examine and see that they are not unseasonably administered, and if not necessary, advise the requisite remedy.

To FEMALES, the Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful diseases to which you are liable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience; should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipients feel buoyant and youthful where before they were languid and unable to enjoy the pleasures of life. One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freckled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

To the nervous the Directors would say, that you can be entirely removed from those dreadful feelings of evil foreboding, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life. Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. The Directors, in issuing this pamphlet, do it in the hope that it may be the means of awakening the public who have not studied into such things, to a sense of their duties, and if possible prevent those who have the care of a rising generation from poisoning their young charges with vile drugs, thereby entailing upon them troubles which, after life, may cause them to curse the origin. Also, that those in need of remedial agents may know where they can find them without resorting to taking the thousand-and-one poisonous nostrums that are continually being palmed off as sovereign panaceas for all the ills of humanity. Avoid them all—they are snares set to rob you, and do you bodily injury at the same time.

The Electropathic Institute was started amid the cry of interested charlatans, who used all the power their riches and the prejudices of the public gave them to prevent its success. It has risen to a position that is beyond their baffled malice, and will be honored in the scientific world when they are forgotten, or only remembered for their crimes and impositions. A thinking public are fast consigning them to that oblivion their works merit. Let them go, they will not be missed.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature, that it can only be studied by its results. We know by its action it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body from the centre to the surface, by its energy, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poisons from returning to the hitherto diseased parts—and here let it be understood, that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface—except, perhaps, in cases of cold where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial disease is peculiar. The best authorities are of opinion that it liquifies the mercury—which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro-Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water, the patient is not troubled any more with those pains peculiar to the diseases. In all other cases it forces to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a *luxury*—there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it; but the reverse is the case—being one continued pleasure all the time. Try it you that are suffering either from disease or the injudicious use of poisonous drugs, and you will be made to rejoice that you have had the courage to strike out from the beaten path.

Below are a few certificates from patients that have been cured at the Institute:

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

San Francisco, April 18th, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been under the treatment of Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, and that he has cured me. My disease was mercurial, accompanied with chills. I applied to him on the 11th day of this month. I recommend all afflicted to employ him. He has cured me without medicine, by the use of his Electropathic Instrument. JOHN CALLAGHAN.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

The undersigned takes this method of acknowledging publicly the benefits he received from the treatment applied to him at the Electropathic Institute while, suffering under a terrible infliction.

This is to certify that I have been under Electropathic treatment at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street. When I applied to Dr. Josselyn I was cramped up with rheumatism, and also had the coast ague. So bad was I that, without relief, I don't think I could have lived more than one week. The Doctor, with his instrument relieved me the first treatment from all pain, and perfectly cured me of all disease in twenty treatments, without the use of medicines. I cordially recommend all afflicted to patronize the Institute, for it is truly a blessing to the afflicted, and the operation is very pleasant. I wish to publicly thank Dr. Josselyn for his care and sympathy. JOSEPH SEGER, of Bolinas Bay.

September 19, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, A.D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

Sacramento, October 19th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear and Honored Sir:—You requested me to let you know how I felt after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble. My sleep is sound, and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad habits had weakened my system. Not only is the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble is gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' standing, I think your system almost miraculous. Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this, if you please. I have sworn to it, as you see. C. BOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, A.D. 1860. CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

Hornitos, November 1st, 1860.

Well, Doctor, I am not home and have been to work in the water for several days, and there is no return of the Rheumatism, as I call it; and Mercurial pains, as you stated them to be. I feel as gay as a lark, no pain or bad feelings, no stiffness, but perfectly well, and all done by you in three weeks, without one drop of medicine. You had hard work to make me believe before you commenced, that you would cure me, but now I find it very easy to believe. Although my friends look rather incredulous, they cannot doubt my sober earnestness. Doctor, you have my thanks, and I will benefit you all I can, by spreading your fame up in these parts. Respectfully yours, GEO. PERKINS, JR.

To J. M. Josselyn, M.D., Resident Physician, at the Electropathic Institute.

Nevada, November. 8th, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival, I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicine I have swallowed to no purpose, and then to think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicine; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid Instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.

Yours, till death, FRANCIS GARLAND,

To J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician Electropathic Institute.

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

Yreka, November 10th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear Sir: Your letter dated October 16th is before me. You wish to know how my bronchial troubles are. Now, Doctor, that looks a great deal like a joke. I once had such an affection, of several years' standing, but thanks to your natural mode of treating disease, it has gone to be numbered with the things of the past. Since my return I have not felt the slightest trouble from it. When you pronounced me well I did not expect to ever hear from it again. Any one who sits under treatment of that *Improved Instrument* of yours will have the same feelings. It imparts vitality to the system so rapidly that confidence is at once established. I have to thank you that you did not refuse to treat me because I could not pay you the whole of your reasonable charge; enclosed is the balance due you, and God bless you for the kind treatment I received at your hands.

Yours, ever grateful, WM. GARDNER.

State of California, County of Siskiyou—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of November, A. D. 1860.
B. F. WELLITS, Notary Public.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was troubled with dumb ague, accompanied with rheumatism, very badly. My disease was taken in Washoe. After having exhausted medicines without benefit I applied to Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, on the first day of November. After taking twenty treatments with his Improved Electropathic Instrument, I am perfectly cured, having been entirely relieved of all pain or inconvenience. I feel as strong as I ever did when in the best of health. I cheerfully recommend all afflicted to his care, as being the best physician I ever became acquainted with. One great advantage, he uses no medicines, but cures by a process which is perfectly natural. The time occupied in my case was thirteen days. D. O. HARRA.

November 14th, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Personally appeared before me, D. O. Harra, and subscribed and sworn to the above certificate, on this 14th day of November, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

San Francisco, August 3d, 1861.

To the Directors and Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute: SIRS—You requested of me a certificate of the cure you performed in my case. Below I append it:

This is to certify that I was troubled with a swelling which commenced in my ankles, and gradually extended upward until it affected my whole body. I sought the best medical aid in New York and Boston, and they all pronounced it dropsy. Hoping to retrieve my health I visited California in February last. I consulted the Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, and now, after five months of treatment, and waiting to see its effects, I am pronounced well by competent judges. It did not take but three months of treatment to cure me, but I waited to see that it did not return. I feel perfectly assured, from what I saw while under treatment, that Electricity, as applied at this Institute, will cure any disease to which the human family is liable.

Now, gentlemen, you can make what use you please of this certificate. With my thanks to the Resident Physician for his kind attention, I subscribe myself,

Your thankful patient,
MRS. C. A. CARLTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The advantages of electricity as a remedial agent are universally admitted by the medical and scientific world. It requires, however, experienced skill to apply this remedy efficiently, and this skill of application is possessed in an eminent degree by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, of the San Francisco Electropathic Institute. The Doctor is well known to us as a scientific gentleman, and an ardent devotee to his profession. He is no pretender, but has conferred incalculable benefit to those who were so fortunate as to seek relief at his hands. For those who desire speedy and permanent relief from the rheumatic pains so prevalent in this region, we can recommend no surer remedy than a visit to Dr. Josselyn, at his rooms in San Francisco, No. 645 Washington street.—*Placerville Republican.*

ARE YOU SICK?—We wish to say a word to those that are sick. We have in this city an institution known as the Electropathic Institute, situated at 645 Washington street. The establishment is under the care of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, a physician who has no superior in the city. He has been in charge of the Electropathic Institute for several years, and has been uniformly successful in his treatment of the numerous patients that have placed themselves under his charge. The electric treatment will cure many diseases that cannot be reached by any other mode. Dr. Josselyn gives his personal attention to all of his patients, and is always ready to give advice to those that may call upon him. His charges are very moderate; and we cannot do the sick a greater favor than to recommend them to call on him before placing themselves in charge of another.—*San Francisco Daily Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Josselyn's Electropathic Institute. Voluntarily and unsolicited, we make the following statement, proving its great beneficial effects, particularly in rheumatic cases. Some months since we were on an editorial trip, visiting the mountains. The stage upset and landed all the passengers including the writer, below in the valley, where the Deer Creek overflowed by receiving the additional material, extraneous to its usual contents. For some hours exposed in our wet clothes to night wind and weather, we soon felt the effects of the accident, in the mountains—pains in the back, hip, and legs; so much so that for weeks we hardly could walk. Treatments of all kinds were applied, but without avail, until our attention was called to the Electro-Galvanic Baths and appliances of the above Institute. Thank God, after two weeks, we have been fully restored, and enjoy now the free use of our limbs and body, as fully as previous to our involuntary bath in Deer Creek.—DR. H. BIRS, Ed. *True Pacific Messenger.*

ELECTROPATHY.—Electricity has long been classed among the most effective medical agents. It possesses great advantages over the system of theropentics hitherto relied upon, as it reaches more certainly the seat of disease, especially in nervous or rheumatic complaints. The Electropathic Institute, No. 645 Washington street, under the charge of its able Resident Physician, Dr. J. H. Josselyn, has attained a well merited celebrity for the many cures which have resulted from the skilful application of this invaluable remedy.—*Daily Morning Star.*

☞ All letters answered with promptness and pleasure. Office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advice gratis.

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Jn4 *Resident Physician.*

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
R. H. McDONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.
IMPORTING
Wholesale Druggists,
Corner of Sansome and Pine streets,
SAN FRANCISCO,
—AND—
J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,
SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,
Ladies' Bandages and Supporters,
GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,
Paints and Oils,
PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,
Brewers' and Soda Stocks,
CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,
Burning Oils and Fluids,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store,

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTERS OF
DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
TEETH, GOLD FOIL.
VULCANITE MATERIAL.

Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.

DENTAL BOOKS.

We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento, 139 J street,
my28 San Francisco, cor. Pine and Sansome sts.

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HASKELL & CO.,
CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,
515 Market street,
And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

NEW YORK AGENCY.—$15 PER DAY MADE EASY, by selling our great "Original and only genuine"
PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES.
Each one contains more real valuable articles than any half dozen packages ever sold. They contain
FINE STATIONERY,
PENS,
PENCILS,
ENVELOPES,
AND A
GIFT OF JEWELRY IN EACH PACKAGE.

The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Price, 50 cents. Wholesale rates to Agents low. Agents wanted in every town and camp on the Pacific coast. Send for our New Circular with inducements. Mailed free. Address J. B. WILLMAN & CO.,
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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.
LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,
EXCELSIOR
PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR
OF THE PACIFIC.
ESTABLISHED, 1849.
NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
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FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
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Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
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PRINTERS,
ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
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NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT
ONE OF
MASON & HAMLIN'S
Cabinet Organs.

The cost is trifling, while its good effects in the education and good training of a family are beyond computation.

DO NOT DELAY, but send for an Illustrated Catalogue at once.

Address,
A. KOHLER,
my28 Music Dealer, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
HAVE OPENED WITH
☞ AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK ☜
OF
FINE CLOTHING!
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.
my28

BILLIARD TABLES.
NOTICE!

Phelan & Collender have sold all their stock and disposed of their business on this Coast to MATHEW E. HUGHES, who will in future have Billiard Tables with PHELAN'S PATENT IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS for sale in this market.

While returning thanks to the Public for the patronage bestowed upon them, Phelan & Collender desire to recommend Mr. HUGHES as their SUCCESSOR, to those desirous to provide themselves with Billiard Tables with Phelan's Unequalled Patent Cushions, which Mr. HUGHES will always be prepared to supply, as received direct from the undersigned, sole proprietors and manufacturers.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
By GEORGE E. PHELAN, Attorney.
San Francisco, May 26, 1864.

Referring to the above, the undersigned takes pleasure in calling the attention of PRIVATE GENTLEMEN and SALOON KEEPERS to his fine stock of BILLIARD TABLES and CUSHIONS. Just received, an assortment of the
NEW STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES, WITH PHELAN'S LATEST IMPROVED CUSHIONS.

These Tables have just been adopted by all the leading Professional as well as Amateur Players in the East—over Six Hundred having been sold to private families alone in the last nine months.

BILLIARD BALLS AND TRIMMINGS

Of all kinds on hand. Orders for Repairing of Tables, and everything in connection with the business, promptly attended to, at the
Office, 724 and 726 Montgomery street, opposite the Metropolitan Theatre.
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REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

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As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, weekly.

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All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

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STOP THAT COUGHING.

Some of you can't and we pity you. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined by its intrinsic merit to supercede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of the trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure; but

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

It is really the best remedy ever compounded, for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping cough, bronchitis, and consumption. Thousands of people in California have been already benefitted by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

And with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the throat and lungs, assuring you that

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it.

This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste; soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances. Among others it is indorsed by the following gentlemen, all of them well-known in San Francisco as respectable citizens: E. S. WOOLEY, grocer, 358 Stockton street; H. P. HUBBARD, merchant, Sansome street near Clay; Capt. DAVID VAN PELT; JAMES PRATT, at Harrison & Co., printers, Clay street, and hundreds of other residents in San Francisco.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following Steamships will be dispatched in the month of JUNE, 1864:

June 13—CONSTITUTION, J. T. Watkins, Commander.
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From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock A. M., punctually,

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A full assortment of the best quality of MACHINE SILK and THREAD, for the TRADE, constantly on hand. my28

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Or any other eminent Musician.

They know what it is, having publicly acknowledged it to be the best instrument of the kind in the World.

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PUBLISHERS, IMPORTERS, Nos. 417 and 418 Montgomery street, desire to invite the special attention of the BOOK TRADE on the Pacific Coast to their superb and complete assortment of STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, embracing works in every department of Literature; also Medical, Military, Scientific, Theological and School Books of every description. Constantly in receipt of all the late publications by every steamer. Special inducements offered to LIBRARIES. All orders will be promptly filled, and upon the most reasonable terms—wholesale and retail.

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—The January number of the "American Journal of Science and Arts" conducted by Professors Silliman and Dana—probably the best Scientific authority in our country—says of this valuable work: "The book is written and arranged with from by one who evidently understands his subject; and care, our examination of it, we should think it to be well adapted for the purpose for which it has been prepared."

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SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

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SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
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395 Opera and Marine Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs,
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80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors,
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PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY.

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Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin. The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company:

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Now No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

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THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,
Corner Washington and Kearny streets.
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WM. SHEW'S *PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY!*

☞IS NOT REMOVED!☜

As many persons have erroneously supposed, but remains at the same place where it has been all the time for the last eight years,

NO. 423 MONTGOMERY STREET,

And is the best place in the world to obtain a good likeness and a durable picture. my28

REMOVAL.

J. K. PRIOR,

Importer and Dealer in

GAS FIXTURES AND PLUMBING MATERIALS,

Has removed to 730 MONTGOMERY STREET, near Jackson, opposite Metropolitan Theatre. Just received, an extensive assortment of plain and ornamental Gas Fixtures, of entire new patterns. Being constantly in receipt of new goods by every steamer, the attention of the public is invited.

FOR SALE:

IRON PIPE,	LEAD PIPE,
SHEET LEAD,	SHEET ZINC,

As low as any importing house in the State. my28

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Gisconrs, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

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First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

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Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing hetweeu Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will he settled in New York hy Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their hooks for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will he at the southeast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz, of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first day of July, 1864, Eugene Kelly and Joseph A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will he settled in New York hy Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco hy Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their hooks for settlement at the Banking House of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,
WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned, calling attention to the above card, give notice that on and after the first day of July next, they will coutinue the business of the above copartnership without interruption, at the old hanking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., in this city under the firm name of FRETZ & RALSTON, and in New York, through the agency of Messrs. LEES & WALLER, No 33 Pine street: and that on and after the 5th of July next, they together with Messrs. D. O. Mills, J. B. Thomas, Louis McLane, Asa T. Lawton, Wm. E. Barron, Thomas Bell, Jno. O. Earl, Wm. Norris, J. Whitney, Jr., O. F. Giffin, A. J. Pope, Herman Michels, Frederick Billings, Geo. H. Howard, H. F. Teschemacher, A. Hayward, Moses Ellis, A. B. McCreery, R. M. Jessup, Samuel Knight, A. C. Henry, J. C. Wilmerding aud Wm. Alvord of San Francisco, and Jacob Kamm, of Portland, Oregon, having become duly incorporated under the laws of this State, will carry on the husiness of Banking in all its various hranches, at the same place and through the same agency, and upon the hasis of a Gold and Silver Curreucy, under the name of

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

D. O. MILLS and WM. C. RALSTON will be charged with the management of the business of the Corporation.

WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, Jnne 15, 1864.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

BETWEEN SANTA CLARA, SAN JOSE, WARM SPRINGS AND SAN FRANCISCO.

THROUGH IN THREE HOURS!

The Swift and Elegant Steamer

SOPHIE McLANE,

CHARLES THORN, - - - - - - - Captain.

Having been placed in perfect order, and furnished with new boilers, commenced making regular daily trips (Sundays excepted) on TUESDAY, Juue 14th, 1864.

Leaving San Jose and Santa Clara at 7 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave San Francisco at 3 o'clock, P. M. On arrival of the steamer at Alviso, Stages will he in readiness to couvey passengers to

WARM SPRINGS.

Fare to Alviso, Santa Clara and San Jose	$1 00
Freight to Alviso, per ton	50
Wheat and Flour, do., per ton	1 00
Fruit, at reduced rates.	

jul8 J. WHITNEY, Jr.

DR. CHARLES E. ZOAH,

OFFICE, No. 621 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Dupont and Kearny, South side, San Francisco.

A CURE WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE.

NO PAIN GIVEN.

Dr. ZOAH will cure without the use of medicine. His treatment of the following diseases is short, decisive and pleasant. Entire satisfaction given in every case.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and all Spinal Complaints; the most violent Toothache, Headache or Earache cured in a few seconds!

All pains or aches, no matter where located, can he removed in a short time, and charges reasonable. The poor unfortunate cured without price.

The Doctor's mode of treatment is the oldest science known for the treatment of diseases afflicting the human body, and at present is practised very exteusively in the East with every success.

Dr. ZOAH will be in attendance at all hours, day and evening, at his office, 621 California street.

All letters strictly attended to. Consultations free.

jul8

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Montgomery street.

Under the Joint Management of
JULIA DEAN HAYNE AND ANNETTE INCE.

JULIA DEAN HAYNE,
MISS ANNETTE INCE,
MRS. EMILY JORDAN,
MR. J. H. TAYLOR,
MR. HARRY COURTAINE,
MR. FRANK LAWLOR.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M., AT HALF-PRICES.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo	Julia Dean Hayne
Juliet	Miss Annette Ince
Mercutio	Harry Courtaine

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 18TH,
JANE SHORE.

Jane Shore	Miss Annetto Ince
Alicia	Julia Dean Hayne
Duke of Gloster	J. H. Taylor
Earl of Hastings	Harry Courtaine
Belmour	Frank Lawlor

To conclude with the Grand Spectacular Drama of
LADY OF THE LAKE.

Blanche of Devon	Julia Dean Hayne
Lady Heleu	Mrs. Emily Jordan
Fitz James	Harry Courtaine
Rhoderick Dhu	Frank Lawlor

Dress Circle and Orchestra	$1
Parquette	50 cents
Gallery	25 cents
Private Boxes	$5 and $10

Doors opeu at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

NEW BOOKS.

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A. Roman & Co.,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Discovery of the Source of the Nile, hy Capt. Speke.
The Small Horse at Allington, by Anthony Trollope.
The Natioual Almanac for 1864.
The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864.
Family Pride, by the author of "Pique."
Woman's Ransom, hy F. W. Robinson.
America and Her Commentators, hy Henry T. Tuckerman.
Man and Natnre, hy George P. Marsh.
Woman and her Era, hy Mrs. Farnham.
Renan's Religious History nnd Criticism.
European Mosaic, hy Howard Payson Arnold.
Marshall's Christian Missions.
Father Mathew, hy J. F. Maguire, M. P.
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Counsel and Comfort, hy "The Country Parson."
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A full and well-assorted stock of BOOKS in every department of Literature and Science always on hand.

☞ *New Publications received by every steamer.*

BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER

On the shortest notice.

Call and examine our stock and replenish your libraries cheaper than you can at any other establishment on this Coast.

jnl8 A. ROMAN & CO.

FOURTH OF JULY.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been named hy the General Committee selected at the late meeting of the citizens of San Francisco as Grand Marshal of the day for the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, respectfully notifies all civic and military organizations of this city nnd its neighborhood, of the strong desire entertained hy that Committee that each and all of them should, in fullest strength, take part in the pageant of the day. It is earnestly hoped, therefore, that every Company and Association will join heartily in the effort to make the coming celebration one worthy its great occasion.

In due time special invitations will he sent to all here notified—this advertisement being intended principally to give them ample time for preparation.

B. A. SHELDON,
jel8 Grand Marshal.

WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, can supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the country for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are unable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employment Office. jul1

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Grand Operatic Spectacle of

SATANELLA,

Witb MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS, and the full strength of the OPERATIC,

DRAMATIC, and

BALLET Compaufes'

Forming the most *expensive and gorgeous representation* ever

produced on the California stage,

Will be presented on

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

AND PERFORMED EVERY NIGHT,

Until further notice.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet $1; Gallery 50c; Reserved seats, extra 50c. Private Boxes, $10 and $5.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. jul8

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposito Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. M. HUDSON - - - - - - - Superintendent

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR!

THE GIANT BOY,

Eighteen years old, and eight feet in Height!

THE MUSICAL ANOMALY, THE TYROLEAN WARBLER,

Whose remarkable skill in performing upon THREE WIND INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE, and whose wonderful conversion of a common COFFEE POT into a fountain of harmony, have astounded all who have seen him.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC

GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES.

THE LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE,

The smallest woman in the world,

And upwards of two thousand Curiosities.

Also, a beautiful set of Cosmoramic Views, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an Aquaria Garden attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents; Children 15 cents. jul1-tf

WILSON & ZOYARA'S
Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

Performances will be given during the coming week at the towns in the

NAPA AND SONOMA VALLEYS.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputation, enabling the management to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

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CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN meet on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 P. M. For Ladies, Lads nnd Misses, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

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jy11 1m

OPPOSITION STEAMER DAY
JUNE 23D.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMSHIP

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. L. BLETHEN - - - - - - - Commander,

Will he dispatched for Panama,

ON THURSDAY - - - - - - JUNE 23D,

From Mission street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

Connecting at Aspinwall, via Panama Railroad, with the magnificent new Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ The GOLDEN RULE is the largest, fastest, and and most elegant steamship on the Atlantic Ocean.

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The same as used hy the Romans in Italy two thousand years ago.

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Thirty miles from the Geysers, stages running every day.

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*** No finer public accommodations on the continent.

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REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

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Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses nnd carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo,

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

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FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment nf the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
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MANTILLAS,
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DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
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Together with a complete assortment of

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE
RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will he run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus:

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 {F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 5. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 25, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance. 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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THE OMEN.

Beneath the mellowing Autumn sky,
We walked the shore, my wife and I:
The tints October's woods that dyed,
The sigh of the retiring tide,
The sun just sinking in the West,
Roused the old longing in her breast—
"Which first shall Death to glory hear?
Which, lonely, weep and wander here?"

Two scallop shells arrest my eye:
"With these will I the omens try;
Conjoined they grew beneath the sea,
Paired and complete and one as we;
That, white and fair, is thine alone,
This, brown and rugged, is my own;
I launch them thus upon the tide,—
Which first shall sink, let Fate decide!"

Thus, half in terror, half in mirth,
I launched the graceful shallops forth.
The wimpling tide retiring bore
Them further, further, from the shore—
While she pressed closer to my arm,
Hushed breath and heart in sweet alarm;
And cried, as either disappeared,
"Ah, *thine* is gone: 'twas that I feared!"

But still, along the dimpled sea,
Tilted our life-boats buoyantly,
Till, side by side, beyond our sight,
They floated forth into the night.
Then, baffled, awed, rebuked and still,
We stood; and my rebellious will
Felt, mid the hush on sea and shore,
A Presence all unfelt before.

Forgive, O God! Forgive! I cried,
That we have sought what Thou dost hide!
Thy secret purpose we would scan,
Distrustful of thy love to man.
Led by thy love our life hath been
By waters still, through pastures green:
Led by thy love our life shall be;
We trust, O God! that life to Thee!

ENIGMA.

I am a word of letters eight,
Whose sibilants preponderate.
My first five letters are a race,
To whom I'm a familiar face.
My final three—as students know—
A Latin preposition show:
My whole, O reader, maybe thou
Art in its situation now!

[Answer next week.]

The extreme youth of some of our volunteers hereaway excites considerable surprise. No matter what arm of the service they may belong to, one could only class some of the companies as infantry. A lady at a late drill, sympathizing with the fatigue they were called on to undergo, inquired of a veteran colonel who stood near if he thought it right that such young people should be kept in arms. "Madam," he replied, 'it is their proper place!"

THE LEGEND OF DEVIL'S POINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBORHOODS I HAVE MOVED FROM."

On the northerly shore of San Francisco Bay, at a point where the Golden Gate broadens into the Pacific, stands a bluff promontory. It affords shelter from the prevailing winds to a semicircular bay on the East. Around this bay the hillside is bleak and barren, but there are traces of former habitation in a weather-beaten cabin and deserted corral. It is said that these were originally built by an enterprising squatter who for some unaccountable reason abandoned them shortly after. The "jumper" who succeeded him disappeared one day quite as mysteriously. The third tenant, who seems to have been a man of sanguine, hopeful temperament, divided the property into building lots, staked off the hill-side, and projected the map of a new metropolis. Failing, however, to convince the citizens of San Francisco that they had mistaken the site of their city, he presently fell into dissipation and despondency. He was frequently observed haunting the narrow strip of beach at low tide, or perched upon the cliff at high-water. In this latter position a sheep-tender one day found him, cold and pulseless, with a map of his property in his hand, and his face turned toward the distant sea.

Perhaps these circumstances gave the locality its infelicitous reputation. Vague rumors were bruited of a supernatural influence that had been exercised on the tenants. Strange stories were circulated of the origin of the diabolical title by which the promontory was known. By some it was believed to be haunted by the spirit of one of Sir Francis Drake's sailors who had deserted his ship in consequence of stories told by the Indians of gold discoveries, but who had perished by starvation on the rocks. A *vaquero* who had once passed a night in the ruined cabin, related how a strangely-dressed and emaciated figure had knocked at the door at midnight and demanded food. Other story-tellers, of more historical accuracy, roundly asserted that Sir Francis himself had been little better than a pirate, and had chosen this spot to conceal quantities of ill-gotten booty, taken from neutral bottoms, and had protected his hiding-place by the orthodox means of hellish incantation and diabolic agencies. On moonlight nights a shadowy ship was sometimes seen standing off-and-on, or when fogs encompassed sea and shore, the noise of oars rising and falling in their row-locks could be heard muffled and indistinctly during the night. Whatever foundation there might have been for these stories, it was certain that a more weird and desolate-looking spot could not have been selected for their theatre. High hills, verdureless and enfiladed with dark cañadas, cast their gaunt shadows on the tide. During a greater portion of the day the wind, which blew furiously and incessantly, seemed possessed with a spirit of fierce disquiet and unrest. Towards nightfall the sea-fog crept with soft step through the portals of the Golden Gate, or stole in noiseless marches down the hillside, tenderly soothing the wind-buffetted face of the cliff, until sea and sky were hid together. At such times the populous city beyond and the nearer settlement seemed removed to an infinite distance. An immeasurable loneliness settled upon the cliff. The creaking of a windlass, or the monotonous chant of sailors on some unseen, outlying ship, came faint and far, and full of mystic suggestion.

About a year ago, a well-to-do, middle-aged broker of San Francisco found himself at night-fall the sole occupant of a "plunger," encompassed in a dense fog, and drifting toward the Golden Gate. This unexpected termination of an afternoon's sail was partly attributable to his want of nautical skill, and partly to the effect of his usually sanguine nature. Having given up the guidance of his boat to the wind and tide, he had trusted too implicitly for that reaction which his business experience assured him was certain to occur in all affairs, aquatic as well as terrestrial. "The tide will turn soon," said the broker, confidently, "or something will happen." He had scarcely settled himself back again in the stern sheets, before the bow of the plunger, obeying some mysterious impulse, veered slowly around and a dark object loomed up before him. A gentle eddy carried the boat further in shore, until at last it was completely embayed under the lee of a rocky point now faintly discernable through the fog. He looked around him in the vain hope of recognizing some familiar headland. The tops of the high hills which rose on either side were hidden in the fog. As the boat swung round, he succeeded in fastening a line to the rocks, and sat down again with a feeling of renewed confidence and security.

It was very cold. The insidious fog penetrated his tightly-buttoned coat, and set his teeth to chattering in spite of the aid he sometimes drew from a pocket-flask. His clothes were wet and the stern-sheets were covered with spray. The comforts of fire and shelter continually rose before his fancy as he gazed wistfully on the rocks. In sheer despair he finally drew the boat toward the most accessible part of the cliff and essayed to ascend. This was less difficult than it appeared, and in a few moments he had gained the hill above. A dark object at a little distance attracted his attention and on approaching it proved to be a deserted cabin. The story goes on to say, that having built a roaring fire of stakes pulled from the adjoining *corral*, with the aid of a flask of excellent brandy, he managed to pass the early part of the evening with comparative comfort.

There was no door in the cabin, and the windows were simply square openings, which freely admitted the searching fog. But in spite of these discomforts—being a man of cheerful, sanguine temperament—he amused himself by poking the fire, and watching the ruddy glow which the flames threw on the fog from the open door. In this innocent occupation a great weariness overcame him, and he fell asleep.

He was awakened at midnight by a loud "halloo" which seemed to proceed directly from the sea. Thinking it might be the cry of some boatman lost in the fog, he walked to the edge of the cliff, but the thick veil that covered sea and land rendered all objects at the distance of a few feet indistinguishable. He heard, however, the regular strokes of oars rising and falling on the water. The halloo was repeated. He was clearing his throat to reply, when to his surprise an answer came apparently from the very cabin he had quitted. Hastily retracing his steps, he was the more amazed, on reaching the open door, to find a stranger warming himself by the fire. Stepping back far enough to conceal his own person, he took a good look at the intruder.

He was a man of about forty, with a cadaverous face. But the oddity of his dress attracted the broker's attention more than his lugubrious physiognomy. His legs were hid in enormously wide trowsers descending to his knee, where they met long boots of seal-skin. A pea jacket with exaggerated cuffs almost as large as the breeches covered his chest, and around his waist a monstrous belt with a buckle like a dentist's sign supported two trumpet-mouthed pistols and a curved hanger. He wore a long queue which depended half way down his back. As the fire-light fell on his ingenuous countenance the broker observed with some concern that this queue was formed entirely of a kind of tobacco, known as pig-tail or twist. Its effect, the broker remarked, was much heightened when in a moment of thoughtful abstraction the apparition bit off a portion of it, and rolled it as a quid into the cavernous recesses of his jaws.

Meanwhile, the nearer splash of oars indicated the approach of the unseen boat. The broker had barely time to conceal himself behind the cabin before a number of uncouth-looking figures clambered up the hill towards the ruined rendezvous. They were dressed like the previous comer, who, as they passed through the open door, exchanged greetings with each in antique phrascology, bestowing at the same time some familiar nickname. Flash-in-the-Pan, Spitter-of-Frogs, Malmsey Butt, Latheyard-Will, and Mark-the-Pinker, were the few *soubriquets* the broker remembered. Whether these titles were given to express some peculiarity of their owner he could not tell, for a silence followed as they slowly ranged themselves upon the floor of the cabin in a semi-circle around their cadaverous host.

At length Malmsey Butt, a spherical-bodied man-of-war's-man with a rubicund nose, got on his legs somewhat unsteadily, and addressed himself to the company. They had met that evening, said the speaker, in accordance with a time-honored custom. This was simply to relieve that one of their number who for fifty years had kept watch and ward over the locality where certain treasures had been buried. At this point the broker pricked up his ears. "If so be, camarados and brothers all," he continued, "ye are ready to receive the report

of our excellent and well-beloved brother, Master Slit-the-Weazand, touching his search for this treasure, why, marry, to't and begin."

A murmur of assent went round the circle as the speaker resumed his seat. Master Slit-the-Weazand, slowly opening his lantern jaws, then began. He had spent much of his time in determining the exact location of the treasure. He believed—nay, he could state positively—that its position was now settled. It was true he had done some trifling little business outside. Modesty forbade his mentioning the particulars, bnt he would simply state that of the three tenants who had occupied that cabin during the past ten years, none were now alive. [Applause, and cries of "Go to! thou wast always a all fellow!" and the like.]

Mark-the-Pinker next arose. Before proceeding to business, he had a duty to perform in the sacred name of Friendship. It ill became him to pass an eulogy upon the qualities of the speaker who had preceded him, for he had known him from "boyhood's hour." Side by side they had wrought together in the Spanish war. For a neat hand with a toledo he challenged his equal, while how nobly and beautifully he had won his present title of Slit-the-Weazand, all could testify. The speaker, with some show of emotion, asked to be pardoned if he dwelt too freely on passages of their early companionship; he then detailed, with a fine touch of humor, his comrade's peculiar manner of slitting the ears and lips of a refractory Jew, who had been captured in one of their previous voyages. He would not weary the patience of his hearers, but would briefly propose that the report of Slit-the-Weazand be accepted, and that the thanks of the company be tendered him.

A breaker of strong spirits was then rolled into the hut, and cans of grog were circulated freely from hand to hand. The health of Slit-the-Weazand was proposed in a neat speech by Mark-the-Pinker, and responded to by the former gentlemen in a manner that drew tears to the eyes of all present. To the broker, in his concealment, this momentary diversion from the real business of the meeting, occasioned much anxiety. As yet nothing had been said to indicate the exact locality of the treasure to which they had mysteriously alluded. Fear restrained him from open inquiry, and curiosity kept him from making good his escape during the orgies which followed.

But his situation was beginniug to become critical. Flash-in-the-Pan, who seemed to have been a man of choleric humor, taking fire during some hotly-contested argument, discharged both his pistols at the breast of his opponent. The balls passed through on each side immediately below his arm-pits, making a clean hole, through which the horrified broker could see the fire-light behind him. The wounded man, without betraying any concern, created the laughter of the company, by jocosely putting his arms akimbo, and inserting his thumbs iuto the orifices of the wounds, as if they had been arm-holes. This having in a measure restored good humor, the party joined hands and formed a circle preparatory to dancing. The dance was commenced by some monotonous stanzas hummed in a very high key by one of the party, the rest joining in the following chorus which seemed to present a familiar sound to the broker's ear.

Her Majestie is very sicke,
Lord Essex hath ye measles,
Our Admiral hath licked ye French—
Poppe! saith ye weasel!

At the regular recurrence of the last line, the party discharged their loaded pistols in all directions, rendering the position of the unhappy broker one of extreme peril and perplexity.

When the tumult had partially subsided, Flash-in-the-Pan called the meeting to order, and most of the revellers returned to their places, Malmsey Butt, however, insisting upon another chorus, and singing at the top of his voice:

"I am ycleped J. Keyser—I was born at Spring, hys Garden,
My father toe make me ane clerke erst did essaye,
But a fico for ye offis—I spurn ye losels offeire;
For I fain would be ane butcher by'r ladykin alwaye."

Flash-in-the-Pan then drew a pistol from his belt and bidding some one gag Malmsey Butt with the stock of it, procceded to read from a portentons roll of parchment that he held in his hand. It was a semi-legal document, clothed in the qnaint phraseology of a by-gone period. After a long preamble, asserting their loyalty as lieges of Her most bonntiful Majesty and Sovereign Lady the Queen, the document declared that they then and there took possession of the promontory, and all the treasure trove therein contained, formerly buried by Her Majesty's most faithful and devoted Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, with the right to search, discover and appropriate the same; and for the purpose thereof they did then and there form a guild or corporation to so discover, search for and disclose said treasures, and by virtue thereof they solemnly subscribed their names. But at this moment the readiug of the parchment was arrested by an exclamation from the assembly, and the broker was seen frantically struggling at the door in the strong arms of Mark-the-Pinker.

"Let me go!" he cried as he made a desperate attempt to reach the side of Master Flash-in-the-Pan. "Let me go! I tell you, gentlemen, that document is not worth the parchment it is written on. The laws of the State—the customs of the country—the mining ordinances—are all against it. Don't, by all that's sacred, throw away such a capital investment through ignorance and informality. Let me go! I assure you gentlemen, professionally, that you have a big thing—a remarkably big thing, and even if I ain't in it, I'm not going to see it fall through. Don't, for God's sake, gentlemen, I implore you, put your names to such a ridiculous paper. There isn't a notary—"

He ceased. The figures around him, which were beginning to grow fainter and more indistinct, as he went on, swam before his eyes, flickered, re-appeared again and finally went out. He rubbed his eyes and gazed around him. The cabin was deserted. On the hearth the red embers of his fire were fading away in the bright beams of the morning sun that looked aslant through the open window. He ran out to the cliff. The sturdy sea-breeze fanned his feverish cheeks, and tossed the white caps of waves that beat in pleasant music on the beach below. A stately merchantman with snowy canvas was entering the Gate. The voices of sailors came cheerfully from a bark at anchor below the point. The muskets of the sentries gleamed brightly on Alcatraz, and the rolling of drums swelled on the breeze. Farther on, the hills of San Francisco, cottage-crowned and bordered with wharves and warehouses, met his longing eye.

—

Such is the Legend of Devil's Point. Any objections to its reliability may be met with the statement that the broker who tells the story has since incorporated a company under the title of "Flash-in-the-Pan Gold and Silver Treasure Mining Company," and that its shares are already held at a stiff figure. A copy of the original document is said to be on record in the office of the company, and on any clear day, the locality of the claim may be distinctly seen from the hills of San Francisco.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

VI.

FOR some weeks following, each morning brought me a prize. My existence near Diana was so sweet that I no longer felt the despotism of the Count. Forgetful of my anger, and of my great projects of independence, I thought no more but with annoyance of the time, lately so much desired, when I should attain my majority, after which I could not prolong, without indiscretion, my sojourn at Maufert, with a miserly guardian, to whom my way of living already seemed ruinous, though he paid for it with my own money. This, however, was only a cloud in the clear blue of my heaven. Every lover lives in the present. I saw Diana every moment of the day; I was near her, and like the unknown cavalier of the legend, who sowed violets in the path of his Princess to remind her of the country from which she was exiled, I was proud to spread secretly round her that atmosphere of love which her heart craved, and to redress the wrongs which Fate inflicted. What else could I wish? Was I not the favorite of her soul, which only outpoured itself to me? I was the only confidant of her sadnesses and of her joys. We were both isolated in the world, and we had only our mutual affection to console ourselves in the void which Death had made around us. We were both bowed down under the rudeness of a man, suspicious, jealous of all youth and beauty.

However, after breakfast the Count invariably went out with M. Placide. One could but have noticed the sigh of relief which swelled our breasts and the light that shone in our faces. . . . We escaped into the garden, now gay and sportive as scholars in their vacation, anon melancholy and pensive as lovers reading some romance of the day or some poem of other times, and our hearts beat. . . .

In truth, we had only one soul, and sometimes I feared that Diana would be apprised of it.

But an unexpected visit came soon and rudely interfered with our cherished liberty, and bound its wings. One morning in July the Baroness de Jonval, an aunt of Diana, arrived at the castle. She had received her as an orphan, and made for the sad child a life so devoid of tenderness, that the day when the marriage with the Count de Maufert was proposed, my godmother hailed it as a deliverance. Madame the Baroness, canoness of a high Chapter of Germany, was a lady of noble air, joining to the graces of the old school aristocratic humilities which betrayed a Christian of proud lineage. There was between her and the Count de Maufert a community of feeling; both were miserly, but with that avarice which obeys, not without regret, the imperious obligations of sustaiuing a great name. They agreed wonderfully in everythiug. I had little sympathy with this imposing person, who came almost every year to spoil my Autumn, and I must acknowledge that she plentifully returned my want of sympathy. So I was much surprised when, alighting from the carriage, she came towards me with open arms and a cordiality which made me very suspicious. Behind her was a young girl who I did not at first recognize.

"Well! André," said the lady, "yon don't shake hands with Madelaine, your little friend of former times?"

Madelaine was the daughter of a pastor of Fribourg in Brisgau, the residence of Mme. de Jonval. She was a charming child, whom her parents were happy to place under the charge of the noble canoness without considering too scrupulously the difference of religious belief. She came several times and spent some days at the castle; but I had left her a child, and now I found her a young lady.

"What, is it you?" cried I, with *naivelé*

She blushed in reaching out her hand to me, for my astouishment flattered the pride of her seventeen years.

The way in which I received her protested sufficiently against every appearance of forgetfulness; a friendship had united us for a long while, and her presence seemed to me at least a pleasant compensation for the vexatious arrival of the Baroness.

However, I must acknowledge that I felt a great annoyance at this sudden invasion of my Eden. I was obliged to give up my excursions with my godmother—that dear *solitude a deux* which had become so full of mysterious delights for my heart. On the first day of her arrival, this majestical aunt made arrangements as for a long stay and Diana, condemned to doing the honors of her house, belonged no more to herself. During a whole week we had scarcely an opportunity for an hour's liberty, with Madelaine as a third person, in the shade of the park. The Baroness followed all our movements; we met her everywhere. At last, however, we agreed on a plan to escape this inconvenience. The canoness, in spite of her severe devotion, devoted long hours to her toilet before breakfast, and rising at daybreak we all three would walk in the garden.

Madelaine was one of those slightly humorous natures to which German sentimentalism adds an exquisite grace. Raised amid family tenderness, she had purified her soul by contact with poverty; her ingenuous and cultivated mind mingled the courage of conscious innocence with a precocious judgment. She had not a pretty face, and she knew it; but she exhaled snch a freshness of youth, that her charm was felt without looking at her.

She reminded one at the same time, of Shakspeare's "Puck," and Goethe's "Marguerite."

Thus we lived, all three, in these alternations of joy and vexation, when one day Mme. de Jonval, who was surprisingly gracious to me, hinted to me, under the form of pleasantry at first, a very strange project—this was neither more nor less than to marry me with Miss Hermanegilde de Jonval, daughter of a brother of the canoness, who was colonel in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. I had never seen this *fiancée* who dropped from the skies, and it may be judged how welcome she was in the state my heart was then in. My age sufficiently defended me against this premature matrimonial solicitude, but I had to deal with one of those obstinate females who yield, but never give up. By insensible degrees, that which appeared only a pleasantry, became soon a serious theme; my guardian himself interfered at last with a mildness entirely new, which showed a preconcerted plan between the two friends.

This perfect understanding was not of such a nature as to inspire me with confidence, but I felt myself too much master of the situation to resist the pleasure of mystifying my tyrants. To their thinking I was content with the plan for some days; but one evening, under the elms of the park, I drew the Baroness into a little ambuscade of confidence, while she explained to me the great happiness which would result to me from this alliance.

"For you are rich enough," said she, "to follow only the dictates of the heart—a pleasure to which noble souls cannot always abandon themselves."

"Indeed, madam," replied I, "noble souls are sometimes constrained to painful calculations when it comes to uniting two hearts that are irresistibly drawn together. . . . Mlle. de Jonval has no dot, if I have understood rightly."

"Her father is not rich, bnt advantages may be secured to her."

"Fie, madam, let these miseries alone. It is sufficient to me that Mlle. de Jonval adores me, which is the most flattering conquest of which a young man who has never seen his *fiancée* may dream. I hope you will not do me the injury to suppose that my disinterestedness is not equal to yours and hers. . . . *Apropos*, is she a blonde or a brunette?"

The Baroness was a little disconcerted by my easy manner. "She is a brunette," replied she, scrutinizing my thoughts.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, madame—the poor young lady! what will become of her? I confess an adoration for blondes.

It was impossible for her longer to mistake my irony. Mme. de Jonval looked daggers at me and left the place without a word.

I was charmed with my trick; however, I do not know what presentiment informed me that the sentence of my future had just been pronounced.

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VII.

I EXPECTED next morning to find sullen brows, and was very much surprised to meet with equal benevolence in the faces of M. de Maufert and the Canoness. One would have thought that nothing had disturbed our pleasant relations; however, my escapade had been spoken about, because my godmother reprimanded me.

"What!" said I, "do you reproach me for having rebelled against ridiculous obsessions, for not having allowed myself to be taken in by those fits of sudden tenderness which pretend to dispose of my life and push me into the trap of a wedding with a Badoise, whom I do not know and whom I hate in advance?"

"My friend, I stop yon right here. To refuse from principle to marry at your age is a triumphant reason. I do not plead the cause of my cousin, Mlle. de Jonval; but you have been wrong to make her a party to the suit, in declaring that you detest without ever having seen her. It was wounding the feelings, first, of the Baroness,—then," added she, smiling, "you

were speaking like a madcap; who knows if you may not adore her?"

"Never! never!" said I, with vehemence; "were she as pretty and as pure as the three Graces! were she gifted by the nine Muses!"

"What an inaccessible heart," said Diana smiling; "if you are so strongly breast-plated, I shall be very much impeded when I take a notion to marry you."

"I shall never marry."

"Is it a vow?" said she, finally, "or is it a great love already existing which prevents you? Ah, you blush. Fi! the naughty prudent man. I, who am so fond of confidences! Is she pretty?"

Her words threw me into such embarrassment that I did not have the strength to answer. I trembled through fear that I might betray myself, and I was suffering at the thought that she could believe me infatuated with another.

"Ah, decidedly there is a secret," said she, "be careful. I shall find it out!"

Fortunately the arrival of Madelaine affected a diversion in my favor. I hastened to engage her in conversation under the first pretext; but the animation of my voice betrayed, in spite of myself, a desire to conceal a deep pre-occupation. I was conscious of my awkwardness as I could see in the eyes of Diana mischievious lightnings that went through me. Madelaine herself did not take pains to disguise her surprise.

"*Seigneur!*" said she, "what an overflow of enthusiasm! André, wings are growing to you."

"Precisely," answered my godmother "but do not be afraid; he will not take his flight to heaven. There is somewhere in this world a little haunt of which he is enamored and which retains him by a thread on our poor earth."

"Fly away, brown-bug," sang Madelaine, accompanying her song with a playful gesture, as though she held me by a thread.

"Madelaine," said Diana, "we must ravish from him the name of the fair princess for whom his heart sighs so much."

"Is she fair? Then it is me," said the charming ugly-one, with a pleasant mimicry of self-conceit.

Their laughter restored my self-possession; then taking Madelaine at her word, I threw myself in full madrigal and concluded like a hero of *l'Astrée* by the most bombastic declaration.

I was, however, too much in love to remain impenetrable; my two pretty Arguses could every day find out some indications which revealed my love—distraction, a certain languidness which I could not disguise; and their jokes never ceased. I thought myself very happy to get rid of them at that price, when I thought I could discover that my godmother had become anxious; her smile was restrained if the froliesome Madelaine was bantering me on my secret passion. I could see in her looks a sort of compassion. I was afraid to penetrate her thoughts.

"André," said she one morning, "whilst we are here alone, we have considerable to talk about, my friend. I have grave matters to speak about."

"Speak, my dear godmother, I listen to you. Shall I be solemn?"

"Be sincere," replied she, laughingly. "Sit down there; this bench represents a tribunal."

"Will you be my judge?" said I, somewhat alarmed, in spite of my assured air.

"I shall be your confessor—take care—and I shall scold you," added she, almost in a tone of reproach, "because you lower a little our friendship."

"*Mon Dieu!* what do you say? I, that never had a thought that was not for you——"

"Do you dare say that there is not one that you keep from me?" replied she, looking me right in the eyes.

I turned my eyes away and felt myself blushing:

"Well, here we have come back to that famous passion which I am accused of nursing in the dark. But it is nothing but child's play—a folly."

"Friend," said she, gravely, "give me your word that you do not love. and I will believe you."

I dared not speak; her look penetrated me.

"Your silence is already a confession," said she, "but I know how to read the depths of your heart, and I know the name you are not willing to speak."

"You know it—you?"

"I would not be a woman if I did not know it by this time," answered she, with a smile which threw me into confusion. "Here—follow the end of my parasol—I will trace on the sand this magical word which you would fear to hear repeated by the reeds if I were to pronounce it."

I followed her hand, anxious as if I were going to see appear another *Mane, Thécil Phares*. I at first could not decipher the first letters; then the fatidical word completed:

"Madelaine?" I exclaimed, relieved of a great weight.

"Thou hast called her by name," said Diana.

"What, seriously, do you believe it is Madelaine that I love?"

"And who should it be, I beg of you, *beau tenebreux?*"

"I swear to you—"

"Do not swear, because everything betrays you. It is from the day when Madelaine arrived that this change of humor, which you dare not deny, has become apparent. Besides, in this pleasant desert there is no one but her whom you could love. . . . Unless, however," added she, in an ironical tone, "unless you sigh after the pretty eyes of Madame the Cauoness."

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried I, anxiously.

"You see it," said she, "I shall continue: another important fact is acquired for the examination. When my aunt spoke for the first time about marrying you to a young lady of no fortune, you did not protest. It is evident that you believed that she had reference to Madelaine, because you did not rebel until the day that she mentioned the name of Mlle. de Jonval. Let me finish, my friend; if I do violence this way to a reserve of feeling that I cannot blame, it is because I fear to see you form hopes that cannot be realized. You would suffer from a love without hope. and I will put you on your guard against your illusions. Madelaine cannot love you; she is engaged to one of her cousins, a friend of her childhood, without fortune, like herself, who is devoted to her with all his soul. Nothing is waited for in their marriage but his obtaining the title of professor in the college of Fribourg."

"And he must pass his examination in the month of September," interrupted I. "But I know all that, dear godmother, and I have even thought, in order to contribute to their happiness, of begging you to dispense a little of my fortune to constitute Madelaine a small dowry of 20,000 francs, which neither he nor she would be willing to accept at my hands."

"What do you say?" she exclaimed, in the height of her surprise.

"I say, my godmother, that nothing escapes your perspicacity. I like Madelaine, and my dearest wish is to see her soon married and happy with the one she has chosen."

"André, my child," said Diana, grasping my hands, "you frighten me; if you do not love Madelaine, who, then, do you love? Because you do love—I feel it, I see it!"

At the emotion I read in her face I was on the point of falling at her feet. I could see myself discovered, lost, obliged to fly from her presence, forever. The excess, even, of my terror suggested to me the idea of affecting a vulgar love, to divert her suspicions.

"My godmother," said I, at last, trying to compose my voice, "there are weaknesses of my age, that I should entrust to a brother, but which I cannot to you? Do not exert yourself, I beg of you, to penetrate a prosaic secret, at which I should blush before you."

Diana made a gesture of surprise when she heard me confess a passion which I could not declare. She grew pale, her face became cold, and her hand dropped mine.

"Pardon, pardon! I have offended you."

"No," replied she, agitated. but trying to compose herself. "My pride is somewhat wounded by such a mistake; only, André, let me hope that the 'prosaic secret' as you call it, will not make you forget what you owe to your name.

GLOVERSON, THE MORMON.—A ROMANCE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

Chapter I.—The Mormon's Departure.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train, for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning, but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lie down on the broad, starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your———and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams; will you not, dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently, at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the traces of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly toward his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark: "Dear mother, I've come to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying: "Oh, my son—my son! only say where the mules is, and then you may die if you want to!" In vain—in vain!

Reginald had passed on.

Chapter II.—Funeral Trappings.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them in a hoarse whisper that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"Don't look at me with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as Reginald's first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave!"

"No you won't," said Susan, "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It is my business to strew!"

"You shan't; so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsey, "I ain't on the strew much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've ever been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that is my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchiefs will it take to go round? Betsey, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a sob on my handkerchief," said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger! Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every *identucal* mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the die; but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight it would have been four thousand dollars in our pockets and no mistake. Excuse these real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelins."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us!"

Chaptrr III.—Dust to Dust.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty abreast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial. * * * * * * *

That night the twenty wives with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, nevermore. * * * * * * * * * *

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died, without sigerfyiu', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

Chapter IV.—Married again.

Two years are supposed to have elapsed between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter, the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?"

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives whom I respect and care for I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one."

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well never mind what it shows. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try and see.

A Chinese Dish.—When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a *covered* dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs were soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to a third which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold.—*Life in China.*

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE very stringent provisions of the last Gold bill passed by Congress are exciting a little uneasiness in certain circles. Telegraphic advices state that the bill interdicts contracts for the purchase or sale of gold, unless accompanied by delivery on the same day, and expressly requires the contractor for sale and delivery to be in actual possession. "It prohibits all *loans of coin* and all time contracts for the sale of exchange beyond ten days. It interdicts transactions in gold save at the ordinary places of business of the parties, and declares all contracts made in violation of the act *absolutely void*, imposing also heavy fines and imprisonment."

This arbitrary measure is not designed for these latitudes, and will doubtless not apply to the Specific Contract law of California. It is aimed at the dealers in gold on Wall street, and is intended to effectually check transactions, or to restrict the operations of the brokers to as limited a sphere as possible—driving gold out of the market as a speculative commodity. The clause prohibiting *all loans of coin* is obscure and unintelligible; it should probably read *upon* coin, and not *of* coin. It has long been the custom of the private bankers, bullion brokers, and others on Wall street, to deposit their gold and silver with regular Banks, the par value of this gold as a special deposit being placed to their credit in currency. These deposits, until very recently, composed a large portion of the Bank reserve of gold. The Banks were glad to facilitate such operations, and in their weekly general average would count this specie as their own, when in reality it belonged to depositors who were permitted to check for any portion of it whenever they wished to sell it. Before gold commanded a premium in New York, the dealers in foreign gold and silver, (doubloons, sovereigns, napoleons, Mexican and Spanish dollars, etc.,) all kept such accounts with the Banks; and no interest was charged, for the reason that it was always thought desirable to swell the amount of specie in the vaults of Banks as much as possible. Sometimes these deposits would scarcely remain twenty-four hours in Bank; yet in the weekly average made up at the clearing-house they would be counted. The stringent loan feature in the new law is to reach these transactions, and that it will effectually do so is quite clear. No other reasonable interpretation can, we think, be placed upon it, and the apprehension felt here with regard to its application to our Special Contract act is without force. There can be no doubt of the determination of the Government to rigidly enforce this law in other localities. A late decision of Judge Wylie, of the Supreme Court of New York, is germane to the subject. A suit was brought before his Honor under the operations of the old law prohibiting contracts in gold beyond a certain time. He held that such operations are contrary to public policy, and the plaintiff in such suits can neither recover profits made on former gold speculations and remaining in the hands of defendants, or money deposited with them as a margin or collateral security under contracts for the purchase of gold. This is the first decision of the kind, and will of course be appealed to a higher tribunal.

The Trustees of the Bank of California issued their circular a few days since and operations are to commence, as previously announced, on the 5th proximo. The available means of the Bank will, it is supposed, reach three million dollars, including the funds of depositors. The establishment of a monster National Bank by Eastern parties is seriously talked of, and it is said that measures are now on foot to perfect a preliminary organization. Other Banking institutions are projected, and before the close of the present year we are likely to have all the capital required for legitimate purposes. Every interest will feel the stimulating influence of so important an accession of means, and the rates of interest now current are almost certain to decline.

The money market is easier, the demand fair but not pressing. The prevailing rate in Bank is 1½ per cent., on the street, in the open market 2 to 3 per cent is freely paid.

Receipts of treasure from the interior during the past ten days amount to $2,000,000. The Branch Mint has taken some $800,000. The Bullion Fund of $1,000,000 granted the Mint to insure prompt payments to depositors is regarded with much satisfaction. In future there will be little or no delay in obtaining returns, and the business of the community will be much facilitated.

Legal Tender Notes are languid and dull under the recent advance in Gold, and are current at 50 and 51. Latest telegrams received quote Gold in New York at 200 and upwards.

The Stock market has exhibited much less strength this week, and some leading shares are lower. Low-priced stocks have also declined slightly, and are inactive. The failure of a prominent member of the Stock and Exchange Board has created a little commotion, and unfavorably influences the market for the moment. Gould and Curry rose from $3,180 to $3,225, declining to $3,150—sellers' option—rallying to $3,260, then receding to $3,100, and closing yesterday at about $2,640. 96 feet have been sold since last Saturday. The yield of the mine and the development of the lode from the lower level continues to prove satisfactory.

Ophir was in fair demand early in the week, and rose to $860, since declining to about $800 and $750.

Potosi continues to be strongly held at $1,200. The late developments in this mine below the 360 feet level are very promising, and indicate the presence of a valuable lode of first-class ore.

Savage rose to $1,830 and $1,850, and is now less firmly held at $1,800. Advices from the mine are said to be of the most encouraging character.

Chollar has been inactive and dull this week at $500 to $515. The ore from this claim is now yielding about $42 to $43 per ton. Yellow Jacket was sold at $750.

North American declined from $90 to $85, rose yesterday to $94, buyer 30, and was sold to-day at $90—some 200 feet changing hands.

Imperial has continued to advance, and rose steadily from $147½, buyer 30, to $165, buyer 30. 125 feet were sold within this range.

Lady Bryan declined from $27½ to $20½; rose to $25, then fell to $23½, and closed yesterday at $23. 1,000 shares were sold.

Bullion has been steady at $70. North Potosi fell to $55, rallied to $70, buyer 30, and was sold at the close at $59.

Nevada (J. G.) fell to $46; Independent rose to $30; Utah sold at $30; Real Del Monte at $29 to $32, and Pride of the West at $5 to $6.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

LAST week we censured the mutilation of *Il Trovatore*, as recently presented at Maguire's Opera House, and asked why the opera's patrons could not have the scores of Italian operas fully and more faithfully rendered. We are happy to learn that Miss Richings was guiltless in the matter, and that the mutilation was neither in compliance with her request or her desire—even her absence from the stage when *Di quella pira* was sung being in accordance with the wishes of another performer. Justice to the young artiste demands that this explanation be made, as our last week's notice of *Il Trovatore*, might otherwise be construed to reflect blame where it does not belong. That the practice of barbarously cutting down the scores—often without regard to the plot or sense of the opera—exists, is a palpable fact. A reformation in this respect should be asked for, and, if it be refused, the public should enforce the demand. Think of cutting that magnificent duo out from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the barbarism being tamely submitted to by our opera-goers.

So far as Miss Richings is concerned, she is able and willing to sing her part through in any opera which she undertakes. Her musical education has been thorough, and she has that devotion to her art which would impel her to protest against any tampering with the scores, if she followed the dictates of her own feelings. Coming among us at a time when people are looking to the necessity of retrenching their expenses, Miss Richings has not obtained that pecuniary recognition which she so richly merits; but as an artiste her success is undoubted, and she has won friends on all sides. A few particulars relative to her career will be gratifying to these—and they constitute the entire public: Early educated as a pianist, after arduous study she appeared and played with marked ability, at the concerts of several musical societies at the East, the works of such composers as Thalberg, Lizt, Chopin and others. Possessed of enthusiasm for her profession and indomitable energy, and aspiring to a broader and more profitable field of action, although then very young, she was placed by her father under the musical instruction of Signor Perelli, once a popular Tenor of the "La Scala" at Milan, the "San Carlos" at Naples, and, subsequently, at the "Tacon" in Havana. Visiting New York and Philadelphia, this artist became the instructor of several private citizens as well as some noted professionals, among whom may be ranked Miss Richings, and the Miss Herons—now playing under the Italian name of "Natalie." After four years of close application under this master, and with tutors in the French and Italian languages, Miss Richings made her *début* in the full English opera of *The Daughter of the Regiment*. The other rôles were sustained by Bishop, Seguin, etc. The performance resulted in an enthusiastic success, and was followed by the production of *l'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Sonnambula*, *Linda di Chamounix* and *Norma*, in which, the papers say, our young artiste achieved a "brilliant triumph." Subsequently she joined Maretzek's Italian Opera Company at the new Academy of Music in Philadelphia, which was opened with great *eclat* in the beginning of the year 1857. Brignoli and Amodio were in the company, as well as Signora Gazzaniga and Miss Adelaide Phillips. During that memorable season of eight months, Miss Richings appeared as "Amina" in *La Sonnambula*, "Adelgisa" in *Norma*, "Elvira" in *Masaniello*, and in other rôles. In all, she added fresh laurels to her already-established reputation; but the well-remembered monetary depression of the latter part of that year, which emptied so many purses, forced her to seek her fortune in brief engagements. For seven years she has been very successful, and has become popular and celebrated by the production of dramatized operatic specialities, such as *The Enchantress*, *Satanella*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Night Dancers*, *La Circassienne*, *L'Etoile du Noir*, *Fairy of the Roses*, etc. The two former of these pieces have been produced in this city, last Saturday witnessing the advent of *Satanella*.

It is only justice to the management to say that *Satanella* is admirably put upon the stage. One of the principal claims of the piece lies in scenic effect, and this was attended to with a fidelity and care eminently worthy of praise. The sudden disappearances and miraculous transformations reminded one of Niblo's when the Ravels were in full revel there. Miss Richings, who of course has the leading rôle, sings with her proverbial precision and care, astonishing the echoes of the house by her wonderful trills. Her acting is characterized by that quiet grace and dignity to which we have before alluded; there is no posturing for applause, there are no bids to the gallery, no baits thrown to the parquet, the *morale* of the profession being, on the contrary, rigidly upheld, and a trust manifested in winning the critical appreciation of the audience, without a resort to stage tricks—a resort pleasant to see, if not always deserved. The piece does not afford much scope to the members of the regular company, but Mesdames Edwin and Perry made all out of their parts that could be made—the latter bringing all her plumpness and coquetry into play for the occasion. Mr. O'Neil was very funny as the inevitable negro of the piece—so funny as to suggest that some time, in accordance with the rapidly growing taste of the day, he will perhaps abandon his Irish domain and carry the war into Africa. Barry did as well as he could, but he evidently cannot help being Barry in everything. Mr. Thorne, as the gallant lover of the piece, was very good; he was well dressed, looked his part well, and brought into play a faculty which he possesses—not in common, unfortunately, with all members of the profession who essay to play the parts of gentlemen—of being able to enter a suppositious parlor without stumbling over the canvas threshold, of demeaning himself with average good breeding while in it, and of leaving the room without tripping himself up by getting his own sword between his legs. *Satanella* was performed last evening for the last time, and the red fiend took his departure from the stage with his usual smell of brimstone matches and glare of ruddy lights.

To-day, Mr. Wheatleigh takes his place at the Opera House, Miss Richings and the opera company being transferred by a whisk of the Manager's wand to the Academy of Music, where *Lucia di Lammermoor* will be given on Monday night. We like this change, for the Academy is better fitted for Italian opera than for the Ethiopian school, though the latter is full of melody. If the minstrels at the Academy did not realize the simile of "a jewel in an Ethiop's ear," they were at least Ethiops in that 'ere jewel of a theatre, and the "eternal fitness of things" was not at all preserved. We love to go and laugh with them at the snug little Eureka, but the style of their entertainment is not up to the elegance of the beautiful Academy. The Italian company that opens the house on Monday night contains, besides Miss Richings, Signora Bianchi and Mme. Simonson, Mr. Bianchi, Signor Gregg, M. Roncovieri and M. Charles. *Lucia* will be sung through *with* the duo which it has hitherto been the custom to omit. Mr. Wheatleigh at the Opera House commences his engagement with *A Bull in a China Shop* and *Rachel the Reaper*. We predict a successful season for Mr. Wheatleigh, but we wonder a little at Mr. Maguire's running two such houses, each crowned by a special star, at the same time. Will not people be puzzled to decide which place of amusement to attend?

Nobody who went to the Metropolitan Theatre on Tuesday evening last regretted having gone. Under the tasteful direction of Mrs. Hayne and Miss Ince, Sheridan's admirable comedy, *The School for Scandal*, was produced in a most acceptable manner. Wit and wisdom never grow old and wearisome, nor do the plays of Sheridan, so replete with both. The new managers of the Metropolitan are selecting for the people's entertainment the choicest works of English dramatic literature, and certainly their worthy efforts in educating the popular taste, guided by a knowledge of what is acceptable to polite audiences—and San Francisco knows no other audiences—should ensure them success. Besides the resolve to erect a substantial structure of the legitimate drama, the lady managers happily have an indispensable adjunct in the excellent stock company under their control. *The School for Scandal*, though rather a long lesson for the present brief days, was well cast, and skillfully sustained throughout. There was, of course, the usual error of an evident consciousness of their own personalities on the part of some of the company, which had always better be left in the green-room. One scarcely cares to see on the stage the same individual we are accustomed to meet outside the theatre. If an actor is to take the part of the king for our entertainment, should he display the same traits which he shows on the streets? Were it not better to be the king, in whose presence we all are "most loyal subjects?" Should not players suffer us to get, from the hour with them, what we go to the theatre to gather—amusement, edification, or instruction, as the case may be—some moral lesson which we might doze over were it inculcated in a sermon, or a worldly truth, which it were dull to learn in the street? Sheridan is wise in his wit, and in the social circle of "Lady Sneerwell," melodious with the scandal and gossip of the town, in the rollicking wildness of Mr. Taylor's "Charles Surface," the happy misery of Mr. Leman's "Sir Peter Teazle," the mellow hypocrisy of Mr. Lawlor's "Joseph Surface," and the majesty of a renewed conscience as shown in Miss Ince's "Lady Teazle"—in all these we have "great moral lessons." Mrs. Jordan, who is nothing if not pretty, made a most charming "Maria," and Mrs. Stewart, as "Lady Candor," succeeded in showing how great a nuisance in society those professedly candid people always are. The good old comedy of *Old Heads and Young Hearts* was produced on Thursday evening

to a fair house. The piece was well cast, and the performance throughout was creditable. As "Lady Alice," Mrs. Hayne had an opportunity of displaying those parlor graces in which she particularly excels. Mrs. Jordan made a sparkling "Miss Rocket"—and it can truly be said that there was scarcely a "stick" among all the performers. Mr. Leman was "truly rural" as "Jesse," and portrayed the simple-minded, honest-hearted old gentleman most naturally and pleasantly. The brothers Coke were spiritedly rendered by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Lawlor, while Mr. Franks as "Bob," found a capital opportunity of displaying a quiet, quaint vein of humor especially his own. Without further individualizing, we can fairly generalize by saying that the piece throughout was excellently played. The audience entered into the spirit of the comedy, and that they were interested was evidenced by their sympathetic faces and amused smiles. There was one fault apparent, however, during the conduct of the comedy, which can only be pardoned in consideration of the jovial good humor in which the company, as well as those who sat outside that magical ring, the footlights, seemed to be. A great deal of by-play was indulged in on the stage, which had nothing to do with the play itself and distracted attention from it. During some of the most interesting situations—serious ones, we might say—when the heart strings of those immediately concerned were supposed to be strained almost to snapping, like violin strings, pretty faces that should have looked grave were mirthful as school girls' in recess time, and frolic was seen where sadness should have sat. This is all wrong. Doubtlessly to be cutting around on a cheap carpet, in a sort of tin-foil drawing-room, speaking all manner of fine sentiments which no one feels, and heaving sighs that almost require a bridge to enable the heaver to bring them safely over, provokes in the players' minds so strong a sense of the ridiculous that they can scarcely help but laugh. Those more than Barmecidal repasts, where they sit down to break imitation bread, discuss painted deserts, and raise paper goblets jollily to their lips—all this must seem very funny to the players and move them to laugh in their wide and ruffled sleeves. This they may do, but they should not laugh outright when seriousness is demanded by the spirit of the piece. They should not permit the audience at such times to see them "swelling visibly"—as Mr. Weller has it—with laughter; for under such conditions the illusion is destroyed, and one of the principal charms of the stage vanishes at once. After this little sermon for the benefit of the buskin, we have only to remark that one going out for an evening's amusement could scarcely go amiss in taking a miss to the Metropolitan.

The bill for this afternoon and evening consists of Boucicault's four-act play *The Pope of Rome*, to be followed in the evening by *The Eton Boy*. Julia Dean Hayne, Miss Ince, Mrs. Stewart, and Messrs. Taylor, Lawlor, and Leman appear in the piece. The cast alone should be sufficient to fill the house, even were the attraction of a sensation drama not prescnted.

Gilbert's Museum entertains a multitude of visitors, as usual. The Lightning Calculator is there yet, and the little black woman, the wax figures and the snakes and monkeys, still amuse and entertain the public. We shall devote an hour or two to this institution, some day, and tell all its wonders.

The Wilson-Zoyara troupe are still starring it through the country. It may be wrong to call Sacramento the country, but at this latter village they perform on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, next week. The interior papers are loud in their praises, and the editors seem yet in doubt as to the Zoyara's sex. Is Zoyara destined to go down to posterity as the Pope Joan of the present period?

Our thanks are due to the *Alta* and *Call* for kind and excellent notices of the Californian in their issues of Sunday last. They are so hearty and warm that we could not resist the temptation of reproducing them in another part of the paper. The *Alta* makes a slight mistake, however, in classing the Californian as a quarto, inasmuch as it is a very good-sized octavo. There was an opportunity for a cockneyish pun, slightly at the expense of truth, if the *Alta*, in saying "If the Californian is not equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse," had added, "but it is *Whittier*!"

By advertisement in another column, a call is issued for a Union State Convention to be held at Sacramento on the 30th of August, for the nomination of Presidential Electors. A list of the number of delegates to which each county is entitled is given, and the rules which will govern in the election of delegates.

We have received from the publishers a map of Virginia City and its surroundings, drawn by Grafton T. Brown. The map is large and comprehensive, and furnishes an excellent view of the flourishing city which has blossomed out from the wilderness of Washoe. One of the most valuable and interesting features of the map is found in the mines, mills and machineries of the great companies, by which one is enabled to arrive at a very good idea of the gold and silver country without running the risk of breaking his neck in going to it, and to have some conception of shafts tunnels and the interior economy of mines without dragging one's self over valuable but jagged ore. The map is excellently engraved, and tinted, and is accompanied by a descriptive key containing a brief sketch of the history of the Territory It is contemplated to continue the series with a View of Gold Hill. We hope the enterprising young publisher—he is the author, as well—will send copies of his work to the East. They would draw a crowd of curious gazers around them if exhibited in the hotels or other public places.

PORTUGUESE ENGLISH.

LUDICROUS blunders are often as amusing as the most brilliant wit. Who has not laughed at the mistakes of foreigners trying to speak our language? We have been fortunate enough to discover a mine of just such blunders. It is a book entitled *O Novo Guia da Conversacao em Portuguez e Inglez*, ("New Guide to Conversation in Portuguese and English,") published in Paris in 1855. The main purpose is to assist Portuguese and Brazilians to learn English. In the preface the two authors, Jose da Fonseca and Pedro Carolino, say that they had examined many books published for the same purpose but all were full of imperfections, and typographical errors, and were written by persons who did not understand English; and their book is recommended for scrupulous exactness, typographical "correction" and adherence to the spirit of both languages. We quote the preface entire and then give some quotations from the English column; the Portuguese translation occupies a parallel column. In some places, we have thought it necessary to translate the English of Fonseca and Carolina into comuon English, putting our translation in brackets. In more places than one we have been unable to ascertain the meaning of a sentence until we had read the Portuguese.

PREFACE.

A choice of *familiar dialogues*, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order; and the second fourty three *Dialogues* adapted to the usual precisions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or-foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms.

We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, proverbs, and to second a coin's index.

The *Works* which we were confering for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little aquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that corelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections, and anomolies of style: in spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *Works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly.

We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especialy of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

DIALOGUES. LEARNING FRENCH.

How is that gentleman who you did speak by and by? [Who is the gentlemau to whom you spoke just now?]

Tough he is a German, he speaks so much well italyan, french, spanish and english that among the Italyans they believe him Italyan, he speak the frenche as the frenches himselves. The Spanishesmen believe him Spanishing, and the Englishes, Englisman.

It is difficult to enjoy well so much several languages. [It is difficult to know so many languages well.]

How is the french? are you too learned now?

No too much; i know almost nothing.

Speak always right or bad.

I apprehend to make some faults. [I am afraid of blundering.]

Not apprehend you; the french language is not difficult.

I know it and she have a great deal of agreeableness. Who [how] happy i would be, if I was know it!

How is called your master?

It is called "N—"

I know him, it is long; he has teached a many of my friends.

TAKING A WALK.

Will you and take a walk with me?

Wait for that the warm be out.

How will you that we may go it? in the coach or on foot?

Go through that meadow. Who the country is beautiful! Who the trees are thick!

Take the bloom's perfume. [Enjoy the perfume of the flowers.]

Do you know these ladies who came from our side? [towards us.]

It seems me who they look where to sit down one's.

You hear the bird's gurgling. [singing.]

Which pleasure! which charm! [How pleasant! How charming!]

The field has by [for] me a thousand charms.

TRAVELLING.

Here is a horse who have bad looks. Give me another; i will not that. He not sall know to march; he is purscy, he is foundered. Don't yon are ashamed to give me a jade as like. He is unshoed, he is with nails up; it want to lead to the farrier. He go limp, he is disable, he is blind. That saddle shall hurt me.

Your pistol are its loads?

No. Go.us more fast; never was i seen a so much bad beast; she will not nor to bring forward neither put back.

Strek him the bridle; hold him the reins shorters; piquo strongly; make to march him.

I can't to make march him.

Go down; I shall make march.

Have you already arrested [engaged] a coach?

You may to prepare all for to-morrow; we shall start at the coolness [in the cool of the morning].

At which inn shall stop us?

GOING TO THE THEATRE.

Were you go to the theatre yesterday?

Yes, sir; I won't to see the new play in which did owed to play and actress which has not appeared on any theatre.

How you think her?

She has very much grace in the deeds, [gestures,] great deal of exactness in the declamation, a constitution [face] very agreeable, and a delightful voice.

It was a drama; it was whistled to [hissed at] the third scene of last act.

Because that? [why?]

It want the vehicle, [it had no plot,] and the intrigue it was bad conducted.

So that they won't waited even the upshot? [So the public would not hear it out.]

No it was divined. In the meantime them did deliver justiee to the players which generally have play very well. [They did right, yet they did justice to the good actors.]

Have yon seen already the new tragedy? They praise her very much.

This actor he make very well her part.

IDIOTISMS AND PROVERBS.

The Necessity don't know the law.

Few, few the bird make her nest. [Little by little the bird builds its nest.]

So many heads, so much opinions.

Which love well no forget to. [Who loves well does not forget.]

Nothing some money, nothing of Swiss. [No money, no Swiss.]

He throw the dust to eyes. [He throws dust in their eyes.]

That make to come water in the mouth. [That makes one's mouth water.]

It is better to do envy that pity. [Better cause envy than pity.]

To dig of fire and to fall on small coals. [To jump out of the frying pan into the fire.]

Take out the live coals with the hand of the cat. [To draw out embers with a cat's paw.]

Which looks for, find. [Who seeks, finds.]

Take the occasion for the hairs. [Take opportunity by the forelock.]

To do a wink to somebody. [To wink at a person.]

To make from a stone two blows. [To kill two birds with one stone.]

It want to beat the iron during it is hot. [Strike while the iron's hot.]

He is more in debt but he weigh. [He owes more than he weighs.]

He is not so devil as he is black. [The devil is not so black as he is painted.]

It is better be single as a bad company. [Better alone than in bad company.]

Which not tell a word consent. [Silence gives consent.]

Which not risk nothing has anything. [Nothing venture, nothing have.]

The stone as roll not to heap up not foam. [A rolling stone gathers no moss.].

ANECDOTES.

A day came a man consult this philosopher for to know at o'clock it was owe to eat. "If thou art rich, told him eat when you shall wish; if you are poor, when you may do." [A man asked a philosopher what was the best time to eat. He answered that a rich man should eat when he would, and a poor man when he could.]

One eyed was layed against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him. The party was accepted. "I had gain, over said the one-eyed; why I see you two eyes, and you do not look me who one." [A one eyed man bet that he could see more than a man with two eyes; and, to prove it, he said that he could see two eyes in the head of the other who could see only one in his.]

A duchess accused of magic being interrogated for a commissary extremely unhandsome, this was beg himselve one she had look the devil. "Yes sir, i did see him, was answer the duchess, and he was like you as two water drops." [A duchess accused of witchcraft was tried before a very ugly commissioner, who asked whether she had ever seen the devil. "Yes sir," said she, "and he is as like you as one drop of water is like another."]

An exchange tells us that a young man named Henry Carpenter in Ohio lately committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a rifle. The rash act—and it certainly seems one—was committed because he was in love with a young lady and could n't afford to get married. It would puzzle a philosopher to discover how he helped the matter in this instance. And taking up another paper we learn that a man in Pennsylvania shot himself because he couldn't get a divorce from his wife. So they go—some kill themselves because they are married, and others because "they can't make the riffle." As a Frenchman would say: Nobody shall be satsfied and everybody will kill himself.

The couplet of Halleck's—

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise,

has often been borrowed, stolen and quoted. But a provincial paper, in eulogizing a political and personal favorite, improves upon the original, thus:

None speak of him but praise him,
None know him but to love him.

A lecturer is going through the country lecturing on the density of air. There is no need for him to come here. Every one in this city knows by experience of late how hard it is to raise the wind.

Smith has adopted an efficacious plan of getting his name in print—he simply lets his letters lie in the post-office till they are advertised in the usual list.

The English military authorities are said to be in favor of bringing home the two battalions of Guards now stationed in Canada.

He who lives with a good wife becomes better thereby, as those who lay down among violets arise with the perfume upon their garments.

ANNIE AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER I.

Frau von Heilmann, mother of Gottfried von Heilmann musician and composer, a prophet not without honor in his native place of Wustestadt, knitted as deftly and as constantly as do all the homely and old-fashioned among her country-women.

On the morning when we first look in upon her, the easy-chair Frau von Heilmann occupies is placed in its fine-weather position, that is, the estrade in front of the centre window of a handsome and comfortable room on the *bel étage* of a house situated on the outskirt of a frequented public garden—a garden which is no garden as we English understand the word, but something between a wood and a park; a wood with no sylvan wildness, a park with no lawny slopes or turf expanse; in reality, it is the remnant of an ancient forest, cleared here and there to make place for a statue or a piece of water, and intersected in all directions by carriage-drives and narrower paths, making a sheltered and pleasant enough resort for the idle and fashionable among the inhabitants of Wustestadt.

Frau von Heilmann smiled to herself, over her knitting, as the autumn sunshine fell upon her. She was a handsome snowy-haired old woman, with bushy brows overhanging dark eyes that kept in them much of the fire of youth. She made a striking and pleasant picture, sitting as she did in a sort of indoor bower; ivy festooned the inside of the window, and was trained over the lattice-work which edged two sides of the estrade; behind her chair was a little thicket formed by her great India-rubber plants, and a few pots of blossoming shrubs and sweet-scented flowers placed at their feet.

Outside the sky seemed to be blown into a more and more burning blue, and the sunshine into a fiercer brightness, by the keen wind that was merrily, madly whirling about the red and brown leaves it had torn, somewhat untimely, from the trees in the great garden. The light that fell on this indoor picture was wonderfully clear and sharp.

Frau von Heilmann was a little deaf; when the door at the end of the room, on which she had her back turned, opened, she did not look round. Presently she started, for there fell into her lap a heavy drop, which proved to be first of a perfect shower of bon-bons—*chocolate a la creme* which she loved right well—rained down upon her from a hand above her head. The shower ceasing, two arms were clasped round her neck, and a soft cheek placed against hers.

"I was expecting you, Annchen Tochterchen," the old lady said. She laid down her knitting and tried to return the caresses lavished upon her, but she could not get at her assailant.

"Come round in front of me, my child. Take care of my plants! Come round where I can see you. You must tell me all about it."

"If you won't look at me, Mutterchen, perhaps I can. Knit, knit, knit! look only at your needles, like a good, kind, Mutterchen, as you are."

Annchen (or rather Annie, for she was an English girl,) carefully pushed her way through the thicket—only her head and arms had penetrated it until now—and knelt down at the old lady's feet. She put the abandoned knitting into the old hands with a little shy, beseeching smile; then, when she heard the familiar and friendly click-click of the needles, she laid her head down on those motherly knees, and by-and-by began to cry—at first very quietly; and at first Frau von Heilmann only noticed this crying by now and then, when she came to a point in her knitting at which she had to shift her needles, laying her hand caressingly on the bright brown hair that was scattered over her lap. Generally at the same time—that is to say, in the same pause of her industry—she put one of her pet bon-bons into her mouth, showing that these tears shed upon her knees caused her little uneasiness, not even fear that they might induce a more acute attack of her chronic complaint, rheumatism.

But when five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and the head was not raised, and the sobbing had become violent, Frau von Heilmann laid her knitting and her bon-bons away on the little table that stood at her elbow, and lifted up the girl's face.

A quarter of an hour's hearty crying does not make a pretty face prettier, though undeniably it makes a plain one plainer. In spite of the temporary disfigurement, however, this face that Frau von Heilmann took between her kind brown hands was a sweet, bewitching, lovable little face. In the eyes there was a tender, gentle, and yet wild look—wild in the sense of untamed; the pretty mouth had a passionate but refined fulness; the delicate nostril a sensitive curve; the soft clear skin let every change of mood shine through, betrayed by the flushing and retreating blood.

Holding this face between her strong old hands, Frau von Heilmann tried to read it.

"More tears than enough, Annchen. What ails thee, my child?"

"Everything, Mutterchen."

"Then I think we shall prove that it is nothing."

"It is one or the other—either everything or nothing. It sounds silly to say so, but truly, Mutterchen, I hardly know which. Either I am too happy—happier than any girl ever was before, or will be after"—here a sparkling light broke over her face—"or I am miserable, too miserable. There is something here"—clasping both hands tightly over her heart, and drawing a long breath—"that I cannot understand—a heavy weight that I cannot move. Ought not happiness to make the heart light, Mutterchen?—light as a feather, gay as a bird, bright as the sunshine?" Her voice, as she asked this, had a lark-like carol in its tones; but then the tears rushed blindingly into her eyes, and she murmured—"It is not so with me—

'Meine Ruh' ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.'

Why do I feel like this, Mutterchen?"

"Ech!" ejaculated Frau von Heilmann, and her hands dropped and folded themselves in her lap, while her eyes grew dim and retrospective.

"I think this is how it is," she said, presently. "A great happiness coming to us suddenly, seems more than we can hold; a great blessing falling upon us all at once, seems more than we can bear. We feel burdened, weighed down, till we have found our way to the good God's feet, and asked His blessing upon His gift. When I was a girl, my heart would be light and dance in me because the sun shone, because a bird sang—nay, even for a ball or a ball-dress; but when I was a woman, and Gottfried my husband, my only and ever-beloved, was given me—and again, when Gottfried my son, the true and noble heart, was born to me—it was not thus. Is it that your heart is heavy with its *unpraised* happiness, Annchen, my child?"

The young girl flushed deeply beneath the searching eyes at the solemn question.

"I do not know, my mother." Then, after a long pause, the truthful tongue said, tremulously:

"Suppose, suppose, Mutterchen, that my heart sinks and fails me for fear that I do not love him enough?"

"It can hardly be that you do not love him, child! For 'enough,' leave that to time; you will go on loving him more and more, better and better, through all your life."

"Suppose, then, Mutterchen," and the voice was more tremulous yet, and very low—"suppose that I fear, with fear that makes my heart sicken and shrink till I feel as if I should sicken and die, that he does not love me, not more than a very little, not so much as he pities me—that he does not love me enough—not enough to satisfy my greedy heart, so starved for love—not enough to make it for his happiness that I should be his wife."

Frau von Heilmann smiled.

"It cannot be that he does not love you a good deal, Annchen; or why should he, who has found his old mother enough till now, want you for a wife? For 'enough,' be good, wise and loving, Tochterchen; strive to grow more and more worthy."

"But, Mutterchen, I am not good, not wise—I am so childish, so hot, so hasty; and he, your son, is always—no," she smiled and blushed as she corrected herself, "almost always—so calm, so wise, so perfect. Yes," she added, with a vivid and proud kindling of the whole aspect, "he is so perfect—that is the greatest fault I can find with him; and though it is no fault in him, your noble son, it may be a misfortune, even a misery, for poor me."

"Your heart tells you how false that is before your tongue has made an end of saying it," returned Frau von Heilmann. "My Gottfried is not perfect, I know, though I could not easily put my finger upon the speck or flaw. He lives towards perfection, as we all should do, striving towards the fulfilling of the command, '*Darum sollt ihr vollkommen sein;*' but he is not perfect. If he were—we grow towards the standard of what we love, Tochterchen—if we set our hearts high, our lives will not be grovelling. No woman's misery ever came to her through the perfectness, or approach towards it, of him she loved." Frau von Heilmann had noted and rightly understood that proud kindling of the sweet young face. She sealed the pure brow with a kiss, and said:

"Now tell me how it happened, Annchen. I, his old mother, was quite in the dark. Much as he talks of you—much for a man who talks so little about anything—and always with pity and grave kindness, I did not guess that he loved you."

"And does he? Oh, does he? Is it not a mistake? All pity and grave kindness—only such love as a father feels for a foolish little daughter?"

"Last night, when he told me what he had done, I was satisfied that it was otherwise than that with him. But I, an old woman, cannot make love for a man, Annchen mein. Ask him—let him speak for himself. I love a love story as if I were a young girl still, though. Will you not tell me yours?"

For a moment Annie hid her blushing face. Frau von Heilmann could feel how the full heart beat against her knee.

"What can be told at all is soon told," Annie began, when she looked up again: having said which, she paused—long enough to have difficulty in breaking the silence. "You know, Mutterchen, I am not happy at Fraulein Gruppe's. She is very hard and cold, and lately she has been almost cruel. Some of the little ones love the 'English teacher,' or I should not be able to bear it. Yesterday all things seemed bitter and black. Do you know, Mutterchen, that as we took our dull walk by the dismal canal I gazed down upon it longingly; and if I had been alone, and it had not looked so ugly and slimy——"

"Child! Don't let Gottfried hear you talk like that!"

"Would he be angry?"

"Hurt—grieved."

"Oh, Mutterchen!" Annie cried. "Suppose it is like that often!—that I often hurt and grieve him! You will come to hate me, and I shall be more miserable than ever, for I shall know that I am making you two miserable. I cannot rule my tongue or myself always: I must be free sometimes—have some liberty: this often gets me into trouble at the school. But what a little fool I am! Is it likely I shall talk like that when I am happy? Already I cannot feel as I did yesterday. It is not like the same world. Yesterday the creeping water, the clinging fog—to-day! Is it the same world, mother?"

"No—not for you, little one. And she doubts if she loves him enough," said Frau von Heilmann to herself.

"I was wicked yesterday, I know," Annie continued, "but it seemed as if there was nothing left to me. It was not bitter to struggle and to bear while there was some one else to keep and care for. I did not complain then, my mother; but just for one's poor little self, when one is miserable, you can fancy that sometimes it does not seem worth while to take such pains to keep alive. Well, when I went home from that walk yesterday (it was yesterday, though it seems long ago!) chilled through and through, and very wretched, Frau'ein Gruppe met me with a scolding. 'I had kept the girls out too long,' she said. 'Herr von Heilmann was waiting, and his precious time could not be wasted.' Do you know," Annie inserted in laughing parenthesis, "I shall lead a harder life than ever now, when she knows, I fancy. But what shall I care? Oh, I will be so good—so good! Yesterday it was scold, scold, scold—I do not know what she said to me. And then she sent me straight into the music-room to take my lesson first, that the young ladies might have time to warm their hands. I felt sure that Herr von Heilmann had heard all that had passed, and I was ashamed to be scolded like a naughty child in his hearing—afraid he would believe that I deserved it all; but I was obliged to go to my lesson at once. When I went into the room he only bowed to me, just as usual, looking as tall and grand as he always does. He set my chair, arranged my music, standing until I was seated, as he always does." There Annie paused, a little proud and tender smile curving her lips. "I dashed at my music with my eyes full of stinging tears and my hands stiff with cold. I played frightfully, and did not stop myself for the wrong notes, and he did not stop me. Generally he is strict—half a wrong note doesn't escape him. I could not tell what this meant—it frightened me more than a scolding. I stopped suddenly and looked into his face. It had a strange expression; the corners of his mouth were twitching and his eyes were contracted and——"

"Yes, yes—I know the look," nodded the mother. "His father used to look so when he was deeply moved."

"I felt obliged to say something, Mutterchen, for I couldn't bear his silence; so I said, rudely and pettishly, 'you do not think me worthy of correction to-day, mein Herr. Why don't you send me away, and throw my music after me—treat me as Herr Steinwitz treats such pupils.' You see, mother, I was grieved, really, though I wouldn't show it. I had hoped to please him that day; it was his own music, and I had studied industriously. How do you think he answered me? He smiled, rather grimly—I know he must have been all on edge with my false playing—and took my hands, saying, 'The little hands are cold; mine are hot: I will warm them, and afterwards my Fraulein will play quite otherwise.' Then he began to chafe my hands. I did not think anything of that; he had done it for me before, and I had seen him do it for two or three of the quite little children. He always treated me as if I too were quite a child. But that he should be so kind and patient when I had been so rude and naughty—I could not bear that. If he had scolded, I should perhaps have been as hard as iron; but at his goodness I burst out crying, and felt as if my heart were breaking. It is awkward to cry when one has no hand to hide one's face with, nowhere to lean one's head, Mutterchen——"

"Yes, yes," nodded the old mother. "Go on, my child. What happened next?"

"Your son felt my difficulty, I suppose. He did not give me my hands—he held them fast in one of his; but he drew me to him closer and closer, till my head leant against his breast. Now, Mutterchen, what right had he to know that I should not be very angry?" Annie flashed up a shy smile into the listening face. "But somehow I did not seem to mind it—it did not seem strange to me to rest there. I did not try to get away; it seemed well with me there, and quite natural. Then, mother mine, while he held me against his heart, and bent his face down upon my head, he said—the words entered my soul without passing through my ears—I cannot tell what he said. I did not move, I did not speak. I left off crying and felt as if I had gone to heaven, or heaven had come down upon me. I was no more abashed than if I had been in my own dead mother's arms. Presently he put me from him, gently, but quickly; he placed my hands upon the keys, and turned the pages of my music. Fraulein Gruppe entered; he had heard her coming. He would not compromise me, for I had not spoken! Mutterchen, I feel I would trust him with all—myself, my life, my happiness, my honor. I know he would guard them ten thousand times better than I could or would myself, and yet——"

"And yet—speak, Annchen."

The bright, proud face clouded, the clear voice lost all its ring of truth and delight, as the girl murmured—

"And yet I cannot feel sure that I love him."

"At your peril let Gottfried hear you say that," the mother remonstrated, with a severe smile. "He is humble in his noble simplicity: he will believe you."

"Would it not perhaps be well for him, my mother, that he should believe that I do not love him?—not in the one way of loving."

The door opened, and Herr von Heilmann came up the room towards the estrade. A tall and stately man, not young, and of a soldierly bearing; naturally fair, but browned to the brown fit for a soldier's cheek. The high brow was a little bald, but the beard and moustache, which did not quite hide a handsome resolute mouth, were strong and tawny. The eyes had for habitual expression a look of introspective and concentrated thought; because they did not concern themselves constantly with the common things of that outward world, they passed with some for "dreamy," but their glance could be keen and trenchant. They were the eyes of a wise enthusiast and a long-suffering patriot. The face was deeply lined, seeming to tell of things that had been; the whole aspect was noble and calm; the bearing and manner stiff rather than flexible. No wonder that a young girl, like Annie Gresham, looking upon this man, should find it hard to realize that, otherwise than from "pity and grave kindness," a half-chivalrous, half-paternal yearning to take a weak and friendless thing home to his protection, should he desire to make her his wife.

It was this that she did find it hard to realize; this was the real difficulty which grieved and vexed a proud and sensitive young heart.

Annie sprang up from her kneeling attitude when Herr von Heilmann entered the room and stood behind his mother, one hand resting on her chair; her eyes were on the ground, and so she lost the sight that would have gladdened her poor little heart—the warm lighting-up of the grave face when Herr von Heilmann caught sight of her. As she stood there in shy and troubled happiness, she was wondering to herself how he would address her, what sort of notice he would take of her. They had not met since ——, and then she blushed overpoweringly, and rather scoffed at her own heart, and said to it, "It is nothing to him; he will call you 'highly-respected Fraulein,' very likely."

Herr von Heilmann was on the estrade now; he bent over his mother, and kissed her hand and her cheek; then, with a face of doubt and inquiry, he turned to Annie.

"She cannot feel sure that she loves you, she says," spoke Frau von Heilmann, rather maliciously. She was a little annoyed that Annie should have repeated that statement, and meant to string her to an acknowledgment of its falsehood.

Herr von Heilmann bowed over the hand he had taken in

his own, and relinquished it. Annie had no. looked into his face while that brief glow overspread it, but she now saw its eold gravity.

"Be seatcd, Fraulein," he said, setting a chair for her as he spoke. Then he looked at his watch—"I have ten minutes; the time will suffice for my explanation and apology." But he paused, and a shade of embarrassment crossed his brow. "Explain to her mother," he resumed—"you women understand each other—that though yesterday I was surprised iuto a departure from my usual respectful attitude, she was quite blameless. I was wrong; my conduct was hasty, ill-considered, for her compromising. While I now offer her my most earnest apology, I wish her to feel assured that in no way will I presume upon her goodness. How *should* she know if she can love me? Let her have time to question her heart. I will wait as long as shc pleases; till she pleases to have them changed, things shall be between us as they have always been."

"Annchen! have you nothing to say, child?" asked the mother, uneasy now at what she had done.

"Nothing, dear Frau," answered poor Annie, who felt as if the bounding life-currcnt were freezing perceptibly within her.

"Gottfried, my son, you are too scrupulous, too punctilious, too formal; you misrepresent yourself, and——"

"Excuse me, my mother. In such a matter a man cannot be too scrupulous. Yesterday I was rash and wrong. Had the Fraulein Gruppe entered one moment sooner, consider in what a position my indiscretion would have placed the dear ehild here."

As he finished, recalled the scene, and allowed himself to use so tenderly-familiar an epithet, a momentary passionateness shone from his eyes. Annie, had she seen that look, might have followed what would surely have been the bidding of her heart, and, running to him, laid her head again where it had so fearlessly rested yesterday; but she did not see it; she sat still in her place, giving no sign.

The day had changed—cruelly.

"True, true, true," said the mother, "but Fraulein Gruppe did not enter, and Annchen forgives you. Is it not so, Anuchen?" she turned upon the girl somewhat impatiently.

"Herr von Heilmann may think me too forgiving if I do," she answered. "Surely if *he* finds so much of which to repent, there must be something for *me* to regret. My conduct yesterday must have appeared to him bold, unmaidenly."

She spoke with a burning blush and a stinging sense of humiliatiou.

"Your conduct was admirable—in the purity of childlike simplicity," he answercd—"a simplicity which no man of honor would abuse or presume upon."

Annie hardly heeded his words. She was seized by the impulse to escape, to breathe freely, to be alone. She hurried by, caught up her shawl and bonnet, and, discovering all at once that she had exceeded the time of her leave of absence, she declared that she must go immediately.

Throwing her arms round Frau von Heilmann, putting her burning cheek to hers, she kissed her passionately. As she did so, she whispered, "Liebe Frau, you have been a little cruel; but it is best so." Then, with a quick shy look and a hurried gesture of farewell, she passed Herr von Heilmann and left the room.

As she took her way through the crisped leaves lying thick in the great garden, she felt her heart waiting and listening for a following footstep while her feet hurried her along.

Pausing to look back when she gained the door of her prison-house, she half faucied she saw the stately figure of Herr von Hcilmann in the distance; if so, he had made no effort to overtake her. She might have known that he would not—that what he did not say to her when she was under the protection of his mother's presence he was not likely to try to say to her in a public walk, aud so expose her agitation to the remark of any chance passer-by. She did not think of this; she only recognized that the day was cruelly changed.

FRERE AND THE RAG PICKER.—One of the great occasions in Paris is "Palm Sunday;" you meet on that day every oue—coachmen, carters, old and young, high and low, all with their sprigs of palm, and all feel a certain respect if not veneration for it. The last Palm Sunday occurred ten weeks ago, when Frere visited the city. Iu passing to the railroad on his way home he saw a poor *chiffonier* wending his weary way with a huge basket on his back, who was arrested by encountering a sprig of palm which some one had dropped. Stopping at once, disencumbering himself of his burden, and balancing it with one hand on a stepping-stone by the gutter, with the other he picked up the sacred sprig and carefully fixed it upon the top of his basket; and whilst regarding it with veneration, Frere passed, touched him upon the shoulder, and gave him some sous to stand a few minutes while he made a little sketch of him on an envelope; and for fear it might uot be sufficiently fixed in his mind he went directly to his studio, where he made a larger sketch in oil. It will make a beautiful subject. Frere was delighted, for he was deeply interested in the subject himself, and is now looking for a model to paint a picture.

A NEW LIFE OF ROUSSEAU.—The first volume of a new life of Jean Jacques Rousseau by F. Brockerhoff, has recently appeared in Germany. It carries the biography, however, only as far as Rousseau's residence at Montmorency, thus leaving the most important period of his life to be treated in two additional volumes which are promised. The author does not write an apotheosis. His object is to present Rousscau's life in its early errors as well as in its later achievements, as the development of a singular and aspiring nature. Bacon is still the great philosopher, in spite of the vulgar corruptions to which he yielded; Voltaire is still the great thinker, in spite of his love of money, which led him sometimes, as Carlyle has shown in so masterly a way in the last volume of his *Life of Frederick the Great*, even to perjury and forgery; so Rousseau, though he did send his own children to a foundling hospital, will remain one of the most original of modern political reformers. Brockerhoff's life of him is at once historical and psychological, showing how out of what one may call the negative Rousseau, wayward and dissolute, grew the positive Roussean, led by experience to a certain puritanical clearness and obstinacy of thought; to the contemplating of an ideal world from which the existing abuses of human society should be forever banished.

SOMNAMBULISM.

BY A FRENCH DETECTIVE.*

For the last twenty years and more, a new trade—a charlatanism which seduces a man by its attraction to the marvellous—has attained a very great extension. Somnambulism is one more method among the great number already existing for working upon the good faith of credulous persons. All our newspapers have been frequently filled with puffs, in letters half an inch high, proclaiming Mlle. X—— or Mlle. G—— the most lucid somnambulist that ever appeared, and yet these puffs eontained a frightful amount of falsehood, seduction and decception! I do not attempt to discuss here the greater or lcss amount of lucidity of the mind under the influence of the magnetic sleep; but as regards the pretended miracles and phenomena so often taken advantage of by swindlers, I think it useful to mention several facts which will teach how much confidence ought to be granted to the somnambulist oracles.

A female came to my office one day and told me that she was portress to a house ncar the Bourse, and that very morning, during a momentary absencc, a bank note for 1,000 francs and some other articles had been stolen from her table-drawer.

"And just imaginc, sir," she continued, "that when I returned home I met on my door-step a young man who lives ou the fifth floor of our house—a good-for-nothing scamp, who calls himself a lawyer's clerk out of work, who was pretending to be calm, though I feel sure that he was trembling with fear. At that moment I did not know any thiug; but when I discovered the robbery, I straightway called to mind my tenant's hang-dog look. I at once said to myself, 'I am certain he is the thief,' and then as I do not like to act lightly, instead of making a disturbance, I went at once to a famous somnambulist, who said, while seeing me, though he was asleep, 'Well you were robbed this morning by a young man who lives on the fifth floor of your house, who was formerly in an office, but is now doing uothing.' Then my somnambulist described everything that was in the room addiug that the window faced the door. That was certainly evident proof, and so I have come to ask you to arrest him at once and put him in prison. I have beeu to the police commissioner, but he refused to arrest the rascal aud sent me to you."

"He acted rightly, madame, and you will permit me to tell you that I have so often been deceived by the statements of somnambulists that I set no faith in them."

"Still, sir, the somnambulist described him exactly before I mentioned my suspicions, and he described the room of the thief, though he has never seen it. There cau be no doubt but that he has spoken the truth."

"Whatever you may say, I repeat that I am not allowed to arrest a man on such weak evidence. Watch your tenant; do not let him out of sight, so that he may be easily found when the moment arrives, and do not trouble yourself any more about the matter, as I shall take it in hand."

The portress went off greatly dissatisfied, saying that she did not understaud why the police did not at once arrest a thief who was pointed out to them. I went to M. Carlier's office to speak to him about this affair.

"Very good," said the prefect; "but as ignorance at times renders people stupid, in order to prevent this good woman from declaring everywhere that the police are in league with thieves, I will issue a search warrant, and thus prove that the lost objects are not in this young man's possession.

During this time the portress still went on. She had left my office in a fury; her walk heightened her agitation, and on rcaching her house she hastened to tell her neighbors of the result of her visit to the chief of the detectives. At this moment M. B——, a banker, residing in the house, passed the lodge. He was a gossiping and very curious gentleman. The portress told him of the robbery and the revelations which the somnambulist had made to her. M. B——, amazed, wished to hear the supernatural revelation with his own ears, and ere long banker and portress proceeded side by side to the clairvoyant sleeper. The latter repeated the story which he had originally told the portress, and M. B——, more and more amazed, hurried to my office and wished to know why I had not arrested the individual suspected. One circumstance had wonderfully heightened the banker's faith: a list of names was handed to the somnambulist, in which that of the young clerk was purposely omitted, and he exclaimed, "Your thief is not in that, for his name is X——!"

Unfortunately for the convictions of the banker and the portress, the search warrant was handed me at this very moment. I sent it off at once, and not the slightest trace of the stolen effects was found in X——'s room. Some time afterwards, in consequence of delicate inquiries, suspicion rested on a portress in the same street; the house was searched, and it led not only to the discovery of the articles stolen from the complainant, but also of some jewelry filched from the same banker, who accused me of arbitrary conduct when I did not have the young lawyer's clerk, pointed out by the somnambulist, arrested.

A girl of very respectable family, of the name of Virginie, disappearcd from her parents' house, and a worthy magistrate, whom I had known for some time, made me an official report in the following terms:

"Virginie is fair, young and remarkably pretty; her character is wonderfully angelic, and it is impossible to exaggerate her personal charms. Moreover, she is a somnambulist, and possesses truly astounding powers. I have been present at several family experiments, in which she said so many surprising things that if I had not heard them with my own ears I could not have believed them. Since her disappearance her parents have learned that whenever she went out, whether alone or with a servant, a gentleman who was not exactly old or young, constantly followed her, and after accompanying her thus did not leave her till she returned home. It is apprehended, not without reason, that this individual may have employed violence towards the young lady, in order to get her to a country house which he has at the village of B——, ten leagues from here. That which would seem to corroborate this alarm is that he has not been seen again since Virginie's departure."

"Surely," I said, "a very simple way of making certain of this gentleman's culpability is to send to that village some clever fellow, to learn whether the young lady is with him."

This was done, and the person entrusted with the affair declared that the suspected individual was quite alone at his country house. The parents, not knowing to what saint to appeal, now went to a somnambulist. He answered that their daughter had been carried off by a gentleman who had hired a room in a grocer's house in the Rue Compoise, at St. Denis; that at eleven o'clock the next morning a porter of the name of C—— would be at the Porte St. Denis with a trunk; the ravisher would join him there, and the couple would have a hackney coach and proceed to join the young lady at St. Denis.

The worthy magistrate came to tell me of this oracle with such an air of conviction, that, out of politeness to him, I sent two agents to the Porte St. Denis and two others to the Rue Compoise, with orders to arrest lover, mistress and porter, and bring them to the prefecture. The former, after watching from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M., returned without seeing anybody, and their comrades very needlessly explored all the houses iu the Rue Compoise. A few days after I saw the respectable magistrate again enter my office.

"Well," I asked him, "have you any news?"

"Yes, the young lady has returned to the paternal mansion."

"Ah, indeed! how so?"

"Well, some passers-by found her at La Villette, seated on the bank of the canal, with her feet hanging in the water. She was iu a perfect state of somnambulism; and when she woke up she was takeu home."

"But what had happened to her?"

"She is ignorant, and declares that she can remember nothing that occurred during her absence."

M. D——, a manufacturer of brouzes, living in the Marais, had a delightful country villa close to the gates of Paris, where he went every Sunday through the summer with his family, leaving his woman-servant to take charge of the shop and rooms. One day this guardianship proved inefficient, for his place was entered by means of false keys, and a cousiderable robbery was effected. On being informed of this occurrence, M. D—— at once returned home, and after making an investigation, was convinced that his servant had given her lover, a journeyman hatter, the means to commit the robbery. In spite of his conviction, he thought it his duty to consult a somnambulist, who confirmed his suspicions. Feeling uow quite certain that he was not mistaken, he came to me and denounced his servant and the hatter, about whom I made inquiries, which proved most favorable. At the same time I had the hatter's room searched, but uot one of the stolen articles was found. The affair ended here, and M. D—— was obliged to content himself with discharging his maid-servant, while remaining convinced that the robbery was committed at her instigation.

Six months later, I learned that a notorious robber was living in the Rue Traversiere. I had him at once arrested, and in the search made at his domicile some knives were found bearing the trade-mark of the bronze manufacturer. When questioned as to these articles, the convict declared that they were the proceeds of a robbery that he had committed by the aid of false keys, in the shop of a tradesman in the Marais. And yet the somnambulist had declared that the robbers were the maid-servant and her lover!

I could quote at least fifty affairs, all alike, with but slight variations; but what should I prove? That somnambulism, so far as concerns the predictiou of the future and the revelation of things unknowu, is, as I stated at the outset, a trade, a charlatanism, and that the somnambulist, like the flatterer in the fable, lives at the expense of the person who listens to him; but this is, I think, sufficiently demonstrated. At that period magnetism was not merely fashionable, but was a fury, a rage. The smallest meeting of friends must have its somnambulist experimenting, and it was an epidemic!

In the porter's lodge, in the student's garret, in the banker's drawing-room, everybody indulged in studies of secoud-sight; all wished to be lucid; and all over Paris there were only somnambulists, magnetizers and credulous proselytes; in this way was prepared the reign of turning hats, speaking tables and rapping spirits.

Naturally, the confidence in a quasi-supernatural power led all the persons who suffered from a robbery to have recourse to somnambulism in order to discover the thieves. Now all, or nearly all, presented themselves to this oracle of a new description, with a fixed idea of suspicion directed to an individual. So soon as a robbery is committed in a house, the persou robbed does not fail to suspect a lodger, or onc of the servants, in consequence of the reasouing, that in order to plunder a suite of rooms the thieves must be acquainted with the habits of the man who occupies them, in order to take advantage of his absence to commit the crime. But how can such doubts be exclusive when we are aware of the behavior of the professional burglar, who plans an affair for several months beforehand, and that onc of them does uot take his eyes off the victim, so that he may warn the thievcs of the unexpected return of the lodger! Or, take again the case of a daring thief, a Renaud for instance, who taps softly at a door, then taps louder, and lastly, on receiving no answer, opens the door with a false key, and after carrying off everything that is in the room, goes off as noiselessly as he has come.

Hence, nearly all these poor people, victims of more or less adroit robbers, came to lay siege to me, and I was daily compelled to listen to depositions, all referring to robberies of a more or less important nature, and indicating the name and address of the robber, dictated by the somnambulist. Daily, after receiving these charges, I was compelled to disillusionize the complainants, which was not always easy, aud send them away excessively dissatisfied, for they had come with the settled conviction that the police only needed to lay hands upon the malefactors who were so explicitly pointed out to them.

IF a few civil words will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him. Let another man light his candle by yours, and yours loses none of its brilliancy by what his gains.

COVETOUSNESS.—The covetous man is as muc deprived of what he has, as of what he has not; for he enjoys neither.

* *Autobiography of a French Detective from* 1818 *to* 1858. Comprising the most Curious Revelations of the French Detective Police System By M. Canler (Ancien Chef du Service de Sûreté.)

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communicotions, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

The non-arrival of the Panama steamer prevents us from giving the conclusion of that magnificent historical story, *Mary Stuart and Chastelar*, the first part of which was published in last week's paper. We trust, however, to have it in time for our next issue. In the meanwhile the story of *The Countess Diana* goes on, and an original story, (*The Legend of Point Diablo,*) and an exquisite little poem written by a pen new to this coast, will be found on the first page. The present number also contains some stirring and vigorous lines *apropos* of Thackeray's death, and the commencement of an excellent story—*Annie and her Master*—which will run through three or four numbers. It is singularly well written, and those familiar with the literature of the age will recognize in the style one of the great masters of fiction.

MILITARY HISTORY OF THE WEEK—THE SITUATION.

IT was on the Chickahominy, and within the past few days, that there was played one of the greatest games of war which history, from the days of Alexander down to the present time, anywhere records. Lee, by forced marches—by urging his weary and foot-sore legions—had at length succeeded in ranging his forces on the north bank of the Chickahominy, to bar the way to Richmond against his wily and able antagonist. We may very well imagine the joy which the rebel chieftain felt when he surveyed the new line which he had formed.

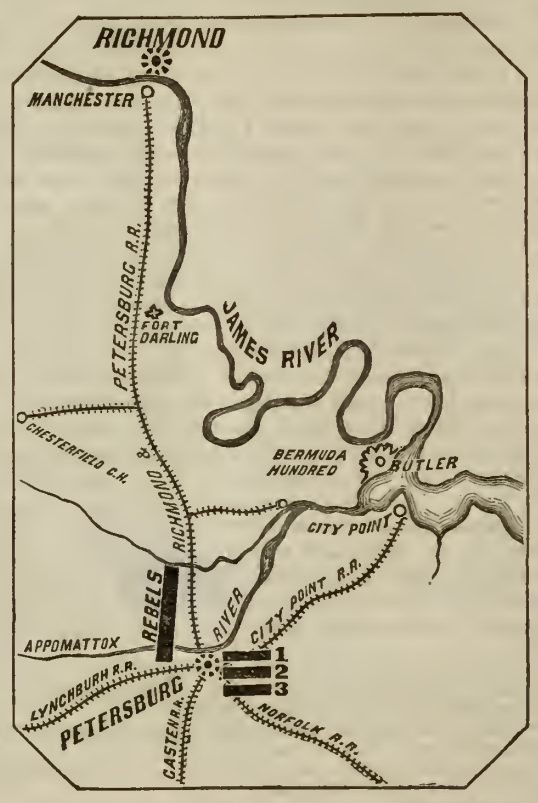
The country north of the Chickahominy at this place is hilly, and offers great advantage to an army acting on the defensive. New, Sumner's and Bottom's bridges, by the construction of earthworks, could be rendered almost impregnable. Behind the Chickahominy, about a mile, rises a high hill, crowned with a strong work called Fort Johnston. This hill was right behind Lee's centre, and its guns commanded the Chickahominy and its fords for a distance of over three miles. If it was to assail such a position as this that Grant had fought a passage through the Wilderness and out-generalled his antagonist all the way from the line of the Po to the Pamunkey, the chances were that all his labors and losses would go for nothing.

To rebel observation it was clear that Grant really meant to attack them on the Chickahominy, in the strong position where their army was drawn up. Were they not aware of the fact that Gen. Baldie Smith had been transferred from Butler to Grant with a full corps? It was so announced in the Northern papers, and the Northern papers by some unknown route reach the rebel capital almost as speedily as in the days of peace and political unity; besides, the rebels had stronger evidence than all this of the reinforcement of Grant: they had fought with Baldie Smith in the vicinity of the great White Oak Swamp, and had been whipped. Why should Smith be sent around from Butler to Grant, unless it was the intention of the latter to march on Richmond from the northeast? In fact, to all appearances, the only question undetermined was whether Grant would strike from the right or the left—whether he would endeavor to force Lee into the White Oak Swamp and get between him and Richmond, or drive him through the White Oak Swamp into the rebel capital. Now Grant was fighting desperately on the right—now on the left. We can well imagine what marching and countermarching the rebel army had to perform so as to be able to present the strongest front where the real attack should be made. In a day or two, however, it became evident, from the fact that White House had become Grant's base, that the grand assault would come from the left.

Lee, accordingly, began to prepare for the onslaught. Bottom's and Sumner's bridges were immediately fortified; but what is this news which reaches the rebel headquarters just when the work is nearly completed? Orderlies and couriers are being despatched in all directions in hot haste. Intelligence has just reached Lee that Grant has taken up the rails on the York River railroad, and put them in barges. Ah, then, he is abandoning White House as his base! He is going to fall back upon his old base at Acquia Creek, and the grand assault will come from the right.

Due west the heads of the rebel columns are now moving, and night finds them well on the way to take a position across the two lines of railroad which form a loop north of Richmond, at the apex of which is Hanover Junction. But what dull continuous sounds are those which are heard from the East? They do not reach the rebel army hastening west to oppose Grant, but they are the rumble of artillery, and the tramp of infantry and cavalry. Across the Peninsula, by the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, Grant is moving swiftly to the James. The vast host which Lee thought was wheeling over to the right, is marching by Richmond far on the left. But what does he mean? Certainly to flank Fort Darling and enter Richmond on the southeast. Orders are again issued for another change, but this time the faces of Lees troops are turned due south. Through Richmond they are pouring night and day. The sounds of their march echo through the threatened city. But Grant is not marching on them from the southeast. He has crossed the James, formed a junction with Butler, and is laying close siege to Petersburg. The map which we give below, in a sort of rough way, exhibits the military "situation." It is not complete, but only for the reason that the news upon which it is based is not as full as could be wished. The location of Gilmore's and Wright's corps are not given, because no mention is made of them in the telegrams. They are probably with Butler at Bermuda Hundreds:

THE SITUATION JUNE 18TH.



It will be seen that Butler is intrenched, holding a strong position at Bermuda Hundreds. The Richmond and Petersburg railroad is open to his raids, and the communication between the rebel cities is by no means free and uninterrupted. Grant's army is lying encamped before Petersburg, Hancock occupying the centre, Smith (Baldie) holding the right wing, and Burnside the left. Smith's division on the map is marked 1, Hancock's 2, and Burnside's, 3. The rebels hold the city; we are ignorant as to the precise position of their main army, but it is supposed to be encamped somewhat as shown on the map, in the rear of Petersburg, and the right wing stretching across the Appomattox. We give the above illustration, hoping to make the situation plain to our readers, as the pencil very often flashes an impression upon the mind at once, which the pen might long labor to convey in vain.

HOW TO ADVANCE THE INTERESTS OF THE UNION PARTY.

WE have discovered a plan for advancing the interests of the Union party of California, and shall explain it in this article. The party should establish a proper organ in this city. All the leading men of the party—the Governor, and the chief United States Senator, the principal Federal officers, the State Central Committee—should contribute their money to establish and sustain the paper, and thus acquire the right of claiming for the party the credit for the judgment and firmness shown in the management of the journal.

It is not necessary that the new organ should be a *newspaper*. The people do not demand news. They do not care to know the events of the war in the East or of business at home. The paper can thrive without telegraphic despatches or local items. It is not necessary to have any intelligent comment on the news, any study of the resources of the State, any consideration for the interests of the city. The chief reliance of the organ for its success should be its political articles, and these should be distinguished not by elegance of composition, nor force of logic nor knowledge of the usages of the party, but by bombast, violence of language, and virulence of abuse. The people of San Francisco delight in that kind of writing They have no appreciation for the amenities of literature. They would be astonished at an editor who should have any regard for the decencies of life. Respectability may be becoming in some men, but it is not expected in the proprietor of a political newspaper.

The new organ should endeavor to excite all low prejudices and petty quarrels. If it has an enemy who is a Jew, it should accuse all Jews of being Copperheads. If it takes a spite at a Catholic, it should denounce the Catholic religion. If an Irishman excites its ire, it should assert that all natives of the Emerald Isle in America are traitors at heart. The Jews, Catholics, and Irishmen are not wanted in the Union party; or, if they insist on coming in, they should first be taught to act with becoming humility and be made to feel as though they had no right to be there. It is bad policy in politics to attempt to conciliate any class. Severity and insult are the best means of obtaining converts. The old native prejudices are not yet entirely dead, and they should be called into play, for the purpose of sustaining the influence of our leading Senator, who happens to be a Catholic and an Irishman. The journal should be a champion of evangelical religion as against Jews and Catholics, and of God as against infidels and atheists. This championship may not appear altogether consistent if the editor should be a notorious scamp, but the public do not care for the consistency of newspapers.

The old Republicans need to be repressed also. Some of them are entirely too much given to thinking for themselves. A. A. Sargent, it is said, has actually dared to give his opinion in regard to the time and place when and where the Congressional Convention of his district should be held. Such impertinence must not be tolerated. Mr. Sargent and his friends should be told by the "organ of the Union party" that if they do not like the party they can leave it.

It is important, also, that the new organ should give a lesson to the People's party of San Francisco. There are only 6,500 People's voters, all of them disorganizers, and they ought to be driven into the harness or out of the party. A man who will not sustain the organization through all its ramifications ought not to be recognized in any way. The Union ticket does not need their help. They are all Copperheads at heart, and they do not deserve a particle of consideration for their pretended Unionism—or for their contributions to the Sanitary Fund. The *Alta* and *Bulletin* hoped that there would be no war, and did their best, previous to the assault on Sumter, to keep the people quiet; and all their articles since then have been hypocritical. They have not done any good to the Union party, and the party ought to denounce them as disloyal. The new organ, for the purpose of advancing its own interests, ought to try to stab every other Union paper in the back.

If the new journal dare not come out editorially openly against the financial customs and interests of the country and city, it may at least print communications and copy articles from other papers. If it cannot call directly for the exclusion of gold for the currency, it can accuse the bankers and merchants of disloyalty and Copperheadism. It should contain an article, every day, abusing the Overland Telegraph Company because the Eastern Associated Press will not give their despatches for nothing to a paper without enterprise, character or credit. Such conduct on the part of a telegraph company was never heard of before. The organ should strike out a new path, and be particular to create a sensation, without stopping to care about truth or decency.

If the State Central Committee and the other authorities of the Union party will but maintain such an organ in San Francisco during the coming campaign, they will contribute wonderfully to the harmony and strength of the organization, to the credit of the community and to the refinement of literature. Such a journal would attain a circulation of at least two hundred and fifty copies in San Francisco, and in rare cases, even merchants, bankers, and business men might see specimens of it. It would be an excellent place for investing money permanently, and for printing advertisements which nobody wants to see.

UNBECOMING WEATHER.—A few years ago, it would have been considered "flat perjury" to have said anything derogatory to the climate of San Francisco. In those tranquil days, newspaper reporters climbed Telegraph Hill to view the charming landscape, and compared the heavens to the "skies of Italy." The breezes were "invigorating and healthy." Even the fog was poetically considered as the "damp breath" of the sea, and was supposed to possess sanitary qualities. But of late, people have exhibited a tendency to growl at and criticize the climate, and editors are getting tired of throwing bouquets and receiving nothing but sand in return. When the hills of the city were a little higher, and before the streets had been literally degraded into their present superiority, some ingenious observer called attention to the legs of our rising generation as exhibiting a development of muscle highly gratifying to the paternal eye, which he asserted to be the result of climbing those objectionable eminences. To apply this subtle reasoning to our summer winds, is to arrive at an alarming conclusion. Everybody who faces one of our afternoon gales, contracts his or her features into an expression not particularly lovely or amiable. Every afternoon a perpetual frown runs down Montgomery street, looking out equally from prettily framed bonnets or elegant castors. In place of poetry of motion and graceful carriage, our pedestrians of either sex assume that position in walking best calculated to resist the fury of the winds, with an eye to preserving gravity rather than grace. What will be the ultimate effect? Are we to become a frowning, round-shouldered community—or if not affected in this generation—how many years will it take of such weather to entail these peculiarities upon our descendants. Or, independent of the physical effect, what will be the moral results of the pettishness, combativeness and ill-temper produced by these gentle zephyrs? The subject is one of fearful magnitude.

AN exchange says that the Democratic party *lies* at the point of death. Is this another instance of the strength of the ruling passion?

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, June 25th, 1864.

HAVING spent most of the past week between the Cliff House and Maguire's Opera House, it is not to be expected that I should know much about the gayeties of the town.

Clementina has been my constant companion on these occasions. For the benefit of that large and influential division of society which is always so anxious to know all the particulars about everything which is not at all its business. I will here state that Clementina is a pretty girl and wears curls.

To enumerate her virtues would require more space than this page affords; the only positively bad trait in her character may be summed up in one sentence:

She bites her nails!

Friends have remonstrated with her on this detestable practice. but in vain. Woman may smile, and smile, but be a biter still! Clementina is not a back-biter, however, and this is one bit of consolation which remains to her friends when everything else is said.

Clementina has a weakness for the Cliff. It matters little to her how she goes so long as she gets there. If no gallant and estimable young man is at hand with a buggy and pair, she has been known to ride out in a stage. Were there no other means of conveyance I fancy she would go out in a dog-cart. A friend who knows her by sight and admires her from a distance, tells me that once while the lips of the morning were yet wetted with dew, he saw her in a Lone Mountain car, her face turned sea and sealwards.

Whence this infatuation comes it is impossible to discover. Although fond of the ocean she is not extravagantly so. In one of our late excursions I pointed out to her the broad sweep of the horizon, where billow and cloud seem to meet and mingle, so deftly blending that one can scarcely tell where sea ends and sky begins. We were standing on the bold jagged cliff at the time, and down below our feet the waters broke, dashing in upon the sharp points of rocks and ceaselessly wailing and moaning like those poor restless souls in life which are ever impaling themselves. Dusk was creeping in, and to my mind there was a strange poetry in the scene—barring the two rather damp and limp-looking persons standing on the cliff. The opening lines of *The Corsair* came to my mind—you remember them, strong and musical as an ocean breeze and filling and swelling one's soul as though it were a ship's white sails—and I repeated them, asking Clementina what she thought of it all.

She said it was nice!

Probably it was. More by way of an experiment than anything else, I then called her attention to the huge seal, Ben Butler, who was practicing gymnastics in his own way on that rock to which these mammals have given a name, and asked her what she thought of him.

She clapped her hands together and cried, in a perfect paroxysm of delight, "Oh! I do think he is so nice!"

And the seal *is* nice, and Clementina is nice, and I hope I'm nice—and here are some nice verses about

THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

If you go to where the billow
Tosses on its rocky pillow
In an ever restless pain:
Where the sea, in vain atoning,
Seemeth ever to be moaning
Masses for the fishers slain,
You may see a little maiden
Waiting, watching, weary laden—
Watching all the live long day—
If she haply may discover
The light shallop of her lover,
Like a bird upon the bay.

"Maiden," said I, "fisher's daughter,
Gaze no more upon the water,
Prithee leave this mocking shore.
Know'st thou not that foam-bells swinging,
Long time since were dirges ringing,
For the one who comes no more?

"Know'st thou not that kelpies keeping
Watch above thy sailor sleeping,
Guard him from the glare of day;
And that now, if thou'dst discover
The bright shallop of thy lover,
Thou must look beyond the bay?"

But the maiden still is sitting,
And she fancies in the flitting
Of each bird upon the bay,
In each sea-gull's pinion glancing
That she sees a white sail dancing,
William on his homeward way.

And you may not chide the maiden—
Even I, with heart sad laden,
When the silent hours are nigh,
Watch and wait, and fondly dreaming,
All my fancies real seeming,
Gaze upon the changing sky.
It was through their golden portal
That there went a lovely mortal—
Angels know she did not die!

Nightly now a vigil keeping,
For my sorrow knows no sleeping,
Long I look with wistful brow,
If I may not gain some tiding,
See some silver shallop gliding,
With my Mary in the prow.

So I linger, fondly dreaming,
All my fancies real seeming,
Though the lips of Reason say:
"Cease thy longing, luckless wisher,
With the Daughter of the Fisher,
Learn to look beyond the bay.

I have already said that much of the past week has been spent—misspent, perhaps—between the Cliff House and Maguire's. Is it necessary to say that the first evening I sat in a private box and saw Sat-in-ella?

Clementina was with me.

I wish I could follow the young lady's formula, and simply say of *Satanella* that it is nice, because a glittering generality like that might not only save trouble but my reputation as well. As it is, I scarcely know what to say about the piece; or rather, I do not know what I might not say if I ventured to say anything at all.

Strange visions yet float in my mind of diabolical figures and flames. I have a memory of red devils who broke out from the walls every now and then, in sudden eruption, like the measles. I can yet see the pretty page waving his hat and the whole interior of Fabio's mansion undergoing a sudden change—canvas apples and pasteboard peaches, with gilt paper goblets, white cotton pound-cake and tin candlesticks suddenly popping up ready spread upon a table, and there are music and lights, and a dagger's gleam, and "a squeech and a squeam," and in comes Beelzebub, and a trap-door opens, and down goes my pretty page to Sulphur Springs which by this time should be more crowded than those of Napa or Calistoga.

Miss Richings plays the page—a virgin page, one might say—while her father plays the devil—a not unusual part for fathers to play who have good-looking daughters whom young men come to see of evenings.

Fathers and mothers, by the way, I have always viewed as the natural enemies of society. They are forever in the way, always taking an impertinent concern in what doesn't concern them. Adam and Eve, I fancy, were two much-to-be-envied people, for they had as few cares as clothes, and neither fathers, mothers nor poor relations around.

None of Eve's aunts ever came to stay with Adam a week—note that! It must have been something else that he raised Cain about.

But I digress—we were speaking of *Satanella*. After the disappearance of the page and the fiend, and the lapse of sufficient time for them to get comfortably warm, the curtain rises and we have an excellent view of the place where congressmen and contractors and supervisors and bulkhead-men go when they die.

I took a Russian bath once, and I thought at first the page had struck the same place.

There is a stifling steam in the apartment; green dragons with immense goggle eyes, looking for all the world like eccentric shrimps, sprawl upon the walls—everything looks strange and terrible. With a very slight exertion of the imagination one might fancy himself at Washoe.

The fiend releases the page—his name it is Julian—upon one condition. He hands him a specific contract bill, which Fabio must be made to sign within thirty days. And then comes another change.

The gorgeous East is represented. Fabio is there with his love, Leila; but this Leila isn't a lady—she's only a peasant girl. They are closing Leila out at public auction, and spirited bidding ensues between the lover and the Turk—the muff and the mufti!

The Turk goes four hundred chips. Fabio sees him and raises him a hundred; the betting gets lively. Finally Fabio, seeing that there's considerable of a blind up, and that it's worth while to make a push for the pool, goes two thousand on the girl. The Turk rakes up his postage stamps and greenbacks and raises him three thousand. Fabio raises his eyebrows, but that's all—he can't call, and his hated and high-hatted rival prepares to rake down—he's a sad old rake, that mufti, and has wives without end. Fabio looks like one who has lost his last chip and can't borrow at the bank, when suddenly Julian, the page, appears.

I had forgotten to mention that this page is a spirit—a proof spirit, probably—given to attend Fabio's footsteps, gratify all his wishes, and worry his soul out of him. Of course to fulfill such a mission they'd choose a woman. She falls in love with Fabio, but notwithstanding that she is his "familiar" he declines to be familiar with her; and this is the cause of much of the anguish and all the blue flames and pasteboard prisons of the piece. So much by way of explanation—to return:

All the ballet girls have been brought forward in their turn, but they have made no impression on the sensible old Turk, who refuses to exchange Leila for the whole ballet boodle—and this leads me to remark that at least in some respects the old Turk's head is level, because a more unattractive lot of girls it would be impossible to get together on any stage. Even Mlle. Acosta, who comes from Contra Costa, he turns away from and will not accost her, though she dances before him, and seizes the convenient opportunity of displaying all her charms to him and the audience. The old Turk stands it all like a brick, and without winking. Manifestly he is stuck after Leila.

As before said, at this moment Julian appears. Fabio appeals to him for help, and shows that he still loves Leila. At this Julian looks blank—for the moment he is a blank page. He draws the specific contract bill from his pocket, and promises to save Leila if Fabio will sign it. Fabio is in favor of the introduction of greenbacks; he knows that they would swell the finances of the country and set the wheels of trade and commerce rattling with a vigor that never stirred them before; but he can't go back on Leila at such a crisis for any cheap considerations of policy. Fabio signs, and says to Leila you are mine, which is precisely what the fiend says to Fabio.

It turns out afterwards, you see, that he has signed a sort of a thirty-day brokers' contract, all his worldly possessions, of course, and his soul, incidentally being the forfeit.

The misery of Leila on learning that her lover has got himself into this decidedly bad box is fearful to behold, and we tremble to think what a dressing down the fellow would have got at her hands, had he been actually married to her instead of only "going to be." For she would have said that she always told him what his dicing, dissipated habits would bring him to, that first he lost all his money and then had to go and gamble away his poor soul, which belonged to his wife and children. She had married him against her father's wishes and the dictates of her better judgment, and now she would go to Indiana and get a divorce—they divorce parties in that State if either can prove cold feet on the other.

Fabio having lost his soul, has to place his sole reliance in Julian, to whom an appeal is made. Julian explains that if he destroys the contract he will be thrown into a place of torment; and taking a rather sensible and practical view of the question he declines to be burned for the benefit of another woman's husband. He asks Fabio if he can't get an endorser or put up an additional margin on his contract, but Fabio explains that in the present state of the market that thing is played out.

But at last Julian relents. He burns the contract and urges the two lovers to fly, lest the fiend when he comes might nip them, all being fish that comes to his net. Before leaving, Leila hangs a rosary and cross around Julian's neck. Then comes a flash of fire, a smell of brimstone, and the fiend enters. He seizes Julian by the wrist and proposes to put him where even a safe made of chilled iron would not save him from burning, when Julian draws the cross on him and he gets as though a Paixhan gun were pointed that way. A sort of dumb-waiter descends from above, Julian gets into it and ascends to the roof and out from sight of the audience singing, "Do they miss me at home," and "No Irish need apply."

The only thing that could compare with Julian's going up was Leila's going down, which happened in the early part of the performance. A trap-door was carelessly left unlocked, and Leila in circulating around suddenly disappeared—like that dear gazelle, or the beautiful dream of the song—to the great surprise of every one, including herself.

I do not know of any other one on the stage who could fall through a trap-door as well and gracefully as the lady who personated "Leila" did on this occasion. The thing was capitally done, and it was amusing to see how gingerly the players trod the boards thereafter, as suspicious of "springes to catch woodcock" as was old Polonius' self.

The conclusion of the play does not give the end of the romance. So I will announce, for the benefit of those who take an interest in the fortunes of Fabio and Leila, that they were happily married, and opened an excellent hotel at San José, which they kept for a great number of years, finally retiring from the business and selling out to our friend Bromley, who still maintains the reputation of the old stand.

Julian found a striking exemplification of the great ethical proposition, that virtue is its own reward. The couple whose lives and souls he had saved went away and left him hanging in his hand-basket from the roof, where he would probably have been hanging to this hour, if Mrs. Perry had not cut him down with a pair of scissors.

Bianchi, who cuts down scores, was not around on this occasion.

To show how virtue is always its own reward, when Julian went to San José the hotel charged him as much as it did anybody else, and only allowed him one candle to go to bed by. Of such is life; and the way the game is played sometimes saddens

Inigo.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.—The columns of the *Bulletin* on Thursday would have led one to think not only that the schoolmaster was abroad, but also that he was bent on a permanent emigration from that office. The editorial and local columns were luminous with blunders on that day; a careful proof-reader has discovered seventeen errors in two columns. In a careful enforcement of the "rules" of that paper, grammatical rules certainly should not be disregarded.

The howl for "despatches" is still loud in the land. What a pity that the Howler could not receive one of those "happy despatches" which are so common in Japan. Certainly if the Howler would consent to accept it, the public would vote him one—there would be no necessity for an appeal to Congress or Conness.

We have received a copy of *A Treatise on Matrimony*, written by the Right Rev. Dr. Amat. The name of the author is strangely *apropos* to the text. Perhaps, however, a Doctor *Amavit* would have treated the subject differently.

THACKERAY.

It was the night of God the Saviour's birth,
And halls were hung with holly green and red;
'Twas feasting time throughout the grateful earth,
But one of God's most noble sons lay dead.

A smile upon his face, the smile of old,
Speaking in death his purity of heart—
Those dear lips, now so silent and so cold,
Can ne'er again his truth and love impart.

The morn was clear, yet seemed there was a pall,
For the sad tidings weighed on every breast,
And every prayer, from cot or stately hall,
Bore plaints for him to whom was given rest.

He was a loyal servant, and his cherished trust
Fulfilled, he loved his brother men and sought their good.
Hearts he has bettered mourn above his dust
With hearts he lightened of their weary rood.

'Twas fitting, truly, that this kind, pure man
Should leave the world on such a glorious night;
God, who smiled on him as his race he ran,
Smiles on him still, enshrined in heaven's light.

JUNE, 1864.

ABOUT THACKERAY.

THE *Publisher's Journal*, under the head of "Thackerayana," has an entertaining article on this late distinguished author, from which we make the following extracts:

HIS ESTATE.

Mr. Thackeray died intestate, and his two daughters have taken out letters of administration. His personal property has been sworn to amount in value to a sum not exceeding $100,000. His house in Kensington was not his freehold property. He had leased it from the crown, and for the unexpired term of eighty years Mr. Heath, a London merchant, who is also a great book-collector, has given a large sum. Perhaps as much as $30,000 to $40,000 may thus be added to what his family will receive. As his daughters succeed to his property, no legacy duty is payable in this case. Mr. Thackeray, it is understood, had not effected any insurance upon his life—that cheap and prudent way of providing for those dear relatives whom a man leaves behind him—but this was not from want of thought or parental provision, but because his state of health was such that no assurance office would issue a policy upon it, except at a rate so high as to be prohibitory. The first money, of any amount worth speaking of, that Mr. Thackeray was able to lay up, was what he realized by his lectures in the United States in 1852.

BUST OF THE DECEASED.

In the Garrick Club, which he was fond of frequenting, Mr. Thackeray's bust, executed and presented by a sculptor who knew and valued him, will henceforth remain to remind his friends that he appreciated plays and players, although his own genius, running into the didactic rather than the imaginative, was the reverse of dramatic. The Garrick Club contains a noble collection of theatrical portraits—a collection formed by Charles Matthews the elder, and sold by him, in a lot, to the Club. Among them the massive head of Thackeray hereafter will tower. Mr. Thackeray is destined, however, to have a more public testimonial than his bust in the Garrick Club. It is stated that Mr. Dickens and a committee of literary men are to wait upon Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, who is himself a distinguished writer, and arrange with him for permission to place a bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. The small space entitled the "Poets' Corner," in that venerable building, is somewhat crowded, but there will be space found or made for a memorial to a writer whose language was "a well of English undefiled." There is a fee (of $500, we believe,) payable to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster on the erection of any monument in the Abbey, but it is probable that in such a case as the present this claim will not be enforced.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

It will be remembered that some years ago, when Mr. Thackeray took umbrage with a fellow-scribe for mentioning, in his published correspondence with a prominent newspaper, that the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* was cynical in his writings, and was a little disfigured by a broken nose, (said to have been caused "by an accident in his youth,") the offending letter-writer was by him hauled up before the Garrick Club and expelled, because he declined to apologize for the unfortunate allusion to the wit's nasal feature. Dickens, it will not be forgotten, sided with Mr. Edmund Yates, the offender, and thereby alienated Mr. Thackeray's regard. This coldness, which continued for years, happily was removed a little time before Mr. Thackeray's death. The great authors accidentally met in the cloak-room of a club, on a wet day, and, looking into each other's eyes, each put forth his hand, "with his heart in it," and they were estranged no longer.

SALE OF HIS EFFECTS.

The sale of Mr. Thackeray's effects commenced, at his new-old house in Kensington, on March 16th, and continued for three days. The *Morning Star* thus speaks of Thackeray's habitation: "The sale," it says, "took place in a beautiful new house in Palace Green, Kensington, which was built to gratify the taste of the late Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray. Scarcely, it may be almost said, was the house ready for the gifted owner, who planned its quaint construction, when the owner himself was taken away forever from the enjoyment of the house which he could make so happy, so hospitable and so kindly. Most people have of late become familiar with the outward aspect of the house, either from personal observation or from looking at its picture—for the house has come to have a picture of its own since the death of its master. It is in the style of good Queen Anne; the style of a period which Thackeray understood best and loved most of all the past ages; its red brick front, long and low, its sloping roof, its quaint porch and chimneys, all are of close kindred to the old palace which which stands so near, and which the novelist could see each day from his windows. It looks upon those Kensington Gardens, which may be fairly termed classic ground to the literary man; it stands in that old court suburb which Leigh Hunt has so charmingly described, and which Thackeray so peculiarly appreciated. Any one who walks a little way along the Kensington High street, after passing the turnpike, and then turns into Palace Green, comes at once and sharply on the house which Thackeray built, and where he died. For some days back its doors have stood open to all comers. Not the owner himself in his most hospitable mood, nor the good Axylus of the great old Greek poet, could have kept a house so open to the passing strangers. The auctioneer's bills, pasted on the windows invite all to enter, and take part in the sale of the household furniture and effects, wines, books, etc., of the late Mr. Thackeray.

In the same friendly vein the journalist continues: "The scene within no man now living can describe as the late humorist would have described it. Its odd, whimsical, ludicrous features; its blending of incongruities, of objects which awaken associations tender and touching, and objects, animate and inanimate, which roughly dispel them; its unutterable dreariness and pathos—these and other of its peculiarities only a pen like Thackeray's own could fittingly describe. Odd and fluffy men, generally with hooked noses, pervaded the apartments, ranging from dining-room to drawing-room, from library to bed-room, and took visitors confidentially aside and were anxious to know if there was any particular lot which said visitors desired to buy, and offered good-naturedly to buy the lot in question for them. They had catalogues, and called attention to particularly desirable articles which it struck them would exactly suit the visitor, (who perhaps only wanted a book or two with a scrap of writing, even three initials, therein,) and they dragged the visitor off to inspect curious oaken cabinets, and antique chairs, and gilded mirrors, and rare bits of china. They offered to select and buy books or pictures, or anything; and they thrust cards into the visitor's hand and admonished him to keep his eye on them. Queer-looking old ladies, outwardly of the Mrs. Gamp style—old ladies whom it was not unfair to set down as unacquainted with the interior of the house in the days of its late owner—made their way everywhere, inspected the chairs, handled the china, sounded the glass, rubbed up the plate, unrolled the carpets, doubted of the gilding, shook their heads disparagingly at the quaint and beautiful set of chessmen, and finally, when the sale was about to begin, bustled back into the principal room and secured seats in the very best places, as if they were occupying their hired stalls at the opera. Groups of children came in and out and ran up the stairs, and stood for a moment silent and awed in some deserted bedroom. Seedy-looking personages, who did not seem to have any particular business or object anywhere about the premises, beckoned to each other and whispered about the timeliness of a little 'refreshment.' There was nothing in the scene unusual to auctions in London houses. The hands of the broker may make free with the best man's furniture, and the professional bargain-buyer who haunts sales-rooms has no particular reverence for literature. But in Thackeray's house, where almost every article of furniture, every picture, every scrap of gilding or marble, every statuette, every object of curiosity or value, spoke of the refined, cultivated, and yet peculiar taste of the dead owner himself, the sight seemed specially incongruous and sad. One could not help thinking how Thackeray would himself have described such a scene; with what droll and melancholy meaning he would have invested it; how he would have smilingly moralized and sadly jested over it."

When the sale of poor Lady Blessington's effects took place at Gore House, Kensington, among those who attended was Mr. Thackeray. He had visited at the gay Irish widow's house ere she ran away to Paris to shake off the mountain of debt which had gradually accumulated to crush her, but though he may have moralized over the scene, assuredly he did not jest at it. Among all the poor woman's friends, the only man at Lady Blessington's sale who seemed affected was Mr. Thackeray—the cynic! The tears were in his eyes as he walked through what had been a sort of Paphian bower, (for a Venus who had fallen into years and flesh,) and his tender heart contrasted the sad reality of the auction with the flashing gayety which, only a very short time before, he had participated in in the same sumptuous saloon. The fashionable firm of Christie & Manson wielded the auctioneer's hammer on the occasion of the Thackeray sale. The house itself is No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington.

The *Illustrated London News* says:

"Many people went to see, many went to buy and to carry away a souvenir of the great satirist. The house looked lonely and comfortless enough—does not every house look so when one has a sale?—and the books, and sofas, and tables were handled and appraised by Jews and salesmen. The library was poor, selected at hap-hazard, and representing no particular study. There were many presentation copies of works, notably those of the author of *Jane Eyre*, who, as we know, almost worshipped this second and purer Fielding; there were some few of the essayists, and a copy or so of Addison, the facetious Tom Browne, and other of the Queen Anne worthies. The dummy books on the library doors were soberly and incongruously lettered, not Macearonic titles, as some men are wont to inscribe. Does any one remember those so wittily suggested by Hood—*Lamb on Sheepfolds*, *Cursory Remarks on Swearing*, and others? Thackeray, however, had gone grimly to work, lettering one dummy a *Hortus Siccus*, another *Addison's Works;* and placing—oh, ye Nine!—Smollett side by side with Keats and not far from *Bull on the Trinity*. Nor did it please one to see a dummy *Virgilii Opere* in the book-room of a scholar. Whilst Shakspearian scholars and lovers are groaning over the utter loss of Shakspeare's silver-gilt bowl, left by him to a friend, it struck one, too, as odd that amongst the plate should be a punch-bowl, engraved, "From the publishers to the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*." Somebody, of course, bought this relic, over which, no doubt, *Peg of Limavady* and the *Battle of Limerick* had been trolled out in a rich bass."

SHAKSPEARE'S FORTUNE.—Shakspeare was the first man of letters who realized a fortune by literature, which speaks well of that age, for it shows appreciation. The business items of his life are as indefinite as others. Thus at twenty-three he was a partner in a theatre, and the facts as to this are given thus: "In 1589 he possessed some share in a theatre, in 1596 he had a considerable share," and ten years of well directed industry, from 1591 1601, raised him to affluence; and in another ten years he was enabled to increase his income to about £1,500 a year. In just the space of twenty years, from 1591 to 1611, were his whole dramatic creations produced.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

To say the truth, I have been holding the pen over my paper, purposing to write a descriptive paragraph or two about the throng on the principal Parade of Leamington, so arranging it as to present a sketch of the British out-of-door aspect on a morning walk of gentility, but I find no personages quite sufficiently distinct and individual in my memory to supply the materials of such a panorama. Oddly enough, the only figure that comes fairly forth to my mind's eye is that of a dowager, one of hundreds whom I used to marvel at, all over England, but who have scarcely a representative among our own ladies of autumnal life, so thin, careworn and frail as age usually make the latter. I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but, (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age,) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame—not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that, (though struggling manfully against the idea,) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter injury. She certainly looks ten-fold—nay, a hundred-fold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude and strength of character, than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare brawny arms that she invariably displays there and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage rose as this.

Yet somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, violet-nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half blossom and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for. Is it not a sounder view of the case, that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebration of a Silver Wedding at the end of twenty-five years, in order to legalize and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth, of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh? —*Hawthorne.*

"CUDJO'S CAVE" ABROAD.—The London *Athenæum* criticises J. T. Trowbridge's novel, *Cudjo's Cave*, very severely, and deals a back cut at *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the same connection:

This is one of the intolerable large family of negro novels produced in feeble imitation of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It may be recollected that the *Athenæum* refrained from taking part in the chorus which stormed through Europe in proclamation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a work in which genius, virtue and vigor had met as they had never met before. The seal set on the author by public opinion and the ovations (by her own showing, absurd in their excess) to which she was subjected by English philanthropists and lovers of "sensation," could only produce one result besides that of lucre: the production by herself of a series of tales, each one more violent or else more attenuated than its predecessor, and by imitators, who also pleaded conscience and cause, a family of novels alike coarse, absurd, and unjust. Of this family, *Cudjo's Cave* is a precious specimen. Fortunately its author's feebleness may prove its own undoing. His horrors are those of the Victoria Theatre; his heroism is that of Richardson's booth; his intentions to relieve horror and heroism by something that shall be very droll, are indeed drearily carried out. We cannot fancy the youngest or most omnivorous or most enthusiastically benevolent of novel readers digesting *Cudjo's Cave*.

IT has been found, while firing at the running-man target, at Wimbledon, England, which is scarlet on one side and gray on the other, that the scarlet dazzles the eye, and is hence the most difficult to hit, from leaving a red streak behind it which unsettles the aim. The grey side was struck seventy-four times and the red forty-two times. It is a curious fact, too, that men with grey eyes shoot better than those with other colors.

THAT theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding people for its audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude or the retirement of a desert.

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE HAUNTED MAN AT LOOSELY HALL.

A LIVING ghost is no doubt a misnomer, an anomaly, an anachronism, a protest against the evident facts which Time offers to commou sense, and is, in truth, its own refutation.

Still, if tradition be true, we are bound to accept it for what it is worth, notwithstanding all inconsistencies and apparent errors—more apparent, however, to scepticism than to belief; and as our narrative, not quite a "thrilling" one this time, is based on a broad substratum of truth, it is right to give it in its entirety.

The mysteries of the supernatural will not come under the working of the exact sciences. They reject all associatiou with mesmerism and clairvoyance. Table-turning and rapping have become things so utterly beneath contempt that we class them with the Cock Lane ghost, the polter-geist of Woodstock, and the merry drummer of Tamworth—we think it is—for at this moment the name all but eludes us, and most readers will have seen his *replica* through the medium of Professor Pepper's ghost.

Most readers of English history, students of David Hume and Tobias Smollett, will recollect that there was, "once upon a time," a certain wife-killing king, called Henry VIII., who reigned over England, and was, in his time, a man rather to be feared than loved.

And whatever Mr. Froude, in his admirable history, may say to the contrary, our "bluff King Hal" was little better than a tiger-ape upon a large scale.

He was born a Catholic, but the wealth of the monasteries tempted him to seize pix and crosier, and set up a huge melting-pot, much after the fashion of the "fences" who affect the old vicinity of Saffron Hill and the remote precincts of the "Mint," in the Borough.

He patted Martiu Luther on the back, having first abused him, and obtained from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith;" he took Luther's side, snapped his fingers at Leo X., the most intelligent and illustrious, perhaps, in the long catalogue that has, apostolically or not, descended to us; and then, being well set up in the world with a mint, much royalty, plenty of jewels, some fine castles, a cardinal Prime Miuister, (Wolsey,) and an inestimable Lord Chancellor, (Sir Thomas More,) he lived in great state and splendor, and gave up his mind to marrying as many wives as he could—after—divest himself from; so that, in truth, Henry is the type of the more modern creature we shrink from under the name of Bluebeard. Only Henry's beard was red, sanguine, indicative of a disposition so wantonly cruel, that we may go back to the names of Domitian, Vitellius, Nero, and the amiable daughter-kings of Dahomey and Ashantee, who ask us, with charming blubber-lipped simplicity, if they are not "men and our brethren?"

"Am I not a man and a brother?"

To which we reply, "Certainly not."

This, however, is apart from our story, which concerns Henry VIII.; his Lord Chaucellor, Sir Thomas More; his favorite daughter, Mrs. Roper, and the ghost which made itself appear to be so some time before the body of it was dead.

Loosely Hall, then, is a stone mansion, perfectly Tudor in its style of architecture—heavy mullioned square windows, and that irregular form of frontage which is not only characteristic of the age, but which also affords withiu, above and below, so many charmiug window nooks, where a book, a lute, a pleasant gossip with a "fair young damsel," can so winningly and fitly fill up the idle hour of the day—where a look, a thoughtful mood, a "brown study," even, have their effect, and fully.

Loosely Hall was built by Sir Thomas More in his prosperous days, but he rarely dwelt in it save as a guest. He had his favorite house at Chelsea, about the termination of the present Cheyne Walk, and just across the frontage of the present pier, but of which there is no vestige now; though Erasmus, the quaint scholar and old grammarian, has left us some pleasant memoranda on the subject, which prove that the Lord Chancellor had a racy fund of ready wit, and that the somewhat straight-laced scholar could appreciate it.

Once more, then, to our narrative.

Sir Thomas More was a son of Sir John More, a Judge of the Queen's Bench, and was born in 1480.

He was educated with the family of Cardinal Mortou, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who presaged great things of him in the future, from the tact, ability, and quickness the lad betrayed from time to time.

He pursued his academical curriculum at Oxford, and about 1500 studied at New Inn, and next at Lincoln's Inn, for Chancery practice, and was thought a zealous Roman Catholic from the beginning to the end—so much so that he is said to have worn a hair-shirt; certain it is that he followed the most rigorous observances of his Church, and at the age of twenty-two was a Burgess iu Parliament, where he opposed Henry in a demand for an exorbitant sum of money to dower his eldest daughter with the King of Scotland.

Henry was a piece of sanguine wildfire at this, and imprisoned his (More's) father in the Tower for a certain arbitrary fine imposed upon him; and More himself cautiously shrank into retirement, and for three years was law-reader at Furnival's Inn, and for three years after lodged near the Charter House, where he underwent all the austerities of the Carthusians, without taking any vow.

He presently married a Miss Colt, the eldest daughter of a country gentleman of New Hall, in Essex.

He filled several public offices; as, for instance, a judgeship in the Sheriff's Court. He was employed by an association of English merchants in a negotiation, in the matter of trade and commerce, to arrange some difficulties between the citizens of London and those of Flanders.

In 1516, he accompanied the commissioners sent by Henry VIII., in order to renew the alliance between Henry and Charles, (then Archduke of Austria,) and during that time wrote his far-famed *Utopia*—this about the year 1516.

This latter work procured him a learned reputation, the acquaintance of Erasmus, the smiles of Cardinal Wolsey and the favor of the King; so that, in 1520, he was Treasurer to the Exchequer, and removed himself and family to Chelsea, where he had a noble house, already spoken of some paragraphs back.

In 1526, he was appointed Chancellor to the Duchy of Lancaster; and, in the following year, accompanied Cardinal Wolsey, and other high officials of the realm, on an embassy to the French King, Francis I., (the Bearnois, as he is called,) and discharged his duties with such skill and success as to elicit from Henry his warmest approbation.

By this time (1526–28) he had grown greatly in favor with the King—a favor the Chancellor trembled at—or, rather, did *not* tremble at—for his courage, as it turned out, was of the true order.

He knew one thing well, however.

The King's favor was *death!*

Whom Henry VIII. favored, he ruined or slew.

Whom the Plantaganets favored, they either ruined, or slew, or poisoued.

Whom the Stuarts favored, they usually handed over to the headsman.

"Put not your trust in princes!"

When on one occasion, Henry the Mongrel and the Magnificent called upon Sir Thomas More, at his house at Chelsea, it was remarked by his (Sir Thomas's) son-in-law that the King for a long hour walked round the garden with his "arm round his (the Chancellor's) neck."

Mr. Roper, who was there on a visit at the time, congratulating him on this kingly favor, was answered:

"Son Roper, I have no cause to be proud of it; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go off."

A saying too truly expressive of his ruler's trustless temper, whim or caprice.

If our readers by any chance think that we are troubling them with a biography, they will be much mistaken.

The partial story of a man's life must be told, in order to illustrate the phantasmal appearance which it is the object of this narrative to illustrate.

Henry had *nous* (or sense) enough to comprehend the power of this high minister of his, whom no bribes could corrupt—no official garbage, thrown in order to be thankfully picked up, would be accepted.

As the King, therefore, wished to be divorced from Catherine, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, he sounded his Chancellor on the matter of a divorce, and found no consolation thereby; the Chancellor, strenuously, though jestingly, refusiug to have any haud iu the matter.

He turned out in the plenitude of his power, did Sir Thomas More, like a good many of us. Born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith, he was intolerant to the bounds of persecution; but no such charge is brought against him, though he has admitted to his learned friend Erasmus that he would "assist the whole Popish clergy in their attempt to extirpate the Reformers."

This did not please Henry VIII.

There are certain allegations laid against this really high-minded and houest man, which are far from being to his credit unless we look at the moral force of prejudice in those prejudiced days—days which bring Smithfield burnings, the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the holocaust of the "San Benitos"—the Inquisition, and the other damned associations of bigot cruelty together—and so we forego charges we might briug agaiust him.

One fact is true—the more Henry became a Reformer, the more staunch was the Chancellor in *his* cause; and when the Catholic bishops of England offered him a well-filled purse of gold, in acknowledgment of zeal, faith and servitude, he utterly refused it for himself and family, under any conditions whatsoever.

His integrity was so firmly established that it was above suspicion, and no one doubted it less that the King himself. Bnt he had gone quite counter to his wishes; and now, on more occasions thau one, Heury began to feel his black, bilious blood seething within him, and the opportunity for More's overthrow and death was not far out of his reach.

As Henry relented towards the heretics, (Protestants we call them now,) so did More's antipathy—honestly founded enough, it must be admitted—rise against them. He opposed Henry, Luther, and Protestantism with all the force of a keen vigorous, clear-witted sense, and with all the powers of his soul—though this we must in some degree put to the account of something more inveterate than prejudice.

It might be—it must have been—obstinacy, for the man who laughed at Death in his very face could not be ruled by fear.

Henry's project of a divorce from his faithful wife Catherine, after a wedded life little short of twenty years, found no favor with More; and the Chancellor, being troubled with his master's importunities, desired permissiou to resigu his seals, which Henry reluctantly accepted, and, with serenity and diguity mingled, Sir Thomas More took leave of his high office.

He had proposed to himself to live iu his pleasant solitude at Chelsea, and make his humble means last him for his lifetime, for he had found but small profit in his high offiec, and his inboru honesty had closed every avenue to bribery, corruption or surreptitious forms of acquisition.

The next day, to show his equanimity, after Mass was over at Chelsea church, which he had attended with his wife, Lady More, he opened her pew door as one of his gentleman attendants had been accustomed to do, and with a comic gravity, making a low bow, said, "Madam, my lord has gone out."

Lady More could not understand this for the instant until he informed her of his resignation—a matter that, very wife-like, she disapproved of; but as Sir Thomas was neither hen-pecked nor king-ridden, he took this very little to heart.

Meantime, danger and death were fast following the happy, innocent, good man in his harmless seclusion.

The royal butcher—who never forgot. and was never known to forgive—could not condone the offence his Chancellor had offered him, and the opportunity soon offered itself.

Elizabeth Barton, proved to be a prostitute of the most unmitigable order—called, according to the monkish fashion of the day, "the Holy Maid of Kent"—Elizabeth Barton, a prostitute, a liar and a thief, entering into a confederacy with the monks, involved Sir Thomas More in their wily meshes—a fact which Henry was too happy to avail himself of.

More had, in a moment of weakness, listened to the infamous woman, and writing to her a letter, he became an accomplice in the charge against her.

The crowned wretch—the royal hound—the kingly wolf, snake, serpent—the human devil—rubbed his hands at the chance, and at once accepted it.

Consequently, not many days passed before Sir Thomas More was in the Tower.

Without question, the ex-Chancellor had committed himself and must "bide the brunt."

With a courage worthy of himself, and making Henry's shame all the more, he resisted every endeavor the King made in order to induce him to "trend" to his divorce from Catherine, his good and faithful wife—a sense that became a passion with him until he began his baptism of blood; and then the great names of the English nation represented nothing but that of cowardice, servility—meanness of the meanest order in every way, form or respect.

Losely (or Loosely) Hall was, as we have already said, a fair and handsome mansion, not far removed from Guildford, the county town of Surrey, and for walks, rides or drives, one of the most charming counties in England; for the "green lanes" of Surrey are proverbial for their attractions, and to any one who is inclined to challenge our assertion, we are willing to "do" a twenty-mile with him at any hour, day or month we may be challenged to do so.

This Hall—"Loosely Hall," built by Sir Thomas More—became by dowry his daughter's and son-in-law's property.

Mistress Roper—it was the fashion, then, to call people by their right titles and names, and a "spade" was a spade—Mistress Roper was in her garden one day, walking with her mother-in-law and some friends, when, in the full bright daylight, an Apparition looked full upon her.

It was the shadowy effigy of her father—headless—his hand pointing to his decollated trunk; and though she knew he was then alive, and living in the Tower, her womau's instinct at once told her what his fate was to be.

She was his favorite, his darling, his pet; and the love between them was mutual.

The explanation of what seems to have been a fact is not quite so difficult, if we take into consideration the force of that attraction, which—call it by the name of magnetism, electro-affinity, or any sentiment which springs out of love—constitutes that deep and indelible tie which belongs to the household, aud only breaks with death.

She was walking in the garden with her friends and relatives, when, on turning, she beheld, as above, a pale and shadowy phantom intercepting her path as it were, and with the phantom hand pointing to the headless trunk.

She knew it in a moment, and in that moment she read her father's fate.

There were half a dozen—twenty things, in fact—which Henry, determined to find his ex-Chancellor guilty, found no trouble whatever in arranging; and under the pretence, based upon a harmless letter which More had written to the arch-impostress, Elizabeth Barton, who ought, with her scoundrelly colleagues, to have been whipped in Bridewell, More was transferred from the Tower and his trial to the block.

He had been fifteen months in prison before he was finally brought to trial, and it is diffienlt to comprehend the delay which the King permitted himself to undergo between his condemuation and execution, for Henry had condemned him long before he had been tried.

At the Tower-wharf, where his daughter, Mistress Margaret Roper, was waiting to see him for the last time, having already read his fate, she exclaimed: "My father—oh, my father!"

And so, as the chronicle goes, clung round his neck in speechless anguish.

He was executed—murdered, more properly—on the 5th of July, 1535, and his last moments in every way were becoming a man who, fearing not the hideous front of Death, was willing to look npon the glorious face of God; as one who had lived without malice, and who had loved kith and kin and kind too well to have had the shadow of a sin to be atoned for. Rest be with his soul.

THE DEAD BODY AND THE BOAT-CLOAK.

On Wednesday, December 26, 1832, Captain Wilson recounted a curious anecdote that had happened in his own family. He told it in the following words:

It is now about fifteen mouths ago that Miss Marriott, a connexion of my family, went with a party of friends to a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms. She appeared there to be seized with indisposition, and, though she persisted for some time to struggle against what seemed to be a violent nervous affection, it became at last so oppressive that they were obliged to send for their carriage aud conduct her home. She was for a long time unwilling to say what was the cause of her indisposition; but, on being more earnestly questioned, she at length confessed that she had, immediately on her arriving in the concert room, been terrified by a horrible vision, which unceasingly presented itself to her sight. It seemed to her as though a naked corpse was lying ou the floor at her feet; the features of the face were partly covered by a cloth mantle, but enough was apparent to convince her that the body was that of Sir Joseph Yorke. Every effort was made by her friends at the time to tranquilize her mind by representing the folly of allowing such delusions to prey upon her spirits, and she thus retired to bed; but on the following day the family received the tidings of Sir Joseph Yorke having been drowned in Southampton River that very night, by the oversetting of his boat; aud the body was afterwards found entangled in a *boat-cloak*.

Hers is an authenticated case of second-sight.

THE WILDERNESS.—The "Wilderness" in which the first battle of the present campaign was fought, embraces fifteen miles of timber land, thickly studded with undergrowth, making it at some points utterly impassable. During the battles our men were often unable to see any object twenty-five feet distant from them. Of course, operations under such circumstances were attended with great disadvantage, especially as the enemy knew every nook and lurking-place, while our soldiery in loading and firing necessarily exposed themselves above the underbrush to a greater extent than would have been necessary had they been acquainted with the ground. The Wilderness is from 12 to 15 miles from Fredericksburg.

BRIEF MENTION.

AT HOME.

An earthquake happened along and gave our city a friendly shake on Wednesday evening. There were three shocks, three distinct beats of the earth's fevered pulse. No harm was done, the commotion passed away, and the city was left in quiet and as dull as before.

The question of Sunday theatricals has been again tested. Manager Maguire was brought before the Police Court to answer for the alleged offence, but the case was dismissed with very little argument. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of Sunday amusements, one thing is certain—they are rather wearing upon players, every night of the seven being a work night.

The excavations so long in progress in Broadway, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, are nearly completed. The new work is called the Broadway defile—to distinguish it, we suppose, from other streets defiled by accumulations of what Mrs. Gamp might call "rubbage and garbage."

Alcatraz Island seems to be becoming a fatal spot, dangerous to approach. Three men were capsized in a boat near there and drowned on Wednesday afternoon. Another man in a boat was shot by the the sentry of the island but a few days ago. Game being scarce on the island, citizens are shot, we suppose, in lieu of squirrels.

The mention of squirrels brings up a curious fact which is reported in our interior exchanges. The squirrels in Diablo Valley have disappeared in a body. Apprehending a scarcity, they perhaps have moved to a more promising locality—come down to San Francisco, for instance.

Some one is publishing scriptural texts in the Sacramento *Union* among the advertisements. It is an ingenious way of getting the Gospel before the people, but we hardly think it a proper one—the effect is certainly incongruous: "Blessed are the peacemakers," in one line, and, "Happy and content are Swimley's boarders," in another.

The Pacific Mail steamer *Golden Age* is nearly six days overdue. She has a large freight list and is crowded with passengers. Speculation is busy as to what causes her detention. A broken shaft is the favorite explanation.

An Irishman, named Malone, living in Nevada county, asked a Mrs. Callaghan to be his wife. She refused, and he, finding persuasion unavailing, tried what force there was in birch, changing his wooing into whipping. One proved as ineffectual as the other.

It is suggested that Gen. Grant be presented with a quantity of California grown tobacco. If a design is entertained on the General's health, perhaps life, a present of a few hampers of native champagne would do the business at once.

The will of A. J. Butler has been offered for probate in New York City. It is said that his estate is valued at $2,000,000, of which one-half is left to his brother, the Major-General.

Both the Calistoga and the White Sulphur Springs are crowded with visitors. San José also seems to be becoming a popular place of resort, the Continental Hotel being full of guests.

ABROAD

Garibaldi, while in London, had 267,000 applications for locks of hair from ladies. The calculation is that, after the complete cropping and exhaustion of the hero's own hair, including whiskers and beard, one hundred and twenty-three wigs would not have met the demand.

At the last Drawing-room the Princess of Wales wore a train of rich black silk, trimmed with crape and jet ornaments; a petticoat of black silk, covered with crape and bouillonnees of black tulle, ornamented with jet stars and butterflies. Head-dress, tiara of jet with black feathers and veil. It is said that "Mrs. Renfrew" is again in an "interesting situation."

One of the MS. poems—alas! that it should be compelled to remain MS.—sent in to the Stratford Tercentenary Committee, began—"Come, let us now tercenerate." Ingenious, is it not? From tercentenary, tercenerate, tercenerating, tercenerated, tercenerising, tercenerating, tercenerosity, tercenerамity, and so on.

In the Government of Tamboff, Russia, an officer and a young lady, his cousin, were enamoured of each other; but their relationship being an obstacle to their union, the lady begged her lover to put an end to her life, and the latter, in a moment of frenzy, only too faithfully executed her wishes.

The populace of Berlin have been having *fetes* in honor of Prussian successes in Slesvig. The flags and guns captured from the Danes were carried in a triumphal procession.

The Great Eastern is reported to have been sold, with all her engagements, to the French Government for nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

Prince Alfred, during his visit to the Crown Prince of Prussia, at Berlin, excited the indignation of many persons by accepting from the King the order of the Black Eagle.

The *Fremdenblatt*, of Vienna, declares that it is not the threats of England, but the Danish batteries in the Sound, which will prevent the Austrian squadron from entering the Baltic Sea.

The electric telegraph is working well between Bussorah and Kurrachee. It only remains to complete the section through the valley of the Euphrates to make the chain from London to Calcutta complete.

A young priest of Cipriano went out shooting with a double-barrelled gun. He was waylaid by four brigands, two of whom he shot, and then ran off, pursued by the others Loading his gun as he ran, the priest turned and shot his pursuers dead. Good gunning that, for a priest.

The French Minister of the Interior has started an evening *Moniteur* at a half-penny.

GOING DOWN A SHAFT.

Going down a shaft is an experience worth having. To one who has never gone down one of these highways towards the regions of Pluto, descending a shaft is a new sensation, and worth much to a man in search of excitement. We are speaking of going down a shaft in primitive style—where you put your foot into a noose at the end of a rope, and are lowered by means of a windlass—not where you step upon the platform of one of our new-fangled iron cradles with half-a-dozen friends, and are lowered by steam power. That an old woman might do. We must suppose the shaft to be at least three hundred feet deep, though a hundred feet would do nearly as well. There are two stout fellows at the windlass—one at the crank at either end. (We are sure they are *stout* fellows, for we examine them with especial attention to brown.) We seat ourself upon the platform which covers the mouth of the shaft. Nearly the whole of the length of the rope is wound upon the windlass. A short piece dangles over the "dark profound," with a noose in the end, into which you place your left foot. You grasp the rope with both your hands, holding a candle in your right, and allow the men at the windlass to "lower away," until you are straightened out. Here the *sensation* commences. You quit your seat on the platform, and trust yourself to the rope with reluctance, and cannot help setting your feet tight together, nor a feeling of goneness as you realize that you are dangling over a hole three hundred feet deep—we must insist upon that depth. Now the windlass begins to revolve, and you plunge down into the darkness like one sinking into the waters of the sea. Down, down you go—not steadily, but by short and extremely unpleasant jerks. You are utterly helpless, and you feel so. You are sensible of being wholly powerless, and at once become correspondingly demoralized. Down you go, feeling certain that you are dangling at the end of a most worn-out, rotten and unsafe rope—certain that it will break if you wink your eyes or breathe hard. Now, your feet, or at least the one in the noose, strike the wall. A sort of galvanic shock runs through your frame, and you shiver and clutch the rope much tighter than ever, as if that could prevent your swinging across the shaft and striking against the opposite wall, where you see plainly enough you are going. You would stick out your right foot and keep yourself off, but you are afraid to attempt it. Bump you go against the damp and shining wall, and start, catch your breath and start across against the opposite side. You don't like this, and making a desperate effort to prevent its recurrence, you set yourself spinning around like an orange at the end of a string. You spin around to the right a while, then you spin around to the left a while. It is very unpleasant. And all this time another motion bothers you; you are going down, down. Pretty soon, without knowing how, you get back to the old pendulum motion again, and are banging against the walls. Then, as you go darting down, by nervous and stated jerks, in sympathy with the cranks above, like some big spider letting himself down by his thread, you spin around again! Your candles flare about strangely, sometimes almost going out, and again giving out a streak of flame, apparently, to your excited imagination, several feet in length. You vote it a bore, and would drop it only that you are afraid that the rope would break should you do so. Finally, with all this whirling and thumping, you become bewildered and imagine you have descended several miles. At last, just as you are about to give up and consider yourself as one doomed to descend forever towards the centre of the earth without reaching it, your feet touch bottom. You hold tighter than ever to the rope and take a good look to be sure that it is substantial earth upon which you have landed. You continue to hold on to the rope until your foot is free from the noose—those fellows above might take a sudden notion to hoist and carry you up hanging by the foot. It is wonderful that you should think of this, yet you do. The workmen have some of them come out of the drifts to the shaft to receive you; their lights blind you, and you stagger this way and that, winking your eyes like an owl and feeling exquisitely sheepish. As you are on solid ground and may put on airs without much fear of a relapse, you try to appear unconcerned; you say "how-d'ye-do" to the miners about you in an unusually impressive and friendly way, and even attempt a sickly joke or two about your descent, but the secret wish of your soul is to be let alone—at least for a few minutes, till your wits are settled.—*Gold Hill Evening News.*

Queen Caroline.—We were talking one day of Queen Caroline; a doubt was expressed whether some of the blame which attaches to her character may not be removed by attributing some of her extraordinary actions to insanity, by which alone they can be accounted for. Mrs. Kemble told me she had known, at Lousanne, a man, now a landsman or magistrate, formerly an officer in the Duke of Brunswick's Guards, who told her that it was the general opinion that in early youth the Princess had shown strong symptoms of insanity, and he gave the following instance to prove his assertion: A great ball was given, to which the Duchess would not allow her daughter, then aged sixteen, to go. The ball was just begun, when a messenger came to the Duke and Duchess to inform them that the Princess Caroline was taken violently ill. Of course, they returned immediately to the Palace, all the court following them—the landsman, then on guard, being one among them. When they reached the ante-chamber of the apartment of the princess, they found she was on a bed in the next room, screaming with agony; they were told that she was black in the face, etc. The doors were all open, when the duke and duchess went up to the bed and tenderly inquired what was the matter. The doctors were not yet arrived; the princess said any attempt at dissimulation would be useless and impossible. "I am in labor, and entreat you, madam, to send for an accoucheur immediately." These words were spoken loud enough to be heard by all those who were waiting in the next room; their astonishment may be conceived. Soon after the accoucheur came; as soon as the princess saw him she jumped out of bed, wiped the livid coloring from her face, and with a loud laugh said to the Duchess: "Now, madam, you will keep me another time from a ball?" At this period, whenever she did go into public, there were persons appointed to watch that she did not give notes, etc.; but it was supposed that she found means to elude their vigilance. The idea of the unsoundness of the mind of the unfortunate Caroline is strongly confirmed by the following circumstances, related to me by Lord Redesdale in May, 1828: Having been invited to dine with the Duchess of Brunswick at Blackheath, he and Lady Redesdale, coming at the time specified, found themselves long before the rest of the company. They passed half an hour *en tiers* with the Duchess, who, having known him from his earliest youth, began talking very confidently and imprudently of the misconduct of her daughter, ending with saying, "But her excuse is, poor thing, that she is not right here." She struck her forehead, and burst into a violent flood of tears. By this time some guests were heard entering, and Lord and Lady Redesdale were obliged to support the poor infirm old woman to her room, and make the best story they could. He told me also, and I forget how he knew it to be true, that when the Princess was at Baden, and the Grand Duke made a *partie de chasse* for her, she appeared on horseback with a half-pumpkin on her head. Upon the Grand Duke's expressing astonishment, and recommending a *coiffure* rather less extraordinary, she only replied that the weather was hot, and nothing kept the head so cool and comfortable as a pumpkin. Surely nothing that was said by Brougham or Denman could plead so strongly in extenuation of the nudities of the Muse of History, etc., as the pumpkins.—*Diaries of a Lady of Quality.*

Shabby Genteel.—Among all the pitiable sights which assail the eyes, and, through them, the heart, none can bear comparison with that which exhibits the peculiar circumstance which, in common parlance, is known as shabby gentility. There is a mute development of all the aggregate of human suffering in it—a development of intolerable yet uncomplaining torments, which excites the tenderest regard in the beholder, and the most unselfish sympathy. There is something gross in bodily suffering; but mental pain is delicate in its intrinsic nature. The dignified suffering of shabby gentility is the very realization of what poets call "exquisite agony." There is something in the battered hat, the threadbare coat, and the disordered but highly lustrous boots, which the flintiest of natures cannot deny. Poverty does not always address itself to the sympathies, and seldom, if ever, in the ratio of its degree. The poor homeless vagabond in tatters and filth, the shivering mendicant whose empty pockets cannot afford him more than a mouldy crust to gnaw, extorts charity more frequently than he invites. But shabby gentility seduces the finer instincts of the charitable man, and wins upon human nature insensibly. It is not the number of tatters, or the hideous minutiæ of privations, but that which lies beneath the threadbare suit—the mental suffering, of which this is the evidence and the symbol. In this lies the vital principle on which the pathetic quality of shabby gentility is based.

Done in Haste and Repented at Leisure.—A tradesman's daughter who had been for some time engaged to a prosperous young draper in a neighboring town, heard from one whom she and her parents considered a creditable authority, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. "Not a day was to be lost in breaking the bond by which she and her small fortune were linked to penury." A letter, strong and conclusive in its language, was at once written and posted, when the same informant called upon the young lady's friends to contradict and explain his previous statement, which had arisen out of some misunderstanding. "They rushed at once to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene; the reiterated appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of father, mother, and daughter for the restoration of the fatal letter." But the rule admitted of no exception, and the young lady had to repent at leisure of her inordinate haste.—*Her Majesty's Mails: an Historical and Descriptive Account of the British Post-office.*

Good but Impertinent.—The Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular* says that the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha recently sent his private secretary to M. Alex. Dumas to obtain a "book" for a grand opera which the Duke proposed to compose. The author replied that he would cheerfully furnish the "book" upon condition that a reasonable sum of money should be paid him in advance. The private secretary was embarrassed by this answer, which was of a nature princes are not accustomed to receive, and he said to M. Dumas: "Surely, you do not doubt the Duke's ability to guarantee you payment of all the money the opera may produce?" "No. That is not the question. The Duke's former operas have never been successful; and if the *same man* is going to write the score for my book, the opera will never produce any money at all." Everybody knows that the Duke de Saxe Coburg Gotha is really the author of the music which passes under his name, but this does not diminish the impertinence of M. Dumas' sally.

Austria and the Poles.—Austria continues to give up to Russia the Poles who take refuge in Gallicia, but those extraditions no longer occur at Brody, where facts of that nature excite general indignation; the prisoners are sent off through small villages on the frontier. The Austrian authorities have been instructed not to give up the refugees directly to Russian agents; the Poles are taken to the frontier and forced to enter the kingdom, the Russians having been previously informed of the place and hour at which their prey would be thus driven into their nets.—*Paris Siécle.*

The Danish engineers have discovered an ingenious contrivance for keeping their opponents exposed to a heavy fire, by a sort of invisible fence, made of strong wire, supported at stated distances by timber posts inserted in the ground. It must take, at all events, some precious minutes to overcome this obstacle, during which the attacking troops would be open to a destructive fire without any shelter. The intrenchments at Duppel are surrounded by these formidable barriers

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The good man goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him; so the sandal-wood tree, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the ax an aromatic flavor.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table.* The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

"OLD THINGS PASS AWAY."—The advent of the Florence dates a new era in sewing mechanism. To purchase any of the old contrivances for sewing, since the introduction of this "Ne Plus Ultra" of Machines, would be as unwise as for a lady with her needle and thread to attempt to stitch a race with the imperfect sewing machines formerly used. We know positively that Mr. Hill, agent for the Florence, (office, 111 Montgomery street,) has, up to this time, been unable to supply the demand for these admirable Sewing Machines, showing conclusively that the public fully appreciate their many advantages.

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on the Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's tables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fitch & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of the city and State. jul8

CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OFFICE, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco: Location, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors of said Company, held on the 8th day of June, 1864, an assessment of Five Dollars ($5) per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of said Company, at the office of said Company, in the city of San Francisco. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the TENTH DAY OF JULY, 1864, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the Twenty-third day of July, 1864, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. By order of the Board of Directors. JAS. T. HOYT, Secretary.
jul8 Office, 229 Bush street.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.—Office Central Railroad Company, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Central Railroad Company, for the election of nine Directors of the Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco, on TUESDAY, July 5th, 1864. The polls for the election of Directors will open at 12 o'clock M., and close at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day. Every Stockholder present, in person or by proxy, will have one vote for each share of stock which he may have owned for ten days next preceding such election. JAMES T. HOYT,
je18-td Sec'y Central Railroad Company.

OFFICE OF THE OMNIBUS RAILROAD CO., San Francisco, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is hereby given, that the annual meeting of stockholders of the Omnibus Railroad Company will be holden at the office of the Company, (Howard street, between Third and Fourth streets,) on MONDAY, July 4, 1864, at 12 o'clock, for the election of seven Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before them. By order of the Board.
je18 JAMES O'NEILL, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

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But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month, served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

UNION STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT SACRAMENTO, on the *30th day of August, A. D.* 1864, *a Union State Convention*, for the purpose of nominating *Presidential Electors* to be supported by the Union Party at the ensuing Presidential Election, to appoint a State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

There will be held also at *Sacramento*, immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, *Congressional District Conventions* for the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, for the purpose of nominating *Candidates for Congress* for their respective Districts, and to appoint District Committees.

Each county will elect delegates in pursuance of notice of its Union County Committee, according to the following apportionment:

Alameda	8	Plumas	8
Amador	13	Sacramento	21
Alpine	6	San Bernardino	3
Butte	11	San Diego	2
Calaveras	13	San Francisco	52
Colusa	3	San Joaquin	12
Contra Costa	6	San Luis Obispo	2
Coso	5	San Mateo	5
Del Norte	2	Santa Barbara	3
El Dorado	19	Santa Clara	11
Fresno	1	Santa Cruz	6
Humboldt	4	Shasta	6
Klamath	3	Sierra	13
Lake	2	Siskiyou	7
Lassen	3	Solano	9
Los Angeles	5	Stanislaus	3
Marin	4	Sutter	5
Mariposa	6	Sonoma	10
Mendocino	4	Tehama	4
Merced	1	Trinity	6
Mono	6	Tulare	4
Monterey	4	Tuolumne	12
Napa	6	Yolo	5
Nevada	16	Yuba	11
Placer	13		

In any County where the Union County Committee shall not order an Election of Delegates specially for its Congressional District Convention, or where Delegates from such District may not have been elected pursuant to notice of such County Committee, then the Delegates from such County to the State Convention shall be Delegates to the District Congressional Convention for the District in which such County may be; and when such District Conventions shall have met in Sacramento as aforesaid, each Convention will determine when and where the Convention will make its Congressional nomination. All citizens who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the final success of the Federal Government—who endorse the platform of the Union National Convention, and who will pledge themselves to support the National, State and Congressional Nominees of the Union Party will be entitled to vote for such Delegates.

It is recommended that no Delegate be elected, unless he be a legal resident of the county whence he is chosen, and that no proxies be given by Delegates to any except citizens of the county which they shall be elected to represent.

NATHANIEL HOLLAND,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.
J. T. HOYT, Secretary. ju25

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jul1-1m F. B. GILMORE, Landlord.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

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Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

DINNER SETS.—We have just received, ex Giscours, several extremely fine

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Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

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NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1-3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

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First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

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NEW YORK AGENCY.—$15 PER DAY MADE EASY, by selling our great "Original and only genuine"

PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES.

Each one contains more real valuable articles than any half dozen packages ever sold. They contain

FINE STATIONERY,
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GIFT OF JEWELRY IN EACH PACKAGE.

The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Price, 50 cents. Wholesale rates to Agents low. Agents wanted in every town and camp on the Pacific coast. Send for our New Circular with inducements. Mailed free. Address J. B. WILLMAN & CO.,
my28 502 Montgomery street, San Francisco

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co. EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.
San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets. EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.
San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz, of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first day of July, 1864, Eugene Kelly and Joseph A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

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(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,
WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.
San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned, calling attention to the above card, give notice that on and after the first day of July next, they will continue the business of the above copartnership without interruption, at the old banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., in this city under the firm name of FRETZ & RALSTON, and in New York, through the agency of Messrs. LEES & WALLER, No 33 Pine street: and that on and after the 5th of July next, they together with Messrs. D. O. Mills, J. B. Thomas, Louis McLane, Asa T. Lawton, Wm. E. Barron, Thomas Bell, Jno. O. Earl, Wm. Norris, J. Whitney, Jr., O. F. Giffin, A. J. Pope, Herman Michels, Frederick Billings, Geo. H. Howard, H. F. Teschemacher, A. Hayward, Moses Ellis, A. B. McCreery, R. M. Jessup, Samuel Knight, A. C. Henry, J. C. Wilmerding and Wm. Alvord of San Francisco, and Jacob Kamm, of Portland, Oregon, having become duly incorporated under the laws of this State, will carry on the business of Banking in all its various branches, at the same place and through the same agency, and upon the basis of a Gold and Silver Currency, under the name of

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

D. O. MILLS and WM. C. RALSTON will be charged with the management of the business of the Corporation. WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.
San Francisco, June 15, 1864.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of H. WEBSTER & CO., have been dissolved by mutual consent.

H. WEBSTER,
A. D. NUDD,
S. L. STANLEY,
C. S. LORD.

NUDD, STANLEY & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale

LIQUOR MERCHANTS,

No. 410 FRONT STREET,

Successors to

H. WEBSTER & CO.,

Having purchased the entire interest of H. Webster, in the house of H. WEBSTER & Co., the undersigned will continue the business under the same and style.

ASA D. NUDD,
SAM'L L. STANLEY,
CHAS. S. LORD.
San Francisco, June 1st, 1864. je4

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

When it was promulgated that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the unthinking, or those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scouted the assertion as chimerical, and adduced strong evidence of its utter impossibility. Long articles, replete with arguments, seemingly unanswerable, of the position that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the accumulation of the poisons which constitute disease. A great cry went up from the interested in the continued supremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another, that electricity, as a curative agent, had been tried and proved to be of but little if any value—thinking, poor souls, the world of science stood at the same point it occupied one hundred years ago. That were wrong, while those old fogies were content if they cured one in every five patients, there were those who were diving into the science of electricity, and finally it was discovered that the trouble was in the instruments used. From that time to the present improvements have rapidly advanced, until every disease in the catalogue of human ills have been either cured altogether or checked so as to enable the sufferer to seek those changes of climate which ultimately perform a perfect cure. Diseases hitherto considered incurable have been cured, and those diseases which took months, and even years, to cure by medical process, are now cured in a few weeks; and all by the *Improved Instruments* of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street, San Francisco. It is astonishing to see the number of patients and diversity of diseases that have been relieved by the electropathic system. From early morn till late at night his instrument is engaged imparting strength and health to all who have the good fortune to obtain his services.

The charges, too, are not as heavy as by the old system; besides there is no medicine to pay for, let alone the unpleasantness of swallowing the nauseous stuff. During the time the Institute has been in operation there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism. None have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except known empirics) permanently. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropathic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases fully as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results.

Connected with this system are the renowned Electro-Magnetic Baths. Here let us caution the public against the numerous impostors in the bathing line. The pure magnetic bath is one of the most effective aids in the removal of disease from the system; but if given at the wrong time is likely to aggravate trouble, and cases have been known where the patient has been injured so badly as to require months to remove the injury. Persons in quest of this bath should be careful and not apply to a place where there is no physician to judge of the necessity of the remedy. In fact, the only place where they can be obtained, in all their purity, is at the Institute, where the Resident Physician will always be happy to examine and see that they are not unseasonably administered, and if not necessary, advise the requisite remedy.

To FEMALES, the Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful diseases to which you are liable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience; should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipients feel buoyant and youthful where before they were languid and unable to enjoy the pleasures of life One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freckled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

To the nervous the Directors would say, that you can be entirely removed from those dreadful feelings of evil foreboding, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. The Directors, in issuing this pamphlet, do it in the hope that it may be the means of awakening the public who have not studied into such things, to a sense of their duties, and if possible prevent those who have the care of a rising generation from poisoning their young charges with vile drugs, thereby entailing upon them troubles which, after life, may cause them to curse the origin. Also, that those in need of remedial agents may know where they can find them without resorting to taking the thousand-and-one poisonous nostrums that are continually being palmed off as sovereign panaceas for all the ills of humanity. Avoid them all—they are snares set to rob you, and do you bodily injury at the same time.

The Electropathic Institute was started amid the cry of interested charlatans, who used all the power their riches and the prejudices of the public gave them to prevent its success. It has risen to a position that is beyond their baffled malice, and will be honored in the scientific world when they are forgotten, or only remembered for their crimes and impositions. A thinking public are fast consigning them to that oblivion their works merit. Let them go, they will not be missed.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature, that it can only be studied by its results. We know by its action it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body from the centre to the surface, by its energy, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poisons from returning to the hitherto diseased parts—and here let it be understood, that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface—except, perhaps, in cases of cold where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial disease is peculiar. The best authorities are of opinion that it liquifies the mercury—which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro-Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water, the patient is not troubled any more with those pains peculiar to the diseases. In all other cases it forces to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a *luxury*—there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it; but the reverse is the case—being one continued pleasure all the time. Try it you that are suffering either from disease or the injudicious use of poisonous drugs, and you will be made to rejoice that you have had the courage to strike out from the beaten path.

Below are a few certificates from patients that have been cured at the Institute:

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

San Francisco, April 18th, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been under the treatment of Dr Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, and that he has cured me. My disease was mercurial, accompanied with chills. I applied to him on the 11th day of this month. I recommend all afflicted to employ him. He has cured me without medicine, by the use of his Electropathic Instrument. JOHN CALLAGHAN.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

The undersigned takes this method of acknowledging publicly the benefits he received from the treatment applied to him at the Electropatbic Institute while, suffering under a terrible infliction.

This is to certify that I have been under Electropathic treatment at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street. When I applied to Dr. Josselyn I was cramped up with rheumatism, and also had the coast ague. So bad was I that, without relief, I don't think I could have lived more than one week. The Doctor, with his instrument relieved me the first treatment from all pain, and perfectly cured me of all disease in twenty treatments, without the use of medicines. I cordially recommend all afflicted to patronize the Institute, for it is truly a blessing to the afflicted, and the operation is very pleasant. I wish to publicly thank Dr. Josselyn for his care and sympathy. JOSEPH SEGER, of Bolinas Bay.

September 19, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, A.D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

Sacramento, October 19th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear and Honored Sir:—You requested me to let you know how I felt after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble My sleep is sound, and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad babits had weakened my system. Not only is the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble is gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' standing, I think your system almost miraculous. Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this, if you please. I have sworn to it, as you see. C. BOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, A.D. 1860. CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

Hornitos, November 1st, 1860.

Well, Doctor, I am at home and have been to work in the water for several days, and there is no return of the Rheumatism, as I call it; and Mercurial pains, as you stated them to be. I feel as gay as a lark, no pain or bad feelings, no stiffness, but perfectly well, and all done by you in three weeks, without one drop of medicine. You had hard work to make me believe before you commenced, that you would cure me, but now I find it very easy to believe. Although my friends look rather incredulous, they cannot doubt my sober earnestness. Doctor, you have my thanks, and I will benefit you all I can, by spreading your fame up in these parts. Respectfully yours,

GEO. PERKINS, JR.

To J. M. Josselyn, M.D., Resident Physician, at the Electropathic Institute.

Nevada, November. 8th, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival, I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicine I have swallowed to no purpose, and then to think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicine; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid Instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.

Yours, till death,
FRANCIS GARLAND,

To J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician Electropathic Institute.

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

Yreka, November 10th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear Sir: Your letter dated October 16th is before me. You wish to know how my bronchial troubles are. Now, Doctor, that looks a great deal like a joke. I once had such an affection, of several years' standing, but thanks to your natural mode of treating disease, it has gone to be numbered with the things of the past. Since my return I have not felt the slightest trouble from it. When you pronounced me well I did not expect to ever bear from it again. Any one who sits under treatment of that *Improved Instrument* of yours will have the same feelings. It imparts vitality to the system so rapidly that confidence is at once established. I have to thank you that you did not refuse to treat me because I could not pay you the whole of your reasonable charge; enclosed is the balance due you, and God bless you for the kind treatment I received at your hands.

Yours, ever grateful, WM. GARDNER.

State of California, County of Siskiyou—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of November, A. D. 1860.
B. F. WELLITS, Notary Public.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was troubled with dumb ague, accompanied with rheumatism, very badly. My disease was taken in Washoe. After having exhausted medicines without benefit I applied to Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, on the first day of November. After taking twenty treatments with his Improved Electropathic Instrument, I am perfectly cured, having been entirely relieved of all pain or inconvenience I feel as strong as I ever did when in the best of health. I cheerfully recommend all afflicted to his care, as being the best physician I ever became acquainted with. One great advantage, he uses no medicines, but cures by a process which is perfectly natural. The time occupied in my case was thirteen days. D. O. HARRA.

November 14th, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Personally appeared before me, D. O. Harra, and subscribed and sworn to the above certificate, on this 14th day of November, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

San Francisco, August 31, 1861.

To the Directors and Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute: Sirs—You requested of me a certificate of the cure you performed in my case. Below I append it:

This is to certify that I was troubled with a swelling which commenced in my ankles, and gradually extended upward until it affected my whole body. I sought the best medical aid in New York and Boston, and they all pronounced it dropsy Hoping to retrieve my health I visited California in February last. I consulted the Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, and now, after five months of treatment, and waiting to see its effects, I am pronounced well by competent judges. It did not take but three months of treatment to cure me, but I waited to see that it did not return. I feel perfectly assured, from what I saw while under treatment, that Electricity, as applied at this Institute, will cure any disease to which the human family is liable.

Now, gentlemen, you can make what use you please of this certificate. With my thanks to the Resident Physician for his kind attention, I subscribe myself,

Your thankful patient,
MRS. C. A. CARLTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The advantages of electricity as a remedial agent are universally admitted by the medical and scientific world. It requires, however, experienced skill to apply this remedy efficiently, and this skill of application is possessed in an eminent degree by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, of the San Francisco Electropathic Institute. The Doctor is well known to us as a scientific gentleman, and an ardent devotee to his profession. He is no pretender, but has conferred incalculable benefit to those who were so fortunate as to seek relief at his hands. For those who desire speedy and permaneut relief from the rheumatic pains so prevalent in this region, we can recommend no surer remedy than a visit to Dr. Josselyn, at his rooms in San Francisco, No. 645 Washington street.—*Placerville Republican.*

ARE YOU SICK?—We wish to say a word to those that are sick. We have in this city an institution known as the Electropathic Institute, situated at 645 Washington street. The establishment is under the care of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, a physician who has no superior in the city. He has been in charge of the Electropathic Institute for several years, and has been uniformly successful in his treatment of the numerous patients that have placed themselves under his charge. The electric treatment will cure many diseases that cannot be reached by any other mode. Dr. Josselyn gives his personal attention to all of his patients, and is always ready to give advice to those that may call upon him. His charges are very moderate; and we cannot do the sick a greater favor than to recommend them to call on him before placing themselves in charge of another.—*San Francisco Daily Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Josselyn's Electropathic Institute. Voluntarily and unsolicited, we make the following statement, proving its great beneficial effects, particularly in rheumatic cases. Some months since we were on an editorial trip, visiting the mountains. The stage upset and landed all the passengers including the writer, below in the valley, where the Deer Creek overflowed by receiving the additional material, extraneous to its usual contents For some hours exposed in our wet clothes to night wind and weather, we soon felt the effects of the accident, in the mountains—pains in the back, hip, and legs; so much so that for weeks we hardly could walk. Treatments of all kinds were applied, but without avail, until our attention was called to the Electro-Galvanic Baths and appliances of the above Institute. Thank God, after two weeks, we have been fully restored, and enjoy now the free use of our limbs and body, as fully as previous to our involuntary bath in Deer Creek.—DR. H. BIEN, Ed. *True Pacific Messenger.*

ELECTROPATHY.—Electricity has long been classed among the most effective medical agents. It possesses great advantages over the system of theropeutics hitherto relied upon, as it reaches more certainly the seat of disease, especially in nervous or rheumatic complaints. The Electropathic Institute, No. 645 Washington street, under the charge of its able Resident Physician, Dr. J. H. Josselyn, has attained a well merited celebrity for the many cures which have resulted from the skilful application of this invalnable remedy.—*Daily Morning Star.*

☞ All letters answered with promptness and pleasure. Office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advice gratis.

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
jn4 *Resident Physician.*

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
R. H. MC DONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.
IMPORTING
Wholesale Druggists,
Corner of Sansome and Pine streets,
SAN FRANCISCO,
—AND—
J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,
SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,
Ladies' Bandages and Supporters,
GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,
Paints and Oils,
PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,
Brewers' and Soda Stocks,
CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,
Burning Oils and Fluids,

Together with a large and completo assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store,
We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
IMPORTERS OF
DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
TEETH, GOLD FOIL.
VULCANITE MATERIAL.
Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.
DENTAL BOOKS.
We keep constanty on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento, 139 J street,
my28 San Francisco, cor. Pine and Sansome sts.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH
IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
DR. BEERS & CO.,
617 *Clay street,*
ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.
Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!
Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of
WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.
It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Positury is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.
Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!
WITH COG WHEELS.
BUY NO OTHER!
This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.
No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.
A liberal discount made to dealers.
WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.
Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

W. P. HARRISON & CO.,
PRINTERS,
ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay Street. my28

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT
ONE OF
MASON & HAMLIN'S
Cabinet Organs.
The cost is trifling, while its good effects in the education and good training of a family are beyond computation.
DO NOT DELAY, but send for an Illustrated Catalogue at once.
Address,
A. KOHLER,
my28 Music Dealer, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
HAVE OPENED WITH
AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK
OF
FINE CLOTHING!
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.
my28

BILLIARD TABLES.
NOTICE!
Phelan & Collender have sold all their stock and disposed of their business on this Coast to MATHEW E. HUGHES, who will in future have Billiard Tables with PHELAN'S PATENT IMPROVED COMBINATION CUSHIONS for sale in this market.
While returning thanks to the Public for the patronage bestowed upon them, Phelan & Collender desire to recommend Mr. HUGHES as their SUCCESSOR, to those desirous to provide themselves with Billiard Tables with Phelan's Unequalled Patent Cushions, which Mr. HUGHES will always be prepared to supply, as received direct from the undersigned, sole proprietors and manufacturers.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
By GEORGE E. PHELAN, Attorney.
San Francisco, May 26, 1864.
Referring to the above, the undersigned takes pleasure in calling the attention of PRIVATE GENTLEMEN and SALOON KEEPERS to his fine stock of BILLIARD TABLES and CUSHIONS. Just received, an assortment of the
NEW STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES WITH PHELAN'S LATEST IMPROVED CUSHIONS.
These Tables have just been adopted by all the leading Professional as well as Amateur Players in the East—over Six Hundred having been sold to private families alone in the last nine months.
BILLIARD BALLS AND TRIMMINGS
Of all kinds on hand. Orders for Repairing of Tables, and everything in connection with the business, promptly attended to, at the
Office, 724 and 726 Montgomery street, opposite the Metropolitan Theatre.
my28 M. E. HUGHES, Sole Agent.

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,
DENTIST,
No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Room No. 19, Second Floor,
BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,
je4 San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

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With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

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San Francisco, June 18th, 1864. ju25-1m

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Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the above named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against JAMES A. MOORE, deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at the office of Delany & Booraem, 519 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco.

EUGENE O'CALLAGHAN,
MICHAEL McGRATH,
Executors of the Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased

Dated, San Francisco, June 22d, 1864. ju25-5t

WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, can supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the country for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are unable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employment Office. ju11

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AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M., AT HALF-PRICES.

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THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JUNE 25,

Boucicault's great Play of

THE POPE OF ROME,

With the following immense cast:

The Countess Colonna.....Julia Dean Hayne
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Hugo.....J. H. Taylor
Adrian Paretti.....Frank Lawlor
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Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1
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Private Boxes.....$5 and $10

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Grand Operatic Spectacle of

SATANELLA,

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 25TH,

ENGAGEMENT OF THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

SUPPORTED BY

MR. CHARLES POPE,

And the Full Strength of the Legitimate Company.

First Presentation of the 2-Act Comedy of the

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Bagshot.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
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Piper.....Mr. W. Barry
Arabella.....Mrs. H. A. Perry

Previous to which the Popular Domestic Drama of

RACHEL, THE REAPER.

Corporal Patrick.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
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Rose Mayfield.....Mrs. H. A. Perry

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THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

Performances will be given during the coming week at

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THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputation, enabling the management to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

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And a number of elegant and daring Riders, whilst

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Head the Acrobatic Corps;

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The Ring is under the supervision of MR VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that has ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

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FROM THE MISSION.

9:40 10:20 11:00 11:40

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And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE begs leave respectfully to announce a short season of

Italian Opera,

To be inaugurated at this establishment, on

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 27TH,

During which the most popular works of the day will be presented, in order to display as effectually as possible the admirable powers of

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS.

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SIGNORA BIANCHI,
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SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MR. JOHN GREGG,
SIGNOR RONCOVIERI,
MONS. CHARLES,

And by a powerful Orchestral and Choral Department, under the immediate direction of MR. GEORGE EVANS. The proprietor also feels much pleasure in announcing that

MR. PETER RICHINGS,

A time-worn and popular Manager of many Theatres in the East, has, at his solicitation, and with a view to carry out his policy, undertaken the management. The first Opera selected for the occasion is Donizetti's

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR!

Opera nights of the ensuing week will be MONDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

WEDNESDAY—Complimentary Matinee to MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS.

Box Office will be open on SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for the sale of Reserved Seats. ju25

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Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

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THE MUSICAL ANOMALY, THE TYROLEAN WARBLER,

Whose remarkable skill in performing upon THREE WIND INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE, and whose wonderful conversion of a common COFFEE POT into a fountain of harmony, have astounded all who have seen him.

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THE LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE,

The smallest woman in the world,

And upwards of two thousand Curiosities.

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In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

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At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN meet on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 P. M. For Ladies, Lads and Misses, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

ju11-1m

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BETWEEN SANTA CLARA, SAN JOSE, WARM SPRINGS AND SAN FRANCISCO.

THROUGH IN THREE HOURS!

The Swift and Elegant Steamer

SOPHIE McLANE,

CHARLES THORN, - - - - - - - Captain.

Having been placed in perfect order, and furnished with new boilers, commenced making regular daily trips (Sundays excepted) on TUESDAY, June 14th, 1864.

Leaving San Jose and Santa Clara at 7 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave San Francisco at 3 o'clock, P. M. On arrival of the steamer at Alviso, Stages will be in readiness to convey passengers to

WARM SPRINGS.

Fare to Alviso, Santa Clara and San Jose.....$1 00
Freight to Alviso, per ton..... 50
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CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:-

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

FOURTH OF JULY.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been named by the General Committee selected at the late meeting of the citizens of San Francisco as Grand Marshal of the day for the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, respectfully notifies all civic and military organizations of this city and its neighborhood, of the strong desire entertained by that Committee that each and all of them should, in fullest strength, take part in the pageant of the day. It is earnestly hoped, therefore, that every Company and Association will join heartily in the effort to make the coming celebration one worthy its great occasion.

In due time special invitations will be sent to all here notified—this advertisement being intended principally to give them ample time for preparation.

B. A. SHELDON,
je18 Grand Marshal.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 6. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance. 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

"TONGUES IN TREES."

I.

The garden blossoming, the busy leaves,
The Indian palm that when transplanted grieves
For its far home, wherever it may be,
Each, all, a kind of whispered fancy weaves
As very beautiful, as songs to me.

II.

I call the fruited bough a song
That graceful quivereth in metre,
I call the fruited bough a song—
I cannot think a poem sweeter—
When glossy leaves laugh all along
The mossy limbs, and butterflies
Are gathered in a twinkling throng,
That dazzles all our charmèd eyes,
As crimson-dappled golden wings
In merry sunlight flutterings
Flash forth their splendor to the skies.
Here music is that never dies,
Sweet echo whene'er you greet her,
To warble back—in all surprise
That you should seek a song completer.

III.

I call the fruited bough a song,
Where peaches cling with velvet lips
Through all the summer sunlight long,
With clotted nectar on their tips,
To clustered branches fair and sleek
And swaying in the breath of morn,
Warm in the summer light, and each
And every bloom of every peach
Is nursed in odors summer-born,
So clinging ruddy cheek to cheek,
A fairer rhyming would you seek,
Or search a choicer, rarer sight,
Than mated peaches cheek to cheek
Slow ripening in the rosy light?

IV.

And every dewy-leavèd vine
And every waving hough fruit-laden,
To me doth seem to laugh or pine
With joys or sorrows that combine
A little breathed song of Aden,
Low whispered at the day's decline.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, July 2d, 1864.

FACES about town look brighter than they did this time last week. The missing steamer is in, and people have ceased to stand with bated breath, anxious for news, and yet dreading that it would bring them intelligence of a disaster.

The *Golden Age* and *Golden City* steamed through the Golden Gate on Wednesday afternoon, gladdening all hearts, as though they came fully freighted with mothers' blessings.

What a terrible thing it would have been had our worst fears been realized. and the *Golden Age* indeed been lost. The whole coast would have been wearing crape now, and this jolly city would have been a Rama.

They say there were 1,200 souls on tho steamer. I don't believe it. There may have been that number of passengers aboard; but I notice that very few people bring their souls with them when they come to California. It is sufficient to be bothered with baggage on the trip, and as for souls, people get along much better out here without them. Just at present mine is packed away with my umbrella; perhaps I shall get them both out when the rainy season sets in.

When it was first bruited about that the *Golden Age* was missing, I thought people meant the drop-curtain at the Academy of Music. It occurred to me that some one connected with the theatre must have gone to Rome and taken the drop-curtain with him. It would draw well there. The lamb lying down with the lion, and not inside of him, and the tiger eating farina puddings as relishingly as a Frenchman does frogs, all this would surprise and please the dark-browed people of Italy mightily.

People have been rather severe on the picture in this country—more severe, I think, than connoisseurs would be in Italy. It certainly has some merit; one can see with half an eye that the chariot is well drawn, and the merest novice in art could tell the unicorn by the horn on his nose. But then it must be remembered that our people don't go much on the Golden Age—a Gould and Curry age is the only age they care to hold or attain: it fills the bill much better.

Speaking of things in general, it perhaps is not generally known that the steamer that came in on Wednesday was loaded down to the water's edge with generals. She had three aboard—General McDowell, General Mowry and General Butterworth.

The first is a Major-General, the two latter are Miner Generals.

General McDowell came out to take command of the Military Department of the Pacific—the most pacific military department probably that can be found in the world. It is said that in his proclamation to the people he will congratulate them on having one good and reliable journal among them, and that in his first general order he will make it imperative that they subscribe to The Californian.

General Mowry has command of the Department of Arizona, where he and General Carleton are actively engaged in mining operations. They have been working a mine in company there for the past two years, but unfortunately there is not that unity of feeling between them which contributes so materially to business success where two or more parties are interested.

General Butterworth is to have charge of the Apaches. He likes that primitive people, a natural result perhaps of spending some time among them. He had an excellent opportunity of observing their customs and habits, for he saw them from a tree. He thinks that harsh measures should not be used with savages, and intends to try moral suasion on them. His book, *The Apaches and their Surroundings, with Thoughts on Trees*, published in Durango last winter, had a great run down there, and established the author's reputation, though there are very few copies of it now in the market.

General McDowell was disturbed by a serenade about 12 o'clock on the night of his arrival; I having subscribed with others to buy a band for the occasion.

The affair passed off pleasantly enough; he came down from his room and was introduced to Wambold and several other distinguished gentlemen and influential citizens—people's party men, mostly—who had gathered on the sidewalk in the expectation that there would be some drinking done!

And their prophetic souls did not deceive them.

The General politely invited the band to take a glass of wine with him, and they at once stopped playing, and put up their instruments. Arrived in the saloon, he must have been considerably surprised at the number of performers he saw before him, for the room was full. There were more men than music, and not a teetotaller among them. This was rough in a country where drinks are two bits each, and greenbacks are only taken at a half off. For less than half tho sum that serenade cost him, the General could have hired Mr. Bianchi and Signor Gregg—the whole opera troupe, in fact—and had a private entertainment of his own.

Wait till a small hand calliope, which is now making at the Vulcan Foundry for me, comes out here, and see if I don't then give my friends a signal proof of my es-steam. It will be music both for the mill and the million.

At present I labor under considerable difficulties in my serenades. Brass bands are played out since the *Golden Age* came in. So I am compelled to employ a man with a barrel organ—one would think it to be a double-barrel organ by tho noise it makes.

He grinds a "powerful sight" of music out of the thing, though. Like the mill of the gods, he "grinds slowly but exceedingly fine." In some respects, that instrument of his reminds one of the new "organ" of the Union party. It is not quite as unmusical, perhaps, but then it has as little regard for time and place as they have, and knows as little of what it is grinding about as they do. It does not aim to make quite as much discord in the city, but it succeeds in producing enough to disgust all who have any idea of harmony or decency.

The proprietor solicits quarters from the charitable, and people pay him to go away from their windows and leave them alone. By grinding away outside of a house where an entertainment is being given, he can claim to be the "organ of the party"—there is little in fact that he cannot do, except to compel a recognition of himself or his organ by the regular orchestra, or buy the wires of the Overland Telegraph on credit. . . .

I sometimes wonder whether we are to have a reproduction on this coast of the state of things which obtained in London during the Lord George Gordon riots, when, unless a man chalked "No Popery" on his door his house was stripped by one mob, while the next one that turned the corner would make the mark a pretext for tearing the house down, so that at last a man's best safety lay in chalking "No religion at all" on his doors. And I wonder how long this black-mailing ery of "You're a copperhead!" is to be permitted to go on.

The other day some man whom I never saw, do not know, and would not know for any consideration in the world, plastered me as a copperhead.

I had rather be a copperhead any day in the week than a mutton head; but I sincerely hope I am neither.

A Northern man, I should hold myself a renegade if I went back on the North by so much as a hair's line. My record is pretty well established by a long connection with loyal journals, and if ever an article fell from my pen that had not the ring of honesty and loyalty, it was the steel's fault—not mine.

At this late hour, am I to be put on trial for loyalty, to be howled at as a Copperhead, and villified as a traitor?

It is very funny, to say the least of it, not worth minding much, to make the most of it.

But I cannot help wondering how long the community will allow this sort of thing to go on, and hundreds of such sentences to be passed by a man who could not parse one correctly. . . .

The cause of the fall in Gould and Curry has been satisfactorily explained. Deep down in the lower tunnel, several hundred feet below where Mr. Lent and the ladies of his party—making diving-belles of themselves for the moment—dove down, they struck what is technically termed a "horse." (One of the ladies says she didn't see it, from which I infer that it could not have been a saw-horse.)

According to the most reliable information it was a green-bay horse.

On coming to its back the prospectors at once concluded they had struck a ledge of green-backs, and left the place in disgust. The miners didn't even stay to take their pick of it.

They have got through the horse now, and the blame of the depreciation in the stock must be saddled elsewhere. Why it keeps down in this way is the more strange from the fact that I don't own an inch of it.

Of Potosi, a stock in which I'm slightly interested, I scarcely know what to think. Had I been wise I'd have kept out of the speculation; an omen gave me fair warning enough when I first thought of buying in.

I had some money to invest on first landing here, and determined to invest it in Washoe. My friends advised me to. They told me there was more room for investment there than in all the rest of the country—that in fact there wasn't room for anything else—that one could keep investing money there forever, and it took all the trouble of taking care of it off his hands.

I make it a principle of my life, on no account whatever to invest money in a mine unless I first see it. True, I know nothing at all about a mine when I do see it; in proof of which it is sufficient to say that during my visit to Washoe they showed me a Rutabaga turnip and told mo it was a remarkably fine outcropping of the Comstock Ledge. I swallowed it. Had they called it a specimen from the Cowstock Ledge I should have still failed to see the sell.

Previous to going to Washoe, besides making my will—something which it is necessary for every traveller to make before going there—I also made a memorandum of all the mines I thought of buying interests in and which it was necessary to visit. I had written down in a hurried way: Be sure you go to Pot.—Pot, you must understand, was simply short for Potosi.

I did go to pot, and that is where every one will eventually go who thinks that he can tell anything about a mine before he sees it, or buys into it after he does.

Ah, the explosion of all these mines during the past week Talk of magnificent Hoisting works, but, Lord defend us! how they have hoisted

Injoo.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

VIII.

ALTHOUGH nothing apparently was changed in our course of life, I was not slow to regret the too complete success of my deception. I soon remarked a slight cloud of reserve in the manners of my godmother. The testimonies of her friendship, formerly so unreserved, seemed, thenceforth, efforts. I saw myself fallen from my Paradise. I could not deceive myself as to the cause of this sudden coldness, and I remained cast to the earth, the victim of my own deceit. Alas! it was too late to retrace my steps. I had voluntarily depoetized myself. I then reflected on the folly of my passion, and the avowal frightened me like a profanation.

Other cares came suddenly to weigh upon me. One day I was wandering in the park, seeking for solitude. Chance led me to a *chalet* belonging to the castle, called *La Régie*, which served as a dwelling for M. Placide. I was walking by a hedge, the enclosure of a little garden planted before the house, when some words of a conversation between the steward and a man whom I could not see, reached my ear. I heard my name pronounced :

"Monsieur le Baron André has no control over his affairs," said M. Placide, in a rude tone. "He is not in a condition to understand them, and if to-morrow you do not pay the arrears, I will have your goods seized in his name."

"But that would ruin me, M. Placide. You know that the crop has been short," answered a voice in supplication.

"That does not concern me. If I should listen to you all, you would never pay. Borrow! I have my orders."

Seigneur, where could I find two thousand francs between now and to-morrow? Monsieur le Baron André cannot be so harsh; and if you will allow me to see him ——"

"Once more, the Baron has nothing to do with it; and if you try to take advantage of his weakness of mind, Guillot, I warn you, it will not be good for you. . . . Money is money, and ———"

M. Placide remained with his mouth open. I had turned the hedge and stood before him.

"Infamous scoundrel!" said I, trembling with anger; "you must explain to me the words you have just uttered."

He rose quickly to take refuge in his house; but I seized him by the collar and threw him back to his seat on the bench.

"Sir! sir!" cried he, "do not lay hands on me."

"Down on your knees and ask pardon, or I will crush you like a viper!"

"Help! help!" exclaimed he, struggling.

In my fury I grasped his throat, and tightened my grip till he was almost strangled. Guillot quietly looked on at what I was doing.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured the wretch.

His cowardice disarmed me. I opened my hands and let him roll on the ground. He then arose and stood before me.

"You must this instant give me a receipt for this man," resumed I, imperatively, and I made a step towards him.

"Sir, I yield to violence," said he, bewildered; "but the Count will understand this."

"I want no reply! Go into your house and I will follow. Come, Guillot."

When he reached his desk, the steward sat down, pale with rage. I presented to him a paper; he wrote with a trembling hand the required receipt.

"Is that all you have to ask of me, Guillot?" said I, to the farmer.

"Bless me! Monsieur le Baron, you are very good. My lease terminates at St. John's, and it will be soon time to renew it. The rent is now very high, and I can only keep square in good years. M. Placide speaks of increasing it still more."

"How much was your rent when my father lived?"

"Four thousand two hundred francs."

"And now?"

"Five thousand four hundred francs, besides a hundred francs for M. Placide," added Guillot, who now saw himself sustained.

"My honest steward!" added I, "write a renewal of the lease at the old rate."

"But that is impossible!"

"Ah, I advise you," said I severely. "Do not resist; do what I tell you."

"But, sir, I am not authorized to sign leases."

"That does not matter; I will sign it."

A wicked smile, which I should have mistrusted, accompanied the submission of M. Placide. He took a bundle of papers from a box, picked from them the old lease, and began, servilely, to copy it. I watched his pen for fear of fraud; and when he had finished, I signed it. Giving the deed to the farmer, "Now, Guillot," said I, "you are all right. In future, if you have any complaint to make of this rascal, come to me."

As I was going away, accompanied by the farmer, I saw the steward glide down a by-path, and make haste towards the castle, with the intention, no doubt, of informing M. de Maufert. I was not at all uneasy about this. Delighted at my act, and the punishment inflicted on the executor of the evil deeds of the Count, I thought it useless to enter into any explanation of my conduct. I had done myself justice as a man, and I would have thought it lessening to me to make any apology for it.

I did not see M. de Maufert until dinner hour. I expected a burst of anger, but there was nothing said; and I was rather surprised to find him almost kind. The canoness was quite amiable. My godmother alone appeared uneasy, and observed me with attention, as if she dreaded some imprudence on my part. She took my arm to leave the dining-room.

"What has happened between you and M. Placide?" said she to me, in a low voice.

"Nothing very serious," answered I; "I have corrected his insolence—that's all."

My tranquillity reassured her. The Count, for his part, was in a fine humor. Nothing occurred to denote his discontent at my freak.

The park was wet; it had rained that day. We remained in the saloon. Madelaine sat by a piano. My guardian and the canoness seated themselves to play a game of chess; I took a seat near Diana, who occupied herself with a piece of tapestry work.

"You are not going out?" said she to me, after a moment.

"No. Why do you ask me that question?"

"For nothing. . . . I thought you had business out of doors?" added she in a cold tone.

"Business, me? . . . But where would you that I should go, *bon Dieu?*"

"I do not know," replied she. "I believed that you wished to go out, that is all!"

"But I never leave you at this hour unless I have letters to write."

"I do not ask your confidence," said she emphatically.

I looked at her, surprised at her sharp accent. Bending over her work she did not raise her eyes. I did not know what trouble agitated her.

"*Mon Dieu!* have I displeased you?"

In her turn she was moved by my apprehension. At all events, she said with more gentleness: "I imagined that you only remained with us through courtesy . . . and I intended to give you your liberty."

She pronounced these words with sadness. I thought that some trouble irritated her nerves, and we remained silent, listening to Madelaine, who softly played the *andante* of the quintette in E, from Mozart.

"Ho! ho! Baroness," cried my guardian suddenly, you rudely attack my king. Behold him in a situation as desperate as that of poor Placide, encircled by a certain Baron of our acquaintance," added he, casting at me a jovial look.

I met the shock without blanching. "S'blood, *mon cher!*" continued the Count, smiling, "It seems to me you do not deal very gently with my agents. Poor Placide, I would have liked to see his expression."

"It was ugly, I assure you," replied I, with the most complete *sang froid*.

"I thought I heard the cries of a peacock when you tightened the knot of his cravat. It was the lease, above all, which cost him a sacrifice."

"He made it; it was the important thing," replied I, with a very easy air.

"Truly so; it was the important thing," replied the Count, more and more merrily."

"And he won his game."

IX.

CHARMED with having so well succeeded in my first essay of authority, I resolved to visit some of my farmers, and collect complaints which I could easily foresee. With the enthusiasm of my twenty years it seemed glorious for me to play the rôle of a redresser of wrongs, of appearing thus all of a sudden to the eyes of my tenants like a providence, to make blessed the memory of my father, who was revived in me.

Full of my project, the next morning, after breakfast, at the time when Mme. de Jonval broke our pleasure by her austere presence, I ordered my horse saddled.

"Are you going out?" said Diana to me.

"Yes, I am going for a walk in the woods, with Simon."

"I do not ask you where you are going," replied she.

I went away sadly, for I divined a reproach. It seemed as if she accused me of abandoning her to the wearisome company of her aunt; but I had a duty to fulfil, and I knew that she would pardon me when I revealed to her the reason of my absence.

I had not deceived myself in my foresight, and the farmers whom I visited apprised me that they were shamefully oppressed. I felt ashamed of my riches in thinking that, to add some thousands of crowns to the five hundred thousand livres rent from my patrimony, they had dared, despising agreements made by my family, to oppress in my name these poor people, who fed my luxury and idleness. I returned, glowing with most generous designs. I rode twelve leagues at a hunter's gallop, fearful of returning too late and of disturbing Diana. As I appeared in the room, Madelaine inquired about my ride and asked me for news of mother Simon, at whose house she had been in other times.

"I have not seen her," said I; "in going that way I changed my plan."

"You have wandered in the forest since morning?" pursued she.

"*Ma foi!* yes; I allowed myself to be guided by *Ralph*."

"He must have guided you far," said my godmother, "for you have brought him back covered with foam and almost foundered."

She had watched my return. I blushed at being caught in the very act of falsehood, and I reproached myself for having alarmed her solicitude. I reckoned on excusing myself on the morrow, when I would confide to her my secret. We waited her vainly with Madelaine; she did not appear.

One morning I was alone in the park, when I saw the farmer I had already protected against the steward running towards me. He was so pale, so distressed, that I divined some misfortune.

"What have you, Guillot?" said I to him; "speak quick!"

"Behold, sir: the other day in quitting you I went on business to Monthermé. I returned home very grateful for your goodness, when my wife showed me, weeping, a paper brought in my absence by a sheriff; it was a summons to pay within twenty-four hours the two thousand francs arrears of my lease. I reassured my wife by saying that the sheriff had without doubt come while I was here: I had in my pocket the receipt which you had given me, and I did not disturb myself, but, behold! this morning they have come, three or four, and they have seized all at my home."

"But it is impossible; you have a regular quittance."

"Read this paper that they have given me."

I took hastily a writ which he held out to me; I ran over it with my eyes, and I remained indignant; it was a judgment of seizure granted at the request of M. de Maufert, my guardian.

"My poor Guillot, do not afflict yourself," said I, mastering my anger; "to instantly pay the two thousand francs is sufficient to remove the attachment."

"But I have not that sum, sir; and before I have found where to borrow it, it will be too late!"

"You will have it! come. . . ."

And drawing him after me I ran all the way to the chateau. Arrived at my room, I rushed to a bureau where I kept my money. In opening the drawer, I stopped, startled. . . Three days before, a friend at Heidelburg had written me, asking for three thousand francs; I had sent them to him, and there hardly remained to me forty louis; I had forgotten this. Guillot looked at me with stupor; he saw himself lost.

I had the preceding week received the two thousand francs which my guardian gave me each month; however, well as I was persuaded that I risked a refusal, I decided to apply to him. I advised Guillot not to go out of the house; it was not the moment to engage in the stormy discussion with M. de Maufert which I foresaw, and of protecting him against the iniquity done in my name; the power lay with my guardian, and I knew him to be a man who would ruin without pity the unfortunates whom I had imprudently compromised by my rebellion.

I made an appeal to my courage, decided to humiliate myself to obtain an advance of my allowance, and descended in haste. I learned that the Count was on a tour of inspection with his steward, and would not return until evening. Time pressed; there remained to me no other resource than to attempt to borrow from my notary near by, who had often aided me in covering my student debts. Guillot was in despair; I told him to wait for me on the road. I had the horses put to, and we set out for Monthermé, where we arrived in about two hours. By a deplorable fatality my notary was absent. I ran to the sheriff, hoping that with a guarantee he would consent to wait for a day and raise the seizure. He replied that he was ordered to proceed without delay, and that my surety as a minor would not cover his responsibility. Furious at my helplessness, desperate at the anguish of poor Guillot, I wandered through the streets, when chance sent in my way Bastien, the smuggler, who said to me, learning my embarrassment: "*Parbleu!* you have only to go to Father Abraham!"

His idea seemed to me an inspiration from heaven. In my trouble I had not thought of this Jew, to whom I had already had recourse in my days of foolish dissipation, or for losses at play which my guardian knew nothing about. Ten minutes afterwards I knocked at the door of the usurer.

M. Abraham, who owed only to the memory of the Hebrew patriarch the epithet of Father bestowed on his name, had nothing about him of the traditional usurer. He was a man forty years old, cold and polite in manner. I found him in a cabinet of a Flemish neatness, where the furniture almost was heightened in effect by coquettish paintings of great value. He received me, and bade me be seated, with formal courtesy. Like all who ask for money, I began by exposing the motives which made me have recourse to him, and I concluded by asking for two thousand francs. M. Abraham heard me with a smile on his lips. When I had said all—

"Monsieur le Baron," replied he, "I am truly very sorry at not being able to be of use to you."

"What, for two miserable billets of a thousand francs?" replied I, in astonishment.

"Oh, the sum is a miserable one, in fact; sir, under other circumstances I would wish that it was a question of a hundred thousand francs."

"But you have already some bills against me?"

"Yes, for six thousand francs, payable on your majority."

"Ah, well, you will not have long to wait; I shall be of age in ten months."

"That is precisely what seems to me not very sure. . . . ."

"But I am not consumptive, I imagine; and my whole ap-

pearance should leave you the hope that I will live until that time."

"Oh, it is not that which disturbs me, Monsieur le Baron, for in that case your guardian would honor your signature; your fortune is too fine for them to dare to be niggardly about trifles."

"Then I do not understand the cause of your refusal, since you are certain if I live of being yet more surely paid by me at my majority."

"All that is very true, Monsieur le Baron, only I have room to doubt that, even in living . . . you will attain your majority."

"Ah, how! you speak in enigmas; explain yourself."

"*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur le Baron, in business we must use foresight; I have had some difficulties with M. de Maufert, and I am not paid for loving him much—enough, that I admire him. He is a man who knows what money is—he is very great in speculation. As proof of this, he has your guardianship. Ah, well! it is easy enough to take care of it."

"It is impossible; the law is precise."

"The law, Monsieur le Baron; but it is truly the weapon of people well endowed. Illegality only tempts fools. See, I am going to give you better than money; I am going to give you good advice. . . . Oh, accept it without scruple; I have previously deducted my interest—the satisfaction of settling my account of ill-will with your guardian in playing him a bad turn, which will at once pay me for all the vexation he has caused me."

Though I had never nourished any very tender sentiments for the Count, I felt wounded in my pride of race.

"You forget," said I, dryly, "that I am still the ward of M. le Comte de Maufert."

"No, no, I do not forget it, and it is for that reason I speak thus. If you hear me not, you are lost, for I alone am shrewd enough to have divined the projects of M. le Comte, and rich enough to laugh at his resentment. Two years ago I would not have dared it. You love him more than I do . . . You protest through custom; it is very well . . . Here is my advice; if you believe me, you will set out, even to-day, for Paris. You will surround yourself there with many of your relations, with many friendships; you will join the clubs; you will see much of the world, and, when you shall be twenty and one years old, you will come back to regulate your accounts, accompanied by two or three persons of position, whom you will have seen each day for ten months. Otherwise . . ."

"Otherwise," . . . repeated I, as he had paused.

"Otherwise you run great risk of never attaining your majority."

"And what for, I pray you?

The usurer seemed to hesitate for an instant; finally he decided on his course:

"For this reason, Monsieur le Baron: some time since your guardian began to spread the story in his neighborhood that you are foolish; this story has come even here, and as it has travelled six leagues, it is resting itself a little on its journey, from which it follows that the day of your majority, M. de Maufert will probably change your state of a minor into that of an interdict."

"Proofs, proofs!" cried I.

"Proofs? They will make them soon. . . There are some already. This morning they say that you fought Placide to force him to give to Guillot a free receipt—that you half strangled him to make him renew a lease which made you lose two thousand francs a year. . . . It is a fine action, but it is a strange one, not common in our time. . . ."

"But it is a baseness!"

"If the fact is false, so much the better. , . . It had been a bad precedent which could serve to build your interdiction upon."

This word recalled to me the terms of the writ sent to Guillot. . . . I remained an instant confounded. So many emotions had swept over me that day that it seemed to me to go in a dream. Delirium suddenly retook possession of me. It entered my mind that the Jew was perhaps, like my guardian, an instrument of Madness, and that he would deliver me over to my phantom enemy. To assure myself, I approached him and traced with my finger the sign of the cross on his face. He recoiled in affright.

"Ah, I have fathomed thee!" said I to him with contempt, "thou art a dweller in darkness, but I fear thee not. Adieu!"

"Monsieur le Baron," cried he, "I pray of you do not go out now."

And he threw himself before me.

"It is necessary that I go," I replied.

"But your horses are not rested."

He clung to my arms, and I saw that I would be forced to fight him, when Bastien, who I had left in anxiety for me, appeared at the door. M. Abraham ran to him, and I detected some furtive gestures.

"Bastien, my friend," said he, emphatically, "assist me in keeping M. le Baron."

"It is useless," cried I, in a tone which admitted of no reply; "they wait for me at Maufert. . . ."

And disengaging myself from his hands I would have passed him, but he barred the way for me as if he had determined to keep me by force. Bastien advanced towards me.

"Monsieur André," said he "I beg of you, hear me. . . . You know that I am devoted to you body and soul. It is Madame the Countess that sent me; she wants you very soon, she told me to bring you myself. . . . Come, your carriage is below."

Hardly had we crossed the threshold when I heard the doors shut themselves behind us with a great noise of bolts. I made Bastien mount near me in the carriage, I took the reins and we set out at a rapid trot. Diana awaited me.

In less than a quarter of an hour we reached the woods. I carefully eyed the underbrush that bordered the road, for the spectre could have been hidden there. Since morning I had felt myself surrounded by treason and I feared to fall into some ambush. Day declined, the forest was silent as if in the expectation of something bad, and the trees at times reproached themselves for hemming me in; but I was calm and strong. I contemplated them without fear and they shrank before my assurance. Once in a deep road some brushes stretched across the road as though to sieze me; one of them tore my cheek, I whipped my horses, and I passed them. Bastien seemed terrified, brave though he be, and looked at me distractedly.

"Fear nothing," said I to him, "do you not see that they tremble?"

We arrived at last at Maufert; it was night. Bastien wished to draw me into my apartments, saying that my godmother waited me there, but I had meditated a revenge, and climbing the steps of the stairs I walked towards the large room where I knew I would find at this hour all the guests of the chateau.

On seeing me enter Diana made a gesture of affright. I evaded meeting her look and walked straight to my guardian, seated near the canoness.

"Sir," said I coldly, "I come to demand reckoning for the indignities you have put upon me!"

At these words, uttered in a composed voice, he turned his head quickly and in his bird-of-prey eyes fixed upon me I saw an ironical gleam. All of a sudden he stepped back and ran to the chimney piece, ringing and crying: "A physician! a physician!"

"Oh, sir, what would you do?" said my godmother impressively; "call our servants!"

But without listening to her he directed his steps towards the door and opened it.

"Martin! Louis! to the rescue! to the rescue!" cried he anew.

I supposed he wished to escape or divert my anger.

"Oh! you understand me," replied I, vehemently; "I will show you the pity which you show others. . . . I come here to judge you and pronounce sentence."

My resolute attitude plunged them all into an inexpressible disorder. Diana took me in her arms, essaying to calm me, but I heard nothing. The servants were come. M. de Maufert dared not approach me.

"The unfortunate! the unfortuuate!" cried he, raising his arms to heaven. "Quick! a physician!"

"Alas!" said Mme. de Jonval, "the poor child! In this state how he resembles his mother!"

I understood. . . . The ground disappeared under my feet. I felt Diana's arms relax, and fell, as though stricken by thunder, lifeless on the carpet. I had not, however, lost the faculty of suffering. Silence and night surrouuded me, an inexplicable silence—a night thick and lugubrious, such as might be the night of the tomb, and my thought watched alone in this nothingness.

THREE SIMPLE MEN OF THE EAST.

The followiug story was heard by its present narrator in Ceylon:

In Kandy, during the days of the Kandyan kings of the Island of Ceylon, on a pleasant, cool December eveuing, three strong men were sitting in a rest-house or amblemmay—that is, a small open building raised for the benefit of travellers by some pious persou, iu accordance with the saying of Buddha that the gods reward such works of charity.

As the men sat in the glow of the sunset, a middle-aged widow, in deep mourning, came by. The men rose and bowed to her. She also made a bow to them.

"That bow was for me," said one of the men. "No," said the second, "it was mine." "No," said the third "it was to me she bowed." They quarrelled over the matter for some time, but at last agreed that it would be better to run as fast as they could after the widow, and ask her to which of them she bowed. They did so, reached her out of breath, gasped at her their question, and the only answer they got was, "To the greatest simpleton amongst you."

Then they returned to the rest-house calmly, but only to quarrel again.

"Did I not tell you," said one "that she bowed to me? I am the greatest simpleton here." "No," said each of the other two, "I am more of a simpleton than you." They quarrelled thus for some time, and from words coming to blows, they fought till they were separated by the police, who locked them up for the night in separate cells, and carried them next day, before a judge. The judge having heard the causo of dispute called upon one of the men to produco evidence for his claim to be so great a simpleton.

"My lord," said he, "when I was about 18 years old, my father and mother set eyes on a young woman whom they chose to bc my wife. They thought she would be faithful, iudustrious and thrifty. She was expected, also, to inherit a few fields. She was of tho same caste as ourselves, and of good family. Proposals, therefore, were made and accepted, and soon afterwards, according to the custom of the country, I had to visit my future mother-in-law, at whose house, though not allowed to do so by the strict rules of society, yet, by some contrived chance, my intended wife would show her face to me. I had far to travel, and starting at mid-day, arrived late in the evening, when I was most cordially received, and most kindly requested to stay for the night, and return home next day. To this I consented, with all seeming reluctance, though it had been the chief object of my journey, and I was fully persuaded that a glance at my future partner in the cool of the morning, would be better than one in the dusk of the evening. I had an excellent dinner, and slept soundly under a roof which I already regarded as my own. In the morning I awoke refreshed, and went out of doors to wash myself as usual. I found, of course, awaiting me, a brazen pot full of water for washing my face hands and feet, as well as a piece of wood charcoal for cleaning my teeth. I finished my ablutions soon, and on looking back, observed a beautiful young woman, who sat at some distance from me, washing rice for our morning meal. Her embarrassed air, and some smiles which stole over her face almost against her will, easily told me that she was my betrothed; and I, in defiance of our customs, quietly went near, and spoke to her, as there was nobody in sight. She was not so shy as to leave her work and run away, but stayed and returned short, modest answers to my questions. At length I went close to her, tapped her on the shoulder, and playfully taking up a handful of the rice she was washing, had just put it into my mouth, when, to our confusion, her mother made her appearance. I quickly removed myself to a respectful distance, but had not time to bite or swallow the rice, and so was obliged to keep it between my gums and cheek. This showed as a lump, which my mother-in-law, who was to be, most unfortunately mistook for a gum-boil.

"'Ah! how are you this morning?' said she, 'You have got a gum-boil.' 'Yes.' answered I, 'but it does not give me any pain at present, so I intend to let it alone till it forms matter.' 'You should not do that, child,' continued she, 'I shall send for a doctor.' 'No,' said I, in bitter desperation, 'we have a very good doctor practising near our village. I shall, as soon as I reach home, place myself under his care.' But my evasions and excuses could not baffle her officiousness. The doctor was sent for, and, until he came, she lectured on the evil of permitting any sickness to come to a head, and now and then she felt my gum-boil. The doctor at length arrived, and he also examined it. He pronounced it to be one of a very malignant sort, but curable. Now, during all this time, my officious mother-in-law had her eye on my cheek, and I had committed myself so far that I could not undeceive her. Shame at confession of a falsehood, as well as the fear of exposing my previous indiscretion, alike kept me silent. I sat mute with astonishment at the position to which I had reduced myself, until the doctor, who had beeu busy in the kitchen, suddenly came out, and, before I had time to avoid him, put a red-hot iron hook into my gum-boil. I howled and jumped, but he had made a deep wound and out of it came the rice I had inside. All present now saw the truth, and the doctor, picking up the rice, cried at me, 'You big simpleton, when you had only rice in your mouth, why did you not say so?' I made no answer, but took to my heels and ran home. Thus I lost a good wife and the prospect of good fortune, and have ever since believed myself the greatest simpleton yet born."

Having laughed heartily at this story, the judge turned to the second man, and asked, "What evidence have you, sir, of your right to the bow you claim?"

"My story is short," he answered, "but will show that I have as much right to the bow as any man. I married early, and tried to be happy, but found that my wife could not manage the house without help; so I married another wife—polygamy being allowed in my country—and thought that all would be well managed by the two, and I should get my rest after my day's labor in the fields. But, alas! I was mistaken. I had no more rest at home. If I spoke to one wife for a few minutes, the other complained that I did not speak to her. I was not able to bestow on one the least attentiou or kindness by deed, word, or even by a look, without suffering from the other's jealousy. Thus I lost all peace at home, and was quite miserable whenever bad weather or any other causo obliged me to stay in doors, and at uight I had no sleep; for if I tried to sleep with my face towards one wife, the other complained; if I slept on my back or with my face to the ground, both complained. I was harrassed in this manner until I lost my patience, and told them there was ouly one thing to bc done, and that was, they must take me each by a leg and pull away till they divided me between them. I had no sooner spoken than they took me at my word. They seized me by the feet and began to pull away with all their strength, each trying to out-pull the other. In this extremity I could only scream for help. The neighbors rushed in, and I was extricated; but such was the laughing, jeering and hooting at the simpleton who had thus given himself up to his wives, that I had to fly from my country, and now I am here a beggar. My countrymen have ever since, even up to this day, spoken of me as the Great Simpleton."

This story having been told, the third man, at the request of the judge, related the following:

"I married, at about the age of twenty, a rich young woman; but instead of adding to her wealth by trading, or following some lucrative life, I did nothing until our money was all gone. Then being compelled by hunger, and touched by the position and entreaties of my wife, I went to work. I labored all the day in a rich man's garden, and with my earnings bought a small quantity of rice and returned home. My wife baked three cakes of the rice, and we sat down to eat them, when a dispute arose between us as to which had a right to two. I said that I ought to get two, as I had toiled all day and earned them all; my wife maintained that she ought to get two, as she had brought with her so much money and fed me so long, and had, besides, to make and bake the cakes. Both of us were obstinate, and we would by no means consent to an equal division. At length, my wife hit upon a plan. She proposed that we should sit by the cakes, and whoever spoke first should get only one. I agreed, and so we sat up all night without speaking. About daybreak I fell asleep, quite wearied, and so did my wife; but we rose soon and looked at our cakes, and remained silent. We did not sit much longer in this manner, but both fainted. Shortly after this, our neighbors, seeing our door closed, and hearing no voice or sound of stirring within, came and knocked. As they received no answer they broke open the door, and found us lying apparently dead, but warm. So fancying us to be actu-

ally dead, they made a pile of wood and placed us on it. Fire was set to the pile, and most unfortunately just underneath me. It burnt the wood on my side of the pile so quickly that the heat roused me at once, and I jumped up with the loud cry of 'Oh!' In the next moment my wife started up and cried 'Ah! you get only one cake!' Our neighbors were surprised at this performance of the corpses; but when my wife, in great glee, boasted of her victory, and explained herself, they laughed at us uproariously, and told us that we were both of us the greatest simpletons they ever heard of."

The judge settled the claims of the three simpletons, thus: "You are really three very great simpletons, and it is not easy to decide which of you ought to get the bow. The first, however, suffered not only from his folly, but on account of his love, and because he had not observed the approach of the doctor with the red-hot iron hook. The second suffered because he committed a mistake, and his wives took unjust advantage of it. But the third suffered starvation, solely because of his foolishness, and is, therefore, the greatest simpleton. In the present quarrel, however, all three have been equal simpletons in fighting for so worthless a thing as a passing stranger's bow."

MARY STUART AND CHASTELAR.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART TWO.

From this time forward Chastelar's conduct to the Queen became so marked and unguarded in various particulars as to excite her alarm, and even to draw down upon the offender some occasional rebukes, although these were at first sufficiently gentle and remote. If we are to believe the testimony of Knox, she had encouraged his advances by behavior unbecoming the decency of an honest woman. The stern reformer especially condemns the unseemly familiarity with which the Queen danced the "purpose"* with the graceful Frenchman. "In this dance the Queen chose Chastelar, and Chastelar took the Queen. All this winter (1563) Chastelar was so familiar in the Queen's cabinet, early and late, that scarcely could any of the nobility have access unto her. The Queen would lie on Chastelar's shoulder, and sometimes privily would steal a kiss of his neck; and all this was honest enough, for it was the gentle entreatment of a stranger."

These are very artful and malicious words of the implacable Knox, and should be taken with reservation; mindful, as one ought to be, that the earnestness with which Mary engaged in these amusements, so befitting her age and disposition in the Court of Scotland—which she animated by her taste and vivacity, and adorned by her grace and charms—were considered unholy and profane by the Presbyterian ministers, and exposed her to their severest reprehension. Many times had Knox mounted his pulpit to inveigh against the prolonged festivities of that joyous Court, destined ere long to become so desolate and sad. "Princes," said he, "are more exercised in fiddling and flinging than in reading or hearing of God's most blessed word. Fiddlers and flatterers, who commonly corrupt the youth, are more precious in their eyes than men of wisdom and gravity, who, by wholesome admonition, might beat down in them some part of that vanity and pride, whereunto all are born, but in princes take roôt and strength by wicked education."† Dancing was denounced as bitterly as music by this rigid censor, who did not fail to refer, in his remarks upon it, to the tragical history of Herodias and John the Baptist.

Neither did the favoritism of the Queen nor the imprudences of the infatuated poet escape the cold, keen eye of Moray. He saw them and noted them, but took care to wear the semblance of unconsciousness. It was not his business to interrupt, by hinting suspicions, the progress of an affair which he hoped would, on some occasion or other, lead to consequences that he might turn to account. Feeling this, it was not for him to help Chastelar and the Queen to elude his vigilance and defeat his views, by discovering what he observed, and thus putting them on their guard. That was not his business; but it was his business to lie concealed and to spring out on his quarry the instant that its position invited to the effort. Coldly and sternly, therefore, he watched the motions of Chastelar and his sister; but was little satisfied to perceive nothing in the conduct of the latter regarding the former which at all spoke of the feelings he secretly desired to find. As it was impossible for the Earl personally to watch all the movements of Chastelar, he looked around him for some individual of the Queen's household whom he might bribe to perform the duties of a spy; and such a one he found among the attendants whom Mary brought with her from France, of which country he was also a native. The name of this ungrateful and despicable wretch, who undertook to betray a kind and generous mistress, was Villemont—a man of pleasing manners and address, but of low and vicious habits. Without any certain knowledge of his character, or any previous information regarding him, Moray's sinister tact and penetration at once singled him out as a likely person for his purposes. On this presumption he sent for him, and cautiously and gradually opening him up, found that he had judged correctly of his man.

"Villemont," he said, on that person being ushered into his presence, "I have good reason to think you are one in whom I may put trust; and, in this assurance, I have selected you for an especial mark of my confidence. Do you know anything of this Chastelar who has lately come to Court?"

"I do, my lord; he is a countryman of my own."

"So I understand. Well, then, I'll tell you what it is, Villemont: I believe the fellow has come here for no good; I believe, in short, that he has designs upon the Queen. Now, my good fellow, will you undertake to ascertain this for me? Will you watch their proceedings, watch them narrowly, and give me instant information of anything suspicious that may come to your knowledge? and ye shall not miss of your reward," added the Earl, now opening a little desk which stood before him, and taking from it a well-filled purse.

Villemont, with many bows and grimaces, readily undertook to play the knave; and, with still more, took the price of his knavery—the purse already alluded to, which the Earl now handed him.

Villemont again bowed low and left the apartment.

In the mean time, the gallant, accomplished, but imprudent Chastelar, hurried blindly along by the impetuosity of his passion, and altogether unsettled by the intoxicating belief that his love was returned—a belief which had now taken so fast a hold of his understanding that nothing could loosen it—proceeded from one impropriety to another, till he at length committed one which all but brought matters to a crisis; and this was avoided only by his having escaped the vigilance of Villemont, and having been compassionately concealed by the Queen herself.

On retiring one night, early in February, 1563, to her sleeping apartment, Mary and her attendants were suddenly alarmed by an extraordinary movement in a small closet or wardrobe, in which was kept the clothes the Queen was in the habit of daily using. The maids of honor would have screamed out and fled from the apartment, but were checked in both of these feminine resorts by observing the calm and collected manner of their royal mistress, in which there was not the slightest appearance of perturbation.

"Ladies, ladies!" she exclaimed, laughingly, as her attendants were about to rush out of the room, "what a pretty pair of heroines ye are! Shame! shame! Ye surely would not leave your mistress alone, in the midst of such a perilous adventure as this? Come hither," she added, at the same time stepping towards her toilet, and taking up a small silver lamp that burned on it, "and let us see who this intruder is—whether ghost or gallant."

Saying this—her ladies having returned, reassured by her intrepidity—she proceeded, with steady step, towards the suspected closet, seized the door by the handle, flung it boldly open, and discovered, to the astonished eyes of her attendants and to her own inexpressible amazement, the poet Chastelar, armed with sword and dagger. For some seconds the Queen uttered not a syllable, but a flush of indignation and insulted pride suffused her exquisitely lovely countenance.

"Chastelar," she at length said, in a tone of calm severity, and with a diguity of manner becoming her high state and lineage, "come forth and answer for this daring and atrocious conduct, this unheard-of insolence and presumption." Chastelar obeyed, and was about to throw himself at her feet, when she sternly forbade him.

"I want no apologies, presumptuous man," she said—"no craving of forgiveness. I want explanation of this infamous proceeding, and that I demand of you in the presence of my attendants here. Know ye not, sir," she went on, "that your head is forfeited by this offence, and that I have but to give the word and the forfeit will be exacted?"

"I know it, I know it," exclaimed Chastelar, persisting in throwing himself on his knees; "but the threat has no terrors for me. It is your displeasure alone—fairest, brightest of God's creatures—that I fear. It is——"

"Peace, Chastelar!" interrupted Mary, peremptorily. "What mean ye by this language, sir? Would ye cut yourself off from all hope of pardon, by adding offence upon offence? Rise, sir, and leave this apartment instantly, I command you; I will now hear neither explanation nor apology."

"Then will you forgive mê?" said Chastelar; "will you forgive a presumption of which——"

"I will hear no more, sir," again interrupted the Queen, indignantly. "Begone, sir! Remain another instant and I give the alarm. Your life depends on your obedience." And Mary placed her hand on a small silver bell, from which had she drawn the slightest sound, the poet's doom would be sealed, and she would have rung his funeral knell.

Chastelar now slowly rose from his knees, folded his arms across his breast, and with downcast look, but without uttering another word, strode out of the apartment. When he had gone, the Queen, no longer supported by the excitement occasioned by the presence of the intruder, flung herself into a chair, greatly agitated and deadly pale. Here she sat in silence for several minutes, evidently employed in endeavoring to obtain a view of the late singular occurrence in all its bearings, and in determining on the course which she herself ought to pursue regarding it.

Having seemingly satisfied herself on these points—

"Ladies," she at length said, (these ladies were two of her Marys—Mary Seton and Mary Hamilton,) "this is a most extraordinary circumstance. Rash, thoughtless, presumptuous man, how could he have been so utterly lost to every sense of propriety, and of his own peril, as to think of an act of such daring insolence?"

"Poor man, I pity him," here simply, but naturally enough perhaps, interrupted Mary Seton. "Doubtless, madam, you will report the matter instantly to the Earl?"

"Nay, Mary, I know not if I will, after all," replied the Queen. "I perhaps ought to do so, but methinks it would be hardly creditable of me, as a woman, to bring this poor thoughtless young man to the scaffold, whither, you know, my stern brother would have him instantly dragged if he knew of his offence; and, besides, ladies," went on the Queen, in whose gentle bosom the kindly feelings of her nature had now completely triumphed over those of insulted dignity and pride, "I know not how far I am myself to blame in this matter. I fear me I ought to have been more guarded in my conduct towards this infatuated young man. I should have kept him at greater distance, and been more cautious of admitting him to familiar converse, since he has evidently misconstrued our affability and condescension. There may have been error there, you see, ladies."

"Yet," said Mary Hamilton, "methinks the daring insolence of the man ought not to go altogether unpunished, madam. If he has chosen to misconstrue, it can be no fault of ours."

"Perhaps not," replied Mary. "As a queen, certes I ought to give him up to the laws, but, as a woman, I cannot. Yet shall he not go unpunished. He shall be forthwith banished from our Court and kingdom. To-morrow I shall cause it to be intimated to him that he leave our Court instantly, and Scotland within four-and-twenty hours thereafter, on pain of our highest displeasure, and peril of disclosure of his crime."

Having thus spoken, and having obtained a promise of secrecy regarding Chastelar's offence from her two attendants, Mary retired for the night, not, however, quite assured that she was pursuing the right course for her own reputation in thus screening the guilt of the poet; but, nevertheless, determined at all risks to save him, in this instance at least, from the consequences of his indiscretion. On the following morning the Queen despatched a note to Chastelar, to the purpose which we have represented her as expressing on the preceding night; and, in obedience to the command it contained, he instantly left the palace, but in a state of indescribable mental agitation and distraction; for in the determination expressed by the Queen he saw at once an end of his wild hopes, and, more unendurable still, an assurance that he had wholly mistaken the feelings with which Mary regarded him. We have said that Chastelar obeyed one of the injunctions of the Queen—that was, to leave the palace instantly. He did so; but that, unhappily, he did not conform to the other, the sequel will show.

* The "purpose" was a measure very much resembling the cotillion, and the word *purpose* signified confidential conversation, and might merge in flirtation, for which it gave excellent opportunity.

† Knox, vol. ii., p. 368.

SOME SURNAMES.

Looking back over history to the dimly discernable times when our forefathers had no surnames, we wonder truly how they did without those convenient handles for identification. And we can fancy how gradually such were invented by necessity, struck out from personal peculiarities, or feats of prowess, or possessions, until they came to be as much a part of a man's self as the color of his hair.

There was a Norman nobleman once with a very short nose, called thence Court-nez, (probably about the time that Duke Robert had short legs and was called Court-hoze,) and he was ancestor to all the Courtenays since. There was a Scottish knight who took charge of Robert Bruce's heart home from Spain, whither the Douglas had brought it on the way to Jerusalem, in obedience to the monarch's dying desire; and when he brought back the precious relic, he assumed the device of a heart with a lock upon it, being in memory of the silver case he had guarded so faithfully, and was called Sir Simon Lockheart ever after. There was a third son of the third Earl of Leicester, born at the manor of Hambleton, in Buckinghamshire, who, when he went to push his fortune in Scotland, about 1215, was called after his birthplace, and gave name to all the generations of Hamiltons since. These are specimens of the three most usual origins of surnames, and the list could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

In the last-mentioned county of Bucks, there was, when William the Conqueror was quartering his foreign favorites over the fair realm of England, a Saxon family named Shobington, who were not satisfied thus lightly to part with their broad acres. Hearing that the Norman Lord was coming to whom the estate had been gifted by the king, the head of the house armed his servants and tenants, preparing to do battle for his rights; he cast up works which remain to this day in grassy mounds, marking the sward of the park, and established himself behind them to await the despoiler's onset. It was the period when hundreds of herds of wild cattle roamed the forest lands of Britain; and, failing in horses, the Shobingtons collected a number of bulls, rode forth on them and routed the Normans, unused to such cavalry. William heard of the defeat, and conceived a respect for the brave men who caused it; he sent a herald with a safe-conduct to the chief Shobington, desiring to speak with him. Not many days after, came to court eight stalwart men, riding upon bulls, the father and seven sons. "If thou wilt leave me my lands, O king," said the old man, "I will serve thee faithfully as I did the dead Harold." Whereupon the Conqueror confirmed him in his ownership, but ordered the name of the family to be thenceforth, in perpetuation of the above circumstances, Bullstrode instead of Shobington.

Now, whether this legend be true or not, certain it is that traces of the earthen fortifications which checked the Normans exist in Bullstrode Park at this present writing.

It may be news to some Douglases to learn that their ancestor who first made mark in history was the chief who, in 778, came to the aid of the King of Scotland when sorely pressed by the Lord of the Isles. After the victory, the monarch desired to see his deliverer, who, coming into the presence, was pointed out by the darkness of his complexion in the Gælic words *Sholto Dhu-glash* ("Behold the black man,") and to him, under this name, were lands given as reward.

The Erskines are said to have a Gælic derivation of a similar sort. At some battle in the reign of Malcolm II., a Scotchman killed a Danish General, and, having cut off his head, said, *Eryier skyne*, signifying head and dagger; whereupon the king imposed on him the surname of Erskine, and gave him the armorial bearing of a hand wielding a dagger.

Perhaps the wide-spread and highly-descended family of Grahams may not be pleased to hear that the decidedly low-bred name of Grimes is merely an offset of their distinguished patronymic. All are alike posterity to that far-away Pict, Grumach or the Grim, who, fourteen hundred years ago, leaped scornfully over Severn's broken wall, between Forth and Clyde, thereby initiating all the highland raids upon lowlands that have since occurred. "Graham's Dyke" is the country name for the relics of the wall to this day. The descendants of the Grim inherited much of his restless ways. James VI. wrote to Queen Elizabeth, complaining that "the Grimeses"—he meant the Grahams—"had resetted," or harbored some criminals on the borders. A certain Dick Grimes or Graham defeated the Earl of Desmond, routing six hundred by sixty. And there is a letter among the state papers from Sir Henry Lee, stating, as a most marvellous piece of news, that "the Grahams are quiet." Thus we find the names Graham and Grimes merely convertible terms in old manuscripts; in fact, the latter, or least euphonious, is the older form of the surname.

All men know that the royal house of Stuart was derived from Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, and was named from his office, which became hereditary under Malcolm IV., confirmed by such words as these: "Granted in fee-farm and inheritance my high stewardship, to be held by him and his heirs of me and my heirs." Thus riveted in the position, the family took its title for their cognomen, and retained it when they became greater than stewards.

The fact is curious, that at the threatened invasion of England by the elder Napoleon, many descendants of French refugees changed their names for words in English bearing the same signification; they did not want to be identified with the foes of the nation which had naturalized them.

Thus, Lemaitre became Masters, Leroy was transmuted into

King, Letonnelier into Cooper, Leblane and Lenoir into White and Blaek. Yet the Huguenot element of nomenclature may still be traeed iu the highest plaees of our soeial system. Lord Eversley is a Lefevre ; the discoverer of Nineveh is a Layard ; Latouche was a great banker ; Sauriu a great lawyer and a great preacher ; Thellusson the mi lionaire made the most ee-eentric will of modern date. Flanders likewise has given us the large family name Fleming, through all its variations of spelling.

A widely-diffused series of surnames are those beginning with Mae and O, generally considered to be unmistakably indiea-tive of eountry. They are Celtie prefixes, signifying literally son and grandson, similarly to the Norman Fitz, an early form of the French *fils*. Now, there was a eertain abbot of King-ussie, who for state reasons proeured a dispensation from his vows, that he might become ehieftain of the elan of Chattan, whieh eame to him by the death of male heirs ; in pursuance of the same dispensation, he married, and his children were always called by the Inverness folk Mac-pherson, *i. e.*, sons of the parson. For the prefix Mae always set forth direet descent, while O indieates eollateral relationship.

Surnames would appear to have been last of all invented in the Prineipalities ; eonsequently double duty falls on the Christian names. Who that has walked through a Welsh town but remembers the seores of Williamses, Robertses, Thomases, that met his eye and ear on every side ? The whole population seem to exist on their baptismal appellations, whieh may be attributable to the old Cambrian custom of making the father's Christian name the son's surname. Thus, the father of the pious Philip Henry was one John Henry, who, if he had lived in Wales, should have called his son Philip Johns or Jones, and whose own father was Henry Williams of Swansea.

At the present time, there seems to be a movement in favor of double surnames, sueh as Leveson-Gower, Wyndam-Quin, Beresford-Hope, Bulwer-Lytton. This may arise from family alliances in some instanees, and eertainly serves the purpose of preventing a confusion of houses. Thus it may be regarded as a symptom of thiekening population. Could it be that British society is about to be afflicted with a seareity of surnames ?—*Leisure Hours.*

MORE PORTUGUESE ENGLISH.

THE following are further extracts from the English phrases in *The New Guide to Conversation in Portuguese and English*, by Fonseea and Carolina. The words in braekets are inserted by us to explain the meaning of the Portuguese grammarians :

Assure him from mi remembranee.
Assure him upon mi friendship.
Which [to whom] do you speak ?
Have you say that.
At what is employed that ? [For what purpose is that used ?]
At what purpose have say so ?
Let us go to respire the air.
Let us go on ours feet.
Do which [whose] is that book ?
At what o'elock is to get up ?
Put your confidence at my [in me].
At what do you think ?
At whieh believe you be business ? [With whom do you intend to trade ?]
Do is so kind to tell me it.
At whieh is this hat ?
Have him some children ?
At what o'cloek dine him ?
At what is that ? [Of what nse is that ?]
Apply you at [yourself to] the study during that you are young.
Like you the soup ?
Dress your hairs.
Sing an area [air.]
That place is too mueh gracious. [That place is very agreeable.]
This trees make a beauty shade.
Thesc aprieots and these peaehes make me and to come water in the mouth.
That is sigu from good time. [That is a sign of fair weather.]
How do you can it to deny ? [How can you deny it ?]
That depend on to you.
This wine is from bad quality.
This hat go to well.
These shoes are too much narrow.
This coat go to you [fits you] very well.
That is that i have think. [That is what I thought.]
That looks me. [That concerns me.]
That is what make him angry.
That are the dishes whose you must be and to abstain. [These are dishes from which you must abstain.]
This meat ist not too over do. [This meat is not cooked enough.]
How many the earth produce. [How much does the land yield.]
Count upon my. [Count upon me.]
I understand [hear] some noise.
I will let a lodge. [I want to hire a chamber.]
I go me to get up.
It must me some ink.
Tell that you will do. [Tell what yon want.]
Of my side, i am your's. [As for me, you can depend upon me.]
Give me some good milk newly get out. [Give me some good fresh milk.]
Give me of you please a taking your's snuff. [Give me, if you please, a piuch of your snuff.]
Exculpate me by your brother's.
God consecrate you. [God bless you.]
How many time shall yon be in returning ? [When will you returu.]
And my also. [And I too.]
She do not that to talk and to eackle. [She does nothing but talk and prattle.]
Send him to look for. [Send for him.]
She take care from her house hold. [She takes care of her household.]
He have not reach the twenty years age.
She make the prude.
She have always anything whieh is it bad. [She always wears something that does not become her.]
Eight o'eloek come to strike. [It is about to strike eight.]
He will not hold one's tongue. [He will not hold his tongue.]
He shall know it nothing. [He shall know nothing of it.]
It not remember me. [I do not remember.]
He burns one's self the brains. [He blew his brains out.]
He refuse to marry one's self. [He refuses to marry.]
It want put again a glass at my wateh.
He was fighted in duel.
They fight one's self together. [They are fighting with each other.]
It must never to laugh of the unhappies. [We must never laugh at the unfortunate.]
He is commendable so mueh by one's birth that by it merit. [He is estimable for birth as well as for merit.]
He does kill him poniard's blows. [He killed him with a dagger.]
I am eatehed eold.
I not make what to cough and spit. [I do nothing but cough and spit.]
I am pressed myself. [I am in haste.]
I am very glad ones. [I am very glad.]
I answer by [for] him.
I have eroped [snuffed] the eandle.
I deeamp me there. [I shall leave this plaee.]
I oppose me at him. [I am against him.]
I do no which you are. [I do not know you.]
I do not eomplain me from nothing.
I dead myself in envy to see her. [I am dying of desire to see her.]
I diseharge me in my duty.
My head is siek.
I come not in there. [I do not agree to that.]
Have you understand they ?
The sun one's sets. [The sun sets.]
The sun glisten ? [Is the sun shining ?]
The snow melt one's. [It is thawing.]
Do you hear to strike ? [Have you heard the cloek strike ?]
The air is temperate.
The erop shall be too plentiful.
The erop [harvest] approaeh.
The summer is go out. [Summer has passed.]
The days begin to be grow.
The thunderbolt is falling down.
The loadstone attraet to himself the iron.
The things are over this ease. [The affairs are in this condition.]
The rose-trees begin to button [bud.]
The things have changed to aspeet.
The hands itch at him. [His hands iteh.]
The thing is how done. [The thing is as good as done.]
The trade do not go. [Trade has stopped.]
Sir, make me that favor.
My thirst is queneh.
Where yon go too [so] fast ?
Where tend that way ? [Whither does that road lead ?]
It knock one's the door ; go to and see who is it. [Some one is knoeking at the door ; go aud see who it is.]
Take attention to cut you self. [Take care lest you cut yourself.]
What do him ? [What is he doing ?]
What may tell ones ? [What does he say ?]
What have from the month you are to-day ? [What day of the month is this ?]
What have you on the eye ?
Return us at home. [Let us go home.]
If i was in your place, i sall do it. [I would do it if I were in your plaee.]
Every man is exposed to mistake himself.
You shall eateh eold one's. [You will eateh eold.]
You make grins. [You are grinning.]
Will you to break fast ?
Will you fat or slight ? [lean.]
Your parents does exist yet ? [Are your parents still living ?]

AN INGENIOUS AND CLEVER SWINDLE.—A well known German noble played a game of *ecarte*, at Hamburg, with a youug Frenchman of pleasing address, and got up in the height of fashion. The stakes were heavy, and the Frenchman having lost, handed over to the winner 10,000f. in French bank notes. The Germanic Don put up the notes in his poeket book, went back to his hotel in great spirits, and heartily enjoyed his dinner. As he was sipping his coffee and smoking his cigar afterwards, the waiter brought up to him another Frenchman, an elderly man, of decidedly military appearance, who requested a private interview. "Sir," he said, "I have called on you on a very unpleasant business. You played a game of cards this afternoon with my youug friend X——?" "Yes." "You won 10,000 francs ?" "I did." "I know it ; he paid you in Freuch notes. Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you these notes are forged. X's friends, who are in a high positiou, have discovered their relative's goings on, and have deputed me, as an old frieud of the family, to hush the matter up. Here are ten bank notes for 1,000 francs. Return to me those given you by my misguided young friend." The German immediately handed the notes he had reeeived, accepted those tendered in exchange, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the elderly person, enjoining secreey, bowed himself out. Our German returned to the rooms next day, and the first person he met was young X——, the forger. He cut him dead. X—— insisted on an explanation. After some difficulty the German related what had taken plaee. "My dear friend," exelaimed the Frenchman, "you have been diddled. Have your notes examined." They turned out to be spurious. The elderly "friend of the family" was an ingenious swindler, who had watched the game the preceding day, and availed himself of the candor of the German to exchange photographic bank notes for the real article.

BE true to your own highest eonvictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than otners teaeh, if faithfully followed, give a conseiousness of spiritnal force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

THAT every human soul has its sacred coneerns and its divine eommunion is the simplest of thoughts, but so deep aud moving, that where it is reeeived and aeknowledged it calls up angelie virtues ; where it is insulted and deuied, it lets slip avenging fiends. Wherever it is siucerely held, it seeures that reverential feeling towards others, beneath whose spell the passions sleep and without whieh the preeept of eourtesy and the definition of rights are an ineffeetual form. Power loses its insolence and dependenee its sting, where their mutual relatiou does not carry the whole individuality with it, but stops with the limits of social and politieal convenienee, and lies under the restraining proteetion of a supreme equality before God.—*Ethics of Christendom, Westminster Review, January*, 1852.

THERE is indeed one true and original law, conformable to reason and to nature, diffused over all, invariable, eternal, whieh ealls to the fulfilmeut of duty and to abstinenee from injustiee, and which calls with that irresistible voiee which is felt in all its authority wherever it is heard. This law eannot be abolished nor curtailed nor affected in its sanctions by any law of man. A whole senate, a whole people eannot dispense from its paramouut obligation. It requires no eommentator to render it distinetly intelligible, nor is it different at Rome and at Athens, at the present and in ages to eome ; but in all times aud in all nations, it is and has been and will be, one and everlasting—one, as that God, its great author and promulgator, who is the common sovereign of all mankind, is himself one. No man can disobey it, without fleeing as it were from his own bosom and repudiating nature, and in this very act will inflict on himself the severest of retributious, even though he escape what is eommonly regarded as punishment.—*Cicero.*

NIGHTLY forbear to close thine eyes to rest
Ere thou has questioned well thy conscious breast,
What sacred duty thou hast left undone—
What act committed which thou oughtest to shun.
And as fair truth or error marks the deed,
Let sweet applause, or sharp reproach succeed ;
So shall thy steps while this great rule is thine,
Undevious lead in Virtue's paths divine.

—*Pythagoras' "Golden Verses," Translated by Melmoth.*

NATURE has made it delightful to man to know, disquieting him to know only imperfeetly, while anything remains in his power that can make his knowledge more aecurate or comprehensive. And she has done more than all this ; she has not waited till we have refleeted on the pleasure we are to enjoy or the pain we are to suffer. It is suffieient that there is something unknown whieh has relation to something that is known to us. We feel iustantly the desire of knowing this too. We have a desire of knowledge which nothing can abate. A desire that in some greater or less degree extends itself to everything which we are capable of knowing, and not to realities merely but to all the extravaganees of fiction.—*Dr. Thomas Brown's "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

THE inquiry of truth, whieh is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presenee of it—and the behef of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon.*

ONE of the chief arts of self-eulture is to unite the child-like teachableness, which gratefully welcomes light from every every human beiug who can give it, with manly resistanee of opinions, however current—of opinions, however gen erally re vered, which do not approve themselves to our deliberate judgment. You ought indeed to patiently and conscientiously strengthen your reason by other men's intelligenee, but you must not prostrate it before them ; espeeially if there springs up within you any view of God's word or universe, any sentiment or aspiration which seems to you of a higher order than what you meet abroad, give reverent heed to it ; inquire iuto it earnestly, solemnly. Do not trust it blindly, for it may be an illusion, but it may be the Divinity moving within you—a new revelation, not supernatural but still most prccious, of truth or duty ; and if after inquiry it so appear, theu let no clamor, or seorn, or desertion turu you from it. Be true to your own highest convietions. Intimations from your own souls of something more perfect than others teaeh, if faithfully followed, give us a conseiousness of spiritnal forec and progress, never experieneed by the vulgar or high life or low life, who march as they are drilled, to the step of their times. —*Channing.*

SOURCES OF THE NILE.—Capt. Speke has not been allowed to receive the houors of discovering the source of the Nile without challenge. Dr. Charles Beke, a high authority on African geography, maintains that the fact of the Nile flowing out of Lake N'yanza no more proves the lake to be the source of the river thau the fact of the Rhone issuing from the Lake of Geneva indicates the true origin of that river. Dr. Beke reminds seientific men, that as long ago as 1849 he had pointed out the existenee of two great lakes, and Capt. Burton had also reported to the Royal Geographical Society that the N'yanza or Kilwa Lake is altogether distinct from the "Sea of Ujiji." From information gathered from the Church Missionaries at Mombas aud from native traders, the true source of the Nile is supposed to be to the east of Lake N'yanza, next the Snow Alps of Africa. Capts. Speke and Grant had rendered it certain that the N'yanza joins the Nile, though they had not absolutely connected it with the river flowing past Gondókoro, there being 200 miles of the river's course not followed by them. There is certainly room for further exploration before the discovery ean be considered complete.

"Father," said a little fellow, after having apparently refleeted intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding eake when I get married." "Why not, my son ?" was the fond parent's inquiry. "Because," answered the young hopeful, "*you didn't send me any of yours !*"

ANNIE AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER II.

Herr von Heilmann's lessons at Fraulein Gruppe's "Educational Institute" were given twice a-week—on Tuesday and Friday. On Wednesday the English teacher had a few hours at her own disposal—to visit friends, if she chanced to have any, or to do any needful shopping. So Annie Gresham's week had three days in it; seeing which, she was surely not much to be pitied, there being lives that seem as if they could know neither days in the week, weeks in the month, nor months in the year. Thank heaven, not many! Please heaven, it may be that in those few the seeming show is other and worse than the reality. Nature, for most of us, does something to break up such dread monotony; even to the prisoner in the half sub-marine dungeon comes change. The sun strikes the surface of the water and the wind ruffles it, and there is a greenish and dancing shimmer reflected on the dreary wall; the shadow that stands to him for light changes with the changing hours of the day. Perhaps there has hardly been so ennning-cruel a tyrant, or so dark and deep a duugeon; but to every prisoner not doomed to death has been left open some chiuk or cranny that let in something of the outer life of the world.

We have seen how Annie Gresham had used her Wednesday holiday. With a strange mingling of dread and longing she lived towards the following Friday.

It came; and on it, at the appointed hour, came Herr von Heilmann. It went, too, and with it went Herr von Heilmann, and he and Annie had not met.

Fraulein Gruppe so contrived—*how* she contrived was her sceret—that Annie had no lesson that day. Herr von Heilmann left; Annie listened, as well as she could through the throbbing of her heart, to the silence following the last pupil's lesson to the opening door, the step along the passage, the closing door—and she had not been summoned to the music-room! When it was too late, Fraulein Gruppe pretended to remember and regret this On any former day Annie would uot have allowed herself to be so forgotten. On any former day she would have frankly put the question that now died on her lips—"Had he not asked for her?" To-day she choked back some bitter tears and answered nothing to Fraulein Gruppe's apology. All the more she tormented herself with that unspoken question with others of the kind. If he had not asked for her, why had he not? Was it that he thought she did not choose to come? or did he think that her petulance of the other day deserved the rebuke of his neglect?

The same thing would have happened again; but on the next occurrence, when all the lessons but Annie's had been given, and Fraulein Gruppe was about to take leave of Herr von Heilmann, he said—

"Excuse me, madam, but my most promising pupil, Miss Gresham, has not been to me. Is she ill?"

"Dear me, no—only so sadly indifferent. Always out of the way when wanted. Your time is more than up, my good sir; I will not think of detaining you longer."

"I have time for Miss Gresham," was the quiet answer. Herr von Heilmann shot one of his keenly penetrating glances into Fraulein Gruppe's handsome eyes, and she yielded at once. Reddening, and murmuring something of his too great goodness, she went to fetch Annie. Returning with her, she resumed her former seat and her knitting. Till to-day Annie had always been left alone with her master. Fraulein Gruppe was not responsible for "the teacher," and "Englishwomen are so coldly cautious, so self-reliant, so competent to take care of themselves." However, something had aroused some kiud of jealous suspicion in the Fraulein's mind. Had she, on Annie's face that day, seen traces of tears and agitation? She therefore remained on duty—the duty, however, being to herself, not to Annie.

The lesson was only a lesson. Herr von Heilmann was inscrutable, and poor Annie strove to emulate her master's coolness. The lynx-eyed Fraulein discovered nothing; she could not perceive that the master leant over Annie more, or more closely, than over other of the pupils, (in fact, it struck her that just the contrary was the case,) or that his fingers lingered upon hers when they had occasion to touch them; it was such things as these that the coarse-textured mind of the woman had expected to discover. Had she been a wiser or a purer woman she might have found cause for the confirmation of her suspicion that between Annie and her master there was "a something," in the fact that the master treated this pupil with more of distant respect than he observed towards any of the others, though two or three of them were no younger than Annie.

Poor Annie played badly; instinctively she knew that the ends of Herr von Heilmann's moustache were gnawed pitilessly, that his brow contracted with a frequent frown, and that it was no use to hope to see the quiet smile or the pleasant twinkle in the sincere eyes, with which he had been wont to praise her. Annie could not bear that he should think her careless of his pained displeasure; so she braved the grim presence of Fraulein Gruppe, which often made her dumb and said:

"I am very sorry to have played so ill, but I have had hardly any time for study." Which was the truth. He answered no otherwise than by a grave bow; but the pleasant, kindly light came into his eyes, and as he closed the piano for her he said;

"My mother much desires to see you; will you make her a visit to-morrow?"

The Fraulien Gruppe interposed:

"I am truly sorry to disappoint the most excellent Frau von Heilmann; but I propose a pleasure for my little friend to-morrow; I require her to take the young ladies to a concert at Sconhans, at which Herr Steinwitz, whom the Fraulein Gresham admires, will play."

Sudden tears gathered blindingly in Annie's eyes. She did not admire Herr Steinwitz, who was a rival and opponent of her master's; but she did not dare speak, lest her tears should fall then and there; she hurried from the room with hardly a salutation to her master and no message to her old friend, his mother. No sooner was it too late than she began to fret herself greatly at having been guilty of such ungracious discourtesy.

"Miss Gresham will never do you much credit, I fear, mein Herr," began the Fraulein; "she does not improve; how slightingly and unappreciatively she played that wonderful *Andante* of yours! She will never do you justice."

"To-day Miss Gresham did not do herself justice," was Herr von Heilmann's somewhat grimly-spoken reply.

"She is so uncertain! In everything I find her so flighty and unequal—sadly unfit for her position, poor thing!"

"Unfit for her position, as you say," Herr von Heilmann returned, rather absently. "You are right, madam; it strikes me so. And if you would, out of the fulness of your womanly charity, make the position a little more fit for her, it might be well; but excuse me—I presume."

"Any suggestions of Herr von Heilmann's on any subject! Is there anything of which Miss Gresham has complained?" The voice was soft and smooth enough, but the eyes were dangerous, reminding Herr von Heilmann of the impolitic imprudence of interference.

He answered more blandly, not noticing the closing question: "I would suggest, then, some arrangement that should afford Miss Gresham fair time to study for her music lessons. She has a promising enough talent, madam, I assure you, and some love of the art." With those words Herr von Heilmann accomplished his retreat.

There was no attempt after that to defraud Annie of her lessons, or of time to study for them, but Fraulein Gruppe was invariably present. Two, three, four weeks passed without there being a possibility of her seeing Frau von Heilmann. In those weeks Annie grew thinner and paler. Sometimes it seemed to her that Herr von Heilmann himself was not quite as formerly—that a shade of melancholy saddened his serious eyes—that with each lesson he was more completely than ever only her master.

The setting-in of the "Wustestadt season" showed Annie more than she had known before of Herr von Heilmann's position. She saw him in public, courted and flattered by all the music-loving beauties of the town and the neighborhood. He was "well-born"—as his father's son he was not without a certain *prestige*, and his own reputation was steadily on the increase; among his pupils were many blonde baronesses and fair countesses, whose passion for his art was secondary to their passion for its master, and who in public places appeared to encourage each other to flutter around him, surroundiug him with an atmosphere of flattery and fascination.

One evening Annie, hidden, as she thought, in the group of girls of whom she was in charge, watched him thus surrounded, with a sad, proud feeling at her heart of how far off he stood—sad for herself, and proud, so proud, for him! The concert had been given for a charitable object—for the benefit of an old and disabled musician. Herr von Heilmann had played grandly; now he stood, cold and courteous, tall and stately, the centre of an admiring group, paying a grave acknowledgment of just homage here, gravely pushing aside foolish flattery there, while his eyes keenly searched the crowded room. Annie did not know how much her eyes were saying when his found them. Steadily, without any show of haste, he made his way through the billowy sea of crinolined beauty to the quiet corner occupied by Fraulein Gruppe's pupils. He spoke to each of them—a word about the violinist who had played, the harpist who was about to play, a brief criticism of the various schools of music represented by the selections of the programme—then, last, he turned to Annie. There was nothing to draw attention upon her—no difference made that could be perceptible to the world at large, or even to the sharp eyes of the pupils; but there was something which Annie felt—some sunshine of kindness and encouragement, some pleased recognition and acceptance of her outspoken admiration, passed from his eyes into her soul and made tumult there.

But somebody reported or invented something about that meeting which did not please the Fraulein Gruppe's pupils—a charge she had always accepted with reluctance; for among the number were girls of her own age, who, having little womanly modesty or discretion, at times greatly vexed and annoyed her by the levity of their conduct.

CHAPTER III.

At last, a Wednesday came on which Fraulein Gruppe could find no excuse to prevent Annie from visiting her old friend, Frau von Heilmann. Not at the end of her resources, however, the Fraulein herself experienced an earnest wish to visit the dear old lady, and bade Anuie wait till she was at leisure to accompany her. By this means Annie lost two hours of her precious holiday. At last, however, she and the Fraulein Gruppe were on their way towards the Garten-Strasse. At the end of it they met Herr von Heilmann; he released Annie from her jailoress by requesting the honor of a few moments' conversation with the Fraulein on the subject of the private concert to be given shortly at her Institute—at the same time stating that, as his mother was somewhat indisposed, it would be well that the honored lady should postpone the favor of her visit.

"Will she see *me?* may *I* go on?" asked Annie, timidly.

"Will my mother see you! Certainly, Das versteht sich," *(ca va sans dire.)* Herr von Heilmann's tone was rather reproachful, while there was a slight twinkle of amusement in the corner of his eye. Then, from courtesy to the Fraulein ogress, (for a man must be courteous to an ogress who has more or less power to torment his heart,) he added, still addressing Annie—"My mother stands on no ceremony with you, you know. The visit of the Fraulein Gruppe being a more unwonted honor——"

Annie sped on, and Fraulein Gruppe, well pleased, turned to accompany Herr von Heilmann some distance on his way. She knew now that there was little chance of Annie's seeing her master again that day, for she knew that Herr von Heilmann's engagements would detain him till long after Annie's leave of absence would have expired. Annie sped on, but when she reached the familiar door her heart failed her; she made no sudden ascent and rapid incursion, as had been her wont; her feet faltered; she approached her old friend with shy hesitation.

Frau von Heilmann sat in her cold-weather place near the stove to-day—knitting, of course. She greeted Annie with kindliness, but there was less motherliness and some restraint in her manner. She was under orders; the one subject on which she was not to speak was ever present to her, naturally.

"More crippled than ever, my dear," she said, in answer to Annie's questions. "I'm set fast till spring now, and that seems a long time to live forward to, for at my age one cannot look for many more earthly springs. Very pretty, my child, and very warm," she said, as she drew on a pair of mittens Annie had brought her. "So you have sometimes thought of the old woman all this time—eh? You made these for her!"

"Yes; you did not think I had forgotten—would not have come to you if I could! I have been hindered and tormented: the time has been very long." The tears were in Annie's eyes.

"Poor little one! It is as Gottfried says; you are thinner and paler."

"He said so—he notices, then?"

"Why should he not? You know how kind-hearted and compassionate he is: his eyes are keen, too. Don't you remember, child, when that poor teacher at Fraulein Gruppe's fell ill, that it was my Gottfried who noticed how she drooped and withered—as it was my Gottfried who had her brought here and nursed and tended till she died—the poor old, worn-out, friendless thing!"

"I remember," sighed Annie.

"As I was saying," proceeded Frau von Heilmann, "I am set fast till spring. I do not care much to go out; from that window, where Gottfried sets me whenever the sun shines, I see plenty of life and movement. A still-contained, inward-turned existence is the most fitting for an aged woman, some think; but I don't much believe it, Annchen. While we are in this world, it seems to me more beautiful and right to live its joys and sorrows—through those of others when our own are past. The thing that does sometimes fret me is, that I cannot hear my Gottfried play in public, and see how they court and praise him. Last night, in the concert room of the Schauspielhaus, he played grandly, they tell me. Did you hear him, child?"

"No."

"He likes to play in that room; and then the concert was given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of actors and musicians. Yes, he played grandly: the Grafinn Rosalie von Thauenwald has been here this morning, brimming over with enthusiasm. She has paid me a great deal of attention lately, Annchen mein: can she fancy that the simple old mother does not see through her?" Frau von Heilmann laughed merrily, but not ill-naturedly. "Well, she is a pretty creature. I do not hold in great esteem the gay young widows of old husbands, nor, indeed, any widow whose life shows no effort to bring itself into accord with the apostle's description of that of 'eine rechte Wittwe,' 'die einsam ist, die ihre Hoffnung auf Gott stellet.' But she is a pretty creature; there are many excuses to be made for her, and she may say (through the sober-minded and pious demeanor of this German woman would sometimes flash a spark of French vivacity—"wicked-wise" she called it) that she has at any rate set her heart upon the peace of God (Gottfried.) I do not see how I can think the worse of her for that, though in my young days it was not the fashion for women, whether maidens or widows, to do the courting. Yet, undeniably, she is a charming creature, and seems to me to have more heart than most of her kind. Do you know her, Annchen?"

"By sight, only, liebe Frau."

To-day it was not Mutterchen and Tochterchen. Formerly the old, dear words had been innocently used: they could be so no longer; they must mean their meaning or not be spoken. If to-day they were uttered by chance, Annie would blush and grow confused beneath Frau von Heilmann's shrewd, inquiring look. In one of the awkward pauses ensning when this had happened, Annie turned her eyes upon the flowers filling a vase on the table which stood near, and commented on their beauty. "Yes, they are lovely; but I do not much love to see such a forcing of the fair order of nature. May lilies in November must feel themselves so not-at-homish. They came from the youug Grafinn. She sent them this moruing with the prettiest of notes, before she came herself. There lies the note, child; read it if you will: observe how neatly she compliments Gottfried in the postscript. He read it with the grimmest of faces, nevertheless. I have had many such pretty notes with neat postscripts. Eeh, Annchen, when the opera comes out, I expect I shall have a fine time of it then with bouquets and *billets-doux*, fruits, bon-bons, and what not! Sometimes I feel quite grieved that the pretty creatures should waste so much time and trouble: if I say so to Gottfried, he answers with one of his inwardly amused looks, 'You have the benefit, mother mine; they are not harmed, nor am I.'"

"But they must be harmed, and he too." cried Annie.

"Eeh! you think so, child. *Place aux dames;* we will begin with the ladies. 'They must be harmed,' you say—and why? It is no question of the true feelings of true women; it is puppet-play. Take Gottfried from them, and they will set up some less worthy idol. Is it not something that it should be a true man, and a true musician, before whom they play out their little game?"

"Perhaps."

"Where for them do you find the harm, then, of their amusement?"

"I do not know. Perhaps nowhere; yet I feel as if it were somewhere."

"As you do not know, we will pass on. You say he too must be harmed. How? Do you think this sort of thing will make my Gottfried vain?"

"No, no, no. I was not thinking that Herr von Heilmann could be made vain. But—but must it not be harmful to any man to have his notion of women brought so low?"

"It must be harmful to any man to have his notion of women brought low. Yes, child, there you are right; but on my son these things do not work thus. Even if, every day of his life, he were pained, grieved, disgusted, by seeing women so far from what he would have them, seeing their actions characterized by a want of all true humility, as by a want of all modest dignity, this would in no way affect his reverence for abstract womanhood, or lower his Ideal. I know this, not only because, when we have talked on the subject, he has said it, but also because his conduct in many instances has proved it to me. He is too through-and-through chivalrous, too wholly the soul of honor, for these things to work upon him harmfully. It seems to me that his eye pierces through the atmosphere of frivolous untruth and fashionable ugliness with which we so often surround ourselves, and reaches to the central potential truth of our being. The spiritual insight of such a nature may in the most seeming frivolous of fashionable follies detect the stirring and striving of a saving element—the blind beating of the bars, and the dazzled fluttering

towards the truth—may therefore detect something not unworthy of reverence. Reverence is the inmost principle of my Gottfried's nature. I have never seen the thing bearing the shape of woman that he seemed able to scorn. With such a man a woman is safe, let her—— But I am prosiug; when I talk of Gottfried the subject sometimes runs away with me, Annehen." As she spoke she suddenly looked from her knitting full into the girl's face. "Prosing and philosophizing. I have just been reading the Herr Professor Diehmann's work."

Then, while Annie's heart was throbbing and burning to say some little word that should prove her recognition of the nobleness of such high faith and chivalry, the clever old woman began to talk with lucidity and power of the book she had just named—talk which ended in being in itself a little philosophical essay—a mental exercise for self-improvement, for she knew right well that Annie heard little and understood less of what she was sayiug.

After Annie had risen to go, Frau von Heilmann said, "The Christmas holidays cannot be very far now; you must spend them with me as you did the Midsummer. I will arrange that with the Fraulein Gruppe. You are not sold to her, body and soul, Annchen, so pluck up courage, and don't be so much afraid of her as Gottfried thinks you are, poor child. Should she send you away, I could no doubt find you a place would suit you as well. Perchance better." Here she restrained a mischievous smile, which, spite of her efforts, indicated itself. "Through the Christmas weeks I shall be alone, as I was at Midsummer," she went on. "Gottfried goes to some of his grand friends—a round of visits in the neighborhood, from one Schloss to another. I wish it, I send him. I did not desire that he should be a musician; I wished to see him a soldier, as his father was; but since he is a musician, I desire for him as great a name and as wide a fame, being a musician, as had his father, being a soldier. The more he is known, the more he is respected. The people he goes to have influence—will be useful—so I send him, my Gottfried, out into the world."

The old woman's dark eyes flashed under the bushy snow-white brows—a flash that quickened the beating of Anuie's heart.

In leave-taking to-day Annie stooped to kiss the old brown hands; they drew her down: Frau von Heilmann kissed her solemnly on both cheeks, with the words "God guide thee, child." Then, still holding the girl fast, she added, "Gottfried gave me a message. He says, Annehen, he begs of you to remember that, however your heart may decide in a certain matter, you must not flee from us and shun us; that we, he and his mother, will always be your friends. He earnestly begs of you to remember this. He says that, if you choose so, he can be to you only a friend, and yet with all his might your friend. This is true; I know it. There, I have given his message; and again I say, God guide thee, child."

Again, and more fervently, Annie kissed the old woman's hands, then she hurried away.

Outside, instead of turning towards her prison house, though she had already over-stayed her time, Annie took her way through the sodden paths and bare trees of the great garden towards the dismal banks of the black canal.

She wanted freedom, open air, space. She felt that, just then, she could not endure to be shut in between walls, surrounded by eyes and tongues

Having gained the canal-path, she hurried on and on, faster and faster, unconsciously driven by her driving thoughts, not heeding the increasing cold and darkness.

When at length she paused and turned, she was frightened to find herself alone so late in that dismal place. The lights of the town, the few she could see through the branches of the trees which interveued between her and it, looked far off; nothing seemed near but the clinging fog and the crawling water.

Presently it seemed to her that, walk swiftly as she would, a following footstep gained upon her. Betweeu her and the town, after she should have crossed the bridge, lay the desolate gardens, as dreary and deserted at this hour as any savage wilderness or wood. There came into her mind, against her will, stories she had heard about things that had happened in this neighborhood, and the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the gaining footstep excited her wildest fears.

Reaching the bridge just as she knew by the sound that her pursuer, if such he were, was upon her, she paused there, breathless and exhausted, ready in the desperation of her fear to jump into the water—either that, or he should pass her before she entered the garden.

A figure, looking large through the fog, was at her side; it passed. She thought she had not been observed; her heart gave a great bound; then the person who was so much an object of her dread paused and turned. Annie clutched the low parapet of the bridge, and held herself ready for a spring.

"Is it possible! here alone, at this hour?" questioned the voice, which she had no doubt now was the dearest to her in all the world.

Poor Annie! she sprang to Herr von Heilmann, and clasped both little hands round his arm, beside herself with relief and gratitude for the first moment.

"You knew me. then?" was her senseless question.

"Not at first, Fraulein; and now it seems too incredible. I paused and turned because I could not let myself pass by any woman in such a place, at such an hour, without making her the offer of my protection."

Annie's hands loosed themselves and fell from off his arm. What could he think of her? She felt her soul shrink from the severe pain expressed by his voice. Would he not have cause now to believe the worst Fraulein Gruppe might choose to tell him of her insubordination and wild imprudence?

Poor Annie! It was a pity the darkness had made it impossible for her to detect the light, sudden and sweet, that had come into his face, the twinkle of the eye and twitch of the mouth, when he felt the confiding clasp of those little hands. She had once seen something like it, in the very early days of their acquaintance, when she talked his tongue with blundering difficulty. She had let a "*du*" slip out instead of the fit and formal "*sie*," and had for a moment wondered what error of hers had caused the look of repressed but pleased amusement, the transient sparkle, which she saw cross her master's grave face.

As well as she could the poor child excused herself as they walked towards the town side by side. Her longing for air and liberty had been irresistible, she told him; it was, sometimes; till the last few years, she had led such a free life. She had been thinkiug, and had not noticed how far she went or how dark it grew. She had paused on the bridge because the following footstep frightened her, and she felt safer there than in the garden.

"How could the bridge save you, my Fraulein?"

"The water might have saved me," she answered.

"Aeh Himmel!" She did not catch his exclamation, or know the inward shudder—the inward grasping clasp—with which it was breathed. He said a few strong words of the danger she had incurred, but he did not speak any personal reproof—from him to her; that he assumed no right to do.

"I will not do so any more; I will not do anything so imprudent again; I am very sorry," Annie said, with child-like simplicity and fervor of penitence. "Now, think of it no more, pray!" she added, with some dignity.

"It is not a thing to be lightly dismissed from the mind, Fraulein; but I thank you earuestly for the goodness of your promise, and we will speak of the painful subject no more."

What did they then speak of? Nothing.

Herr von Heilmann was silent—from pain and displeasure, Annie thought. In truth, he was both pained and displeased, but infinitely pitiful too; and the subject of his thoughts was how best to extricate the heedless girl from the unpleasant consequences of her imprudence. They were in the Garten Strasse by the time he had settled that matter with himself.

"It will be best that you come to my mother," he said to Annie. "She will scold you sharply, but you know how good her heart is towards you. You must sup with us, and afterwards our old Hans shall conduct you to Fraulein Gruppe's, and my mother will send with you a note, in which she will apologize for having detained you."

"You are very kind. I am much ashamed to give so much trouble. Would it not, perhaps, be better that I should return at once?"

They stood under the entrance-lamp now, and she was reassured by the kindliness of his face, as he answered, half-jestingly:

"To be sent, like a naughty child, supperless to bed. The frugal eveuing meal is long over at the Fraulein Gruppe's. No; enter with me; you are half-starved and very tired; let my mother see you rested and refreshed before you return."

So they mounted the stairs, and together entered the well warmed and lighted room where the table was already spread for the friendly eveniug meal.

Herr von Heilmann hastened to offer to his mother a few words of explanation, adding, in a lighter and more familiar tone than he had used while they were alone, and gently laying his hand on Aunie's shoulder as he spoke:

"Do not scold our poor little friend much, mother. She is tired and starved and cold, and she has promised, the good child, to be no more so imprudent."

With those words he passed through the room to his own apartment; and poor Annie, overcome by his kindness and the weakness of her own exhaustion, knelt before his mother, rested her head on her lap, and burst into tears.

But neither those tears nor Herr von Heilmann's intercession saved Annie from a sharp scolding—a stinging reproof; after which the truest motherly kindness was lavished upon her.

Annie spent two very happy hours. It was so warm, so bright, so home-like, so every way pleasant, in Frau von Heilmann's living-room at the restful, comfortful, friendly hour when the Abend-brod was eaten—the time when, the day's labor done, the mother and son drew nearest to each other. Annie—little, strange, and friendless Annie—was made to feel neither strange nor friendless, but one of the house inmates.

As by-and-by she stepped out into the bitter night, followed by the old house-servant, Hans, she drew close arouud her the soft warm shawl of Frau von Heilmann's, which her master had himself hung upon her shoulders, and said to herself:

"What do I care for the night or the cold—or her cruelty? Let the night be black and the wind biting. Let the Fraulein speak swords and look poison and daggers. It is well with me—all is warm to me—all is well with me."

This evening Annie's confidences to herself were made, not in the old home-tongue but in the tougue of the home she had just left, the home which she had been made to feel, if even she had not been told, stood ready for her, waiting to be, when she willed it, her home. Lovingly she dwelt upon some of the homely home-suggestive phrases of the friendly tongue, and she was happy, so happy, till the old doubt returned. How could he love her? How *should* he love her? How otherwise than with "pity and grave kindness" should such a man love a girl like her?

If so—if he loved her so, and only so, well? was not this, from him, enough for her?—for her happiness? For her—for her happiness? Yes. But for him—for his happiness? Annie believed that, through his music, she knew something of her master that obliged her to answer the last question with a fatal "no."

She was at her prison-house.

"*Leben sie wohl*, my most highly-honored Fraulein," old Hans was saying.

If she were sharply rated or escaped lightly, she did not know.

Thackeray in America (1853.)—I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but in the gentleman's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray! We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed of delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott, (whom he speaks highly of,) Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York.—*Life of Washington Irving.*

Bear with Another's Faults.—The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's faults: not to be blind to them—that is an impossibility or a folly.

Labor is the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world whether in verse or stone, whether poetry or pyramids.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Of the strange and whimsical motives which determine French juries in the discovery of extenuatiug circumstances, *les circonstances atténuantes*,) very curious instances are recorded. From the generally accepted representation of the Gallic character we might have supposed that sentimental considerations would exercise great influence, and that enthusiasm or even fanaticism for religion, liberty, glory or ambition, though carried out in deplorable excesses, would find mercy tempered with justice; but on examination a different line of argument appears to be in usage, and the more horrid, unnatural and extraordinary the crime, the more attenuated is the guilt. Whether the guiding principle is that moustrous crimes are better evidence of mental aberration or irresponsibility than small ones, we cannot pretend to say, but assuredly the history of half-a-dozen cases selected at random from the records of the Freuch tribuuals would warrant such an idea.

Some years ago an innkeeper and his wife were tried for having murdered a traveller while lodging in their house, and further, for having made part of the dead body into sausages, with which they duly regaled succeeding customers. These singularly revolting accusations were clearly proved, and the jury returned a verdict of "guilty, but without premeditatiou, and under extenuatiug circumstances!" The landlord, (thoughtless, without doubt,) stabbed his guest, the wife unthinkingly cut up the body into sausages, and in a fit of absence of mind served them up to the other visitors. For such an extraordinary verdict no other explanation comes to us at this moment than that the admiration of the jury must have been unnaturally excited by the economy and thriftiness so largely manifested by the inu-keeper's wife.

In 1848 a man killed his mother, and then reduced the body to ashes in the fire-place. He was found guilty, but with "extenuating circumstanees." A bare verdict of guilty was doubtlessly reserved in case any other man should advise himself to burn his mother before she was absolutely murdered.

In 1843 a servant-girl committed several robberies on her master and mistress, who, unwilling to prosecute her, contentcd themselves with giving her notice to leave. The girl profited by her short stay to poison them both. The jury found her guilty; but considering how much she must have been irritated at the prospect of being discharged, added that it was under "extenuating circumstanees."

About the same period, a young woman, aged eighteen, who had not been married many months, happening to have had some little disagreement with her husband, was guilty of the horrible cruelty of pouring molten lead into his ear as he lay asleep. He did not die, but his sufferings were intense aud prolonged. The girl was tried for the offence; her counsel did not venture to affirm that his client had not committed the deed imputed to her, but suggested that it might have been the unhappy result of a mental aberration to which pregnant women are occasionally liable. The jury found this conceit so excellent that it extenuated the circumstances up to the point of depriving them of the semblance of guilt. They returned a verdict, recording the innocence of this interesting criminal.

Another time two women being tired of their respective husbands agreed to poison them both at the same moment. This they effected, but not without discovery. It is not to the police, however, but to the juries, that criminals must in France look for escape. They were tried and found guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. One would imagine from the rareness of an acquittal, and the frequency of *les circonstances atténuantes*, that the juries were in the habit of reducing to a mean the entire guilt and innocence brought before them; the result beiug an average of extenuating circumcumstances. A witty writer observed that, under such a state of things, it was a matter of wisdom to kill your wife rather than to let her be bored by you. "If you assassinate *her*," he says, "you are let off with the galleys; but if you bore her, she assassinates *you*."

A poor woman named Rosalie, unable to support her illegitimate child, and not having the courage to take it herself to the hospice for *les enfans trouvés*, agreed with a neighbor that he should convey it thither for a certaiu monetary consideration, to procure which the poor woman gave her last sou, and sold the remnant of her scanty wardrobe. When the day came the man expended the money in drink, and then coolly threw the child on the ground, crushed its head with the heel of his wooden *sabot*, and, digging a hole, buried it out of his sight. It will hardly be believed that any jury could find extenuating circumstances in this ruffianly case; but nevertheless so it was. Guilty, with the invariable addition of *les circonstances atténuantes*. A widow in the department of Vancluse, in 1845, was proved to have buried alive three illegitimate children in as many years. The same verdict was recorded.

Another woman, married to a brick-layer, and who it is to be presumed had at least some sentiment of hostility towards her husband, took the opportuuity, when he was working at the bottom of a well, to kill him by literally stoning him to death with her own hands. The same verdict was returned.

Another case of *les circonstances atténuantes* was that of a girl who stole a watch, uot, as it was clearly proved, through the pressure of poverty. A periodical, remarking on the verdict, observed that no doubt the jury had reflected that if every person iu want were to steal, robberies would become deplorably common, whereas for the caprices of the well-conditioned allowances had to be made.

At Isere a man set fire to the loft where his father, (a paralytic man upwards of eighty years of age,) slept, and fairly roasted him to death. It was remembered by witnesses that the accused had threatened his father in these words: "I would like to see thee roasted like a toad on a shovel." And he had to the best of his ability redeemed his promise. The jury, struck with admiration at the scrupulous fidelity with which the prisoner had kept his word, returned a verdict of guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

For the eccentricity of the conclusions at which these French jurymen arrived we do not attempt to account—our own impression being that from the annals of crime it would be impossible to collect circumstances which could more justly be considered as aggravating rather than extenuating in their character. With us a jury is geuerally contented to recommend to mercy as occasion may seem to justify it; but it appertains to the judge to point ont when offences are complicated with what are specially termed aggravating circumstances, and to mark his sense of the same by a greater severity of admonition and punishment.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

HOW WELL THE CAP FITTED!

LAST week we gave a little advice to the Union party. We suggested that they should establish, in this city, a newspaper organ, which should have general charge of the policy of the party, control over its officers, and supervisiou of its members. The organ was to rely for its success not on its news or literary merits, but on its political influence. Its support was to come not from subscribers and advertisers, but from contributors who now have, or who expect to hold, State or Federal office. Subscribers and advertisers might withdraw their patronage, but contributors who feared removal or hope for appointment were to come down. Some others who did not desire office would perhaps rather contribute than be denouuced as Copperheads. Black-mailing is a power in the land.

The new organ in the name of the party was to declare that Irishmen, Catholics and Jews are naturally Copperheads. It was to counsel Union ueu to assume that every member of those classes is an enemy of his country, and to have no dealings with any one of them until his loyalty is affirmatively proved. It was to read A. A. Sargent and his frieuds out of the party. It was to speak of the State Central Committee as "weak-kneed," because the Committee would not require the Congressional nominations to be submitted to the State Convention. It was to denounce those members of the Committee who acted independently, as men whose loyalty cannot be trusted, because some of their matrimonial relatives are Irish. It was to assert that there is no sound Union paper in San Francisco except itself. It was to coutain at least half a dozen paragraphs every day maligning Uuion newspapers and Union editors. It was to say that every man who will not subscribe for it is a Copperhead. Measuring the loyalty of the merchants and storekeepers of San Francisco by their subscriptions to it, it was to say there are not more than a dozen loyal men among them. It was to hint that the contractors of the Monitor would make some part of the vessel fatally defective because they despised the new organ. In the name of the party, the new paper was to insult the People's organization of this city; and was to insinuate indirectly, if it darc not say so openly, that the citizens of San Francisco are disloyal because they make contracts payable in gold.

Such was the tenor of our article last week. We said that the establishment of an organ, which should have the pecuniary support and political influence of the leaders of the organization, and should be authorized to speak in the name of the party, and should pursue the course indicated, would have a great influence to increase the number, zeal and harmony of Union men, and would, perhaps, attain for itself a circulation of 250 copies. Bnt behold, the morning after the article appeared, the *Howler*—which we did not name in the article at all—came out with a declaration that our description applied to itself. If, after we have made a cap, any paper chooses to appropriate it, and put it on and say it fits—but hurts a little—surely the blame is not ours. To sum up the thing in a nutshell, we drew a fanciful picture not of a newspaper but of a nuisance, advised its establishment, and told how it might be engineered to advance in a left-handed way the interests of the Union party. Since the *Daily American Howler* confesses to have been pursuing the very course which we have described, we almost doubt the wisdom of our advice.

The Coming Fourth.—The Fourth is almost here, and preparations have been made to give it one of the jolliest greetings that ever met the day. Liberal subscriptions have been made to the fund, and the celebratiou promises altogether to be something memorable. The programme is given in another column, and if the procession is as long even as that, it will be a very creditable one. The precise amount of powder to be burned has not been ascertained, but as a venture we would scarcely like to have to let it off in the room where this paragraph is being written. Dr. She don, who so ably officiated as Grand Marshal of the Day last year, acts again this year. The address is to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, and the poem by J. F. Bowman. Full particulars of what is to be done on the day and how the procession is to be formed, will be found in the programme.

A Suggestion.—They say there is an excellent opening for an inferior paper in an interior town. An "organ" is wanted at Howland Flat. Why does not the *Howler* go thither? The name of the locality has a singular appropriateness for the style of the "organ"—Howl and Flat!

Answer to Last Week's Enigma.—A correspondent sends 'Secessia" as the auswer to the enigma we published last week. He is wrong; although sibilants preponderate in that word, it does not at all fulfil the conditions. The answer is: Assessed.

GEN. WRIGHT'S FAREWELL.

BEFORE leaving his command on this coast Gen. Wright issues the farewell address which we print below. It will be seen that the old soldier is worried by the vituperation that has been showered on him by some portion of the press, and allows this feeling to betray itself in the document. For this we are sorry; every man in public life must expect to "walk with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies." Gen. Wright's devotion to his country has the endorsemeut of battle. It was a principle with him while those who impugn his loyalty were whispering in their cradles, and it was only necessary for him to point to his record to silence if not shame his traducers. Aside from this little exhibitiou of resentment at an annoyance which had better been passed by in silent coutempt, the paper is sensible and manly. Geu. Wright very truly says that the vindication of his course lies in the quiet and peace which prevails in the Department of which he has had military command. At this very moment, even here in an isolated State where men from every quarter of the country and of all opinions, are gathered together, more harmony obtains than exists in New York and other cities at the East where extreme measures have been resorted to. There is less disloyal feeling and more of generous, hearty Uniou sentiment among us than exists in any one of the middle or westeru States. All this might have been very different had Gen. Wright consented to be the tool of the hot-brained zealots who wished to swing him by the coat-tail as the instrument of their personal and political spites and revenges. Gen. Wright's course will have the endorsement of all prudent and sensible men, and his going will be regretted by all whose esteem is worth having:

Headquarters Department of the Pacific,
San Francisco, Cal., June 21st, 1864.

To the Loyal Citizens of the Pacific Coast:

On the eve of my being relieved from the command of the Department of the Pacific, it is deemed a proper occasion to take a retrospective view of the three years I have been in command. When I first assumed command of the Department, chbracing all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, I was not unmindful of the higb trust reposed in me by the Government; and the following communication, which I addressed to the Adjutant-General of the Army after the expiration of the first year of my command, will exhibit the course I had thought proper to pursue, and which has been persistently followed during the whole period of my administration of military affairs on this coast:

Headquarters Department of the Pacific,
San Francisco, October 27th, 1862.

Adjutant-General U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.:

Sir—I have served on the Pacific coast for ten years, the last year in command of this Department. My duties have called me to nearly every section of this great country—from the sunny plains of the South to the farthest bounds of our possessions in the North, I have been called, either to battle with our savage foes, or to aid in the preservation of this beautiful land from the borrors of civil war. During this long period I have had ample opportunities of judging of the character of the people, and the value to the Union of these remote possessions of the United States.

Previous to the war with Mexico, bnt little, comparatively, was known of this country. A few of our most adventurous people had found their way across the continent, and taken up their abode either in Oregon or California. But when peace was restored, and we acquired California, and coeval with that event, the discovery of gold mines, extensive and almost fabulous in richness, it caused a large influx in population. It was not alone from the States of our Union that they came—every quarter of the globe, as well as the Isles of the Ocean, contributed to swell the number. It will thus be seen that this country was overrun and occupied by people bringing with them, and retaining all their home prejudices, and ill calculated to establish a colony of loyal citizens, eager to promote the prosperity of the country. Time and contact have done much to harmonize and smooth down the discordant elements of this incongruous population. Yet the outbreak of a formidable rebellion in our land bud a tendency to revive those sectional sympathies and attachments, which have prompted men to glory in the fact, not that they are *American citizens*, but that they are from such and such a *State*, to which their paramount allegiance is due. Happily the number of men who thus ignore the authority of the Federal Government, and declare their fealty to the State from which they came, is small compared with that of the men who are *Americans*, and who love the Union, and are willing to risk their all for its preservation.

Such was the character, and such the division of sentiment on this coast, when I assumed command of the Department. I saw at once, that to overcome these threatening difficulties it was necessary to be watchful, vigilant and firm; not to create unnecessary alarm in the public mind, by hasty and ill-advised acts, but to pursue the even tenor of my way, regardless of personal consequences; and feeling assured that such a course could not fail to secure the respect of political parties of every complexion, and ultimately redound to the honor of our Government and country.

If what little I have done has contributed in the smallest degree towards preserving intact our glorious Union, and maintaining unsullied our flag, I shall feel more than repaid.

It affords me high satisfaction to inform the General-in-Chief that during all the period of my command in this Department, I have received the most cordial approval and assistance from the Governors and State officers, as well as from the most prominent citizens.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
G. Wright,
Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army, Commanding.

Acting npon the principles contained in my letter above cited, I now point with pride to the happy and peaceful condition of this country. Entrusted, as I have been, with a high and responsible command, far removed from the seat of the General Government, I have during the whole period held in my hands the power of peace or war. Had I for a moment yielded to the insane demands of a radical press and its colaborers, I should have filled my forts with political prisoners, to gratify personal hatred—causing such an outburst of indignation at such a course as to render it almost certain that civil war and bloodshed would have followed.

The Union-loving people on this coast are vastly in the ascendant. They have the *power* and the *will* to maintain the integrity of the Union on these distant shores. Let every attempt to raise the standard of rebellion within your borders be crushed. Listen not to the insidious arts of a hireling, radical press, which, under the specious guise of loyalty, would not hesitate to gratify its pruriency for fame by doing all in its power to plunge your country in all the horrors of a civil war.

"Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's."

G. Wright,
Brigadier General U. S. Army, Commanding.

KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGG.

THE old story of the man who had a goose that daily laid him an egg of gold, but who, not satisfied with the slow though sure yield, killed the goose with the idea of getting at all the eggs at once, has had a most striking illustration in the management of the Gould & Curry mine, if Professor Silliman's late report may be relied upon. This gentleman says that there has been taken from the mine monthly "about 7,000 tons, or 85,000 a year, yielding an aggregate of $6,000,000. Of this amount, $1,500,000 went to the stockholders, leaving $4,500,000 as the cost of miuing and milling, or slightly over $50 a ton. This statement makes no account of the loss in the tailings, which is probably 40 per cent. The tailings in the slime pits at the Company's mills are worth by assay over $130 per ton, only rich ores having been worked at this mill. As this Company divides the metal saved by custom mills equally with the millers, it is obvious if we put the cost of milling at $15 per ton that there has been paid out in profits to the millers more than the stockholders have received, the amount of dividends being about $17 50. This comparatively small net sum is obtained only by the exhaustion of the mine at the rate of 250 tons daily."

Think of it! Out from $6,000,000 taken from the mine in one year, only $1,500,000 find their way to the stockholders! And the ore worked at a loss of 40 per cent.! Is it any wonder that a revelation of this state of things should frighten owners and send the stock down like the mercury of a barometer when bad weather is brewing? Exhuming 250 tons of ore a day, apprehension might well arise that the mine would give out. A very few years of such disembowelling of the earth would leave little of all Washoe. Telegraph Hill couldn't stand such a drain long without going into liquidation. In the light of Professor Silliman's report, it would seem that the only object aimed at hitherto in the management of the mine has been to get out as much ore and extract as little metal from it as possible. Probably it was a development of these facts, a discovery of the gross error and extravagance in the mauagement of the mine, which has caused the stock to tumble so of late. For this there is no reason. The goose that has been laying the golden egg is not dead yet—to all intents and purposes it hangs higher than ever. The same report from which we gather these discouraging facts of the past, furnishes a hopeful promise for the future. A change has been inaugurated in the affairs of the mine. Under the new policy now being inaugurated, Professor Silliman says that a dividend of $150 per foot, and probably $200, can be made by working not over one-half the quantity of ores previously consumed. This is to be accomplished by the Company extracting no more ore than they can work at their own mill with an improved method of treatment. There is a pregnant lesson for other mines in the experience of the Gould & Curry.

Just in Time.—A neat little pamphlet has been laid upon our table, entitled *The Bridegroom Extra—No. 2*, containing—if the cover may be believed—"an extra despatch from the Heavenly Telegraph." The operator certainly has our thanks for his considerate kindness, and our best wishes that his wires may never be down. Another consideration occurs to us, and we cannot forbear making a suggestion. For the purpose apparently of testing how a newspaper could thrive in an intelligent community without news, a daily was, not long since, established in this city. Ever since, it has been howling for telegraphic despatches which it couldn't afford to pay for, and abusing everybody because it couldn't get them. Not being able to get dispatches, it filled its columns with diatribes. In this pamphlet we have a windfall for the proprietors, a sop which we trust will fill the mouth of the howling Cerberus and keep it quiet for a time. For here it has "despatches" which will only cost it the trivial expense of setting up the type. The line is not a State one and is under the control of no monopoly, though there is not much stock in this market. The "despatches," if we may judge by the specimens before us, are of a character that would suit the requirements even of a howling dervish. Will not the Howler avail itself of the opportunities thus offered it, abate its noisiness for a period, go peacefully to printing the despatches thus opportunely thrown in its way, and permit a wearied public to have at least a temporary peace? It is said that a howling dervish in the unfortunate countries where that sect abounds, was cured of his tantrums and dirtiness and made quite decent and respectable by the application of a galvanic battery. Electricity seems to be the only thing that will relieve the Howling Dervish, *par excellence*, of the Pacific, of his noisy complaint. If a "despatch" or two from the "Heavenly Telegraph" fail to work his cure, to grasp the tail of an electric eel for a few minutes might do a deal of good to the editor, but—what would become of the eel?

Byron's cynical lines:

Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph.

have been thus altered to suit the times:

Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
Believe a woman or the—telegraph.

Our war-steamer the *Saranac* missed the steamers *Golden Age* and *Golden City*, of which she went in search. We hope she'll have better luck in finding the *Alabama*, if ever sent out on such an errand.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE most interesting financial intelligence received from the East during the past week is the announcement of the passage in the lower House of Congress of a new Loan Bill authorizing an issue of *fourteen hundred million dollars* in bonds of the Government. The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to dispose of any portion of these bonds in the United States or Europe. He is also empowered to issue as a part of said loan three hundred millions of a denomination not less than $10, payable at any time after three years, bearing an interest of not more than seven and three-tenths per cent., payable in lawful money at maturity. These notes or bonds are to be a legal tender for all debts. The old issue of seven-thirties, amounting to $140,000,000, matures shortly, and is redeemable in six per cent. bonds at or before maturity. The total bonded debt of the United States on the 10th of May last, was $800,000,000; the interest-bearing treasury notes in circulation amounted to $400,000,000, and the legal tender issues reached some $500,000,000—making a grand total of some $1,700,000,000—to which it is contemplated to add the $1,400,000,000 under the provisions of the new Loan Bill. The recent advance in the premium on gold at the East is partially attributable to this legislation, it not being supposed that the necessities of the Government demanded it at present. It is likely that no very large portion of this new loan will be required during the present year, and that the passage of the law at this time is merely inteuded to anticipate the requirements of the Secretary, rather than to meet any present exigency.

Latest telegraphic advices state that the new Gold Act was not meeting with the success anticipated, but was, in fact, aiding the movement to elevate the premium on Gold, because of the restrictions it imposed on operations at the Gold Board, and at the Stock and Exchange Board, which confined the transactions of speculators to a very limited sphere, and enabled them, without an open or public competition, to regulate the market to suit themselves. The wisdom of this species of financial tinkering will be readily appreciated by the simplest understanding. It is believed that unless so arbitrary and foolish a law is repealed, the evil sought to be abated will be aggravated. The apprehension felt a few days since with regard to the application of this Gold Act to our Special Contract law, is lessening somewhat; and yet it would be gratifying to positively know that Congress did not seek to interfere with our State law in this respect, but aimed solely to thwart the operations of those in other quarters.

Legal Tender notes continue to droop, and are dull at 47½ and 48½, owing to the unsettled condition of the market for Gold at the East.

The Money market here is comparatively easy, and we can learn of no pressure except among some dealers in mining stocks. It is now difficult to negotiate loans upon this description of collateral, even at wide margins and high rates of interest. In bank, the current rate is about 1½ per cent. for good paper. The Bank of California will commence business on Tuesday next, as previously announced; and there can be no doubt of its success under the guardianship of the gentlemen entrusted with the immediate management of the affairs of the Incorporation.

The Mining Share Market has been subjected to a fresh panic this week and all stocks have succumbed to its depressing influence. Much speculation is rife as to the immediate cause of this serious decline and many theories are advanced (some of which would appear plausible) in explanation of the movement.

Gould and Curry opened on Monday at $2,000, declined to $1,860, rallied to $2,250, receded steadily to 1,525, then advanced to 1,700, declined to $1,540, and was sold at the close yesterday at $1,620, buyer 10 days.

It is difficult to obtain reliable information as to the developments in the several shafts sunk from the lower level but it is believed by those who ought to be well informed that good ore is making its appearance again and that the lode is otherwise improving as depth is attained. A few days more will determine its character with more certainty.

Ophir has been rather active and in better request, advancing from $705 to $750, receding to $725 and closing at $725, some 32 feet changing hands.

Savage was largely dealt in, and 41 feet were sold, dropping from $1,550 to $1,200, rallying to $1,350, buyer 30, and selling yesterday at $1,200.

Potosi fell from $1,000 to $910 and $900 but is now firm at about $1,000 bid, $1,200 asked, some 30 feet were sold. Recent advices from this mine continue to be of the most favorable character.

Yellow Jacket has been more active than usual and 42 feet changed hands, rising from $700 to $800 declining to $750 and closing at about $800.

Imperial has been in decided request since Thursday last, and advanced from $140 to $165, and sold yesterday at $155.

North Potosi has been active, advancing from $55 to $68, and declining to about $50, at which rates some 300 feet were sold.

Lady Bryan was maintained within the range of $21 and $24, closing at about $26. Small sales were made.

North American has still further declined, and fell from $82 50 to $72 50 and $62 50.

Nevada (J. G.) declined from $60 to $50.

Golden Age and Empire fell from $31 50 to $23 50.

Burning Moscow was sold at $25. Sierra Nevada at $30. Baltimore American at $40; and Utah at $30 and $31.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

WE have had a charming week of it, in a dramatic and musical way. Mr. Wheatleigh, at Maguire's Opera House. has given us some of the most finished pieces of acting ever witnessed on those boards. *The Bull in a China Shop*—a dramatization from the French, of course, for nowhere but in the French could be found such a *mélange* of comical misapprehensions, amusing blunders and impertinent interferences—has drawn crowds and kept them shaking their sides nightly and mightily. The fun of the play turns on a genius personated by Wheatleigh, one of those people—too common, unfortunately—always minding other people's business to the neglect of their own, who drops into the family of a bosom friend and fancies he discovers that the wife is untrue, the daughter receiving surreptitious attentions, and everything going wrong generally. He attempts to set matters right, and succeeds in involving the family in troubles which would be serious if they were not so inexpressibly funny as to keep one laughing from the opening of the play to its end. Mr. Wheatleigh in his *role* is inimitable, displaying that humor, too fine to ever degenerate into buffoonery, which runs like a silver thread through the warp and woof of his excellent acting, Last night Mr. Wheatleigh took his first benefit, and had an average house, notwithstanding that there was Italian Opera at the Academy, the piece presented being the local sensation drama of *The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty*—first brought out on Thursday evening—concluding with the farce of *The Model of a Wife*. *The Upper Ten and Lower Twenty* is not a very taking piece. It will be produced this afternoon and evening, and as a Sunday entertainment. If allowed to venture a suggestion, we would hint to Mr. Thorne that when gentlemen give evening parties to their friends, they do not generally appear in the drawing room in walking dress. *The Octoroon*, with Mr. Wheatleigh in his capital character of "Salem Scudder," is underlined for Monday evening.

The Academy of Music was excellently filled on Monday night, *Lucia di Lammermoor* being the attraction. The house itself never looked more bright and beautiful, while the ladies heightened the effect by going out *en grand tenue*, making the dress circle look like a *parterre*, and the private boxes like flower vases. *Lucia* proved a decided success—Miss Richings, Bianchi and Gregg winning calls before the curtain at the close of the first and second acts, and the quartette just before the *finale* of the second act being enthusiastically encored. So great a success did it prove that it was repeated last evening, and to an excellent house. On Monday afternoon, in celebration of the Fourth, we have a a grand matinée at the Academy, by the opera troupe, with *La Sonnambula* on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday a concert by Paul Julieu. We fancy that Mr. Maguire hit it precisely when he determined to make this disposition of the Academy. Three or four operas a week, with a good troupe, can be very well supported in our city, let the times set in as badly as they may and stocks go down as low as they will.

The Metropolitan, under its present management, has been producing a series of excellent plays of late, and with one of the best stock companies ever got together in this city. The managers have given us *Ingomar, the Barbarian*, *The Hunchback* and other pieces, which people never weary of seeing well put upon the stage, and which appeal in every point to the public for full houses. But play-goers seem to be rather lethargic at present, and something of a galvanic character is necessary to stir them up. Plain merit does not seem to tell much now-a-days. It is the novel and sensational that draws, and in this as in all descents it is only the first step that costs. If the lady managers were to study out and bring out something that would seize upon the popular mind with that force and tenacity of grip which belongs to most novelties, and especially to strongly sensational dramas, we fancy that their house would be filled and the man in the box office kept busy. In this category, however, we cannot include the Lightning Calculator's play, *Leon Gilmore*, about as wretched a lot of trash as was ever put on any stage. *The Spy of the Potomac* was bad enough, but this is even worse.

Aurora Floyd gave the Metropolitan a famous start, and it was brought out with a company scarcely equal to the present one. By the way, a lady who saw Mrs. Hayne play *The Belle of the Faubourg*, in Kentucky, requests us to ask her to repeat the performance here, emphatically declaring that as she saw the character played by Mrs. Hayne in former years, it could not fail to fill the house. This afternoon and evening we have the five-act play of *Lesbia, or the Lion of St. Marc*. The cast is an excellent one, and the public should show an appreciation of this effort to entertain them by going and giving the lady managers a bumper. But we have little faith in the generosity or appreciation of the public since they treated Mr. Marsh so shabbily in numbers at his benefit on Thursday night. He deserved better at their hands.

The Market Street Museum still continues its reception of visitors, who come to see how fares the Lightning Calculator and to pat the lion.

The Wilson Hippotheatronic troupe is still starring it through the country. Zoyara is surprising the folks in the rural districts, few of whom have yet made up their minds as to whether he is indeed a woman or not. Even when the troupe went away from here, some of our editors were left in doubt and darkness on this all-important point. They might obtain enlightenment easily. Zoyara knows—why don't they ask it?

BRIEF MENTION.

AT HOME.

THE *Golden Age* came safely into port, towed by her sister steamer, the *Golden City*. Her safe arrival lifted a wearisome burden from many sad hearts.

General McDowell, the new commander of this Military Department, arrived on Wednesday. He will at once enter upon the duties of his office.

A large Californian lion was lately killed in Butte county.

A woman and boy lost their lives by a fire in this city on Saturday morning last, being suffocated by the smoke.

A little girl playing the part of a fairy, in *Satanella*, was burned to death at Maguire's theatre on Friday night last.

The estate of the late A. J. Butler is said to amount to only $200,000, instead of $2,000,000, as first reported. One-half is left to General Butler, his brother; one-fourth to the widow of the deceased, and one-fourth to the son—the latter bequest being held in trust by General Butler until the son shall have attained his thirtieth year.

Shasta county is said not to have suffered in common with its neighbors from the drouth, its fields being green with grass and its markets furnished with excellent beef.

A farmer in Butte county has raised over 1,000 bushels of grain in 40 acres of land. Pretty good for a dry season.

There have been earthquakes and rumors of earthquakes about town during the past week but no damage done.

ABROAD.

BIERSTADT is engaged on his large picture of "Mount Hood in Oregon," which will prove, says the New York *Evening Post*, when completed, to be his finest work.

The world contains 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, who speak 3,064 different languages, and are of 1,000 different forms of religion.

A book—12mo. pp. 334—entitled *Kate Hamilton: an Autobiography of a Gay Life and a Love Career*, has just been published by a respectable house in London. Kate H. is the most noted of London courtesans.

M. Renan is understood to be busy with the Life of St. Paul, "the founder of Christianity."

Miss Braddon's last novel, *Henry Dunbar: the Story of an Outcast*, is understood to be the reconstruction of a portion of a story contributed by her to the London *Journal* under the title of *The Outcasts*.

M. Michelet gave a fancy ball in Paris recently, at which all the guests appeared as historical characters—M. Michelet wearing an exact copy of the dress of Benjamin Franklin at the Court of Versailles, and his young wife as the History of France, decorated with flags.

A Mr. Banting recently published a pamphlet on *Corpulency*, of which ten thousand copies were sold in London alone. The office of the publisher is said to have been crowded by well-fed persons, anxious to learn how to reduce their size.

"Guy Livingstone's" new novel, *Maurice Dering*, was to appear in London on May 5th.

The eccentric Marquis de Boise, in a late speech in the French Senate, accused the Prince of Wales and his Queen mother of being given to drink. The reporters of the *Moniteur* were ordered not to reproduce the offensive remarks.

THE DANISH MONITOR.—The first trial of a Monitor in Europe took place when the Danish iron-clad turret battery *Rolf Krake* went to Ekensund to attempt the destruction of the Prussian bridge into Broager. The result of this trial was most satisfactory to the Monitors. The *Rolf Krake* was under a constant fire from the land batteries on three sides for nearly two hours, yet when she returned to Sonderborg the ship, turrets, artillery and machinery, and everything, was uninjured, and fit to go under fire again at any moment. There were about 100 marks outside her, where the shot had hit the plating, and some of the crew had been wounded by pieces of shells bursting just over the gratings in the top of the turrets. The reason why she had to return was that the water being so shallow she could not get near enough to see the bridge, which was protected by a projecting piece of land, and consequently she had to fire at the bridge at random, without being able to judge of the result. She, however, succeeded in doing considerable damage to the enemy.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's in New York to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

REOPENING OF THE WILLOWS.—The Willows, where the Emeu used to live, and where pleasure-seekers thronged until they got burned out one unfortunate night, has been rebuilt, and will be preliminarily reopened to-morrow—just in time for the Fourth. The grounds have been put in trim again, the theatre remodeled, and the shuffle-boards, shooting galleries, ten-pin alleys, and flying horses, made ready for the amusement of visitors. On the 1st of August, when the Willows are thoroughly completed, a grand reopening will occur, until then the proprietor, W. H. Barnard, promises those who visit the grounds ample entertainment. Murphy and Bray's Minstrels give a performance in the theatre every afternoon.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.—White and Bauer supply us with London *Fun*, *Punch*, the *Illustrated London News*. *Harpers' Weekly* and other illustrated New York papers; *Wilkes' Spirit*, *Worlds*, *Times*, *Tribunes*, Boston and St. Louis papers, and *Forney's War Press*, as well as copies of the *Atlantic*, *Godey's*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Peterson's* and *Arthur's Magazines*. They have our thanks for their courtesy.

A LETTER from "Viator" in another column promises a great celebration of the Fourth at Calistoga Springs this first year of their development.

A SABBATH SCENE.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling;
O, pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing:
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying;
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day?"
Cried out the angry pastor.
"Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
And I'm her lord and master!

"I've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me?'
Down came the pastor, bowing low,
"My good sir, pray excuse me!

"Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott
Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
The while his flock addressing,
The Scriptural claims of slavery
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day,
All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
Our moral obligations:

"And this commends itself as one
To every conscience tender;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
God answering with his thunder!

All still!—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking,
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,
For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking!

My brain took fire: "Is this," I cried,
"The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the Devil!

"Than garbled text or parchment law
I own a statute higher;
And God is true, though every book
And every man's a liar!"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on;
I heard the priest cry "Infidel!"
The lawyer mutter "Treason!"

I started up,—where now were church,
Slave, master, priest and people?
I only heard the supper-bell,
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
O'er which the white blooms drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings
Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's truth
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough
Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
The lesson of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written Word
Interpreted by Nature!

For to mine ear methought the breeze
Bore Freedom's blessed word on;
Thus saith the Lord: Break every yoke,
Undo the heavy burden!

"FIDDLES" AND "FIDDLERS."—The colloquial terms "fiddle' and "fiddler" seem to have been in very early use, being met with in the old poets, even before Chaucer; and as the "fiddle" was formerly the chief instrument of itinerant performers at merry-makings, and "fiddlers" were frequently included among the humble retainers of the great and wealthy, the term was very frequently used as a reproach, implying low habits and servitude. Thus, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, "Hortensio" is made to complain of being called "rascal fiddler," and "twangling Jack," with twenty such vile terms. Even to the present day "fiddle" and "fiddler" are almost unconsciously associated with something trifling and small, and convey an impression rather of street minstrelsy than of that refinement and importance which properly attach to the violin and its modern cultivation. To apply the term "fiddler," therefore, (as is still sometimes done,) to a skilful and intelligent performer on the violin, is a solecism in taste and manners.

TURF REMINISCENCES.

"TURNING THE TABLES."

No one not "on the turf," and but few of those who are, can realize that bewildering sort of anxiety, and that alternation of hope and fear, which is experienced by the owner of a horse that is a prominent favorite for a great race. He, or rather his horse, is as it were a target for every rogue to shoot at; and constant and crafty must be the vigilance exercised to elude their aims—so well concealed and cunningly devised are the ambushes behind which danger lurks. The favorite is to the turf nobbler what the full-pursed traveller is to the footpad, and he seeks to *make him safe*, either for the sake of the money he can bet against him, or in order materially to improve the chance of other horses by which he stands to win, or both. To ensure success, it is not sufficient to have the best horse in the race, without you can shield yourself against the endless efforts that are made to undermine your interest; on one occasion, for instance, when every attempt to bribe those about the horse, from the trainer and jockey downwards, had failed, an act of diabolical treachery was even practised on the jockey at the risk of his life. This occurred some years since, before the Derby; the plan succeeded, but very nearly failed, as the horse was beaten by only about half a length. But it is not of successful but of unsuccessful attempts at roguery I am about to speak.

On occasions when a considerable sum of money is required to be laid out by the owner and his friends, it is usual to call in the assistance of some clever speculator to effect their investments to the best advantage with solvent men, and also to watch the movements in the market, and closely and continuously observe who are the principal opposers and supporters of the horse in which they are specially interested. In return for this care and attention, he is compensated by the fulness of the information supplied him, and the opportunity he has offered him by the owner of sharing a portion of his investments. This Argus-eyed watchfulness as to the state of the market is of the utmost importance, and to it *specially* may success be often attributed; at all events, such was the case in the following instances, out of many others of minor importance that occur to me:

A gentleman of large fortune, living in Scotland, but who had a considerable racing establishment in the south of England, had a horse of great merit, whom we will call *Cockcrow*, engaged for the Goodwood Stakes. The owner of *Cockcrow* felt confident that his horse could win this race; and as he was a very heavy better himself, and had also a very large circle of friends who generally stood a portion of these investments, the amount that he required to be laid out was very large indeed. The gentleman whom he generally selected as his agent and confidant on these occasions was Mr. S——, a speculator of considerable standing on the Turf Exchange; and he commissioned him, in this instance also, to lay a very heavy stake upon *Cockcrow*.

In the execution of this commission, S—— had called in the assistance of one of his acquaintances on whom he could depend, and on comparing notes as to the different people who had laid them the money, he found that a considerable portion of it had been laid in a certain quarter, that is, not actually by one certain individual, but by different men, who, as he well knew, from long experience in these matters, acted as agents for him. The more money S—— brought into the market to support the horse, the less of a favorite he became, and the money still coming in against him from the same quarter, he became alarmed that there might be something the matter with the horse. By sending a telegram, and receiving a reply, his fears on this head were soon set at rest, yet the opposition in the betting market still continued unabated; so, as the day of the race was fast approaching, he telegraphed to the owner, who was then in Scotland, to say he would be in Edinburgh by the mail train the following morning, and requesting him to meet him without fail on important business. The meeting took place.

"Are you certain," said S——, "that your trainer is *on the square?*"

"Beyond doubt," was the reply.

"Are you sure the horse is all right?" asked S——.

"I am sure of that," said the owner, "for the trainer has instructions to telegraph to me immediately if anything goes wrong with him, and I have not heard from him for two or three days."

S—— then communicated to him his suspicions, and, after some conversation, the owner finally gave him full authority to use his own discretion as to whether or not he would allow the jockey that was engaged for *Cockcrow* to ride him, S—— saying that he should not make up his mind till the morning of the race, and requesting the owner not to show himself at Goodwood till the day after the race.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, be it known that about half an hour before each race, the number of every horse in that race (each having a number affixed to his name on the list of the day) is exhibited on a large board, and opposite to this number is the name of the rider. At length the day arrived; *Cockcrow* had fallen considerably in the betting. At length the *horse* arrived when the race was to be run, when, on the numbers of the horses and the names of their riders being exhibited in due course on this board, the rider's name opposite to *Cockcrow's* number was not that of the jockey who it was generally understood would ride him, he having been changed at the last moment by that able tactician S——. The scene that now ensued beggared description; the persons who had laid so heavily against the horse were now rushing about like madmen, trying every means to back him, and imploring S—— to bet them some of their money back again, as they were anxious to "hedge;" to which he coolly replied, after his fashion: "Nay, my lads, I cannot hedge with thee; I want to back him for another thousand, and I made sure you would lay me a little more against him."

The rush to back the horse by those who had hitherto betted against him, very soon had the effect of making him first favorite, and S——, in about half an hour, had the satisfaction of despatching a message to his owner to say he had won in a canter.

Whether the horse would have been equally successful under his originally intended pilot is a problem impossible to solve. It can only be stated, as a curious fact, that his return to public favor commenced from the moment of the announcement of the change of his rider.

Some few years after these events, the great stable with which Phil Spott had been connected brought out another Derby winner, in a horse we will call *New Zealander*. Before this period Phil Spott had seceded from the establishment to which he had been so long allied, and had set up business on his own account, and within a year or two after his secession he had been gathered to his fathers, and others, from time to time, had been seated in the saddle he had so long and so ably filled.

New Zealander had won the Derby, was naturally a great favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger, and the owner and his friends being desirous of laying out on him a considerable sum amongst them, Mr. S—— was selected as their agent; from the suspicious circumstances which eventually surrounded the horse, a more fortunate choice of a confidant, as it turned out, could not have been made, inasmuch as, having been the general in the case above described, he was not only keenly alive to the danger he and his party had then run, and to the necessity of keeping a strict watch on all the movements in the market, and ascertaining by whom these movements were effected, but prepared for a repetition of this danger, and if it presented itself, to combat it in a masterly manner.

In this case also, as in the case of *Cockcrow*, S—— had the assistance of one or two friends in the execution of his commission. Time wore on, and gradually and skilfully large sums were laid out on *New Zealander;* but as the ground where he was trained was rather public, and telegraphic communication was within easy distance, it may be imagined that the "touts" (horse watchers) were especially on the alert in looking out for the slightest indication, however trifling, that he was not progressing as he ought; but it was so especially notorious to all these gentry that he did his daily work gallantly and well, that their constant telegrams to their various employers were to the effect that, if he went on as well as he had hitherto done, "*he could not lose*" the race. The effect of these messages, sent to all parts of the kingdom, and to many parts out of it, coupled with the previous public knowledge of the horse's merits, was naturally an enormous outlay of public money in addition to that which his immediate adherents were investing; and as the four months that intervene between the Derby and the Doncaster St. Leger were fast passing away, S—— & Co. were rather astonished to find the ready supply of money which still met their demand, and that *New Zealander* had not improved in price. Large sums were still laid out, but still was there no improvement in his position; and as the time approached, more and more was the horse "peppered at" by his opponents, and even up to the time the bell rang for saddling, this marked and determined opposition to the *proved best* horse of his year, *notoriously* known to be even in better trim than he was when he won the Derby, continued with unabated fury. So marked was it, and so unaccountable, that a great Manchester speculator who had been a strong backer of the horse, and had kept his money on him till the morning of the race, whilst one of his friends was assuring him the horse was perfectly well, and that he had seen him that morning in the stable, said: "Nay, my lad, I cannot stand this sort of betting any longer. I never saw one win yet that carried so much *brass*. I'll shift mine off his back, at all events, be the cost what it may; he may be well, but he will not win."

S—— and his party had been for some time perfectly satisfied in what quarter all this money was laid, and though, of course, laid through several agents to elude suspicion, the *ruse* failed in deceiving such acute men as had the conduct of this investment, and they, at the suggestion of S——, took careful notes of all the bets that they could hear of, that were made with others, which, added to their own, amounted to an enormous sum laid, as they had no doubt, in one quarter.

That something wrong was intended was to them very apparent, but whom to suspect they knew not. Frequent visits were paid to the training quarters, and precautions of all kinds suggested to guard against foul play. All went on, however, perfectly satisfactorily with the horse; he never missed a day's work or left an oat in his manger; and at Doncaster he arrived in his van perfectly well on the Monday—the St. Leger being on the Wednesday. All the world saw him on the Tuesday morning at exercise, and saw that he was perfectly well and in full force; yet, if possible, at the betting rooms that night, the opposition to him, from the same quarter, became more and more marked. That same evening S—— and his party held a consultation, S—— saying:

"Something must be done, or we shall be done; if the horse is all right to-morrow morning, and the trainer pronounces him so, to what conclusion can we come? *If* danger there is, *that* danger sits in the saddle;" and, to make matters more perplexing, the owner was absent. At last, S—— decided upon what course he would pursue; without resting that night, he at once set to work, through a gentleman of high standing on the Turf, to bring about an interview between himself and a nobleman of very great influence, and a proprietor of horses in the same stable as *New Zealander*. This interview took place. He laid before his lordship in a clear and concise manner all the facts as above stated, and on being asked what he would suggest to be done, at once advised to the following effect:

Let the trainer to-morrow morning, if the horse is all right and well, request several gentlemen of position and integrity on the Turf (the more the better) to come and see him in the stable stripped of his clothes, so that they can, one and all, testify to the fact that, if he is beat, he at least has done his duty in bringing him "fit to the post;" and then your lordship must speak to the jockey, and tell him that, although you never have had any reason to doubt his honesty, yet it is impossible to pass unnoticed the enormous sums that have been betted against the horse, especially in a very marked manner, and for a length of time, in a certain quarter; and that such bettings are wholly inconsistent with the horse's well-known superior qualities, and the notorious fact that he is fit to run, as has been testified to this very day by several leading gentlemen on the Turf; that you impute no wrong intentions to him, but if the horse is beat, whatever sum it may cost you, you are determined *on that day* after the races to effect a trial, if not with the actual winner of the race, with the best trial horse you can procure, and that that trial shall take place on the St. Leger course, before all the world, who shall be the judges whether or not he ought to have won the Doncaster St. Leger.

These suggestions were carried out to the letter, and *New Zealander* won the race with the greatest ease, ridden by the jockey to whom his lordship had spoken as above.

Success is at all times gratifying, but this was doubly so, as it completely and entirely removed from the rider all those suspicions which, owing to a strong combination of circumstances, are often very naturally entertained against an innocent and honest man; and it *turned the tables* upon those (if such there were) who contemplated effecting by foul means the defeat of the best horse in the race.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

Easter Monday, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and, on that very day, the gallant young Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of All the Cashmeres, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the prince could gallop, and the prince galloped twice as fast as anybody else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking around him, he found he was in a place where he never had been before—a dismal valley closed in with rocks, and without a trace of a road to lead him home. To complete his misfortunes, his horse—from which he had dismounted for a moment—ran away on its own account; and, after serious reflection, he was obliged to conclude that he had lost his way, and didn't know what to do.

Presently, however, he espied in the hill-side the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in the hope of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught, than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern; and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. The monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quartern loaves; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there really is nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggimo; but the prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water, without my leave," said the ogre in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net; and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-castor and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, sir," said the prince, (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak,) "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty—you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them. There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me anything I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring something of the sort—and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now."

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed, as I don't happen to want you just now, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times; but mind, you must give me your word of honor to come back here every day at noon; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I shall swallow yourself on the fourth day—that's all.

Now, you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of any mercy for the prince; but the fact is, he liked best the things that it would make everybody else sick even to look at; and he thought this would be an opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of, without any trouble; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs and robbing the pig-styes.

The prince gave his word to come back very gladly, for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a back-way out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs, (addled,) and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dust-hole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in, desired the Grand Mistress of the Slop-pails to bring him the dirty soap-suds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back-door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding: "it smells rather nice." And, to the dismay of the poor prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad! Do you call that nasty? You must bring something very different if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a toothpick, and went back to his den.

The next day the prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry-cooks in the town, and bought up all the twelfth-cakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam and barley-sugar in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggimo's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! Stop! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat it it; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho!" he said, "you see *that* won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan; and his only consolation was, that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But, as he was returning home, he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor oil, and all the senna-tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed; and, on that happy night, no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly, the prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have beat him this time, for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But, bless you! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the prince saw this he began to despair; for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough old woman, now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that: ho, ho!" And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the prince; "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can swallow anything if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate, it is worth your while to try, I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!"

So saying, he went back into his cave; and the prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying-pan in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. "I shall go a very different road this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents; for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake; and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time, he came to a wretched, tumble-down old cottage; and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over-comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice, "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here."

When the prince heard the old woman talk in this way, the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him, and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life, compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! How prosperous the people would have been under my reign! Surely I ought not to allow a weak scruple to deprive the world of the immense advantages which depend on my life; and this old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here, it would be different; but she says herself—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up, he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

"What is this?" said he to the old woman.

"Oh," said she, "it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home and nursed it; and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it."

The prince's heart fairly smote him.

"I take this as a lesson," he said within himself: "I see now that everybody is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take anybody away from this place, and determine he will not be missed? This worthy old soul has been able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself. I have had my share of comforts, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life of another in the hope of saving my own. I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I'm afraid I have not much further use."

Then the prince left the cottage, and as it was now near 12 o'clock, walked boldly towards the mountain. Meanwhile, the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that anybody could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast, on purpose to have a good appetite for his luncheon; and there he sat, licking his lips, and watching the path by which the prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? I must have one. Where is she? Bring her! Quick!

"Sir," said the prince, as bravely as he could, I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What is a poor tender thing like you compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?"

"No," said the prince. "I did find one, but I didn't choose to bring her." And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story, the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out, as soon as the prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman, you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble, and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats, with parchment wings and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to put it in execution. You told the prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you anything that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has; and now your hour is come!"

So saying, he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, and presented it to the prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves and foxes."

The prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor, and blubbering like a great coward as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck, that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggimo.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed one base thought to get the better of you for a moment: so if there is anything that you would like, mention it before the Court rises, and I will grant it you."

"My Lord," said the prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do anything to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson, I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home, I think you will see a change for the better."

So the prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's home, what do you think he saw? Instead of the wretched tumble-down old hovel that he had left, he saw the prettiest, neatest white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honeysuckles; and walking in, he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do, again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, sir" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains are gone; the house and everything seems to have grown new and fresh again; and, if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit, I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this, than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white and walking rather lame, came in with a curtesy; and without saying a word, set about getting down the cups and saucers, and making the old lady some tea.

"Who and what are you, my dear," said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying inkstand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which, I am sure, I shall be most happy to do."

So the prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterwards took care not to lose his way out a-hunting.

Leap Year.—The ladies' leap year privilege took its origin in the following manner:

By an ancient Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed about the year 1228, it was "ordanit that during ye reign of her maist blessit Majestie Margaret, ilka maiden ladee of baith high and low estait, shall hae liberty to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct in the sum of an hundrity pundis or less, as his estait may be, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to auither woman; then he shall be free."

THE FOURTH AT CALISTOGA.

CALISTOGA SPRINGS, June 30, 1864.

Mr. Editor.—As the Fourth of July is almost at hand, and as the numerous celebrations throughout the State will likely surpass anything of the kind that have ever been witnessed on this ever-memorable occasion—I learn from Mr. Gilmore, the worthy landlord of the Calistoga Springs, that arrangements are made to have the Fourth of July celebrated in a grand and magnificent style, which will surpass anything of the kind ever witnessed in this country. An oration will be delivered. Splendid Fire Works are prepared for the occasion, a magnificent illumination, with entirely new and elegant transpnrencies, the whole to conclude with a grand and elegant Ball.

To those who really wish to enjoy a pleasant and delightful climate, scenery of the grandest kind, I would advise them to pay a visit to Mr. Gilmore of the Calistoga Springs, where they will he entertained in a manner to suit the most fastidious taste and worthy the favored name of Calistoga.

VIATOR.

PRACTICAL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Beefsteak Pie.—From two to three pounds of steak will make a good family pie. Trim off part of the fat, should there he much of it. If the beef should not appear very tender, it may be gently beaten with a paste roller until the fibre is broken; then divide into slices, and lay in a dish bordered with paste. Season with salt and pepper, and sufficient water poured in to make the gravy and keep the meat moist. Lay on the cover, join it securely to the paste which is round the rim, trim both off close to the dish, make an incision through the middle of the cover, and lay some slight ornament of paste round it. Let the pie remain in a well heated oven for nearly an hour and a half. You may season with minced onion or eschalot. Mushrooms improve all meat-pies.

To Clean Steel and Iron.—One ounce of soft soap; two ounces of emery, made into a paste; then rub the article for cleaning with wash-leather, and it will give a brilliant polish.

Sauce Piquante.—Brown lightly in an ounce and a half of butter, a tablespoonful of eschnlots; add a teaspoonful of flour when they are partially done; pour to them half a pint of gravy or of good broth, and when it boils add three chilies, a bay-leaf, and a very small bunch of thyme. Let these simmer for twenty minutes, take out the thyme and bay-leaf, add a high seasoning of black pepper, and half a wine-glassful of the best vinegar.

Soap of Turpentine.—Take of carbonate of potassa one hundred parts; oil of turpentine, one hundred parts; Venice turpentine, one hundred parts. Triturate the carbonate of potass, in a marble mortar, first with the oil and then with the Venice turpentine; when they are well mixed, grind by small portions at a time until it has acquired the consistence of hard honey, and has become homogeneous.

Sausage Rolls.—Have ready some nice sausage meat, which can always be obtained from the pork butcher's. If you wish to make it, get some nice pork-chops, cut the meat from the bones, or take two-thirds of lean free from gristle and one-third fat, chop the meat very fine and season it well with pepper, salt and spices, add a small quantity of sage or basil, use a little water in chopping the meat, or else a little soaked bread. Roll out some paste into square pieces, lay a roll of meat in the centre, lengthways; fold them so as to form long puffs, and wash them with egg before they are baked.

To Raise the Nap on Cloth.—When woollens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coats must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the thread-bare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatter's "card," filled with flocks or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way.

ONE WORD TO THE LADIES.—We supposed that the *ultima thule* in the art had been reached months ago, when we saw, for the first time, a Grover & Baker machine in full action; but now a lady friend, well posted in all matters pertaining thereto, informs us that an important part of the performance escaped our notice, and in proof thereof, exhibits to our astonished gaze her little baby's frock embroidered with tasteful and fanciful designs, which she informs us was all done—stitching, embroidery and all—on the same machine. This is certainly remarkable, but nevertheless true, and if all the purchasers of these celebrated machines are as enthusiastic as is our friend, the proprietors must be having one continual "hymn of praise" ascending in their behalf.

THE NEW MACHINE—*The Florence.*—This favorite with the ladies, which was only introduced on this coast a few months since, seems to be gaining in reputation as its sale increases. We know whereof we write when we say that the "Florence" performs all that is claimed for it, as we have one in our family, and our "better half" regards it as one of the indispensables in household economy. We would say, buy a Florence.

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on the Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's tables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fitch & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of the city and State. jul8

WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, can supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the country for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are unable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employment Office. jul1

CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OFFICE,—No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco: Location, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors of said Company, held on the 8th day of June, 1864, an assessment of Five Dollars ($5) per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of said Company, at the office of said Company, in the city of San Francisco. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the TENTH DAY OF JULY, 1864, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the Twenty-third day of July, 1864, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. By order of the Board of Directors. JAS. T. HOYT, Secretary.
jul8 Office, 229 Bush street.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRAL Railroad Co.—Office Central Railroad Company, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Central Railroad Company, for the election of nine Directors of the Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco, on TUESDAY, July 5th, 1864. The polls for the election of Directors will open at 12 o'clock M., and close at 3 o'clock P. M. of that day. Every Stockholder present, in person or by proxy, will have one vote for each share of stock which he may have owned for ten days next preceding such election. JAMES T. HOYT,
je18-td Sec'y Central Railroad Company.

OFFICE OF THE OMNIBUS RAILROAD CO., San Francisco, June 13th, 1864.—Notice is hereby given, that the annual meeting of stockholders of the Omnibus Railroad Company will be holden at the office of the Company, (Howard street, between Third and Fourth streets,) on MONDAY, July 4, 1864, at 12 o'clock, for the election of seven Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before them. By order of the Board.
je18 JAMES O'NEILL, Secretary.

FOURTH OF JULY
PROGRAMME!

—FOR THE—

Celebration of the Eighty-eighth Anniversary

—OF THE—

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE!

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4TH, 1864.

A Federal salute will be fired by the First California Guard at sunrise, on Portsmouth Square. It is requested that the bells in the city and harbor be rung during the firing.

The various divisions which will compose the Procession, will form under the direction of the Marshal and Assistant Marshals, in the positions assigned them, as follows:

The Divisions will form at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The military, composing the First Division, will form on Union street, the right resting on Powell.

The Second Division will form on Stockton street, the right resting on Union.

The Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Divisions will form on Green, Vallejo, Broadway and Pacific streets, respectively, east of Stockton, the right resting on Stockton.

The Seventh and Eighth Divisions will form on Green and Vallejo streets, respectively, west of Stockton, the right resting on Stockton.

The head of the column will move at 10½ o'clock, A. M. precisely; and as the rear of each division shall arrive at the right of its successor, that will march into column in the order above named.

The column, when formed, will be in the following order:

THE ADVANCE:

Two Mounted Trumpeters,
Light Dragoons, Capt David Moore,
B. A. SHELDON, Grand Marshal,

With Aides as follows:

WM G BADGER, Chief Aide;

Geo W Rider,	Geo T Bohen,
John Hill,	W T Coleman,
Peter Donahue,	Wm Huefner,
Jerome Rice,	Wm Harney,
Jacob Deeth,	Wm Shear,
Wm H Lyon,	R J Tobin,

San Francisco Hussars, Capt. G. G. Brodt, as escort to Maj. Generals Allen and McDowell.

Maj. Gen. Allen and Maj. Gen. McDowell, with their respective Staffs.

FIRST DIVISION.

SECOND BRIGADE, C. M.:

Col. Joseph Wood, commanding;

First Regiment Cavalry, C. M., Col. Taylor, commanding;
Major Fennell.

Co. A Light Dragoons, Capt. Moore,
" C Jackson Dragoons, Capt. Peterson,
" H Redwood Cavalry, Capt. Bartlett,
" B San Francisco Hussars, Capt. Brodt,

First Cal. Guard, Light Battery, Capt. Bluxome.

First Regiment Infantry, C M,
Capt T B Ludlum, commanding;
Adjt Edwin Lewis;
Quartermaster, Edwin Harris;
Surgeon, Isaac Rowell.

U S Ninth Infantry Band.

Co I Sumner Guard, Lt Moyer;
D Columbia Guard, Capt McElwee;
F Light Guard " Robbins;
C National Guard, " Platt;
K Ellsworth Rifles, " Drum;
A State Guard, " Dawes;
B City Guards, " Little.

Second Regiment Infantry, C M, Col M C Smith, commanding;
Lt-Col Geo T Knox;
Major, Charles F Smyth;
Surgeon, J M Sharkey.

J Wilson's Brass Band.

Co C Shield's Guard, Capt Ryan;
K Hugh O'Neil Guard, Capt Higgins;
Mission Guards, unattached, Capt Farrell;
Co H Emmet Life Guards, " Coonan;
A Montgomery Guards, Lt Lee;
E Meagher Guards, Captain Cody;
B—MacMahon Grenadier Guards, " Heffernan;
Co D Wolfe Tone Guards, " Wasson;

Sixth Regiment Infantry, C M, Col F G E Tittle, commanding;
Lt Col Henry Hasbach;
Major, Peter Sesser;
Adj't, H Schmidt;
Quartermaster, A G Russ;
Surgeon, G H Malech.

Sixth Regiment Band.

Co B Sigel Rifles, Capt Ewald;
F San Francisco Tirailleurs, Capt Schroder;
C Ellis Guard, Capt Michaelis;
H California Musketeers, Capt Semler;
E Stephen Guard, Capt Wochatz;
G Germania Guard, " Mund;
A California Fusileers, Capt Obenauer;
D California Grenadiers, Capt Weintraut.

First Regiment Artillery, C M,
Col J W McKenzie, commanding,
Lieut-Col J Strat nan,
Major A H Pennoyer,
Junior Major H M Moore,
Adjutant H H Thrall,
Quartermaster H M Wright,
Surgeon Jas Murphy,

Cbris Andres' Band,

Company C, Oakland Guard, Capt Brown,
" F, Liberty Guard, Capt Dixon,
" K, San Francisco Cadets, Capt McDonald,
" D, Washington Guard, Capt Storer,
" B, Ellsworth Guard, Capt Lake,
" G, McClellan Guard, Capt Wilkinson,
" A, Union Guard, Capt Simmons,
" E, Franklin Guard, Capt McComb.

SECOND DIVISION.

A S Gould—Marshal,

J P Buckley and A. L. Edwards, Assistant Marshals,

Charles Schultze's Operatic Band,

President and Orator of the day in carriages,
Chaplain, Poet and Reader of the day in carriages,
Foreign Consuls in carriages,
Foreign Army and Navy Officers in carriages,
Officers of the U. S. Army in carriages,
Officers of the U. S. Navy in carriages,
Federal Officers in carriages,
Officers of the U. S. Revenue Service in carriages,
Officers of the U. S. Coast Survey in carriages,
State Officers in carriages,
Board of Supervisors in carriages.
City and County officers in carriages.

THIRD DIVISION.

Freeman B Lyle—Marshal,

M F Hutchins and Sumner W Bugbee, Assistant Marshals,

First Regiment Drum Corps,

State Board of Education,
City Board of Education,
Ex-Members Board of Education,
Guests of School Department,
High School Faculty—Principal W W Minns,
Union Grammar School—Principal T S Myrick,
Mason street Grammar School—Principal Jas Strattan,
Denman Grammar School—Principal J Denman,
Rincon Grammar School—Principal J C Pelton
Minna st Grammar School—Principal T C Leonard,
Spring Valley School—Principal P Marks,
Fourth streets Primary School,
Market street Primary "
Greenwich street Primary "
Powell street Primary "
Mission street Primary "
Montgomery street Primary "

FOURTH DIVISION.

Chief Engineer, David Scannell; Marshal,
Frank Evans and Charles D Cornell, Assistant Engineers—Assistant Marshals.

San Francisco Band.

Exempt Fire Company,
Delegates from Engine Companies,
Fire Department of San Francisco.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Barny Horn—Marshal,

W O'Brien and P McCann, Assistant Marshals,

Band,

Butchers' Union Association, mounted Butchers, Ornamented cars, with buffaloes and other live stock,
Draymans' Association—mounted,
Teamsters' Association—mounted,
Cartmans' Protective and Relief Society—mounted,
Mason's brewery wagons.

SIXTH DIVISION.

W H Davis—Marshal,

Chas F Wiggin and O F Willey, Assistant Marshals

Chas Alpers' Band,

Society of California Pioneers,
Eureka Typographical Union No. 21,
Empire brewery wagons,
Wells, Fargo & Co's express wagons,
Heuston, Hastings & Co's harouche,
Lumber dealers' wagons.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

D C. McGlynn—Marshal,

Geo D Nagle and John Mason, Assistant Marshals

Walcott's Band,
Sons of Emerald Isle,
Fenian Brotherhood,
St Joseph's Benevolent Society,
Irish American Benevolent Society,
Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Society,
Waiters' Benevolent Society.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

C H Webster—Marshal,

L Keller and A A Louderback, Assistant Marshals.

Riggers and Stevedores Union Association,
Citizens Mounted,
Citizens in carriages.

COLORS.

The Grand Marshal, Purple and Gold,
The Aids to the Grand Marshal, White and Gold,
The Marshals, Dark Blue, Red and Silver.
The Assistant Marshals, Sky Blue and Silver,

The Marshals, Assistant Marshals, and Aides will assemble for orders at the Russ House at 8½ o'clock on the morning of the Fourth.

The President of the Day, the Orator, Chaplain, Poet and Reader, Foreign Consuls and Officers, Officers of the Army and Navy, Federal Officers, Officers of the Revenue Service and Coast Survey, and State and County Officers, who have accepted invitations to participate in the celebration of the coming Anniversary of our National Independence, are requested to assemble in the parlor of the Russ House, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on that day, when Marshals will be in attendance to conduct them to the carriages provided.

The Board of Education, District Teachers and Pupils of the Public Schools, will assemble at Platt's Hall at 9 o'clock.

LINE OF MARCH.

The line will form on Union street, the right resting on Powell; then march through Powell to Broadway, to Stockton, to Washington, to Montgomery, to Market, to Second, to Howard, to Third, to Folsom; countermarch on Folsom to Fourth, to Market, to Stockton, to Post, to Montgomery, to the Metropolitan Theatre, where the following exercises will take place:

EXERCISES AT THE THEATRE.

National Airs by the Bands,
Chant, the Lord's Prayer, by the Children of the Public Schools,
Prayer, by the Rev Mr Kittredge,
Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by W H L Barnes, Esq,
"The Battle-Cry of Freedom," by the Children of the Public Schools,
Poem, by J F Bowman,
"The Union," by the Children of the Public Schools,
Oration, by the Rev H W Bellows,
"O wrap the flag around me, boys," by the Children,
"America(" by the Children,
Benediction.

The First California Guard will fire a National Salute at sunrise, meridian, and at sunset. It is requested that the buildings in the city and the vessels in the harbor be decorated with the National Flag during the day.

The Fireworks will be exhibited in the evening, on the corner of Fifth and Harrison streets.

jy2 B. A. SHELDON, Grand Marshal.

UNION STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT SACRAMENTO, on the *30th day of August, A. D.* 1864, *a Union State Convention*, for the purpose of nominating *Presidential Electors* to be supported by the Union Party at the ensuing Presidential Election, to appoint a State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

There will be held also at *Sacramento*, immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, *Congressional District Conventions* for the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, for the purpose of nominating *Candidates for Congress* for their respective Districts, and to appoint District Committees.

Each county will elect delegates in pursuance of notice of its Union County Committee, according to the following apportionment:

Alameda	8	Plumas	8
Amador	13	Sacramento	21
Alpine	6	San Bernardino	3
Butte	11	San Diego	2
Calaveras	13	San Francisco	52
Colusa	3	San Joaquin	12
Contra Costa	6	San Luis Obispo	2
Coso	5	San Mateo	5
Del Norte	2	Santa Barbara	3
El Dorado	19	Santa Clara	11
Fresno	1	Santa Cruz	6
Humboldt	4	Shasta	6
Klamath	3	Sierra	13
Lake	2	Siskiyou	7
Lassen	3	Solano	9
Los Angeles	5	Stanislaus	3
Marin	4	Sutter	5
Mariposa	6	Sonoma	10
Mendocino	4	Tehama	4
Merced	1	Trinity	6
Mono	6	Tulare	4
Monterey	4	Tuolumne	12
Napa	6	Yolo	5
Nevada	16	Yuba	11
Placer	13		

In any County where the Union County Committee shall not order an Election of Delegates specially for its Congressional District Convention, or where Delegates from such District may not have been elected pursuant to notice of such County Committee, then the Delegates from such County to the State Convention shall be Delegates to the District Congressional Convention for the District in which such County may be; and when such District Conventions shall have met in Sacramento as aforesaid, each Convention will determine when and where the Convention will make its Congressional nomination. All citizens who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the final success of the Federal Government—who endorse the platform of the Union National Convention, and who will pledge themselves to support the National, State and Congressional Nominees of the Union Party will be entitled to vote for such Delegates.

It is recommended that no Delegate be elected, unless he be a legal resident of the county whence he is chosen, and that no proxies be given by Delegates to any except citizens of the county which they shall be elected to represent.

NATHANIEL HOLLAND,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.
J. T. HOYT, Secretary. ju25

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the witticst publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new behdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter. orginal and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of this new literary weekly is on our table. It presents a beautiful typographical appearance, and we may safely say is the neatest printed paper in California. C. H. Webb, who has gained a local literary reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," is its editor. The CALIFORNIAN promises to be a popular and successful publication, and we add our quota of recommendation most cheerfully to this end.—*Marysville Appeal, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu*. Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

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Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

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All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
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CALISTOGA SPRINGS,
NAPA VALLEY,

The great watering place of the Pacific, not excelled in Europe or America.

BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
GRAND HOT MINERAL SWIMMING BATH,

STEAM BATH,

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The same as used by the Romans in Italy two thousand years ago.

An elegant TROTTING PARK, one mile in length.

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Thirty miles from the Geysers, stages running every day.

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*** No finer public accommodations on the continent.

jul1-1m F. B. GILMORE, Landlord.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE
RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz, of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first day of July, 1864, Eugene Kelly and Joseph A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the Banking House of Donohoe Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,
WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned, calling attention to the above card, give notice that on and after the first day of July next, they will continue the business of the above copartnership without interruption, at the old banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., in this city under the firm name of FRETZ & RALSTON, and in New York, through the agency of Messrs. LEES & WALLER, No 33 Pine street: and that on and after the 5th of July next, they together with Messrs. D. O. Mills, J. B. Thomas, Louis McLane, Asa T. Lawton, Wm. E. Barron, Thomas Bell, Jno. O. Earl, Wm. Norris, J. Whitney, Jr., O. F. Giffin, A. J. Pope, Herman Michels, Frederick Billings, Geo. H. Howard, H. F. Teschemacher, A. Hayward, Moses Ellis, A. B. McCreery, R. M. Jessup, Samuel Knight, A. C. Henry, J. C. Wilmerding and Wm. Alvord of San Francisco, and Jacob Kamm, of Portland, Oregon, having become duly incorporated under the laws of this State, will carry on the business of Banking in all its various branches, at the same place and through the same agency, and upon the basis of a Gold and Silver Currency, under the name of

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

D. O. MILLS and WM. C. RALSTON will be charged with the management of the business of the Corporation.

WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864.

DINNER SETS.—We have just received ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,
WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,
FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,
Comprising some very fine pieces.
PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
my28 San Francisco.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of H. WEBSTER & CO., have been dissolved by mutual consent.

H. WEBSTER,
A. D. NUDD,
S. L. STANLEY,
C. S. LORD.

NUDD, STANLEY & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale
LIQUOR MERCHANTS,
No. 410 FRONT STREET,
Successors to
H. WEBSTER & CO.,

Having purchased the entire interest of H. Webster, in the house of H. WEBSTER & Co., the undersigned will continue the business under the name and style.

ASA D. NUDD,
SAM'L L. STANLEY,
CHAS. S. LORD.

San Francisco, June 1st, 1864. je4

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,
DENTIST,
No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Room No. 19, Second Floor,
BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,
je4 San Francisco.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

When it was promulgated that disease could be entirely eradicated from the system without the use of poisonous drugs, the unthinking, or those who do not look deeply into cause and effect, scouted the assertion as chimerical, and adduced strong evidence of its utter impossibility. Long articles, replete with arguments, seemingly unanswerable, of the position that only through the digestive system could the blood be purged of the accumulation of the poisons which constitute disease. A great cry went up from the interested in the continued supremacy of the old system of one poison to cure another, that electricity, as a curative agent, had been tried and proved to be of but little if any value—thinking, poor souls, the world of science stood at the same point it occupied one hundred years ago. That were wrong, while those old fogies were content if they cured one in every five patients, there were those who were diving into the science of electricity, and finally it was discovered that the trouble was in the instruments used. From that time to the present improvements have rapidly advanced, until every disease in the catalogue of human ills have been either cured altogether or checked so as to enable the sufferer to seek those changes of climate which ultimately perform a perfect cure. Diseases hitherto considered incurable have been cured, and those diseases which took months, and even years, to cure by medical process, are now cured in a few weeks; and all by the *Improved Instruments* of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street, San Francisco. It is astonishing to see the number of patients and diversity of diseases that have been relieved by the electropathic system. From early morn till late at night his instrument is engaged imparting strength and health to all who have the good fortune to obtain his services.

The charges, too, are not as heavy as by the old system; besides there is no medicine to pay for, let alone the unpleasantness of swallowing the nauseous stuff. During the time the Institute has been in operation there has been more benefit to the human family derived from the system than from all other systems combined during the same period. Among the most troublesome diseases to which Californians have been exposed is Rheumatism. None have given the honorable practitioner more trouble to relieve, and none have pretended to cure (if we except known empirics) permanently. But this subtle disease gives way before the Electropathic System in a very short time, enabling the sufferer to go about his business without pain or the fear and dread of a relapse. And so with most other diseases considered incurable. We mention Rheumatism because of its abundance, but we could enumerate many other diseases fully as troublesome, and some far more fatal in their results.

Connected with this system are the renowned Electro-Magnetic Baths. Here let us caution the public against the numerous impostors in the bathing line. The pure magnetic bath is one of the most effective aids in the removal of disease from the system; but if given at the wrong time is likely to aggravate trouble, and cases have been known where the patient has been injured so badly as to require months to remove the injury. Persons in quest of this bath should be careful and not apply to a place where there is no physician to judge of the necessity of the remedy. In fact, the only place where they can be obtained, in all their purity, is at the Institute, where the Resident Physician will always be happy to examine and see that they are not unseasonably administered, and if not necessary, advise the requisite remedy.

To FEMALES, the Directors would say, Electropathy is particularly applicable to your delicate and fragile systems, and to the numerous troublesome and painful diseases to which you are liable; should you be irregular, a few treatments will restore the functions to the proper state without pain or inconvenience; should you be weak and enfeebled, either general or local, this system imparts strength and vitality, making the recipients feel buoyant and youthful where before they were languid and unable to enjoy the pleasures of life. One great blessing connected with Electropathy is, it purifies the system so thoroughly that it beautifies the complexion, making the coarse and freckled skin as pure and fair as possible, giving the patient a fresh and healthful look.

To the nervous the Directors would say, that you can be entirely removed from those dreadful feelings of evil foreboding, and your system strengthened so that nothing can disturb the current of your life. Several cases of insanity, arising from a disarrangement of the nervous system, have been permanently cured by this system. The Directors, in issuing this pamphlet, do it in the hope that it may be the means of awakening the public who have not studied into such things, to a sense of their duties, and if possible prevent those who have the care of a rising generation from poisoning their young charges with vile drugs, thereby entailing upon them troubles which, after life, may cause them to curse the origin. Also, that those in need of remedial agents may know where they can find them without resorting to taking the thousand-and-one poisonous nostrums that are continually being palmed off as sovereign panaceas for all the ills of humanity. Avoid them all—they are snares set to rob you, and do you bodily injury at the same time.

The Electropathic Institute was started amid the cry of interested charlatans, who used all the power their riches and the prejudices of the public gave them to prevent its success. It has risen to a position that is beyond their baffled malice, and will be honored in the scientific world when they are forgotten, or only remembered for their crimes and impositions. A thinking public are fast consigning them to that oblivion their works merit. Let them go, they will not be missed.

Persons seeking remedial assistance may wish to know something of the system by which diseases are so rapidly removed from the body. Electricity is a fluid of so subtle a nature, that it can only be studied by its results. We know by its action it forces everything of a foreign nature in the body from the centre to the surface, by its energy, while the vitality which it imparts fills up the vacuum, preventing thereby the subtle poisons from returning to the hitherto diseased parts—and here let it be understood, that the Bath should never be administered until the disease has been forced to the surface—except, perhaps, in cases of cold where fever has not set in. Its action upon mercurial disease is peculiar. The best authorities are of opinion that it liquifies the mercury—which, when in a liquid state, by its own specific gravity forces itself out of the body. This result has been arrived at by testing the water after an Electro Magnetic Bath. After such tests have been found in the water, the patient is not troubled any more with those pains peculiar to the diseases. In all other cases it forces to the surface and is washed off by the bath. The whole system in its application is a *luxury*—there being no pain or inconvenience attending upon it; but the reverse is the case—being one continued pleasure all the time. Try it you that are suffering either from disease or the injudicious use of poisonous drugs, and you will be made to rejoice that you have had the courage to strike out from the beaten path.

Below are a few certificates from patients that have been cured at the Institute:

CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

San Francisco, April 18th, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been under the treatment of Dr Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, and that he has cured me. My disease was mercurial, accompanied with chills. I applied to him on the 11th day of this month. I recommend all afflicted to employ him. He has cured me without medicine, by the use of his Electropathic Instrument. JOHN CALLAGHAN.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighteenth day of April, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

The undersigned takes this method of acknowledging publicly the benefits he received from the treatment applied to him at the Electropathic Institute while, suffering under a terrible infliction.

This is to certify that I have been under Electropathic treatment at the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street. When I applied to Dr. Josselyn I was cramped up with rheumatism, and also had the coast ague. So bad was I that, without relief. I don't think I could have lived more than one week. The Doctor, with his instrument relieved me the first treatment from all pain, and perfectly cured me of all disease in twenty treatments, without the use of medicines. I cordially recommend all afflicted to patronize the Institute, for it is truly a blessing to the afflicted, and the operation is very pleasant. I wish to publicly thank Dr. Josselyn for his care and sympathy. JOSEPH SEGER, of Bolinas Bay.

September 19, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, A.D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

Sacramento, October 19th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear and Honored Sir:—You requested me to let you know how I felt after being at home three weeks. Well, sir, I have now been here little over two weeks, and there is no return of that very unpleasant trouble. My sleep is sound, and there is no disturbance of the regular laws of nature. I feel as strong as I ever did before bad habits had weakened my system. Not only is the general debility entirely disappeared, but the local trouble is gone. I feel so strong that there is no fear of its return. Considering that you only took one month to cure a disorder of seven years' standing, I think your system almost miraculous. Accept my sincere thanks, and publish this, if you please. I have sworn to it, as you see.

C. BOWMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of October, A.D. 1860. CHAS. HART, Notary Public.

Hornitos, November 1st, 1860.

Well, Doctor, I am at home and have been to work in the water for several days, and there is no return of the Rheumatism, as I call it; and Mercurial pains, as you stated them to be. I feel as gay as a lark, no pain or bad feelings, no stiffness, but perfectly well, and all done by you in three weeks, without one drop of medicine. You had hard work to make me believe before you commenced, that you would cure me, but now I find it very easy to believe. Although my friends look rather incredulous, they cannot doubt my sober earnestness. Doctor, you have my thanks, and I will benefit you all I can, by spreading your fame up in these parts. Respectfully yours,

GEO. PERKINS, JR.

To J. M. Josselyn, M.D., Resident Physician, at the Electropathic Institute.

Nevada, November. 8th, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR.—Pursuant to agreement, upon my arrival, I sit down to pen you a few lines in acknowledgment of the great service you have rendered me, in relieving me of that painful case of neuralgia and rheumatism. When I look back and see the gallons of medicine I have swallowed to no purpose, and then to think how soon you cured me, I am astonished. You were only twelve days performing a cure of the trouble for which I had taken medicine over six months. Dear Doctor, if you could see the wonder exhibited by my friends, who can hardly believe that a cure was performed without medicine; but here I have been cured, and I have not taken a drop of medicine from you nor from any one else while being treated by your splendid Instrument. I shall try to show my gratitude by sending every sick man I come across to you.

Yours, till death,
FRANCIS GARLAND,

To J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician Electropathic Institute.

State of California, County of Nevada—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of November, A. D. 1860. F. SPAULDING, Notary Public.

Yreka, November 10th, 1860.

DR. JOSSELYN—Dear Sir: Your letter dated October 16th is before me. You wish to know how my bronchial troubles are. Now, Doctor, that looks a great deal like a joke. I once had such an affection, of several years' standing, but thanks to your natural mode of treating disease, it has gone to be numbered with the things of the past. Since my return I have not felt the slightest trouble from it. When you pronounced me well I did not expect to ever hear from it again. Any one who sits under treatment of that *Improved Instrument* of yours will have the same feelings. It imparts vitality to the system so rapidly that confidence is at once established. I have to thank you that you did not refuse to treat me because I could not pay you the whole of your reasonable charge; enclosed is the balance due you, and God bless you for the kind treatment I received at your hands.

Yours, ever grateful, WM. GARDNER.

State of California, County of Siskiyou—ss.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of November, A. D. 1860.

B. F. WELLITS, Notary Public.

This is to certify that I, the undersigned, was troubled with dumb ague, accompanied with rheumatism, very badly. My disease was taken in Washoe. After having exhausted medicines without benefit I applied to Dr. Josselyn, at the Electropathic Institute, on the first day of November. After taking twenty treatments with his Improved Electropathic Instrument, I am perfectly cured, having been entirely relieved of all pain or inconvenience. I feel as strong as I ever did when in the best of health. I cheerfully recommend all afflicted to his care, as being the best physician I ever became acquainted with. One great advantage, he uses no medicines, but cures by a process which is perfectly natural. The time occupied in my case was thirteen days. D. O. HARRA.

November 14th, 1860.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.
Personally appeared before me, D. O. Harra, and subscribed and sworn to the above certificate, on this 14th day of November, A. D. 1860. P. BARRY, Notary Public.

San Francisco, August 31, 1861.

To the Directors and Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute: Sirs—You requested of me a certificate of the cure you performed in my case. Below I append it:

This is to certify that I was troubled with a swelling which commenced in my ankles, and gradually extended upward until it affected my whole body. I sought the best medical aid in New York and Boston, and they all pronounced it dropsy. Hoping to retrieve my health I visited California in February last. I consulted the Resident Physician at the Electropathic Institute, and now, after five months of treatment, and waiting to see its effects, I am pronounced well by competent judges. It did not take but three months of treatment to cure me, but I waited to see that it did not return. I feel perfectly assured, from what I saw while under treatment, that Electricity, as applied at this Institute, will cure any disease to which the human family is liable.

Now, gentlemen, you can make what use you please of this certificate. With my thanks to the Resident Physician for his kind attention, I subscribe myself,

Your thankful patient,
MRS. C. A. CARLTON.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The advantages of electricity as a remedial agent are universally admitted by the medical and scientific world. It requires, however, experienced skill to apply this remedy efficiently, and this skill of application is possessed in an eminent degree by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, of the San Francisco Electropathic Institute. The Doctor is well known to us as a scientific gentleman, and an ardent devotee to his profession. He is no pretender, but has conferred incalculable benefit to those who were so fortunate as to seek relief at his hands. For those who desire speedy and permanent relief from the rheumatic pains so prevalent in this region, we can recommend no surer remedy than a visit to Dr. Josselyn, at his rooms in San Francisco, No. 645 Washington street.—*Placerville Republican.*

ARE YOU SICK?—We wish to say a word to those that are sick. We have in this city an institution known as the Electropathic Institute, situated at 645 Washington street. The establishment is under the care of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, a physician who has no superior in the city. He has been in charge of the Electropathic Institute for several years, and has been uniformly successful in his treatment of the numerous patients that have placed themselves under his charge. The electric treatment will cure many diseases that cannot be reached by any other mode. Dr. Josselyn gives his personal attention to all of his patients, and is always ready to give advice to those that may call upon him. His charges are very moderate; and we cannot do the sick a greater favor than to recommend them to call on him before placing themselves in charge of another.—*San Francisco Daily Journal.*

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Josselyn's Electropathic Institute. Voluntarily and unsolicited, we make the following statement, proving its great beneficial effects, particularly in rheumatic cases. Some months since we were on an editorial trip, visiting the mountains. The stage upset and landed all the passengers including the writer, below in the valley, where the Deer Creek overflowed by receiving the additional material, extraneous to its usual contents. For some hours exposed in our wet clothes to night wind and weather, we soon felt the effects of the accident, in the mountains—pains in the back, hip, and legs; so much so that for weeks we hardly could walk. Treatments of all kinds were applied, but without avail, until our attention was called to the Electro-Galvanic Baths and appliances of the above Institute. Thank God, after two weeks, we have been fully restored, and enjoy now the free use of our limbs and body, as fully as previous to our involuntary bath in Deer Creek.—DR. H. BIEN, Ed. *True Pacific Messenger.*

ELECTROPATHY.—Electricity has long been classed among the most effective medical agents. It possesses great advantages over the system of theropeutics hitherto relied upon, as it reaches more certainly the seat of disease, especially in nervous or rheumatic complaints. The Electropathic Institute, No. 645 Washington street, under the charge of its able Resident Physician, Dr. J. H. Josselyn, has attained a well merited celebrity for the many cures which have resulted from the skilful application of this invaluable remedy.—*Daily Morning Star.*

☞ All letters answered with promptness and pleasure. Office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Advice gratis.

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
jn4 *Resident Physician.*

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
R. H. MC DONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.
IMPORTING
Wholesale Druggists,
Corner of Sansome and Pine streets,
SAN FRANCISCO,
—AND—
J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,
SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,
Ladies' Bandages and Supportors,
GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,
Paints and Oils,
PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,
Brewers' and Soda Stocks,
CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,
Burning Oils and Fluids,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store,

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTERS OF
DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
TEETH, GOLD FOIL.
VULCANITE MATERIAL.

Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.

DENTAL BOOKS.

We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento, 139 J street,
my28 San Francisco, cor. Pine and Sansome sts.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH
IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,
617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS
IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE
FIRST
PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,
Manufacturers for the Trade
OF
SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,
Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES
Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF
Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.
312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth, opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
HAVE OPENED WITH
☞ AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK ☜
OF
FINE CLOTHING!
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.
my28

REMOVAL.
HASKELL & CO.,
CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,
515 Market street,
And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES
WRINGER!
☞ WITH COG WHEELS. ☜
BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

W. P. HARRISON & CO.,
PRINTERS,
ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay Street. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the Laws of the State.

PAID UP IN GOLD COIN.

CAPITAL STOCK.....$2,000,000,

With the privilege of increasing to

$5,000,000.

STOCKHOLDERS.

San Francisco.

D. O. Mills,
Wm. C. Ralston,
R. S. Fretz,
J. B. Thomas,
Louis McLane,
Asa T. Lawton,
Wm. E. Barron,
Thomas Bell,
John O. Earl,
Wm. Norris,
J. Whitney, jr.
O. F. Giffin,
A. J. Pope,
Herman Michels,
Frederick Billings,
Geo. H. Howard,
H. F. Teschemacher,
A. Hayward,
Moses Ellis,
A. B. McCreary,
R. M. Jessup,
Samuel Knight,
A. C. Henry,
J. C. Wilmerding,
Wm. Alvord.

Portland, Oregon.

Jacob Kamm.

D. O. MILLS, - - - - President,

W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

Correspondents in New York, LEES & WALLER, No. 33 Pine street.

Correspondent in London, BANK OF LONDON.

THE UNDERSIGNED GIVE NOTICE THAT THE above named corporation has been organized for the purpose of carrying on the Banking and Exchange business in all its branches, in this city and with the interior of this State, the neighboring State and Territories, and with Mexico; also with the Atlantic cities, Europe, China and the East Indies, for which they are provided with ample facilities, and in conformity with articles of association will commence operations on the 5th day of July next, at the Banking House now occupied by Donohoe, Ralston & Co., corner of Washington and Battery streets.

With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

TRUSTEES.

D. O. Mills,
Louis McLane,
Wm. Norris,
Jno. O. Earl,
Herman Michels,
W. C. Ralston,
J. B. Thomas,
Thomas Bell,
A. J. Pope,
O. F. Giffin,
James Whitney, jr.

San Francisco, June 18th, 1864. jn25-1m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,
Of every description. Best quality of
MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
Together with a complete assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the above named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against JAMES A. MOORE, deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at the office of Delany & Boorman, 519 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco.

EUGENE O'CALLAGHAN,
MICHAEL McGRATH,
Executors of the Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, June 22d, 1864. ju25-5t

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, weekly.

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

REMOVAL.

J. K. PRIOR,

Importer and Dealer in

GAS FIXTURES AND PLUMBING MATERIALS,

Has removed to 730 MONTGOMERY STREET, near Jackson, opposite Metropolitan Theatre. Just received, an extensive assortment of plain and ornamental Gas Fixtures, of entire new patterns. Being constantly in receipt of new goods by every steamer, the attention of the public is invited.

FOR SALE:

IRON PIPE, | LEAD PIPE,
SHEET LEAD, | SHEET ZINC,

As low as any importing house in the State. my28

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

NEW YORK AGENCY.—$15 PER DAY MADE EASY, by selling our great "Original and only genuine"

PRIZE AND STATIONERY PACKAGES.

Each one contains more real valuable articles than any half dozen packages ever sold. They contain

FINE STATIONERY,
PENS,
PENCILS,
ENVELOPES,
AND A
GIFT OF JEWELRY IN EACH PACKAGE.

The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Price, 50 cents. Wholesale rates to Agents low. Agents wanted in every town and camp on the Pacific coast. Send for our New Circular with inducements. Mailed free.

Address J. B. WILLMAN & CO.,
my28 502 Montgomery street, San Francisco

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH, OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,
20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
637 CLAY STREET,
my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Company:

Louis McLean,
W. C. Ralston,
Frederick Billings,
H. Carlton, Jr.,
Wm. M. Lent,
J. G. Kittle,
J. B. Thomas,
J. G. Bray,
Asa T. Lawton,
J. Whitney, Jr.,
Edward Martin,
L. B. Benchly,
A. Seligman,
Wm. Sherman,
Wm. Alvord,
Charles Mayno,
Erwin Davis,
P. L. Weaver,
Samuel C. Bigelow,
Herman Michels,
H. L. Dodge,
H. L. Goldstein,
H. Hanssmann,
Morton Cheesman,
H. M. Newhall,
W. Norris,
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.
J. H Jewett, Marysville.
J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)
Lloyd Tevis,
H. F. Teschemacher,
Geo. H Howard,
A.B. Forbes,
A. L. Tubbs,
Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Newton,
John O. Earl,
S. J. Hensley,
John Wightman,
L. Sachs,
Jas. DeFremery,
J. G. Kellogg,
G. W. Beaver,
Elie Lazard,
William Sharon,
Adam Grant,
Alpheus Bull,
A. G. Stiles,
M. P. Jones,
D. Stern,
S. M. Wilson,
D. J. Oliver,
Jabez Howes,
F. W. Brooks,
L. Lohmau, Sacramento.
T. R. Anthony, Stockton.
D. W. C. Rice, Marysville.
W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

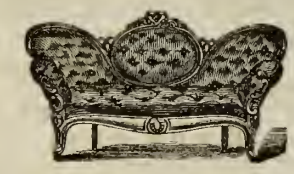
WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,



BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

DR. CHARLES E. ZOAH,

OFFICE, No. 621 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Dupont and Kearny, South side, San Francisco.

A CURE WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE.

NO PAIN GIVEN.

Dr. ZOAH will cure without the use of medicine. His treatment of the following diseases is short, decisive and pleasant. Entire satisfaction given in every case.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and all Spinal Complaints; the most violent Toothache, Headache or Earache cured in a few seconds!

All pains or aches, no matter where located, can be removed in a short time, and charges reasonable. The poor unfortunate cured without price.

The Doctor's mode of treatment is the oldest science known for the treatment of diseases afflicting the human body, and at present is practised very extensively in the East with every success.

Dr. ZOAH will be in attendance at all hours, day and evening, at his office, 621 California street.

All letters strictly attended to. Consultations fr
jul8

WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks tbo abovo question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had heeu converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "proscription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmiatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a hetter remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of wbich to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so ooing you may savo yourself mauy days and uights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JULY, 1864:

July 4—GOLDEN CITY, W. F. Lapidge, Commander.
July 13—ST. LOUIS, Wm H Hudson, Commauder.
July 23—CONSTITUTION, J. T. Watkins, Commauder.

From Folsom-steet Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
jy2 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

DEETKEN & CO'S *METALLURGICAL WORKS,*

WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our

NEW SMELTING FURNACES,

We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results hy amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-hearing Ores, as well as it can he done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

BEETKEN & CO.'S METALLURGICAL WORKS,
Office—315 Montgomery street.
WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN DEWAR, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, County Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, John Dewar, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the first day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A M., of that day, theu and there to show cause, if any they can, wby the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D., 1864.

Seal and Revenue stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, attorneys for Petitioner, office 634 Clay street, Rooms 20 and 22. jy2-1aw-4w

---

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1 3m

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Montgomery street.

Under the Joint Management of
JULIA DEAN HAYNE AND ANNETTE INCE.

JULIA DEAN HAYNE,
MISS ANNETTE INCE,
MRS. EMILY JORDAN,
MR. J. H. TAYLOR,
MR. FRANK LAWLOR.
MR. FRED'K FRANKS,
MISS FRANCES R. GASS.
MRS. EDWIN F. STEWART.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M., AT HALF-PRICES.

A SPLENDID BILL FOR

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JULY 2.

The grand Five-Act Play of

LESBIA,

OR, THE LION OF ST. MARC!

Which has been in rehearsal for the last two weeks.

Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1
Parquette.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
Private Boxes.....$5 and $10

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
SUPPORTED BY
MR. CHARLES POPE,

MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
C. R. THORNE, Jr.,
PIERPONT THAYER,
MRS. H. A. PERRY,
MRS. SAUNDERS.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JULY 2d,
And every night until further notice,
Will he presented the sensasion Drama, entitled,

THE UPPER TEN AND LOWER TWENTY!

Christopher Crookpath, - - - Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh
Zeke Ripebeart, - - - - - - - - Chas Pope
Synerite Simper, - - - - - - C R Thorne, Jr
Walsiugham Wouldhee - - - - - - Tbayer
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well;
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor JOHN BURNS:
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, SIXTY-THREE,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
JOHN BURNS stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where in the shade of his peaceful vine
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves,
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain,
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen,
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire:*
"How are you, White Hat!" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy"—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand,
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

Thus raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

GENERAL McDOWELL.

AS it seems to be assumed in certain quarters that Gen. McDowell has been sent to this coast to inaugurate a policy in accordance with the wishes of fanatics, who confound loyalty with blateration, and whose only idea of Unionism is that it consists in making a noise, a word as to his principles and record may not be inappropriate. Assuredly we do not presume to speak for the new Commander, or to shadow out the outline of his probable policy; but from some knowledge of his past military career, it is comparatively easy to argue what principles will govern him in his present command. Educated a soldier, and himself one of the strictest disciplinarians in the army, Gen. McDowell has from the first given in his adhesion to the established maxim, that it is for the military arm to carry out, in all cases, the policy which the Government may adopt without question or remonstrance, and not to invent or substitute a policy of its own unless the exigency is very pressing. When his troops, after weary months at Fredericksburg, on the eve of their march towards Richmond, were arrested by an order from Washington, and told to turn their steps northward, for the defence of the Capitol, it was a bitter blow to him, and he felt that had the line of march been left discretionary with him, he could have planned the movement better; but the order was received at midnight, and the grey of morning saw half of his command marching in obedience to it. During his stay at Fredericksburg, while in command of the Department of the Rappahannock, an order and discipline was maintained in his army which effectually prevented all depredations upon property, and did more to conquer the disaffected through that part of the country than the winning of a battle could have done. Camp life engenders lawlessness, and soldiers are proverbially given to pillage. But nothing of this obtained in the Army of the Rappahannock. Civilized warfare, if any warfare can be called civilized, has certain generosities, and is governed by rules, prominent among which is one to the effect that private property must be respected and private rights regarded. In wars between nations these amenities are observed, and the educated soldier sees no reason for dismissing all the usages of civilization, and inaugurating the practices of barbarians, simply because we are fighting with a disaffected part of our family upon a common hearth-stone. He gave guards to protect homes from the brutalities and insults of the soldiery, and to preserve property from pillage. The fields were green with grain, and he did not allow this to be wantonly trampled down while a turnpike road lay open for the march of his army. Citizens were not turned out from their homes to make room for him or the officers of his command; but in all his dealings with the inhabitants of his District, he conducted himself like a gentleman and a Christian as well as a soldier. For this he was howled at and abused by the correspondents of the ultra-radical fanatical press, who clamored that he should carry the blazing torch of destruction through the whole Valley of the Rappahannock, and sweep with the besom of devastation wherever a homestead was found. A courtesy which he extended in permitting a lady whose husband lay at the point of death in Richmond, to pass through our lines, was made a serious charge against him; his loyalty was impugned, and it was even hinted that he was in traitorous communication with the enemy. The soldiers under him were dissatisfied, for property lay on every side of them and yet they were restrained from pillage. Things were different in Blenker's and other commands, and they thought themselves hardly used. But neither their murmurs nor the abuse which a few correspondents shook over him from the press with which they were connected, sufficed to swerve him from his course one hair. The tract of country of which he had command was left smiling and green, a monument to his humanity and a striking contrast to the picture it presented when the licensed locusts of war subsequently swept over it. It will be useless to re-awaken the cry in Gen. McDowell's ears which assailed him when he held an active military command. He is too much accustomed to powder to much mind the smell of printer's ink, and unless we are much mistaken, he has seen so much of the radical wrongheadedness and injustice of the press at the East, that he will not permit himself to be much swayed by it here.

THE LATE GENERAL STUART.—A long obituary of General J. E. B. Stuart, in the Richmond *Examiner*, gives an interesting account of the dying hours of one whom the rebels call "the flower of cavaliers." During his dying moments he "reviewed in broken sentences all his glorious campaigns around McClellan's rear on the Peninsula, beyond the Potomac, and upon the Rapidan, quoting from his orders, and issuing new ones to his couriers, with a last injunction to 'make haste.' About noon Thursday President Davis visited his bedside, and spent some fifteen minutes in the dying chamber of his favorite chieftain. The President, taking his hand, said: 'General, how do you feel?' 'Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty.' To the doctor, who sat holding his wrist and counting the fleeting, weakening pulse, he remarked, 'Doctor, I suppose I am going fast now. It will soon be over; but God's will be done. I hope I have fulfilled my duty to my country, and my duty to my God." To Mrs. Gen. R. E. Lee, he directed that the golden spurs be given as a dying memento of love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically exhibited and illustrated the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff, who was a heavy-built man, he said: 'You had better take the larger horse—he will carry you better.' Other mementoes he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son, he left his glorious sword. General Stuart was about 35 years of age. His oldest offspring, a sprightly boy, died a year ago, while he was battling for his country on the Rappahannock. When telegraphed that the child was dying, he sent the reply, 'I must leave my child in the hands of God; my country needs me here; I cannot come.'"

WE must look for happiness in the world, not in the things of the world; but within ourselves—in our tempers, and in our hearts.

MARY STUART AND CHASTELAR.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART THREE.

Two days after the occurrences just narrated, Mary set out for St. Andrews, taking the route of the Queen's Ferry, and sleeping the first night at Dunfermline, and the second at Burnt Island. On the evening of her arrival at the latter place, the Queen, fatigued by her journey, which had been prolonged by hunting and hawking, retired early to her apartment. An instant after entering the room she was startled at seeing Chastelar emerge from behind the arras, and throw himself at her feet. Uttering loud cries, Mary by turns called for assistance and commanded him to begone.

Instead of obeying, the infatuated young man not only persisted in remaining in the position he was in, but, still keeping hold of the Queen's robe, began to rave in the language of passion and love. The Queen endeavored to release herself from his hold, and was in the act of attempting to do so, when the door of the apartment, which Chastelar had closed behind him, was violently thrown open, and the Earl of Moray entered. Having advanced two or three steps, he stood still, and, folding his arms across his breast, looked sternly but in silence, first at the Queen, and then at Chastelar, keeping at the same time sufficiently near the door to prevent the escape of the latter, in case he should make such an attempt.

Mary Stuart, pale, breathless, and trembling, met the scrutinizing glance of her brother with a look of defiance and threatening, the peculiar frown of her race strongly imprinted on her fair and lofty brow.

"Slay him!" exclaimed the Queen, in the first outburst of her indignation; "strike him down at my feet! Brother, an ye have a drop of the Stuart blood in your veins, pass your sword through the traitor who has dared to put this mortal insult upon our house."

The Queen's ladies, all scared and dismayed, followed by several officers of the household, bearing lights and naked weapons, having now rushed in, stood staring at the trio with looks of inquiry and wonderment. Moray continued to gaze on all around for some time without opening his lips, but with an ominous expression of countenance.

"Well, Sir Poet," he at length said, addressing Chastelar with cold deliberation, "pray do me the favor to enlighten me as to the meaning of your having thus intruded yourself into the Queen's apartment. Why do I find you here, sir, and wherefore have I found you in the position from which you have just now risen? Pray, sir, explain."

"I came here, my lord," replied Chastelar, with firmness and dignity, "to take leave of her Majesty before returning to France, for which I set out to-morrow."

An ironical and incredulous smile played on the stern features of Moray.

"A strange place this, methinks, and a strange season for leave-taking, and yet stranger than all, the language in which I just now heard you speak. You are aware, I presume, sir," he added, "that you are just now in the Queen's sleeping apartment, where none dare intrude but on peril of their lives. But probably, madam," he said, now turning to the Queen, without making any reply to his last remark, "you can explain the meaning of this extraordinary scene?"

"You had better, my lord," replied Mary, evasively—for, in her pliant and forgiving nature, she was still reluctant to commit irretrievably the unfortunate young man—"obtain what explanations you desire from Chastelar himself. He, surely, is the fittest person to explain his own conduct."

"True, madam," said Moray, sneeringly, "but I thought it not by any means improbable that you might be as well informed on the point in question as the gentleman himself."

"Your insinuation is rude, my lord," replied the Queen, haughtily; and without vouchsafing any other remark, she walked away to the further end of the apartment, leaving the Earl and Chastelar together.

Moray now saw, from the perfectly composed and independent manner of the Queen, that he could make out nothing to her prejudice from the case before him, nor elicit the slightest evidence of anything like connivance, on the part of his sister, at Chastelar's intrusion. Seeing this, he determined on proceeding against the unfortunate poet with the utmost rigor to which his imprudence had exposed him, in the hope that severity might wring from him such confessions as would implicate the Queen.

Having come to this resolution—

"Sir," he said, addressing Chastelar, "prepare to abide the consequences of your presumption." And he proceeded to the door, called an attendant, and desired him to send the captain of the guard and a party to him instantly.

In a few minutes they appeared, when the Earl, addressing the officer, and pointing to Chastelar, desired him to put that gentleman in ward, and the latter was immediately hurried out of the apartment. The Earl then walked up to Mary, who, with her head leaning pensively on her hand, had been silently contemplating the proceedings that were going forward.

"Madam," said Moray, on approaching her, "I think you may consider yourself in safety for this night—at any rate, from any further intrusion from this itinerant versifier; and it shall be my fault if he ever again annoys you or any one else."

"What, brother!" exclaimed Mary, in evident alarm at this ambiguous but ominous hint, "you will not surely proceed to extremities against this unfortunate young man?"

"By St. Bride, but I will, though!" replied Moray, angrily. "Why, madam, have not your reputation and your dignity as a queen both been assailed by this insolent foreigner, in this daring act he has done?"

"Nay, my lord," replied the Queen, haughtily, "methinks it will take much more than this to affect my reputation. I indeed marvel much to hear you speak thus, my lord. My dignity, again, can be abased only by my own acts, and cannot be affected by the act of another."

"Nevertheless, madam," rejoined her brother, "ye cannot stop slanderous tongues; and I know not how the world may construe this circumstance. Both your honor and station require that this presumptuous knave suffer the penalty of his crime in its utmost rigor. What would the world say else? It would have suspicious that ought not for an instant be associated with the name of Mary Stuart."

"But you will not have his life taken, brother?" said Mary, in a gentle tone, subdued by the thoughts of the severe doom that threatened the unfortunate gentleman, and placing her hand affectionately on the Earl's arm as she spoke. "Can ye not banish him forth of the realm, or imprison him?—anything short of death, which methinks would be, after all, hard measure for the offence."

"You have reasons, doubtless, madam," said the Earl, coldly and bluntly, "for this tenderness."

"I have," said Mary, indignantly; "but not, my lord, such as you would seem to insinuate. My reasons are humanity and a feeling of compassion for the misguided and unhappy youth."

"Chastelar shall have such mercy, madam, as your Majesty's Privy Council may deem him deserving of," replied the Earl, turning round on his heel, and quitting the royal bed-chamber.

On leaving the presence of the Queen, the Earl of Moray retired to his own apartment, where he was shortly after waited upon by Villemont, who had been for some time watching his return.

"Ha, Villemont!" said the Earl, with an unusual expression of satisfaction on his countenance, on the former's entrance. "Thou hast done well, friend; I found matters exactly as you stated, and am obliged by the promptness and accuracy of your information."

"Very happy, my lord, to serve you to your satisfaction," replied Villemont, bowing low.

"You did well, Villemont, and shall be suitably recompensed. Dost know how this fellow came here, and when?"

"He came across the river in a small bark, my lord; from just opposite."

"Ah, so!" said the Earl. "Well, you may now retire, Villemont. To-morrow I shall see to your reward."

Villemont bowed and withdrew. When he had retired, the Earl sat down to a small escritoire, and, late as the hour was, began writing with great assiduity, an employment at which he continued until he had written eight or ten different letters, each of considerable length. These were addressed to various members of the Queen's Privy Council in Edinburgh, and to some of the law officers of the Crown. They were all nearly copies of each other, and contained an account of Chastelar's conduct, with a charge to the several parties addressed to repair to St. Andrews on the second day following, for the purpose of holding a court on the offender, and awarding him such punishment as the case might seem to demand.

On the day succeeding that on which the occurrence just related took place, the Queen and her retinue proceeded to St. Andrews, whither the prisoner Chastelar was also carried; and on the next again, the unfortunate gentleman was brought to trial, the scene of which was the hall in the castle of St. Andrews, which had been hastily prepared for the occasion. In the centre of this apartment was placed a large oblong oaken table, covered with crimson velvet, and surrounded by a circle of high-backed chairs, with cushions covered with the same material. These were subsequently occupied by eight or ten persons of the Privy Council, including Mary's Secretary of State, Maitland of Lethington, the Scottish Machiavel, who sat at one end of the table. At the opposite end sat the Earl of Moray; the prisoner occupying a place in the centre at one of the sides. During the investigation which followed into the offence of Chastelar, the Earl of Moray made repeated indirect attempts to lead him to make statements prejudicial to the Queen; urging him, with a show of candor and pretended regard for justice, to inform the Court of anything and everything which he thought might be available in his defence, without regard to the rank or condition of those whom such statements might implicate. This language was too plain to be misunderstood. Every one present perceived that it conveyed a pointed allusion to the Queen. Chastelar, amongst the rest, felt that it did so, and indignantly repelled the insinuation.

"I have none," he said, "to accuse but myself; nothing to blame but my own folly. Folly, did I say?" went on the fearless enthusiast; "it was no folly—it was love, love, love—all-powerful love—love for her, the noblest, the loveliest of created beings, for whom I could die ten thousand deaths. It was love for her who has been to me the breath of life, the light of mine eyes, the idol of my heart; around which were entwined all the feelings and susceptibilities of my nature, even as the ivy entwines the tree. The constant theme of my dreams by night; the sole object of my thoughts by day. It has been hinted to me that I may blame freely where to blame may serve me. But whom shall I blame? Not her, surely; for she is faultless as the unborn babe; pure, spotless as the snow-wreath in the hollow of the mountain. Who shall maintain the contrary lies in his throat, and is a foul-spoken, villainous slanderer."

Here the enthusiastic and somewhat incoherent speaker was abruptly interrupted by Maitland of Lethington, who, rising to his feet, and resting his hands on the low table around which Chastelar's judges were, said, looking at the prisoner—

"Friend, ye must speak to your defence, if ye would speak at all. This that ye have said is nothing to the purpose, and ye cannot be permitted to take up the time of this court with such rhapsodies as these, that make not for any point in your accusation. Think ye not so, my lords?" he added, glancing round the table. Several nods of assent spoke acquiescence. When Maitland had concluded—

"I have done then, my lords," said Chastelar, bowing and seating himself. "I have no more to say."

A short consultation now took place amongst the prisoner's judges, when sentence of death was unanimously agreed to, and he was ordered to be beheaded on the following day, the 22d of February, 1563.

On the rising of the court, the Earl of Moray repaired to the Queen, and informed her of the doom awarded against Chastelar. Mary was greatly affected by this intelligence. She burst into tears, exclaiming—

"O unhappy, thrice unhappy countenance! thou hast been given me for a curse instead of a blessing—the ruin of those who love me best—that, by inspiring a silly passion, at once dangerous and worthless, will not permit one to remain near me in the character of a friend. My lord, my lord," she continued, in great agitation, "can you not, will you not save the unhappy young man? I beseech thee, I implore thee, by the ties of consanguinity that connect us, by the duty ye owe to me as thy sovereign, to spare his life."

"Ye know not what ye ask, madam," replied Moray, stalking up and down the apartment. "How can his life be spared consistently with your honor? Save him, and you will set a thousand slanderous tongues a-wagging. It may not—must not be."

Mary herself could not deny the force of this remark; and finding she had nothing to oppose it, she flung herself into a chair, and again burst into tears. In this condition the Earl left her to give orders respecting the execution of Chastelar on the morrow, and to put another proceeding in train for obtaining that result which he had aimed at on the trial of the unfortunate young man. Sending again for Villemont—

"Friend," he said, on that person entering the apartment, "I wish another small piece of service at your hands."

Villemont bowed, and expressed his readiness to do anything he might be required to do. The Earl carelessly nodded approbation.

"To-night, then, Villemont," he went on, "you will repair to the dungeon in which Chastelar is confined. You will see him as a friend. You understand me?"

"Well, my lord—very well."

"Just so. Then you will hint to him that you have reason to believe he might yet save his life by confessing a participation in his guilt on the part of the Queen. You may add—though not as from me, of course—that I have no doubt of his having been encouraged to those liberties for which his life is forfeited; and you may say that you know I feel for him, and would readily procure his pardon if he would only give me a reasonable ground or pretext for doing so, by showing that there were *others* equally in fault with him. Do you entirely understand me, Villemont?"

"Entirely, my lord," replied the latter.

"So, then, return to me when you have seen Chastelar, and let me know the result," said the Earl.

Villemont once more withdrew, to perform the treacherous and knavish part assigned him. About midnight he sought the dungeon of the unhappy gentleman, and, having been admitted by the guards, found him busily employed in writing; the indulgence of a lamp, with writing materials, having, at his most earnest request, been afforded him. Indeed, these were more willingly and readily given than he was aware of. They were given in the hope that he would commit something to writing which, without his intending it, might compromise the character of the Queen. But in this her enemies were disappointed.

On Villemont entering Chastelar's dungeon, the latter, as we have already said, was busily engaged in writing. He was inditing a last farewell to the Queen in verse. On this employment he was so intent that he did not observe, or, at least, pay any attention to the entrance of Villemont, but continued writing on till he had completed his task, which now, however, occupied only a very few minutes. On finishing—

"'Tis done," he said, and threw down his pen with violence on the table. "These are the last notes of the harp of Chastelar. Ha, Villemont!" and only now for the first time seeming conscious of that person's presence, "I am glad to see you, my countryman. This is kind. I thought there were none in this strange land to care for me. But they shall see, Villemont," he added, proudly, "how a Frenchman and a poet can die. That is, boldly and bravely. He were no true poet whose soul was not elevated above the fear of death. I said, my friend," he went on, after a momentary pause, and sighing deeply as he spoke, "that I thought there were none in this land to care for me or to sorrow for me, and perhaps it is so. But there is one, Villemont, whom I would not willingly believe indifferent to my fate. She, surely, much as I have offended her, will say, 'Poor Chastelar!' Nay, methinks I see a tear standing in that peerless eye, when she recalls the memory of her departed poet. That, that, Villemont," said the unhappy captive, with an enthusiasm which the near approach of death had not been able to abate—"that would be something worth dying for!"

Villemont smiled.

"You hold your life lightly indeed, Chastelar," he said, speaking in his native language, "if you think its loss compensated by a woman's tear."

"Ah, Villemont, but such a woman!" exclaimed Chastelar.

"Well, well," replied the former, "but you can have no doubt that *she*, at least, will regret your death. *She* loved you too well not to deplore your fate."

"Did she?" exclaimed Chastelar, eagerly, and with such a look of inquiry and doubt as greatly disappointed the assertor. "You know whom I mean, then; but how know ye that which ye have just now said? Assure me that ye speak true, Villemont, and I shall die happy."

Ah! bah! you know it yourself, my friend, better than I," replied the latter. "No use in concealing it now," he added, with an intelligent look.

"Concealing what, sir?" said Chastelar, in a tone of mingled surprise and displeasure.

"Why, the affection the Queen entertained for you," replied Villemont. "We all know, my friend, you would not have done what you did had she not encouraged your addresses. And I'll tell you what, Chastelar," he went on, "I have reason to believe that your life might be yet spared, if you would only show that this was so."

"Ah, I understand you," said Chastelar, with suppressed passion. "If I will accuse the Queen, if I will put her in the power of her enemies, her enemies will be obliged to me. In other words, I may save my life by sacrificing her reputation; and it would be little matter whether what I said should be true or not. Is it not so, Villemont?" "Then, without waiting for an answer, "Villain, devil that thou art!" he exclaimed, now suddenly giving full swing to the passion that had been raised within him, "how hast thou dared to come to me with such an infamous proposal as this? Begone, begone, ruffian, I say!" and he seized the now trembling caitiff by the throat, and dashed him against the door of the cell with a violence that instantly brought in the guards who were stationed outside. These, seeing how matters stood, hurried Villemont out of the dungeon, and again secured the door on its unfortunate inmate.

On leaving Chastelar, Villemont repaired to the Earl of Moray, but with infinitely less confidence in his look and manner than on the former occasion when his villainy had been successful. To the Earl he detailed the particulars of his interview, not forgetting to mention the rough treatment he had received from the infuriated poet.

"Then he'll confess nothing, Villemont?" said Moray, when the former had done speaking.

"Nothing, my lord. He values not his life at a pin's fee."

"Obstinate fool!" exclaimed the Earl, evidently chagrined and disappointed. "Let him die, then. You may retire, Villemont," he abrubtly added.

Villemont obeyed.

"His execution, at any rate, shall be public," said the Earl to himself, when the latter had left him. "Perhaps he may make some confession on the scaffold, and it will be well to have it amply testified."

Mary Stuart, who, later in life, on occasions when her affections were engaged, commonly showed herself so rash in dealing with public opinion, was timid and hesitating in this instance. She was, in fact, terrified at the calumnies spread, and even openly preached against her in the churches by the reformers, and yielded up to their rancour, therefore, that devoted head as a proof of her own virtue, and resisted every prayer addressed to her pardon. Having returned to Holyrood, she refused to commute the sentence of death pronounced against Chastelar by his fanatical judges, and commanded the following couplet, inscribed by an unknown hand on the wall of her chamber, to be effaced:

"Sur front de roy
Que pardon soit."

Chastelar had a friend, however, in Erskine, a cousin of the captain of the Queen's guard at St. Andrews. This generous gentleman, having obtained access to the prison of the condemned poet, insinuated himself into the good graces of his gaoler, and tried to make him drunk, with a hope of effecting Chastelar's escape. But the custodian, a rigid Presbyterian, baffled every attempt to lull his vigilance asleep, and night and day narrowly watched his prisoner until he delivered him into the hands of the executioner.

Some writers seem to think that the Queen was not ignorant of this attempt at procuring Chastelar's escape. The relationship of Erskine with the captain of the guard is, in absence of proof, a point in Mary's favor.

During his serious moods, when his features lost their wonted frivolous expression, Chastelar bore a striking resemblance to the Chevalier Bayard. On quitting his dungeon for the scaffold, he recalled to many the appearance of his chivalrous uncle—alike in face, figure, and intrepid bearing. "If I am not like my ancestor, 'without reproach,'" said he, "I am at least like him, 'without fear.'"

He ascended the scaffold with the same intrepid step as though he were marching to meet the enemy, and his gentlemanlike appearance and noble bearing excited strongly the sympathy of the crowd. Whilst the executioner was occupied with the last preparations, Chastelar took a small volume from his pocket, opened it, and read aloud, with great dignity and composure, his friend Ronsard's *Hymn to Death*, in which occur the following lines, adapted at once to his situation and his sentiments:

"Le désir n'est rien que martire,
Content ne vit le dé sireux,
Et l'bomme mort est bien heureux,
Heureux qui plus rien ne désire."

When he had done, he turned towards that part of the castle of St. Andrews where he supposed the Queen to be, and kissing his hand, waved a graceful adieu, exclaiming, "Farewell, loveliest and most cruel princess whom the world contains!"

Having uttered these words—the last he spoke on earth—he laid his head with the utmost composure on the block. The axe of the executioner fell, and the high-souled, accomplished, but too enthusiastic Chastelar was no more.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Hon. Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was, just previously to his embarkation for India, in command of a regiment at Portchester Castle. The Hon. George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, commanded at the same time the Dorsetshire Militia, stationed also at the castle. After the conclusion of the war, the Parliament voted an estate to the Duke of Wellington for his great services, and Lord Rivers having offered Strathfieldsaye to the Ministry, as appropriate for the occasion, the Duke went down to see it. Lord Rivers thus spoke of the matter: "I was on my back, in a painful state of rheumatic gout, when the Duke of Wellington was announced. I desired that he might be shown into my bedroom, and in a minute or two he stood by my bedside. After condoling with me a few seconds on my indisposition, he told me he had come to survey the estate, and requested that horses and an intelligent guide might be allowed him. These were soon in readiness, and off posted the Duke and his guide to survey an estate eighteen miles in circumference. In about an hour-and-a-half after the Duke's departure he returned, expressed himself pleased with his estate, and took leave. After his departure I sent for the guide, and inquired of him as to what had passed between himself and the Duke during the progress of the survey. 'In all my life,' answered he, 'I never had such a dance. We have been quite round the estate, nearly at full speed all the way. Whether his Grace has seen it or not I don't know, for I had enough to do to keep up to him.' My man's appearance, plastered as he was with mud, sufficiently corroborated what he said. A few days after this flying visit, negotiations were commenced by the Treasury for the purchase of the estate, which terminated in its being bought and presented to the Duke. The following was the price paid: £200,000 the land; £150,000 the timber; £13,000 the mansion. £363,000 total purchase money.

DANISH PRAYER FOR THE TIME OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.—O Lord Jesu Christ, our Redeemer, honor and praise be alway giveu unto thee for feeding our souls with this spiritual and heavenly food. And we beseech thee for thy tender mercy, that as thou hast given it to us for a sacrament of continual thankfulness, of daily remembrance, and of charitable unity; even so, most merciful Saviour, lend us alway thy grace to be thankful unto thee for it, and not only by it to be continually mindful of our redemption, purchased through thy death and blood-shedding, but also in consideration thereof to increase in love toward thee, and all mankind for thy sake. — *The Order of the Church in Denmark.*

Recluseness has its uses. Men, like trees, must stand far apart to grow large.

WHY SUCH INDECISIVE BATTLES?

CERTAIN of the European critics, soon after our present war began, charged that the continuous battles in this country were due to the unscientific character of American warfare. They argued that this protracted fighting was similar to the rough and tumble scrambling between raw pugilists, where kicking, the shedding of blood, and expenditure of time result from the lack of pugilistic science on the part of the contestants. Trained pugilists, it was said, would not spend their strength in unavailing struggles, but would strike their blows at vital points and make them tell. So these critics alleged that, the American generals and armies on both sides being raw, the fighting was aimless and ineffectual; that neither knew how to strike a deadly blow or how to convert a rout into a victory. This complacent theory of the English and French critics seemed to be true for awhile, still the fact remains to be explained that after three years of war, in which our armies have been trained to the highest point of efficiency, and generals have been educated in the dread school of actual warfare to handle troops with skill, we now find that, instead of two or three days of fighting, the two great armies contending in Virginia continued pounding each other for ten or eleven days on a stretch without any decisive results. It is clear that the theory of the foreign critics is not now adequate to the case. We may be sure, then, that there are some other reasons why battles in the United States are not decisive in one or two days. Let us consider what these reasons are.

The difference between the duration of battles in this country and those in Europe is due to the topography of the United States. All, or most all of the battles of Europe were fought in a cultivated country, where the infantry were in full view of each other, where artillery could be put in position, and where when the time came, cavalry could be used with very great effect in creating a repulse or a retreat into a rout. The conditions in the United States, especially in the southern portion are essentially different. Battles with us are never fought in an open country, but always in woods, swamps or hilly regions, where the massing of vast bodies of infantry is out of the question, where artillery can rarely be used, and where cavalry are of no use except in picking up stragglers or destroying lines of railroad. A remarkable instance of this is seen in the first two days' battles in the Wilderness. On each of these days not a piece of cannon was used in either army. It was an infantry fight throughout; and even infantry could not be manœuvred as they could in Europe, because of the broken and rugged nature of the battle-field. General Rosecrans very happily remarked that our great battles are simply bushwhacking on a grand scale. And such they really are. We fight, after all, like Indians, only with much more destructive weapons. At Gettysburg there was some approach to a European battle, and two days sufficed to finish the fighting and decide the conflict; but even then so accustomed had our troops become to continuous fighting that the issue was not as decided as it might have been had European generals or European armies been engaged under similar conditions. As the infantry are compelled to fight in detached groups rather than in heavy masses; as artillery cannot be used to any great effect, and as cavalry are useless when opposed to even a small body of infantry protected by woods, it follows that the tremendous concussions of great bodies of troops so common in Europe are impossible here; and hence the battles renewed day after day and the indecisive character of the result. The same difficulty which makes the fighting so ineffectual almost wholly prevents pursuit of a retreating enemy; the cavalry, which in an open country are used to overwhelm a flying enemy, are brought to a stand by a rear guard of men in woods, when the nature of the ground prevents pursuit by infantry.

The idea advanced by some journals that this difference between European and American warfare is due to the superior persistence and tenacity of the American soldier is doubtless true in part, but it is not the principal reason of the continuous battles fought here. The American soldier possesses self-reliance, courage, enterprise and hope. All these qualities tell on the field and prevent panics and demoralization, so common in European armies when they are defeated. It is worthy of notice that the most marked instance of a panic occurred at Chancellorsville, not among the American but among the German troops. It is true that at the first battle of Bull Run our whole army ran away, yet it was composed mainly of foreigners and the undisciplined militia of the large cities.

The recent battles in Virginia certainly prove that American armies will stand greater losses than will the armies of Europe. The flattering estimate of superior bravery, however, is hardly borne out by the figures. Compare the numbers engaged and the losses in the recent eight days' battles with those of a single day's battle of Napoleon, and they will be found to be far inferior in proportion. Take, for example, the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Waterloo. In the first, the French force numbered 28,000, and its loss was 7,000 in killed and wounded and 1,000 in prisoners; the Austrian force was 31,000 strong, and its losses 7,000 killed and wounded and 3,000 prisoners. In the battle of Austerlitz the forces of the allies and Napoleon were respectively 90.000 and 70,000, while the losses of the former were over 10,000 killed and wounded, 20,000 prisoners, and 185 guns. At Waterloo the allies had a force of 182,000 and Napoleon one of 124,000, though in the actual battle the number of men actually engaged was about 70,000 on each side; the allies lost 23,185 in killed and wounded, and the French 26,300, besides 227 guns. Each of the battles mentioned above lasted one day, but that of Leipzic, in 1813, continued two days, with one day's intermission. The French lost 60,000 out of a force of 160,000, and the allies 50,000, of an army of 300,000. Compare these with the returns of the eight days' battle in Virginia. Estimating General Grant's force at 125,000, and his losses at 35,000, the truth of the assertions we have made will be seen at once. It must be borne in mind, too, that the instruments of warfare now in use are much more destructive than those employed at the time when the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Waterloo took place. The introduction of rifled guns greatly increases the efficiency of ordnance, so that not only do cannon carry with greater accuracy, but they can be used at greater distances. This fact ought to increase rather than diminish the losses in battle.

We think it is plain from what has been stated that the real cause of the prolonged battles in this war is not the lack of skill or bravery on either side, but the peculiar topography of the country, which not only prevents such heavy losses on both sides as are incurred in battles in Europe, but also prevents our battles from being as decisive as history would lead us to expect. We all know that the soldiers on either side have fought bravely, and while we praise our generals for the measure of success which they have achieved, let us not omit to make all proper allowance for the difficulties that stand in the way of winning victories that are decisive in their results, and render them all the support, moral and physical, that it is in our power to give them. In this way will we silence foreign critics, and accomplish the objects for which we entered upon this civil war.—*Round Table.*

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

THE earth is no place of diabolic exile, which "the prince of the power of the air" ever fans and darkens with his wing; and were it even, as was once believed, appointed to perish, this would be not because its failure was complete, but because its task was done. No vengeance burns in the sunshine which mellows its fruit and paints its grass; no threatenings flash from the starry eyes that watch over it by night. It is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul; where first he found in what a life he lives, and to what heaven he tends; where he has met the touch of spirits higher than his own, and of Him that is highest of all. It is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil; the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship.—*Rev. James Martineau, Westminster Review, January*, 1852.

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A MAN who looks through the present disguises and humbling circumstances of human nature, and speaks with earnestness of what it was made for, and what it may become, is commonly set down by men of the world as a romancer, and, what is far worse, by the religious as a minister to human pride—perhaps as exalting man against God.—*Channing, Introduction to Complete Works.*

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BEFORE all things man is distinguished by his pursuit and investigation of truth. And hence, when free from needful business and cares, we delight to see, to hear and to communicate, and consider a knowledge, of many admirable and abstruse things necessary to the good conduct and happiness of our lives; whence it is clear that whatsoever is true, simple and direct, the same is most congenial to our nature as men. Closely allied with this earnest longing to see and know the truth, is a kind of dignified and princely sentiment which forbids a mind, naturally well constituted, to submit its faculties to any but such as are at once just, lawful, and founded on utility. From this source spring greatness of mind, and contempt of worldly advantages and troubles.—*Cicero, translated by J. F. W. Herschel.*

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WE are told by Goethe, in his *Autobiography*, that he had attained his sixth year when the terrible earthquake at Lisbon took place—"an event," he says, "which greatly disturbed" his "peace of mind for the first time." He could not reconcile a catastrophe, so suddenly destructive to thousands, with the ideas which he had already formed for himself of a Providence all-powerful and all-benevolent. But he afterwards learned, he tells us, to recognize in such events the "*God of the Old Testament.*" I know not in what spirit the remark was made; but this I know, that it is the God of the Old Testament whom we see exhibited in all nature and all providence; and that it is at once wisdom and duty in His rational creatures, however darkly they may perceive or imperfectly they may comprehend, to hold in implicit faith that the Adorable Monarch of all the past and of all the future is a King who "can do no wrong." This early exhibition of tooth, and spine, and sting—of weapons constructed alike to cut and to pierce—to unite two of the most indispensable requirements of the modern armorer—a keen edge to a strong back—nay, stranger still, the examples furnished in this primeval time, of weapons formed not only to kill, but also to torture—must be altogether at variance with the preconceived opinions of those who hold that until man appeared in creation, and darkened its sympathetic face with the stain of moral guilt; the reign of violence and outrage did not begin, and that there was no death among the inferior creatures, and no suffering. But preconceived opinion—whether it hold fast, with Lactantius and the old-schoolmen, to the belief that there are no antipodes, or assert, with Caccini and Bellarmine, that our globe hangs lazily in the midst of the heavens, while the sun moves round it—must yield ultimately to scientific truth.—*Hugh Miller.*

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MAN, from his make, constitution or nature, is in the strictest and most proper sense, a law to himself; he hath the rule of right within, and what is wanting is that he honestly attend to it. Conscience does not only offer itself to show us the way we should walk in, but it likewise carries its own authority with it, that it is our natural guide—the guide assigned to us by the author of our nature. It, therefore, belongs to our condition of being. It is our duty to walk in that path, and to follow this guide, without looking about to see whether we may not possibly forsake it with impunity.—*Analogy*, (*Dr. Butler*), *Sermon No.* 3.

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PROVIDENCE always favors the heaviest battalion.—*Napoleon.*

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THE gods are on the side of the strongest.—*Tacitus.*

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IT is told of good Sir John, that he heard a case stated by counsel, and made up his mind; then the counsel for the other side, taking their turn to speak, he found himself so unsettled and perplexed, that he exclaimed: "So help me, God! I will never listen to evidence again!"—*Emerson, English Traits.*

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GREAT men are always of a nature originally melancholy.—*Aristotle.*

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XI.

AN accident which happened to poor Dr. Schultz suddenly interrupted my letter, dear William, and threw my mind into a disorder which I can scarcely control, when I think of my past sorrows; this is why you have only a mutilated chapter. The day before yesterday, while I was writing to you, old Fritz entered my room, as he often does without my calling him, solely to watch me reading or working. It is a license which I have granted this faithful Caleb, who saw me at my birth, and who cannot rest a quarter of an hour without coming to brood over me with his eyes. I would not like to disturb him, and am so accustomed to this innocent mania of his, and he walks about with so little noise, that I have concluded to be perfectly unconscious of his presence.

I know not how long he stood before me, when I saw him rush suddenly out of the room. A moment after, he returned with Hermann, who in a very agitated manner begged me to hasten immediately to Dr. Schultz, who had been suddenly seized with fits. I followed him with all speed, and found the doctor shut up in his room with the blinds closed.

"Ah! is it you?" said he to me, wildly. "You arrive in time. This brigand of a Hermann holds me prisoner; you will release me!"

My first idea was to fly with him; but in passing through the parlor, I saw the unfortunate Mme. Schultz seated calmly, a book on her knee, giving a lesson to her daughter. I thought of the despair into which this horrible disclosure, which as yet she knew nothing of, would plunge her.

"Come, let us go out," continued the doctor.

"I have some serious matters to speak to you about," said I, pretending not to notice his excited state.

"Very well! come on; you will tell me all that on the way."

"No; let us stay here," I replied. "I am not very well; besides, my communication is strictly confidential.

"Still more reason to go out," said he. "Do you not see that Madness is there? She comes to find me. She listens to us—there! there! behind you!" added he, with a wild gesture.

I shivered with terror, and I turned round, pale and trembling. A tall, immoveable dumb figure regarded us fixedly, and seemed to come out of the wall.

"Defend me! defend me!" exclaimed Schultz, filled with terror; "she is going to seize me."

I saw he was lost. Instinctively, I made a rampart of my body, and dared to face the terrible spectre. I had scarcely glanced at it when I saw our error.

"What childishness!" I exclaimed. "It is the portrait of your uncle, Dr. Wolfgang Schultz."

"No, it is *she* who thus disguises herself the better to ensnare us. See, she moves in the flame—touch her with your hand. It is she, I tell you, it is she!"

Probably he spoke the truth, for she knows how to assume all forms; but it was necessary to give relief to this poor bewildered mind. I bore up against my fears. I walked towards the image. My heart beat. Two steps from the picture I thought of flight. Schultz anxiously observed; he was on the point of succumbing. By a supreme effort of my will, I took the last step—I stretched out my hand, I touched——

"It is a painting!" exclaimed I, triumphantly; "it is a painting! Come near—look at it! I strike on it, and it offers a resistance to my fingers!"

I was very proud of my heroism.

"You are very sure?"

"*Parbleu, mon cher!* You have been the dupe of an illusion, an effect of light. See, see—"

"Perhaps it was a hallucination," replied he, sadly.

"Well! and if it was—a pretty affair. Bad digestion, a dream, the night-mare! Esquirol classes this phenomena among the passing affections. 'Hallucinations differ from somnambulism and madness,' says he, 'in that in most cases the hallucinated remember all the ideas which have troubled them, while somnambulists and fools remember nothing.'"

"You say all that to console me," said the doctor, shaking his head with an air of doubt.

"Upon honor, I quote literally," replied I. "See here, my friend—let us discuss it: Yours is a just and truthful mind; the fact here is patent; this is a picture. So you see yourself convinced of the vanity of thinking that the picture is a phantom. Your courage alone was sufficient to make it disappear. What then! You—a savan, a philosopher, a practitioner—you believe in apparitions, which would reverse all nature's laws?"

My argument went on for nearly an hour. The doctor listened to me with his head inclined to one side, as though he feared to lose one word. I observed him attentively. I felt as though I were reassuring him. Once as he turned his back I saw his face reflected in the mirror. He did not show the slightest trace of emotion. By chance he encountered my look; he made a gesture of surprise, but was troubled only for a moment. To hide his uneasiness he covered his face with his hands, but not quick enough to prevent my seeing a smile rising to his lips.

What did this smile mean? In truth, it was to be believed that his lamentation was only the work of my imagination.

"Go on, go on," said he to me. "Prove to me my foolishness. Prove to me that if I know how to comprehend the vanity of my terrors, it is because there is no organic derangement of my brain; prove to me that I abandon myself to puerile fits, and that if my will is sufficient to dissipate them, it shows that it is because I have escaped my sad inheritance."

This sensible language confirmed my victory. I had only to develop the propositions of a syllogism, of which he furnished me all the points with admirable clearness. In the heat of improvisation, I found arguments which surprised even myself—irrefutable deductions that I had never thought of before, and which pity suggested. After half an hour Schultz got up, serene and composed.

"Thanks," said he to me, with simplicity, taking my hand; and he added gaily, "Will you permit me now to go out?"

"Let us go down into the garden if you like," replied I.

"No," said he, "let us go and take a walk in the country."

I was very careful to conceal the astonishment into which this proposition threw me. Schultz spoke to me in so frank and joyous an accent that I could not deceive myself as to his intention. We understood each other intuitively.

"Let us go," said I; and we went.

This will show you, my dear William, how I stand with my doctor. I am no longer a prisoner. I have crossed for the first time in a year the barriers which my guardian has imposed on me. I am free—free by gratitude; free, with the consciousness of having saved a soul that was drifting on to lose itself in eternal darkness. Shall I confess to you, my friend, I feel an indescribable sensation of pride, as though I had accomplished a brilliant action. I believe that a mother alone can comprehend my joy in protecting a being of whom I am in some degree the reasoning power. I attach myself to this poor Schultz, whom I once hated, by that great law of love which binds together the creator and the creature; and he in turn seems to feel the same tenderness for me, except that he mingles with it submission. Perhaps, also, he is afraid I will leave him.

All this explains, my friend, how, although free, I still stay at Carlsruhe. I could not without cruelty abandon my task. Schultz is still so fearful of himself that he implores me not to go out without him. It is not in a few weeks that I can nerve him against relapse; he would believe himself lost without me. Besides, what should I do away from here? Outside of your friendship I have no future. The only love which made me live was but a dream.

You now know why I again interrupted my recital. I will resume it again to-morrow.

XII.

I KNOW not what followed the terrible shock which left me senseless at the feet of Diana. When I recovered I found myself in my bed, languid and stunned; it was night; Bastien watched by my bedside, and hearing me murmur his name, he uttered a cry of joy:

"*Mon Dieu!* he is saved!" said he, "Monsieur André, do you recognize me?"

"Yes, I recognize you; why are you astonished at it?"

"Ah, Madame the Countess will be glad of this; but don't talk. The doctor said that when you recovered from your insensibility you must be prevented from talking; and I will tell you everything, so that you will not be fatigued."

He told me then that I had been in bed for three weeks, stricken down by brain fever, which made them despair of my life, and that it was only two days since I had been pronounced out of danger.

"And my godmother?" said I to him.

"She has quitted you neither day nor night. It is only since day before yesterday that she took repose when night came: now it is I who am your guard, as you see; but she has commanded me, if you interrogate me, to say to you from her to be very quiet and think of her. *Allons*, we have reason enough," added he, "to make us obey her her; in two hours it will be day, and she will come; go to sleep like a good child, until then, to rest you."

I felt such mental lassitude that it was impossible for me to frame any other questions. Besides, he spoke to me of her, and that was more than enough to appease me. I closed my eyes, enveloping myself in thoughts of her, and then slept.

When I awoke, the sun was brightly shining through the open window. The perfume from the garden stole into my room, wafted by the morning breeze. I could almost believe that I was present at my own resurrection. A sigh near me made me turn my head, and I found myself under the gaze of Diana, who, bathed in tears of joy, held my hand in both of hers.

"It is I! it is I! my dear godmother," cried I, as if I had just returned from a long voyage.

And I commenced to cry like her.

For a moment we spoke not a word, but smiled through our tears, holding each other's hands.

"I see you again," said I, between a laugh and a sob.

"But I have never left you, André," replied she with emphasis.

Oh, divine moment, what happiness or sorrow could ever make thy remembrance fade!

I did not know with what love I loved, but our two souls had melted into one, and floated away into the open heavens.

I was still too feeble to bear such ecstacy; I nearly fainted, and Diana obliged me to be silent.

"It is necessary to be calm," said she, "if you wish to get well. I will stay here near you; do not fatigue yourself."

"It is such a long time since I have seen you," replied I, trying to resist; "and I have so many things to tell you."

"No, no, not now; if you love me, obey."

"Ah, yes, I obey you."

She quickly drew her fingers away from my grasp, and without replying, she placed her hand on my forehead as one does to make little children be good.

"Sleep, sleep," said she."

I closed my eyes, but I did not sleep. She was seated at my bedside, and through my half closed eyes I contemplated her in rapture.

She was turned towards me; a ray of sunshine played in her hair and formed a crown of glory. I observed that she was very pale; a dark circle surrounded her eyes, and her classic features were thin. I recalled the words of Bastien—I remembered her anguish and her vigils—I wept.

"Ah! you do not sleep," said she, in a tone of tender reproach.

At this moment the doctor entered: "It seems that we are recovering," exclaimed he joyously. "Ho, ho! what a countenance for a sick man! Let us feel your pulse—perfect! Well! here you are, well out of the affair, and I have only to guard you from the imprudences which would retard your cure."

As for me, I saw only Diana, and the happiness which shone in her countenance. It was for her sake that I was glad to return to life.

THE ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

THERE is something in most suicides which blunts the edge of human judgment, at least in our day. We turn from the stern old law of our forefathers, and draw the veil of temporary insanity over the end of all persons (in the upper classes at least) who have laid violent hands on their own lives. The burial by the highway, with no religious ceremony over the grave, and a stake driven through the body, has been discarded as useless and brutal; and the forfeiture of all goods and chattels to the sovereign has become a dead letter. This is all as it should be. The fear of capital punishment may deter the possible murderer from taking another man's life, but we suppose no one would contend that the fear of an ignominious burial ever hindered a man from taking his own; as to the forfeiture of personal estate, (when the blood of a *felo de se* was not corrupted, nor his estates of inheritance forfeited,) it is difficult to reconcile such a penalty with the principles of our law, and it is utterly opposed to equity and common sense, inasmuch as it was a simple laying of the burden of a man's crime on those who had already suffered most by it.

But it is one thing to rejoice over the disuse or powerlessness of savage old laws, and quite another to assent to some modern theories on the subject, which, to judge from our own experience, must be somewhat rife amongst us. In no fewer than three different societies we have heard it maintained within the last few days that suicide is no crime at all; that it is not contrary to natural morality, but in entire accordance with it; that a man should exercise absolute control over his own life, should use his discretion as to when and how to keep it, spend it, or throw it away, exactly as he does with respect to any other piece of property. It is urged further, that the Christian faith, so far as it speaks at all on the subject, must be taken to sanction this view. You acknowledge, it is said, self-sacrifice as the very foundation of the law of God. You preach the sacrifice of life as the highest sacrifice; where do you draw the line? A jumps into the water to save a drowning child, gets drowned himself, and you very rightly pension his family and call him a hero. B sits down on his bed, considers within himself whether he is likely to profit himself or any other living soul by staying in the world. Having for his part come to a definite conclusion, B puts a pistol in his mouth and blows his brains out, and you say he has been guilty of a great crime; and, but that he must have been mad, you would dishonor his name and ruin his family. Your morality may be sound, but you must go elsewhere than to Christianity to support it.

If it is only meant that the definite command, "Thou shalt not take thine own life," is not to be found in so many words in the New Testament, we readily admit the position. We have heard arguments in favor of many other miscalled human rights, of polygamy, for instance, based on the like grounds, and are not going to waste time in proving that the faith which teaches that every power and gift comes direct from God as a trust to man, and not as property, can lend no shadow of a sanction to the notion that the wonderful gift of life is an exception to the universal law. But there is no need to appeal to Christian ethics. The old heathen saw clear down into the heart of this matter as he strolled under the grey olives in the bright Attic air. "The Great Captain has set you in your ranks, you may not break your rank on the strength of your own private notions; it is an outrage on the common life in which your own is bound up," is the sum of the thoughts of Plato and his master, and without appealing to a greater than Plato or his master, we can be quite content to rest the case on their teaching. The ground-motive of suicide is cowardice. A man will not meet some one of the consequences which his own acts have raised up to confront him; shame or dishonor, real or fancied, stare him in the face, casting the whole visible creation into the shade, and the invisible can hold nothing more terrible for him in its mysterious depths. There he *may* escape from his enemy; here he quails and owns himself vanquished; and then comes the pistol or the deep pool in the river.—*London Spectator.*

The Lyons journals announce the death of M. Gérard, director of the Park of the Tete-d'Or, caused by the bite of a venomous fly. He was bitten on Wednesday, and died on Saturday.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE most notable event during the week, announced by telegraph from Washington, has been the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase. At this juncture, when the financial operations of the Government require all the wisdom and skill of a statesman well versed in financial matters, it is to be regretted that the nation will lose the services of so able a Cabinet officer.

The Honorable ex-Secretary wielded a strong arm, and the success which has attended his official career may be attributed in some degree to the fearlessness with which he grappled every financial problem that rose from time to time during the war. It is doubtful whether the national finances could have been as well managed in other hands. He displayed on more than one occasion consummate ingenuity and tact in relieving the necessities of the Government and in supplying its exchequer with ample resources to meet the expenses of his Department. The resignation of Mr. Chase appears to have created some confusion in Eastern financial circles, and the late rise in the premium on gold has been doubtless, in a measure, occasioned by this unexpected circumstance. Until his successor becomes familiar with the actual condition of the Treasury and can devise a wiser and more efficient scheme for a curtailment of the currency, and at the same time provide means for the disbursement of the accumulating liabilities of the country, gold is not likely to be much less desirable as a speculative commodity than now, and it may enhance in value. If telegraphic advices correctly inform us of the condition of the money market in New York, a very extraordinary pressure has prevailed there for a few days past. It is stated that rates were ranging from ½ to 2 per cent. for ten days. This is quite an anomaly for Wall street; but there may be causes operating to effect so unusual a state of affairs that are not disclosed to us. Neither the retirement of Mr. Chase nor the rise in gold would seem to afford sufficient cause for so sudden and severe a panic.

The late Secretary of the Treasury, in his communication to the Committee on Ways and Means, of the 29th ult., says: "The aggregate of revenue from all sources for the year closing with the 30th of June, reaches $242,000,000; and the expenses of the Government, excluding two months pay to the army, due July 1st, $880,000,000." Taking the highest amount estimated, and assuming that the miscellaneous receipts will reach $35,000,000, the whole amount of revenue for the next year cannot be put down at more than $318,000,000, while the expeuditures are likely to reach $850,000,000. This is not as flattering an exhibit as was expected; but Congress, before its adjournment, provided for the deficit (beyond the amount furnished by the loan bill) in ncreased taxation.

In home finances we have nothing of special interest to present. The money market continues to grow easier, and but for the uncertainties attending the future of currency matters East, and the apprehension that still exists among certain capitalists as to the uncoustitutionality of our Special Contract law, a large amount of unavailable capital would seek employment at lower rates of interest than have heretofore ruled in this market. At no period in the history of California has there been so much money lying idle in the vaults of bankers and others as now. For legitimate commercial purposes and for the promotion of other interests in the course of regular business not tainted with speculation, there is no scarcity of money at bank rates; (1½ per cent. per month;) but for outside operations, mining enterprises, etc., no capital is to be had from those who are so fortunate as to have it to loan.

Legal Tender notes have been in moderate request during the week at from 45 to 46¼. The market is well supplied at the close at $44. Latest telegraphic advices from New York quote gold at 255 and 260, under date of the 7th.

The Mining-share market has been stagnant the past few days, except in one or two leading stocks, and transactions were trifling.

Gould and Curry opened on Tuesday at $1,625, rose on Wednesday to $1,850; then declined to $1,600, rallied slightly to $1,630, and closed yesterday afternoon at $1,600—some 90 feet changing hands. Sales are now made ex dividend of $50 per foot, declared on Saturday last. The lower portion of the mine continues to improve.

Ophir is steadily maintained at about $730, at which rate some sales were made.

Potosi is in rather less favor, declining from $1,000 to $925. The receipts of bullion are now large, and a dividend is anticipated at an early day.

Challar has improved, and rose from $390 to $425 bid, $450 asked, closing yesterday at $430. Belcher advanced to $1,050. Yellow Jacket was sold at $800 and $775.

North American rose to $75, buyer 30, fell to $67½, and was sold yesterday at $62. Baltimore American advanced from $40 to $47½. Bullion declined to $62; Burning Moscow to $20, and De Soto to $12½.

Lady Bryan fell under large sales from £22 to $11, and was sold yesterday at $10. Golden Age and Empire was dealt in at $17 and $18; Melones at $20; North Potosi at $50 and $53, and Nevada (J. G.) at $24 and $25.

The *Patria* of Naples announces that the brigand chief, Schiavone who has committed so many acts of cruelty in the Basilicate, has been captured by five peasants, and conveyed to Tricario.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

OUR old acquaintance, *The Octoroon*, has been reproduced at Maguire's Opera House, where it was brought out, for the first time in this city nearly four years ago, by Mr. Wheatleigh. Old play-goers will remember how, at that time, its sensation qualities were much heightened by hisses from some portions of the audience, how mild conservatives opened their eyes at some queer things it hinted of, and how, on one occasion, a sympathizing occupant of the pit endeavored to out-bid the principal villain, McClosky, at the sale of the "Octoroon." But all these things are, haply, of the past. The incidents that nightly made women weep and strong men grit their teeth in impotent rage, are passing into history. The world's a stage, and queer changes are sometimes brought about between the falling of the act drop. How pleasantly Boucicault might alter the *dénoument* of his drama, by adding another act, in which, at the critical moment, a Federal soldier should rush in with the Proclamation, and thus rescue suffering virtue. This change would materially add to the success of the play in England, where, in concession to the public demand, he was obliged to restore "Zoe" to life after a sleep to which Juliet's furnishes a parallel.

The story of *The Octoroon* is older than the play. It is said to have been borrowed by Boucicault from Capt. Mayne Reid's *Quadroon*, and there certainly is something of the Captain's swampy luxuriance of sentiment in the drama. Boucicault reduced the fraction but added to the interest by changing the title to *The Octoroon*. The authorship of the rather impossible but highly effective episode of the photographic plate is quite undecided. But we must not forget to give Boucicault the highest credit for one character he drew in the play—a character seldom before attempted. He gave us a stage Yankee whom we can respect, who has some gentlemanly qualities, who does not exist solely as a buffoon, who is not obliged to wear a ridiculous blue coat, strapped trousers and high shirt-collar to make his character distinctive, and who occasionally excites other than the risible faculties. It is hard that the true Yankee of the American drama, to be faithfully dealt with, should have to sit for his portrait to an Englishman; but it is none the less true. The stage Yankee, known to us through Hill, Locke, and other comedians, has done much to degrade the national character in our own as well as in European eyes, by showing only its exaggerated and unheroic features.

No one actor has been able to embody this conception of Boucicault more thoroughly and gracefully than Mr. Wheatleigh. His "Salem Scudder" has all the craft, ingenuity and hard philosophy of the Yankee character; but beneath this is the clear intellect, the hardihood, the independence, self-reliance and quick wit which is as essential to its portrayal. Although not an American by birth, Mr. Wheatleigh has many of the physical peculiarities of the race; so that his make-up of the character is perfect. To see him is to read one of Lowell's best Biglow papers, with illustrations by Darley. The *Colleen Bawn* with Mr. Wheatleigh as "Danny Mann" will be brought out at the Opera House this evening.

The Academy of Music has been doing as well during the week as it deserves, and this is not an equivocal compliment in the estimation of those who have frequented it, a category which includes all the musical taste of the town. On Tuesday evening *La Sonnambula* was produced to an excellent house, Miss Richings as "Amina," Mrs. Simonsen as "Lisa," Bianchi as "Elvino," and Gregg as "Rodolfo." Miss Richings displayed that mastery of the music and skill in the interpretation of its more subtle meanings to which we have alluded in previous notices. It may be set down as one of this artiste's principal charms, that while playing the lady on the stage, the grace and dignity of her demeanor carry with them the impression that she is a lady when off from it. Bianchi scarcely seemed up to his *role* in any part of the piece, and in the last act sung frightfully false—unintentionally, it is to be presumed, but putting the patience of the *prima donna* and the success of the chorus to a very severe test. It is a pity that so good and practised a musician, and one who is generally so artistically correct, should have so far forgotten himself as to peril the harmonies of the entire scene. Gregg did very well, showing the compass of his voice in the duet between "Rodolfo" and "Amina" to excellent advantage. Why can he not be content to rely upon his voice and modify the uncouthness of his style—to quit, in short, his barbarous gulping and settle down to what in the *reportoire* of the lobbies is called "square singing?" And why will he not devote an hour or two a day to the study of Italian, enabling him to obviate the ludicrous effect of English consonants where Italian liquids are meant to flow, and remove the impression he at present conveys of a Cockney at a fancy dress ball. "I call him Clifford and he calls me madam," is the complaint of the heroine in the *Hunchback*, but what comparison in enormity and cruelty does that complaint bear to the one which "Amina" could frame of singing to "Rodolfo" in Italian and having him reply in English. "Lisa" marred the effect of her otherwise excellent rendition by indulging in too much buffoonery. On Monday evening *Ernani* will be given, Miss Richings as "Elvira." The remainder of the cast will be seen in the advertisement in the proper columns. *Norma* is in rehearsal.

Paul Julien's concert on Wednesday evening was as complete a success as could be desired; and we question whether a more charming entertainment was ever given in this city. We know of no violinist on the continent who equals him, none anywhere who surpasses him. The music he draws out of the instrument is wonderful, and he handles it with a grace which is only exceeded by the delicacy of his touch. The violin in common hands does not exhibit the performer to very eminent advantage, suggesting to the practical mind the idea mainly of a man nursing a baby; but with Julien it is very different. We were on the point of saying that he is master of the instrument, but it occurs to us that the violin may better be called his mistress, and he the ardent and persuasive lover. It is an experience in life to hear Julien play *Home Sweet Home;* and it is little wonder that the feeling of the audience was manifested without regard to a preservation of the integrity of kid-gloves. But why would they persist in encoring? Why are they so selfish as to torture the artist who entertains them? Encoring seems to be a peculiarly Californian practice, and it is indulged in with an utter disregard of the rights of the performer. When a *danseuse* has toiled through a piece which leaves her physically prostrate, and makes rest a necessity for her, you will see an audience clamor for a repetition, as though she were a machine incapable of fatigue; and the same with *cantatrices* and all other artists. We hope that Julien's concerts will be many. He certainly found sufficient encouragement in the house that greeted him on Wednesday evening—tastefully dressed, and filling the Academy to its utmost limit. He found inspiration, too, and hence perhaps the secret of his playing so marvellously well; for the house was redolent with beauty as a flower-garden, lilies in balconies, roses in parquet, and pinks of perfection scattered thick as summer daisies everywhere. He gives another matinée on Wednesday next.

The Metropolitan has been busy with *Lesbia, the Lion of St. Marc* during the week, in which play Mrs. Hayne was decidedly the lioness, carrying off the honors and furnishing an excellent piece of acting to those capable of appreciating it. That these are few is betrayed, we fear, by the fact that the houses have uniformly been very far from what the merits of the piece and the playing demand. *Lesbia* was translated for Matilda Heron, but that lady never succeeded in making in it even an approach to that triumph which she achieved as "Camille." It is intensely dramatic, however, startling in its situations, and preserving all the elements that should please the popular taste. The cursing scene, where an amount of objurgations is indulged in that would make one fancy the two parties to it *ex-officio* professors of the art, is especially taking, and even Lear might learn a lesson from the Chief of the Council of Ten, who curses as though he were intrusted with the duty of doing it for all the other members. To say that the *Lion of St. Marc* was well played in the mane would be to pun at the expense of truth, for Mr. Taylor over-played the part of "Orsceola" by several degrees of latitude and longitude, and Miss Ince lacked in warmth and vigor quite as much as he exceeded. If a compromise between the two could have been effected, the result would have been some approach to what the respective parts actually demanded. Miss Ince took her benefit last night, but had to struggle against *Trovatore* at the Academy, and the consequence was visible.

Mrs. Jordan takes her benefit on Wednesday night in *Aurora Floyd*, the first piece in which she achieved a reputation as an actress and won the public to say that she brought histronic ability to her profession as well as beauty. Long the popular manageress of the Metropolitan and a native, so to speak, of the soil, Mrs. Jordan has won hosts of friends, and these will have an opportunity to show themselves on Wednesday night.

MEYERBEER.—A correspondent writing from London, May 4th, says:

Meyerbeer died this week. He was born in Berlin, September 5, 1794. He was a precocious boy, and at nine (the age at which Mozart was already *great*) a critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists in Berlin. His father, a Jewish banker, James Beer, was fortunately too wealthy to put the child forward too much, so Meyerbeer had a healthier life than usually is allotted to musical geniuses in Germany. When he grew older, Meyerbeer seemed to turn to the less severe style of music, and, indeed, Italianized his name into Giacomo and his music in the same way. His first opera, *Jeptha's Daughter*, was represented in Munich in 1812, with but little success. But his *Crociato in Egitto*, brought out in 1825 in Venice, laid the foundation of his reputation. In 1831, his greatest work, *Robert the Devil*, was brought out, and his fame was established. A fine success, too, was *The Huguenots*, appearing soon after (1836). The *Prophète*, in 1849, was well received. *L'Etoile du Nord*, in 1854, and the *Pardon de Ploermel*, later, marked a decline. *L'Africaine* had been for some time composed, and will now, no doubt, be brought out. Rossini, a hale, hearty, and humorous old man, the toast of the *salons* of Paris, where he resides, is now the last link that connects the present musical generation with the past. He and Meyerbeer had lived to see new stars ascend in the zenith in Wagner and Gounod, whose operas rule where once their own were unrivaled. Still there are no better comrades than Gounod and Rossini—the one white-haired, the other plump and boyish—who may be seen now and then sipping coffee or *eau sucrée* on the boulevards.

WE should read books, not to quote them, but to strengthen our intellects and suggest thoughts of our own. We fatten a sheep with grass, not to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but that he may feed us with mutton, and clothe us with wool.

ANNIE AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following Friday Herr von Heilmann and the Fraulein Gruppe had a slight altercation, if such it could be called. The lady was angry and excited (perhaps, beginning to despair of her game, she sometimes let her mask slip on one side;) the gentleman was courteous, severe and resolute.

"You desire that Fraulien Gresham should play at your concert, madam. Well, I think it a pity; she is too nervous for it not to be painful to her to do so—too nervous to do herself or me justice; but if I bow to your desire in this matter, I cannot be dictated to as regards the composition she should render."

"As to her nervousness, mein Herr, she must conquer that. In her position, she has no business to indulge in any such nonsense. Upon her playing I shall insist; and I much desire that she should play the Prelude and Fugue in C minor, composed by my late lamented father on the occasion of the death of the most worthy Princess Wilhelmina."

"Impossible, madam. The merit of the composition is a question upon which I will not presume to enter; but that it should be played by such hands as these (here with the most entirely business-like gravity, a complete absorption in the matter under discussion, he took up one of Annie's hands—she was sitting at the piano beside him—and laid it upon his own) is a physical impossibility. These fingers are lithe, and the wrist (raising it and giving it a little shake) is finely flexible; still the composition of which you speak is not for such hands as these." So saying, he seemed suddenly to awake to the consciousness that the hand he had again placed on his—the more strongly, by force of contrast, to mark its minuteness—was something more than a piece of dainty mechanism. He gently replaced it on the keys of the piano with a look as he said, "Verzeihen sie, gnadigste, Fraulein," that was from him a caress. But Annie, sitting passive while her fate was discussed, did not raise her eyes.

He turned again to the watchful Fraulein Gruppe, and continued, severely: "As to this concert, the credit or discredit of it will be entirely mine; the arrangement of the programme and the allotment of the music is therefore wholly my affair, and I cannot and will not submit, madam, to even such judicious and wise co-operation as yours would doubtless be. With my other pupils the playing or not playing on this occasion has been a matter of choice. I do not see why it should be compulsory on the part of the Fraulein Gresham. I therefore ask her: Miss Gresham, is it agreeable to you that your name should be placed upon the programme?"

The question was put in the severe tone which he had used to Fraulein Gruppe, but the thoughtful eyes were full of kindness when they met Annie's. Annie cared for nothing in the matter but to please her master. It was impossible to her, after meeting that look, to answer his question otherwise than with another.

"Do you wish it?"

This time she detected a certain pleasant change in his face enough to assure her that she had pleased him. Before he answered he appeared to reflect for a moment, then said, "On the whole, I think, yes."

"I must stipulate," he continued, turning upon Fraulein Gruppe, "that Miss Gresham shall have the use of a piano for at least three hours daily." As he rose to go, he added; "I have always had pride and pleasure in my English pupils, finding among them some of the most intelligent and industrious of my scholars. I assure myself that it is not Fraulein Gresham who will prove the exception."

He did not allow himself to seek an answer in Annie's face or he would have met a very bright one.

"I cannot make them out!" Fraulein Gruppe remarked to her confidential friend. "If there is anything between them, she is the slyest little thing. I have watched and watched, and I cannot detect a spark of coquetry or consciousness in her conduct. She is altogether the good pupil! sits and looks like a demure baby: 'Mais il n'est, comme on dit, pire eau que l'eau qui dort.'"

"The English women are so controlled, so quiet and so deep, you see dear Angel," answered the friend addressed. "This girl is no doubt cunning enough to know the kind of matter-of-being (Art zu seyn) likely to catch a grave man of middle-age like Herr von Heilmann, who in a wife would probably like to find the docility that other men who marry earlier, look for in their children."

"'Catch!' 'wife!' You don't mean to tell me, my dearest"—the voice was sharp and angry—"that you think there is any danger—that you fancy he means to marry her?"

"No, no, no; a thousand times no!" cried the alarmed confidant. "Last time I had the happiness of seeing him with you, I thought there was a decided, a pronounced—in short, a something difficult to describe, but a something in his manner towards you, dearest Angel, very different from his manner towards other women."

After that Friday, Annie set her heart to her music more than she had ever done before, though she had always loved it, and often found in it the one delight of dreary days. She no longer relinquished to the first claimant the hours of study to which she had a right and by rising very early she secured others which no one contested with her. She had set her heart towards her music, and yet, though she loved it, not for its own sake, the heart set towards the art was set upon pleasing her master. With the singular simplicity and singleness of purpose of which she was capable she kept this aim in sight. She was conscious that he especially desired her success; she did not question "why." Also she was conscious that she especially desired to please him; she did not question "why" or "what more." To the publicity of the concert she looked forward with no dread and no pleasure, but with intense anxiety. She would be no more nervous in playing before fifty people than in playing before her master only; their presence would merely affect her in as far as it affected him, making her more desirous to do well because she believed that it made him more desirous that she should do so. The one thing she cared about was, that she should not shame or disappoint him.

But before that day came, other things happened to Annie.

CHAPTER V.

"A visit" and "Fraulein Gresham" were words that fell on Annie's ear as she sat in class one morning—unwonted words falling there so strangely that she paid them no heed, did not believe that she had heard rightly. But when the class was over, Fraulein Gruppe sent her down to the refectory to receive a visitor. The refectory was a long bare room; long tables and long forms, and the inevitable piano were its only furniture. Visitors were ordinarily received in the saloon, but Annie was so greatly out of favor that any place was good enough for a friend of hers.

"What dungeon do I find you in!" exclaimed a clear ringing English voice as Annie entered the room. Her hands were taken and her cheeks were kissed by a moustached mouth before she had time to recognize her visitor.

"Cousin Basil!" her tone was half joyful, half doubtful.

"Do you doubt it? Will you have me turned away as an impostor? Have you quite forgotten me?"

"You are grown from a boy into a man, remember, and I had no reason to expect to see you. Where have you dropped from? Oh, it is pleasant to hear a home voice and see a home face."

"I'm glad you think so. I have had a world of difficulty in finding you out. I am here for a few days *en route* for home. This place is not really *en route*, but I made it so to see you. And now how can I see you in any satisfactory way? Do you ever get out? I am staying in a very pleasant family—the family of a friend of mine out there. They are really hospitable people—will be delighted to see you. Can I speak to the principal here and get you leave of absence? You could tell her I'm your brother if you think she would not trust you with a cousin."

"She knows I have no brother—no near relations," Annie answered, smiling.

"No near relations! What do you call me, then, eh?"

"A second cousin is hardly near, though he may be a dear relation, Basil. Though you used to be like a brother to me, I cannot pass you off as one. Oh, how long do you stay? Of course, I *must* see something of you. I will manage it somehow."

"I only meant to stay a couple of days, but I fancy it may be a couple of weeks. To tell the truth, one of my friend's sisters is an uncommonly nice girl, and she can speak English, and it's uncommonly jolly to hear her do it. But I must get home before Christmas, however. Annie, what becomes of you in the holidays? Why not come over with me?"

"That is perfectly impossible, Basil."

"I know of old that 'perfectly impossible' of yours; it was always a settler. But how about getting out? Can't you come at once? The day is glorious; it is a shame to lose it in this den. Couldn't you take a good walk with me in these gardens? I have a world of things to tell you about."

While Annie was hesitating, Fraulein Gruppe came into the room, curious as to her teacher's visitor. For some reason of her own she proved wonderfully gracious, accepted the guarantee of cousinship as all-sufficient, was charmed that her young friend should have the pleasure of seeing a countryman, granted immunity from all the duties of the day, and urged that they should enjoy the beautiful weather by going out-doors at once.

"At what hour is it likely to be most convenient for me to take my music-lesson, madam?" Annie asked; this is Herr von Heilmann's afternoon, you remember, and I shall wish to return for my lesson."

"Excuse yourself that, also, for once, my too industrious Mees," was the answer in broken English, "I charge myself with your excuses."

"Yes, yes; a whole holiday. As madam is so good, I claim you for all the day?" cried Basil. "This evening we are going to the opera; you must join us, Annie. There are to be ladies of the party, madam."

"Exactly, sir; I can quite well confide my young friend to your care, I perceive. Go, dear Mees, and prepare yourself; the while I will entertain your cousin."

"An easy-going soul for a school-mistress," was Basil's comment as they left the house. "Young and handsome herself, she's fond of gaiety, no doubt, and so has more sympathy with the pleasures of other people. Are you comfortable with her, Annie?"

"I might be worse off; on the whole, I am not unhappy," was Annie's evasive answer.

"And that is all you can say for yourself, poor little thing?" Basil drew his cousin's hand through his arm as he spoke. She did not like to withdraw it, though there were reasons why she would not have had it there.

The day was keen and bright. Annie enjoyed the brisk movement through the light clear air, the sense of freedom, her cousin's merry reminiscences of their early happy country life; above all she enjoyed the befriended feeling his presence gave her, the sense of kinship, of belonging to somebody. A second cousin was something to one so friendless, who so often felt herself so mere a "waif and stray." But in her enjoyment Annie did not forget her music or her master, or her determination, unrevealed to the Fraulein Gruppe, to be at the school by the time Herr von Heilmann was due there. After her lesson she would go out again—go to the opera, if Fraulein Gruppe chose to permit her. Of this she was doubtful; but she would take her chance—any way not sacrifice her lesson. The school-house was not far from the gardens; the iron gate of its prison walls was visible through the vista of the grand avenue. As they returned towards it, laughing and talking gaily, eyes and cheeks bright with the keen yet sunny air, drawing many eyes (of which they were wholly unconscious) upon them, Annie saw Herr von Heilmann leave the gate and come towards them.

Annie hurried on her companion; she wished to meet her master, to question, to explain. It still wanted half an hour of the time at which he usually began to give his lessons. Just as they were about to meet, Herr von Heilmann, lifting his hat to Annie with grave courtesy, turned into a narrower side-path.

"I say, Annie, who's your friend? That grand, soldierly-looking fellow?" asked Basil.

"That was Herr von Heilmann," Annie answered, in rather a choked voice.

"Who is Herr von Heilmann?"

"My music-master," spoken with still more difficulty. "I am too late! He has given his lessons earlier, and she did not tell me. I am too late." Annie pulled down her veil.

"So much the better: no need to go in then. That man a music-master! I should not have dreamt it. What a pity; he ought to be colonel of a regiment; he might be a great general. He reminded me of some of the portraits of Garibaldi."

Poor Annie! she felt as if all her pleasure in her holiday was gone; she let her companion take her just where he would. But Annie's was a light, elastic temperament; not fickle, but flexible; true as steel, and bending rather than breaking, as does highly-tempered steel.

The people to whose house Basil took her were friendly and kind. She so seldom had any change or gaiety, so seldom saw kind faces and heard kind words, that when she found herself one of a merry circle gathering round the table where the afternoon coffee was being poured out, and the object of universal kindness and interest, she could not help brightening up again—feeling her own heart expand in that heart-full home-atmosphere. She would be happy, she resolved; yet Herr von Heilmann's grave face and stately bow frequently presented themselves to her; she feared that he was pained and displeased; for the displeasure she did not so much care, because she had not merited it, and could by a word of explanation remove it; but the pain—she took that to heart, as her pain.

The operetta given that night was a light, sparkling piece—it suited Basil's taste well, and it amused Annie. Without stirring or delighting, it amused her; while the brilliant scenes, the dazzle of light, and the mirth of her companions, excited her. Annie was very gay; her look of enjoyment and her sweet yet piquante prettiness drew many eyes upon her. She did not know this, for she was an unconscious little creature, who gave herself wholly, as far as the outer world was concerned, to the interest of the moment—to seeing what she had come to see, and hearing what she had come to hear. So she was unrestrainedly gay till, during the last act, she became aware that Herr von Heilmann was in the house—in the box of the beautiful young Grafinn Rosalie von Thauenwald. The box commanded that part of the parquet in which Annie sat—he must surely have seen her; but after she became aware of his presence he did not look towards her. He stood behind the Grafinn's chair; leaning against a pillar, he looked towards the stage. Again and again Annie felt her eyes irresistibly drawn towards him; his face expressed neither pleasure nor displeasure; he looked quiet, cold, critical, a man of marble. Suddenly the wonderful thought came to Annie of how it was this man, who had once drawn her to his breast, held her against his heart. Should she ever, ever be again so near him? Or would the lovely face of that young Grafinn some day rest there? How strangely she felt as this thought filled her with its marvellously mingled sweet and bitter.

Annie had looked once too often; she blushed overpoweringly, meeting the eyes of the Grafinn. She turned away towards the stage, but she was conscious of how the Grafinn turned to Herr von Heilmann, touched his arm with her gloved hand, offered him her glass, and whispered some words in the ear inclined towards her. Then she was conscious that Herr von Heilmann looked towards where she sat, as if for the first time: she turned to meet the look—she could not help it. With an air of grave respect, the master inclined his head to Annie as he declined the offered glass. No smile of his answered that which rippled all over the face of the Grafinn.

After this Annie neither saw nor heard much; she sat surrounded by a dream-atmosphere; between her and all she looked upon was a haze. All color and sparkle left her face; she was tired—very tired, she thought; she was glad when the curtain fell, and it all was over. In the corridor, after they had taken leave of their other friends, Basil having to take Annie back to the school, they met Herr von Heilmann. The Grafiun, richly shawled, and her lovely face framed by a delicate white hood, was leaning upon his arm. He stopped to speak to Annie.

"You are tired with your day's pleasure, Fraulein," he said, kindly. Then with a sterner air, "Did you know that I had changed my hour?"

"I did not know—I was going back for my lesson when I saw you."

"Good!" Then a moment's pause. "To-morrow at eight, if not too early an hour for you, I can give you the lesson you lost to-day."

Annie had no time to thank him, except by the light flashing all over her face. The Grafinn murmured something of the draught from the staircase; with a bow he moved on. Annie and Basil, pushed by the crowd, for a moment followed them closely.

"Who is the charming Englanderinn?" asked the Grafinn, her heart perhaps not at ease. Annie's face, all bright again, had looked too bewitching, shining out of the pale pink hood—a hood that had been lent her by Basil's fair friend; and Herr von Heilmann had looked too kindly upon that little face.

Annie heard the question, and she heard the answer, paternally grave, stern in its repression of any light comment, such as that upon which the Countess had before ventured.

"A favorite little pupil of mine—a dear child of whom my mother is very fond."

Then Annie could hear no more, and could therefore attend to Basil. He was saying:

"Your music-master's wife is a very lovely creature; but do you know, I think she is of a jealous temper. I think she is jealous of you, Annie. I saw her watching you perpetually, and she didn't seem to like his stopping to speak to you. The music-masters must have a fine time of it in this place. That woman looks like a born countess at least, and her dress and jewels were magnificent."

"She is a 'born countess,' Basil; the Countess Rosalie von Thauenwald."

"Not Herr von Heilmann's wife?"

"Not Herr von Heilmann's wife."

"A widow?"

"Yes."

"She wishes to be his wife then, I should say."

CHAPTER VI.

Annie hardly slept that night, the day had been one of so much excitement. She was up and in the music-room with the first light of morning. It was piercingly cold, and the

stove was not lighted. For a long time it was in vain that she tried to get the stiffness out of her fingers.

As the clock struck eight, Herr von Heilmann came, the morning fog thickly beadiug his mustache and beard. Annie's music was open before her, seeing which he said "Good," and she began at once.

He hardly had occasion to interrupt her. When she had finished, and turned to him timidly, she was met by a smile, very slight, but kind and encouraging, and the words—"Right industriously studied."

That was praise enough to make Annie brighten all over. Herr von Heilmann was chary both of praise and blame, a man of few words. How well Annie remembered the first time she had played to him, and the mingled despair and ambition—despair of all her present ambition for the future—of which that first lesson had left her full.

After letting her play through the Sonata of Beethoven's which had been her ambitious choice then, he had said, with a grim smile:

All that should be quite otherwise. Put it aside for the present; later you may be able to understand it."

To-day Annie felt that her master was, on the whole, content with her; indeed, when the lesson was ended, he said as much.

Then Annie tried to thank him for his "great goodness" in sparing her an hour when he was, she knew, so fully occupied. She spoke rather blunderingly, and before she had finished what she had meant to say, she stopped suddenly, for she saw something in the listening face that made her fancy she was paining or displeasing her master. When she stopped, Herr von Heilmann continued silent for a moment. He had risen to go, and stood leaning one hand on the piano; his eyes, contracted in that manner peculiar to him, looked past Annie out of the window behind her, and he gnawed the ends of his moustache with an air of somewhat grim meditation.

"My mother gave to you, Fraulein, the message I left with her for you?" were his first words. He paused, so Annie answered "Yes," in a voice scarcely audible, but which he caught.

"I think you can hardly have understood my message, or can hardly have given me credit for sincerity, if you talk of my 'great goodness' for you, because in so simple a matter I do not choose to see you treated with injustice. I remind you of that message this morning, Fraulein, and beg you to credit its sincerity, because I now have a message to deliver from my mother to you. I demand your permission to repeat a word of warning from her to you on a subject which only one accredited as a friend, in a full sense, could be allowed to toueh."

Annie flushed and trembled, but managed somehow to express that she was proud to have him for a friend, ready to listen to him or to his mother on any subject on which they wished to speak.

"I know not the custom in your England, Fraulein"—he spoke with hesitation, studiously avoiding to look at Annie's face, while some heat tingled into his own—"but here, in Germany, a young girl—Ein junges Madchen—does uot before her betrothal appear in public alone with——. In short, to you, my Fraulein, a word is enough. I would not have allowed myself this freedom in addressing you had not the matter seemed to me urgent, and had I uot known that the Fraulein Gruppe neglects her duty towards you in many respects. Have I your forgiveness?"

Their eyes met now; his face betrayed the greater embarrassment, though hers was working with emotion.

"No," was her first word. She had meant to explain it by saying how strongly she felt his kinduess—had even meant to explain the truth, though in her heart was a painful consciousness of the Grafinn Rosalie, and a painful doubt as to whether it would not be more generous to her master to leave him in error; but these things were hardly recognized, and truth-speaking was a necessity of her nature. At that moment, just as that "no" had been uttered, Fraulein Gruppe entered the room. She had only just heard of Herr von Heilmann's presence in the house, and entered in a state of great excitement as to what it could mean.

Herr von Heilmann's explanation was as brief and frigid as was consistent with his invariable courtesy. Fraulein Gruppe escorted him from the room and across the hall, half-deafeuing him with her exclamations about his great goodness. Having closed the door behind him, she passed into the empty refectory, and, pacing up and down, took counsel with herself. Should she or should she not dismiss Annie?—could she afford this gratification of her rage?—finally, would it be any gratification? What resource would then be opeu for the girl other than that of taking refuge with Frau von Heilmann, and to what might that not lead? This cousin—who she didn't believe was a cousin at all—if he would but take Annie off her hands! She must wait, she decided; wait and see if he showed any intention of doing so, meanwhile throwing the two together as much as possible.

Herr von Heilmann had forgotten one of his gloves—it lay upon the floor. Annie did not notice it till a few minutes after he had left; she looked to see what it was she trod under her foot. Then she lifted it up, audibly expressed her sorrow that she had trampled upon it, shook the dust of the not yet swept floor from it, smoothed and stroked it; touched it with her cheek, finally with her lips; then as the door behind her opened, she started guiltily, hid it under her little apron, turned and faced Herr von Heilmann: he had come to seek it.

What could she do? She had thought him already out of reach, or she would have sent after him. For a musician's hand to be gloveless in that climate on such a morning was no light matter, and Herr von Heilmann, she knew, inherited his mother's complaint—was often disabled by rheumatism. Then for so dear a hand to suffer through her fault! What could she do? While she thought, Herr von Heilmann, after a rapid glance around the room, a word explaining what he sought, retired gloveless.

When the door had closed, Annie drew the treasure from its brief hiding place and ran after him. She held it to him without a word; he took it with only a bow. Did he suspect anything? No; he was far too grandly simple. He merely thought it strange he should have overlooked it.

Annie could eat no breakfast that morning, and again that night she had no sleep. She kept thinking over all that she wished she had said, fretting herself that she had not said it. She wondered, "If he had known that I kissed his glove, what would he have said? How would he have looked?" What would he have thought of her if he had known that, when he was in the house, she crossed the hall oftener than there was any need, just for the chance of being able, unobserved, to lay her hand with a caressing touch upon his fur coat? If he had seen her, once when she had found it thrown upon the ground, hold it a moment in her arms, burying her face in its soft warmth before she revereutly restored it to its proper place?

Had Herr von Heilmann known these things, he might perhaps have hardly found them to his taste, but it is difficult to say how this would have been. He had on some subjects "old-fashioned" and "peculiar" notions. His ideal of womanhood he placed upon a pedestal; before it men were to bow down and worship. But the true knight-errautry in him modified the somewhat cold chivalry. A poor little friendless girl like Annie could hardly be put upon a pedestal for distaut worship; if she was, she would feel herself placed in a very comfortless position. Did he not know this instinctively, and long to give her a warmer and lowlier place? When he sat beside her, formal, courteous, kind, was not this longing often very strong within him?

Perhaps Herr von Heilmann was one of those men who, through their own high manhood, are enabled in their manner of loving unconsciously to combine the worshipful reverence, which the ideal of womanhood inspires in them, with the tender, protective tolerauce for which the faulty weaknesses of the individual woman so largely calls. When the man loves in this sort, with what manner of loving can the woman most fitly answer his love?

Should not her life be one *unconscious* effort, by the intense and utter humility of her love and the religious devotion of her life, to raise herself towards less unworthiness of the higher and more abstract, while she is warmed, fed and cherished by the dearer and more familiar half of this twofold devotion? And is it unbeautiful that an unreasoning fidelity of allegiance should endow with something of the dearness of the man who so loves her, all things that are or have been his?

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

Murrillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found upon the canvas of some one of his pupils sketches or specimens of drawings, imperfect and unfinished, but yet bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel uttering exclamations of delighted surprise, when Murrillo entered. His astonishment was quite equal to their own on finding an unfinished head of the virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen to see if they could lay claim to the choice but mysterious production, but they returned a sorrowful negative.

"He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all. Sebastian," said he—a youthful slave stood trembling before him—"who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, señor."

"Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward."

He bowed in quiet submission, and retired. That night he threw his matress before the easel and slept soundly till the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed: "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's!" He then siezed a pallette, and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand to make the oblivious stroke, he paused: "O, those eyes," said he, "they pierce me through! that blood will run from those purple veins; I cannot, O, I cannot crase it! rather let me finish it."

He went to work; and soon the slave, the darkened brow, the child of toil and suffering, are merged into a youthful spirit, rising from the impetus of his own deathless energies into a sphere of liberty and bright beauty.

"A little coloring here, a touch there, a soft shade here;" and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. "O those beaming eyes! those lips will speak and bless me! my beautiful! O, my beautiful!" A slight noise caused him to look up. Murrillo with his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the unextinguished taper, burned. Again he was a slave, and the spirit's folded wing scarce seemed to flutter. His eye fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, señor."

"Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"You, señor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No; but you have given them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, you have done better—you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, señor," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money; but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said:

"The master feels kindly to-day: ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sunk on his knees, and a groan of anguish burst from him; he lifted his burning eyes to his master's face, "The freedom of my father."

The death-chill had passed from his heart, and he *breathed*. Murrillo folded him to his bosom. "Your peneil shows that you have talent, your request that you have a heart; you are no longer my slave, but *my son!* Happy Murrillo! I have not painted, but made a painter!"

There are still to be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murrillo and Sebastian.

A POSY OF QUESTIONS.

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God to lend?
What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy wealth?
What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health?
What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep?
What better work than daily care from sin thyself to keep?
What better thought than think on God, and daily him to serve?
What better gift than to the poor, that ready to be sterve?
What greater praise of God and man than mercy for to show?
Who, merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy shows to few?
What worse despair than loath to die, for fear to go to hell?
What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in heaven to dwell?

—*Thomas Tusser, Author of Good Husbandry.*" 1557.

WHO SHOT THE WOLF?

The Isaak Walton Trout-fishing Club, with its yearly visit to the "North Woods" of New York, has been so long an established fact, that any particular description of it or its members is entirely unnecessary among knowing ones. Our present respected Mayor, Professor L. de Garno Brookes; U. S. Treasurer Spinner, of greenback signature notoriety; George Dawson, of the Albany *Evening Journal;* and a host of other good fellows belong to it, all sufficient vouchers for its stability and aristocratic standing.

But to the sketch, drawn from life, that awaits the reader's eye:

It was "leafy June," in the year before the Rebellion of '61, that about a dozen members of the club started in from Booneville, the terminus of the Black River Railroad, to go to the camp of the club, then situated on the Fourth Lake of the Fulton chain, in the celebrated "John Brown tract."

There was the "Boot's Cashier," from Utiea; Bill Dutton, also from the same place; the "Alderman," from the Hudson below Albany; George Dawson, and the "Skeleton," who so likes pork and greens, that salmon, moosemeat or venison are nowhere, when they are about, with him, all in company besides others whose names do not occur to me at this moment.

The party not "cocked" but all "well primed" started from the Booneville Hotel at the dawn of day to foot it to Arnold's—their traps, with the exception of various guns and revolvers, having started the night before, under the care of Ed. Arnold, the old man's red-headed son, with the horse train.

It is some twenty miles in to Arnold's, and the road, cut or picked out about a hundred years ago, having improved backwards ever since, is not exactly a turnpike or very pleasant for a ramble. On over roots and stones, rocks and gullies, through mud as deep as purgatory and twice as sticky, went our party at the rate of about two miles an hour, certainly not more, perhaps less. The "Skeleton" labored fearfully, for he was carrying *weight* be it known, and even the honest face of Journalistic George gave forth a dew that bespoke unusual exertion on his part.

But perseverance is ever rewarded, and just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tree tops, the grey roof of old Alden's hostelry gladdened their weary eyes.

Just then, the Alderman, who had brought a new rifle in with him, was regretting that they had seen no game on the way. As if to reproach him for his want of faith in Providence, at that moment a huge grey animal, with a long bushy tail, bounded down the road towards them.

"A wolf! a wolf!" cried Dawson and two or three others, who were supposed to be well versed in the knowledge of wild beasts and beastesses.

In an instant every gun and revolver in the party was cocked and raised with deadly aim towards the advancing animal. Another moment, and every gun and pistol was discharged, and the animal, with a wild, unearthly howl, fell dead to the ground.

The exulting party rushed on to view the body of their victim.

It appeared upon examination that only one shot had taken effect, and that had struck the beast between his eyes, and of course killed him instantly.

"That was my shot!" cried the Alderman. "I aimed for his eyes!"

"No, sir—it was mine!" cried Mr. Gunther. "I fired at his head and it is well knowu that I never miss my aim!"

"Gentlemen yon are both mistaken!" said the Profcssor. "I had a bead on the centre of his forehead, and I shoot an Ogden rifle you know!"

The dispute was growing hotter and hotter, when another person joined the party, it being no less than old Arnold, who was, as usual, half drunk, and now in a towering rage.

"Who in thunder has shot my dog?" he yelled. "I want $50 from the man that shot my dog!"

"Your dog?" cried George Dawson. "Why, man, it is a wolf?"

"No, *sir*, only half wolf! The other half hound, and worth more than any other dog on the tract. I want $50 from the man that killed him."

There was a silence then and there among the disputants for the honor of having fired that death-shot. The Professor forgot in a moment that he with his Ogden rifle had "drawn bead" on the fated beast. The Mayor did uot recollect that *he* had fired at the head of the wolf.

Aud to this day it remains unknown who shot old Arnold's wolf dog.

An Expert French Poisoner.—The evidence against Dr. Couty de la Pommerais, accused of having poisoned more than one woman, in order to obtain from an insurance company large sums for which their lives were insured, is complete. It appears that M. de Gonet, the magistrate to whom the investigation of the case was confided, having carefully examined the bedchamber in which the last of the doctor's alleged victims expired, remarked several stains on the floor near the bed. Having been informed that these stains were caused by natural causes, he had the floor scraped. The scrapings having been collected, a pigeon which eat a portion died very quickly. Experiments were likewise made on frogs. The heart of a frog was exposed to view, and, the operation having been carefully performed, the frog lived for a long time without the appearance of any disturbance of its vital functions. A second frog was operated on in a similar manner, and a drop of digitaline was let fall on its heart, that substance having been found in the stomach of the last person supposed to have been poisoned. The movement of the frog's heart diminished gradually, its pulsation became slower, and it very soon died. A very small portion of the scrapings off the floor were placed on the heart of a third frog, and the result was the same. Death ensued almost immediately. The two last frogs died while the first was living, nor did there appear to be any derangement in the pulsation of its heart. It is said that these experiments are to be repeated in the presence of the jury summoned to try this mysterious affair.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

THE DRESS REFORM.

THE feminine element, never easy in any part of the world unless it is doiug something, is astir at the East just now with a new reform—not a reform in morals or in manners, but a reform in dress. It is proposed, during the continuance of the war, that ladies should refrain from the purchase of imported luxuries, silken gowns, camels' hair shawls, embroidered jupes and the like, and wear articles of home manufacture instead. By the terms of this Calico Conference, the mothers and daughters of the land are to put on frills no longer, neither are they to wear laces—stay-laces and shoe-laces excepted; and even the Balmoral, which decidedly comes under the head of "imported luxuries" is to be put far from them. Of course the reform will find its way to this coast—everything good does. So hear it, husbands and fathers! glory in it, brothers and lovers! It will henceforth be possible for you to be affectionate and economical at the same time. A wife is no longer to be regarded as an extravagant necessity, but as a cheap luxury, costing more perhaps than an occasional game of billiards but less than a yacht. The partner of your affections, not always a silent partner, will no longer inform you with a loving light in her eyes that she saw such a magnificent pattern in some store on Montgomery street, such a seductive shawl displayed on the shoulders of one of those accursed lay figures which are exposed by insidious shopkeepers in their windows with the direct intention of ruining heads of families. Arabella's heart is no longer to be taken by parallels of tulle or skilful approaches of marvellous French faus; he who kneels and woos must change his tactics. The husband in the millennium that is dawning can delight the lady, whose board bills he has the privilege of paying, by a linsey woolsey jacket or a gunny-bag morning-wrapper. Augustus can win Arabella by cheap expenditure at the haberdasher's, and will perhaps find his readiest passport to the maiden's heart if he comes clad in sackcloth and ashes, bringing presents of similar pattern. For under the new dispensation a husband's affection is not to be measured by the breadth of his wife's flounces nor the bills which he permits her to run up. Neither is the lover's devotion to be gauged by the costliness of the trinkets which he brings to crown the head or jewel the fingers of "the purest and loveliest of her sex."

But this reform will bring its attendant disadvantages. Matrimonial short-comings and nocturnal absences can no longer be atoned for by the judiciously-timed arrival of small but valuable packages. Silk will no longer be permitted to intervene as a non-conductor of conjugal wrath between the husband who returns late and his offended spouse. There was a time when matrimonial differences could be bridged over by pontoons of some light, airy, floating fabric—when lovers' quarrels could be "made up" as easily as the least difficult article of wearing apparel; but that will all have changed under the new era. It is very doubtful whether any woman in the present practical day will consent to compromise on cotton; it is more than doubtful whether outraged feeling and wounded affection can be consoled by calico. Is it not probable that, in consequence, divorces will multiply alarmingly and weddings lessen in a frightful proportion? Certainly, we hope not; but humanity is proverbially weak, and in the midst of life we are in difficulty.

Seriously, belonging to that small but responsible division of the human race which is expected to pay for the dresses of the other, we go in for the proposed reform heartily. So far from thinking that women should have nothing to say in politics or war, we insist that since it is plainly impossible to prevent them from having a say in anything in which they choose to take an interest, it is as well open the gates of discussion and action to them at once. Let them beat the steel of their "skeletons" into swords, and turn their hair pins to any warlike account they please, so they do not wage war where they have promised to obey and ought to keep the peace. But we are not at all sure that the proposed movement is going to help the soldier, for whose aid it is intended, one whit. The lighter and more delicate fabrics which enter into the feminine toilet but are not commonly displayed to the unassisted vision, might very well be scraped into lint or torn up into bandages. Of flannel skirts, excellent cannon cartridges could be made. But we do not see how refraining from wearing silk or casting jewelry aside is to advance the war or aid the sick soldier. It is very certain that the rebellion cannot be smothered by throwing a cheap crinolline over it. If the difference between expensive dresses and what Mrs. Gummidge would call "common gowns" were to be given to the Sanitary Fund, or if the jewelry were to be melted down and used for the purchase of powder, we could then see benefit to the loyal soldier and woe to the rebel cause in this sudden flank demonstration on the part of the Feminine Brigade. But to simply refrain from spending money and hoard it, inures principally to the good of the party who practices the economy. Old Gunnybags will find his expenses less at the end of the year, and young Gunnybags will have more when the old one dies; but does the reform go any further? It may prove a step in the right direction, inasmuch as it lessens importations and will keep our gold at home; but the field for this reform is so broad that we despair of its universal adoption, and anything else is the merest drop in the bucket. To cut off the importation of all foreign articles not strictly necessities, bringing people down to home manufactures at once, would benefit the country and help to keep the price of gold down within reasonable limits. But we apprehend that it will be some time before our people wear home clothes made on domestic looms from wool shorn from the backs of native sheep, or drink native wines pressed by a rude process from a native grape of singular but scarcely pleasant flavor, or smoke cigars rolled by indigenous fingers from native tobacco. Still, though despairing of any very practical result, to this movement of the ladies we say: Right dress! Let them go on and be as simple and economical in their wearing apparel as they choose, relying on it that those who support them will heartily support the reform, and that in Salt Lake, where each man has twenty wives, it will meet with special favor. The best thing about it is, that it will leave shoddy very little to stand upon, and that if universally adopted by women of polite birth and breeding, we will once more have a distinguishing mark between those who are ladies and those who are not.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, July 9th, 1864.

THE Fourth has gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream, or a firework, or a dear gazelle, or anything else that is evanescent.

The smell of powder yet lingers in my nostrils, and in my ear yet reverberates the sound of bursting crackers; but the Fourth has gone. Where has it gone to? Do they pack these Fourths away in the grim caverns of the Past, along with our dead loves and our Christmases, and all the other jolly days of life and the year?

The celebration this year was one worth having. Coroner Sheldon led the procession, and rode a real horse, and a white horse at that. The vision of the Apocalypse was thrown entirely in the shade, and altogether it was a magnificent undertaking!

It was, perhaps, in compliment to the worthy Coroner that a bier wagon was conspicuously driven in the van.

But I cannot, for the life of me, see why the whole effect of a national procession should be destroyed by making it an advertising medium. Were the lumbering carts of a slop-shop clothing house rung in to remind us of the "shoddy" in which our soldiers shivered through the inclement winters of the East, that those who contracted to clothe them might wrap the drapery of their greenbacks around them, and lie down to pleasant dreams in Fifth Avenue?

The bakers' carts were not so much out of place, for the national emblem is a bird, and a baked eagle would be a very pretty dish to set before a king.

Among the other specimens of home industry and manufacture, the children formed a very pretty feature of the procession, though my sympathies were strongly excited in behalf of the poor little things, paraded out among buffalo bulls and meat axes, to ride through clouds of dust and sand that a stout man would scarcely care to face.

But to return again to the charge, leaving the children to the parental charge, why were such gross advertising outrages permitted to be perpetrated in the name of patriotism? Is it not enough that every sidewalk and every wall must be plastered with the names of proprietors of cheap stores, or the inventor of a hair-wash or skin-lotion, without having them brought prominently to mind when we turn out to celebrate a national anniversary, mingling a memory of Washington with reminiscences of Chatham street, and compelling even the national airs to blow for some second-hand clothing store, while the national banner waves its bright stars above the advice to buy your trousers at Hewgag & Co.'s Great Emporium, or have your corns cut by John Bunion, the Chiropodist of the Period!

Why are people permitted to cram the almighty dollar down our throats on occasions like these? Is it not possible to sink the shop for one day, and give this small fraction of the year to memories of our country's past and hopes for its future, unalloyed by any selfish considerations of gain? Must we cry all our figs in the name of the Prophet?

A fig for the patriotism of those who do so.

It makes my blood boil with indignation to see this accursed greediness, the bane of our national character and the prime cause of the convulsion which is now shaking our country to its centre, cropping out on all occasions, and in the most inopportune places. A man cannot even give a quarter to buy powder for a national salute, without wanting to have the name of his tripe-shop or eel-stand rammed down the mouth of the cannon, and blown to the four winds of heaven as an advertisement.

Patriotism has been made a cock-horse long enough, and the sooner it is rescued from pollution the sooner will the American Nation attain true dignity and greatness.

I wonder whether any objections would have been made had it been proposed to put Gilbert's Giant, and the Fat Boy and the Lightning Calculator and the Tyrolean Warbler, who performs on three wind instruments at once, and the Learned Seal, and everything else that is Gilbert's, at the head of the procession; a huge wagon advising the public to go and be cured of skin diseases by some seventh son of a son of a gun, or the barouche of the Retired Physician whose sands of life have nearly run out bringing up the rear.

This stone is erected to the memory of John Buttons, a devout Christian, an accomplished gentleman, a thorough scholar, and a kind husband, by his affectionate wife, who still carries on the business of making horn spoons at the old place! If ever a monument is erected to the memory of our national dead, I expect to see every brick in it inscribed with a somewhat similar epitaph . . .

The best feature of the day was the fireworks at night.

An excellent idea of these could be obtained by wading through the sand a mile or two, and then taking a balloon That is what I did.

I noticed a number of fireworks from my stand-point. Prominent among these were Roman candles, which I suppose may be called the light of other days.

What pleased my fancy most, though, was the mottoes of the larger pieces. These were many and varied.

Conspicuous among them I remember the following:

The unities must and shall be preserved.

Miscegenation is the mother of invention.

Regeneration is the thief of Time.

Equivocation is the best policy.

The Union as it wasn't and the Constitution as it isn't.

Our Generals—Fuss in peace, fuss in war, and fust in the pockets of their countrymen.

Church, State and Bishop, Kip! Kip!! Hurrah!!!

But I have not time to enumerate all the sentiments that found display in the brilliancy of the evening celebration. Coming down to the actual truth, a difficult thing to do when one is writing for a paper published once a week and expected to keep up in mendacity with the ones published daily, the fireworks were excellent, and a credit to the manufacturers as well as to the purchasers.

They were made by Church, I believe, who, since he believes in fireworks and deals in them, is probably an orthodox Church.

I know little of the events of the week, aside from the glorious Fourth, if we except Miss Richings' opera nights and Julien's concerts.

Between them I'm lost, or, rather, I'm always to be found there.

After seeing *La Sonnambula* the other night, I left my room-door unlocked, not knowing but what some young lady who was betrothed to another would walk in by mistake.

But ne'er a time. In fact, I scarcely think the young ladies of this village are given to such mistakes much. These things obtain more in Italy.

But I wonder whether "Elvino" believed "Amina's" story?

Julien has fairly captivated me. I never hear him play without wishing I was a violin, so I could talk as pretty to a woman as it does.

If that Cremona of his is what is popularly known as a "viol of wrath," I am content to have it poured out on my devoted head every night. . . .

If I were not Inigo I think I'd rather be a Sacramento river steamer than anything else in life! For running people down is my strong suit.

The *Washoe* is on the stocks now for repairs. For my part (if Capt. Poole were talking he'd say for my ram-part) I don't go much on Washoe stocks, and whoever relies for recuperation on them will get fooled—or Pooled.

In hopes that the difficulty may yet be settled, and that the lion and the ram and the Kidd will yet lie down together, I write with my usual grace the signature of

Inigo.

At Last.—The famous *Alabama* has at last met her doom, an illustration that pirates as well as pitchers may go to the well once too often. The once Mobile vessel now lies immobile at the bottom of the ocean. It is rumored that the commander of the *Kearsarge* will be made Commodore Winslow in reward for the service he has done to the nation and its commerce. It is certain that many an admiral in our navy would gladly give his rank and all its insignia to be the hero of this exploit. The theory that some men are born to good luck seem to hold good in regard to Capt. Semmes. After escaping capture with his vessel so often, and running the gauntlet of rocks and reefs, as well as of the war steamers sent in pursuit of him, he even escaped capture when the vessel he commanded was sunk, finding refuge on the decks of an English yacht that singularly enough seems to have been cruising in the neighborhood. It is rather a novel feature in naval warfare for a neutral vessel to slip in like a fairy godmother and whisk away prisoners from the hands of their captors, as well as a curious epoch in the history of pleasuring for a yacht to be around at such a time. A little question of international and maratime law will probably arise in consequence of this event. Let the question be decided as it may, English yachts can scarcely be around on such occasions for the future without running the risk of catching a few chance shot or shell from the Federal vessel. How Capt. Winslow came to permit his prisoners to be taken away from under his guns remains yet to be explained.

"OUR TRIP TO WASHOE."

[BY THE "CALIFORNIAN'S" LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST—"PIGEON WING'S" RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

I WILL never believe again that Friday is an unlucky day. From my youth up I have been a martyr to this popular superstition. As a child my nurse taught me that if I began anything on a Friday I would never live to finish it. Consequently, nothing could induce me to cut out a dress for my doll, or go on an excursion, such as birds-nesting or nutting, on that day, because I believed it to be unlucky. I have never yet had the courage to cut out a piece of work on a Friday; and as for beginning a journey on that day, it always seemed to me like defying fate to do so. Imagine the horror with which I heard that the party with whom I had engaged to go to Washoe was to start on a Friday! I tried to change the day in vain. I tried to withdraw from my engagement in vain. I was bound hand and foot, and had nothing left for me but to make my will and bid a final adieu to all my friends. When I went on board the *Chrysopolis*, it was with a sort of premonition that she would either blow up or sink before we got to Sacramento; and when I waved a parting to my friends on the wharf, it was with a handkerchief wet with tears, and an inward consciousness that I should never see them again. It was a delusion, but it has cured me of a life-long superstition. One is never too old to learn wisdom, and it is better to be rid of an old error than to learn a new truth. Never, in the course of five-and-twenty years of travelling, have I made so delightful a journey as that which began upon a Friday! Imagine fifteen days of uninterrupted good fortune. Fifteen days in which the heavens, the earth, and men and women smiled upon us—fifteen days in which no single thing occurred to mar our perfect enjoyment!

Our pleasures began to bud upon the *Chrysopolis*, under the genial influence of Captain Chadwick's smiles and good stories; but after a cosy little supper of terrapin and broiled chicken, baptised in sparkling Veuve Cliquot, they fairly blossomed out, and we were radiant. When we awoke at Sacramento, we found a lovely morning all ready for us. The dew still lingered upon the tender leaves of the cottonwood trees which make long, shady arches over the dusty streets. The city seemed asleep or dead, it was so quiet, and the country for miles around looked deserted. Nothing seemed alive except the train which flew along, leaving long clouds of dust behind it. The fields were parched and dry; even the light-footed squirrels, as they scampered away to their holes, raised a tiny cloud of dust, and the owls that sat upon the thresholds of their underground habitations looked the color of dust. The very air was dust. We breathed dust, we wore dust, we were dust. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul," but it was the *sole* thing of which it might not have been spoken in the Valley of the Sacramento.

Our real journey did not begin until we reached Folsom and exchanged our comfortable railway carriage and iron horse for an old-fashioned stage coach and four horses. The sight of these dusty, muddy vehicles, with their wild, restless horses and devil-may-care drivers and miserable looking passengers, huddled together irrespective of age, sex or condition, revived in my mind all the stories I had heard of the horrors of a trip to Washoe. I began to realize all the terrors of "stage fright," and inwardly reproached myself for having left the comforts of home for such a wild-goose chase. However, I had not time to indulge in many forebodings, for, after a sort of preliminary "all right?" interrogatively uttered by a fierce-looking man as he slammed the coach door, and an imperative "go ahead!" to the driver, who answered by a sort of Indian war-whoop as he touched up his leaders, off we bolted as if we had been shot like a shell from some great mortar, and might explode at any moment. It took away my breath for several minutes, and when I got it back again, it was by fits and starts between the jolts. I have a very confused idea of the scenery, for between the dust which obscured everything and the difficulty I had in keeping my feet upon the bottom of the coach, and my head from the top, I was too much occupied to pay much attention to anything else. After half-a-dozen miles or so, our fiery untamed steeds became a little tired, and quieted down sufficiently for us to look around. We were a party of four equally divided between the "ins" and the "outs." Those who were "out" approved of the *rein*-ing administration, while those who were "in" opposed it, and were most anxious to get out. They thought the reins were held too loosely and affairs propelled at too rapid a rate; in short, that the whole thing was too fast. The "outs" did not see it in that light, and as they carried more weight than the "ins" they had it all their own way. And so we flew onward, mile after mile, up hill and down hill, by fields and forests, over bridges and through villages, rousing up the whole population, setting the dogs to barking, the children to screaming, the women to popping their heads out of the windows, and the men to fairly deserting the billiard and bar-rooms and the discussion of their favorite political subject, to rush frantically into the streets and gaze wonderingly at us.

Every ten miles or so, we drew up at certain stations for relays of horses, and it was curious to see the lordly manner with which our driver would throw down the reins and saunter into the house, leaving the smoking horses to obsequious hostlers. If there were any loungers around, it was delightful to watch the condescending air with which he received their awe-struck and respectful salutations. He was evidently a great man among them. When fresh horses were put to the stage, the reins gathered up, and "all ready!" proclaimed by the lieutenant in command, forth would come our captain, a fresh cigar in his mouth, his hat on one side of his head, a knowing expression upon his face, and, drawing on his gloves with a dignified deliberateness, he would mount the box, the "lieutenant" would present the reins, and with a magnificent flourish of the whip we were off again.

I remember that we dined at Placerville, and that we washed the dust out of our eyes sufficiently to see that it was a very good dinner, and that we got another driver—a handsome, dashing fellow, whose name is Charley Watson. It should have been "Jehu," for he drove as furiously, but with a wondrous grace and skill, worthy of all praise. I remember that we ran over a pig and killed three small chickens during the afternoon; and I remember Mud Springs, made classic by reminiscences of Billy Birch, and that it reminded me of the Celestial alphabet by the number of Chinese characters standing in rows on each side of the street. I remember its beautiful weeping willows and its prodigality of roses, which made it a perfect bower of beauty and freshness in a desert waste of country. I remember other straggling little villages of which we had barely time to catch a glimpse before we were gone, vanished in a whirling cloud of dust. I remember long trains of wagons, blue and red, and innumerable mules, large and handsome, in teams of ten and twelve, with jingling bells upon their collars, which rang out merrily as they stepped. I remember their wide-eyed look of astonishment as they pricked up their long ears, and gazed at us through the dust in solemn wonder as we went dashing by.

By-and-by we began to ascend into a higher region; the dust became less thick, our driver drew it a little milder, and I could look with pleasure on surrounding objects. Trees grew larger, rocks were higher and rougher, and were jumbled more promiscuously together. Our road grew more interesting, not to say dangerous; it wound around the sides of the mountains like a great dust-colored snake, and looked down over frightful precipices into deep ravines, where clear, sparkling torrents were playing at leap-frog over the dripping rocks. Tall fir trees, feathery hemlocks, and rich brown-stemmed pines stood thickly in stately clusters; and now and then, upon the borders of a stream, we caught a glimpse of the rose-tinted azalia. Everywhere the vegetation, the streams, the mountains reminded me of the Mariposa country—the same flowers, the same shrubs, even to the tiger lilies which on many a sunny slope shot up their tall spires, hung with tawny bells, where busy honey-bees rang all day long their drowsy chimes.

It was only 6 o'clock when we reached Strawberry Valley; but the high mountains, where the snow still lingered, shut out the sunshine, and in their shadow it looked cold and cheerless. We had taken the name literally, and expected to find a green valley filled with luscious fruit. "Here is the valley," we exclaimed, "but where are the strawberries?" Then our driver, taking his cigar from between his lips, told us that a man by the name of Berry once kept the station, and as he always gave his lodgers straw beds to sleep on he got the name of Straw-Berry. After this explanation he resumed his cigar, and looked as if he thought we believed him. Nevertheless, we had strawberries for supper, and very comfortable beds, which we are quite sure were not made of straw, and in the morning we had trout for breakfast, which one of our party, an enterprising fishermen, had caught the night before.

After a pleasant shower which sufficed to lay the dust we resumed our journey, but under another administration. Our dashing driver of the day before, (Charley Watson,) had to leave us here, and by a wonderful exercise of diplomacy on the part of one of us, and by the amiability of Mr. Swift, the obliging agent of the line on the other part, we had succeeded in securing the services of the most distinguished driver on the Pacific coast—the very King of Reinsmen, the Napoleon of the Whip, the driver of Horace Greeley—HANK MONK himself! I draw a long breath as I write that name. I draw a long breath whenever I think of it. It will require a great many expansions of my lungs to make up for the short breaths and the ineffectual efforts, when sometimes for several minutes I had no chance to breathe at all between the jolts—the 'bated breaths when the sight of a precipice suddenly sent my heart into my throat and choked me, and the long breaths of relief which I would essay, but which, before I had time to complete, would end in spasmodic sobs, as my head came in contact with the roof of the coach.

When I took my place in the coach it was upon the back seat, my friend occupying the front—but by some strange combination of circumstances we found ourselves continually changing situations. I can safely declare that in the course of a few hours I sate on every seat in the coach—on "every one by turns," and none of them long. We found it necessary to change our base as often as the Army of the Potomac. To heighten our enjoyment, after every particularly hard and lofty jolt, the "outs" would exclaim, "Isn't this jolly?" and we would answer, "Oh, very!" in a tone that was meant to be very sarcastic.

If we had had more weight in the coach we should have been more comfortable. The "outs" had the best of us in every respect; they rode more smoothly, were less troubled by the dust, had a much better view of the country and had nothing to smash their hats down over their eyes, as we had inside. Nevertheless, there was a certain exhilaration about the ride which enabled us to bear all its discomforts; and, when we reached the summit, and our driver paused a moment to let us enjoy the magnificent picture spread out before us, we felt that we were fully repaid for all our joltings. Lake Bigler lay beneath us, blue as the summer sky above us. Through the tops of lofty pines we looked down into a deep green valley, like a great emerald basin. The great blue mountains, which linked their arms around the lake and held it lovingly in their embrace, were wreathed with newly-fallen snow, and when the sun shone on it, it looked like gold.

Our reining monarch did not give us long to look, and he evidently meant to make up for lost time by the speed with which we flew down the mountain. Down the steep grade, around short curves—so short that the leaders were on one side while the coach was still on the other—along the edge of precipices to which there was no visible bottom, around long trains of wagons, skirting the brink so close that the very track of our wheels crumbled and fell away into the abyss below—over rocks and ruts we flew, as if the very Old Nick was after us, or was driving us, until we reached the valley. There I fondly hoped that our speed would abate, and that we should be able to proceed in comfort. Vain hope! After a change of horses our flight recommenced with redoubled speed. Our steeds seemed to have wings as well as limbs. Never saw I such a race. John Gilpin's was nothing to it; the Wild Huntsman of the Hartz Mountains and the Flying Dutchman could not be compared to it. On we sped at the rate of six miles in twenty-five minutes, our six horses on a dead run all the way. The great pine trees flew past us like giant spectres, faster and faster—over great level stretches of valley, over sloping uplands brown and breezy—past green savannas trailing their velvet mantles to the water's edge, past flowing streamlets, over bridges and quiet pools where the shy trout leaped, past the log cabins of pioneers and the snug homesteads of thrifty farmers, past fences, past solitary graves—marked here and there by rude palings, disturbing not their dead—past wandering Indians gazing at us stolid and immovable, past the very wind which whistled in astonishment at our rapid flight, past everything, until, with a graceful curve, our flying leaders drew up before the Lake Hotel.

Next week I will take up the thread of my story where it now drops, and tell the further particulars of my pilgrimage.

PIGEON WING.

BE PATIENT.—Patience is a virtue, which the contributors to all newspapers, and the readers of many, are specially called upon to exercise. Let those who have sent us articles which, in their own critical judgments, they know to be good, rest assured that they will make their appearance in time. For instance, the authoress of "Never Despair" must adopt her own motto, and not despair of soon seeing her poem embalmed in the amber of clear and handsome columns; and also let the authoress of "Lines to the Ocean" rest assured that her other verses, equal in merit, telling how her troth was plighted—and a pretty plight it was—will soon find a place.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Roman sends us a number of new books received by the last steamer from the East. They are too late for notice in this number, but will receive attention in our next. Among them are *Woodburn*, a novel by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey; a beautiful edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, printed on tinted paper, *President Lincoln's Administration*, by H. J. Raymond, of the New York *Times; Patriotism and other Papers*, by the late Thomas Starr King, with a memoir of the author; *Stumbling Blocks*, a new book of essays, by Gail Hamilton; and *Seven Stories*, by the popular author, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel).

RATHER EQUIVOCAL PRAISE.—The *Lackawanna Register* disagrees with the *New Nation*—the Fremont organ—in many things, but praises it for the earnestness with which it combats the course of the Administration. The *New Nation* is so pleased with the compliment that it reproduces it. But the same, and even more, may be said of the Richmond *Enquirer;* and if opposition to the Administration be a virtue, Jeff. Davis has greater claims to canonization on that score than Fremont.

MADAME DE STAEL AT LAKE LEMAN.—It was to the large rambling chateau here that Madame de Stael retired when first banished from Paris by Napoleon. Talleyrand, her friend, was to communicate the edict to her, and he did it after this fashion: "I hear, madame, that you are going into Switzerland." "Oh, no! you are wrong," said she; "I have no such intention." "Pardon me," was the rejoinder, "I am told, on the *very best authority*, that you will quit Paris in three days." And so she went to Coppet.

A young lady having met with a disappointment in love, resolved to throw herself into the Elbe. She did so from the "New Bridge," and greatly to the astonishment and the amusement of the lookers on, found herself seated on the ice, forgetting that it was frozen.

Lord Overstone's fortune, says the *Spectator*, is estimated at £5,000,000.

THE SEA! THE SEA!

POETRY.

Kind reader, should you see a nantical swell,
Whose clothes not of tar but of patchouli smell—
They're but lately sent home by the tailor—
Who swears that his home is the rolling tide,
That his bark—not his Bella—shall be his bride,
In spite of stern father and all bedside,
That's my poetical sailor.

You may know him at once by his sailorly walk,
His language adorned with sailor's talk,
And his confidential predictions
About the weather: "'Twill rain ere noon,"
Or, "from the hazy state of last night's moon,
We shall have a terrible hurricane soon,
Then see if I prophesy fictions."

In the summer months you may meet him at Cowes,
Where he'll tell you the nautical world allows
That the *Saucy Fan*, with her clipper bows,
Has no match between Land's-end and Dover.
In some drawing-room at Paris, Florence, or Rome,
Assuring some damsel "the billowy foam
Is the home of a bloodthirsty rover."

Kind reader, imagine yourself, if you can,
In the well-furnished cabin of *Saucy Fan*,
For her owner has kindly invited
A host of friends for a summer's cruise.
There's Frank from the Line, and Gus from the Blues,
And a bevy of charmers who'd like to refuse,
But profess themselves "really delighted."

Hurrah! we're off, for our anchor's weighed,
The canvas is spread and all sail is made,
That the *Saucy Fan* can carry.
The guests on the quarter-deck laugh and talk,
And whisper soft nothings, as slowly they walk;
While jealous Augustus determines to baulk
Miss Clara's flirtation with Harry.

But what interrupted that langh of glee?
Oh, the *Saucy Fan* has shipped a sea,
And washed poor Augustus to "looward!"
The gentlemen groan and the ladies shriek,
And their stall-room's sacred privacy seek;
While as soon as drenched Augustus can speak,
He faintly calls for the steward.

The steward gives Augustus a glass of punch,
And the owner invites all his friends to lunch,
Provided by Fortnum and Mason.
But all are aware that a chicken's breast,
Though washed down by champagne of the very best,
Instead of giving the stomach rest,
Only serves the crisis to hasten.
So after the meal
Each guest 'gan to feel
Nature's urgent demand for a basin.

'Tis a business maxim, "demand creates
A supply of basins, or jugs, or plates;"
And the present instance—oh! cruel fate!—
Proved the rule seldom has an exception.
For those who sat down to lunch or to dine,
And in foaming goblets of sparkling wine
Poured out libations at Venus's shrine,
Ere long sacrificed to Neptune.

"Put back! put back!" cries the owner brave,
"Or the yawning billows will be the grave
Of the young and fair, the lordly brave,
That came on this yachting excursion."
And quoth he, aside, "Let the breezes blow
Our yacht to her moorings just of Bordeaux;
Then we'll tell our adventures, and who shall know
If we give an apocryphal version?

"We'll tell how fiercely the breezes blew,
And praise the *Saucy Fan's* captain and crew,
But I'll be the chief retailer
Of my own brave deeds; for I always boast
I fear neither tempest nor rock-bound coast;
When my hearers are guests and I am their host,
None will doubt I'm a true British sailor."

PROSE.

In order to satisfy those who yearn
The practical side of the sea to learn,
The bard must take a prosaic turn,
And write of its dangers and duties.
Let others sing of the "wind that blows,"
Or chant the praise of "the ship that goes;"
The reverse of the picture your servant shows,
Its horrors as well as its beauties.

The sea! the sea! the deep blue sea!
Who would not wish for a life on thee?
The grave of the young, and brave, and free;
For asleep 'neath the stormy billow
Lie those for whose coming fond mothers wait,
And weep that the noble vessel is late;
And the maiden, but whilom with joy elate,
For some sleeper shall wear the willow.

Oh! foaming, tempestuous, boisterous sea,
What deeds of destruction are wrought on thee,
When to dreaded lee-shore with hellish glee,
The storm-fiend pursues some vessel!
As she strikes he cries, "Puny mortals, mark
The end of your boasted gallant bark,
That was built with the waves to wrestle."

Oh! peaceful, beautiful, glassy sea,
What scenes of horror are wrought on thee,
When the fire demon lights his torches;
When through the ship rings the cry of "Fire!"
When the wreathing flames mount higher and higher,
Till the vessel is one vast funeral pyre,
For the prey that it mockingly scorches.

Oh! deceitfully smiling, treacherous sea,
What tales of woe might be told by thee—
Horrors no human eye may see
Or human ears hear a word of!
For, alas! oh heaving, mysterious brine,
No tongue can ever portray but thine
The vague extent of that awful line,
Left harbor and never since heard of!

Oh! grandly beautiful, awful sea,
What deeds of daring are wrought on thee,
What acts of heroic devotion,
Surpassing romance of sword or glave,
When the lifeboat speeds on its errand to save
Some shipwrecked crew from a yawning grave,
And to rescue the sons of the ocean!

Oh! fearfully cruel, revengeful sea,
Saturn was not more malignant than thee
When he made a luncheon, or dinner, or tea,
Of one of his sons or daughters!
Though he treated his children like penny buns,
And ate up a dozen daughters or sons,
What thousands of Franks, Goths, Vandals, and Huns,
Are swallowed up by the waters!

What costly argosies, past all price,
Have been crushed and shattered as in a vice,
And rent and torn by thy cruel ice,
In North or South Polar region!
Till their hardy crews thought a slice of bear
Or a tender seal steak was lordly fare,
For their feast days, like angels' visits, were rare,
And the name of their fast days Legion.

Then be not deceived by the men who boast
"They fear neither tempest nor rock-bound coast;"
And when in their cups everlastingly toast
Poll or Sue, "and wish they could hail her;"
But let the hard ask for a hearty cheer,
For the sailorly pluck to all Englishmen dear;
And it were not unmanly to shed a tear
O'er the hardships endured by the sailor.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS; OR, THE MANAGER AND HIS CONTRACT.

Some time since a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfilment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed with their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs, ($2,000;) but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfil her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. She felt how much depended on her success, and on she walked in the right path, refusing to be turned from it by the flattering vows and insidious homage which she daily received. But in our uncertain world, the good and prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

"How!" cried he; "you are the last person from whom I should have expected such caprice."

"Indeed, sir, it is not caprice."

"It is, then, the offer of another engagement."

"It is, sir, and one which I cannot refuse. It is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me."

"Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question."

"My happiness for life, sir, I feel is in question."

"Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once."

"But the person who has proposed for me would not wish his wife to continue on the stage."

"A fine prejudice, forsooth! What is his situation in life?"

"He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop."

"My dear girl, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received."

"Then, sir, you refuse to set me free?"

"I must think about it. At all events you have it in your power to break the engagament by paying the forfeit."

"Ten thousand francs! 'tis very dear."

"It was very dear when you signed your name; but now your services are worth more than that."

"Alas! it will prevent our marriage!" said the poor girl, in a voice choked with tears, and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterwards the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with their assistance.

The cashier entered with a visage wofully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached with a menacing aspect.

"Yes," said the manager, "our situation is certainly embarrassing. And this plaguy fire that won't light."

Astonished that he could be so indifferent under the circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

"Ah! is it you?" said the manager. "You are coming from rehearsal?"

"No, sir; I have come to return the part you gave me to study."

"So it seems you think of quitting the stage?"

"I have brought you the forfeit."

"The ten thousand francs?"

"Here they are."

"And how have you procured this sum?"

"My intended husband gave it me."

"Is he, then, so rich?"

"These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, 'What does it signify? we shall only have to defer setting up business; or perhaps I may succeed in borrowing the money.'"

"Going in debt? That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So, the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of an honorable independence."

"Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!" sobbed the young girl.

"Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy? Listen to reason—take back this money and return it to him who gave it you; and if you are absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a simple way of doing it, that won't cost you anything. Take this paper and have the kindness to put it in the grate."

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering sticks.

The manager watched it as the languid flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a bright blaze.

"Do you know," said he, "what that paper was? It was your signed engagement! And now I have no longer any claims on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my good girl, and employ your little capital well, and be happy."

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.

"Don't talk to me of gratitude," replied the manager; "we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire; you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are now free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming."

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF DUPPEL.

On the range of low sand-hills which lie to the north and the west of Duppel were established a series of Danish entrenchments, designed for the defence of the real fortifications of the town. These entrenchments, one by one, after a series of desperate and bloody encounters, were taken by the allies, and in their place were planted cannon and mortars, with which to bombard the Danish stronghold. On these sandy elevations, some two hundred and fifty Austro-Prussian guns and mortars were set up; and on the appointed day they began their discharges on the devoted town. The Danes replied with equal vigor, and for about six hours an incessant exchange of shot and shell took place. From the enormous number of guns engaged—being altogether over four hundred—the noise of the combat was of the most deafening description. The thunder of the artillery was heard at a distance of more than twenty miles. In a short time, a thick canopy of smoke covered the whole scene, while a perfect hailstorm of shot and shell rained on town and encampment.

Under cover of a cloud of smoke, a strong party of Prussians advanced, surprised and captured a Danish outpost, after which they forced their way into the very heart of the town.

Here a heartrending incident occurred. The Prussians were fired upon from the doors and windows of the houses. They returned the fire, when a little blue-eyed and golden-haired girl of about four years old, who, by some means had eluded her mother's care, was standing in the street, and, with the confidence of innocent childhood, gazing upon the advancing soldiers, and wondering what the terrible commotion could be all about. In the excitement and confusion of the affray, it is almost certain that the Prussians did not see the child; for it would be nothing less than blasphemy against human nature to suppose that any man of woman born, or anything less callous than a fiend, would have aimed a murderous instrument at the poor child. We must therefore attribute the fatal shot which pierced the heart of this little Danish maiden to that terrible chance which so extensively mingles in the most carefully-prepared battles, sometimes baffling the most experienced generals, and imparting to war some of its most painful and revolting characteristics. The shriek of the hapless little maiden, as she threw her arms in the air, and dropped down a lifeless corpse, with her heart's blood pouring forth a crimson tide, was heard by her mother, who rushed to the door to learn what was the matter with her child. By this time the Prussian soldiers had come up, and formed a horror-stricken circle round the victim of kingly ambition. The inhabitants who had heard the cry, or saw the death of this child, were, reckless of all consequences, rushing to the spot, and, as if by a mutual though unexpressed agreement, a momentary armistice was established. But the Prussians stood on guard, and, with fixed bayonets, formed a cordon of glittering steel points round the murdered child, whom one of their comrades had lifted in his arms.

The mother of the child, having either heard from some bystander, or divined by the mystic operations of maternal love, the evil which had happened to her child, rushed frantically on the soldiers. The bayonets lowered instinctively before her, and in an instant she was in the centre of the group, and the full horrors of the scene unfolded to her eyes. A whole eternity of anguish was concentrated in a single moment in that bereaved mother's heart. Language cannot describe the agony of that poor woman's soul. For a time she was speechless, and motionless as a statue. She gazed upon her murdered child in the arms of the soldiers at first with a sort of vacant stare, as if her reason was struggling to resist the evidence of her senses. Then, with the fury of a lioness robbed of her cubs, she darted upon the soldier, snatched her lifeless child from his arms and hissed rather than exclaimed, "My curse upon the Germans!"

This was the signal for the renewal of the strife. The Prussians were surrounded by a frenzied multitude of men and women. Some of the men were Danish soldiers, and therefore armed; but the great majority of the mob were destitute of martial weapons. To this circumstance, combined with the blind fury which incapacitated the mob for effective action, the safe retreat of the greater number of the Prussians is to be attributed. For that day, in spite of the daring of the Prussians, Duppel remained in the possession of the Danes.

But the war has ludicrous and comical, no less than tragic and horrible, phases. One of these we subjoin. A few days prior to the first bombardment, a Prussian sergeant of foot was engaged on patrol duty. In the course of his perambulations he fell in with a Danish sergeant employed on the same task. The two antagonists eyed each other with surprise, mingled with something of admiration; for it so happened that both men were extraordinarily tall and handsome, and bore a striking resemblance to each other. They were both fired simultaneously with the same thought, which was to effect the capture of the other—the slaying of isolated parties or individuals, when not engaged in battle, being prohibited by the custom of war. But they were as equally marked in strategic ability as in physical appearance; so each sergeant had to return to his quarters without the prize which he coveted. Next day, and the day following, the same thing took place, and with similar result. The German told his comrades of his curious encounter with what he called his Danish "Doppel-Ganger," or "Double;" expressing at the same time, his determination to have his "Double" taken prisoner. The Dane made a precisely similar communication to his comrades.

The superior officers of the respective sergeants were informed of the incident, and no small interest was excited in both camps in consequence.

One day the Prussian sergeant marched out as usual, but with more than his usual resolution to "bag" his "Doppel-Ganger." In the ardor of pursuit he had strayed further than his wont, and, indeed, beyond the proscribed limits from his

quarters. The ground over which he proceeded was somewhat uneven—hills and hollows, bushes, small ravines and streams.

All at once the Prussian sergeant came upon a very small soldier's tent. He was somewhat startled at the moment, nothing of the sort being presented to his eyes the moment before. The fact is, that the tent was placed in a hollow in the midst of the adjacent plateau, and that it was not visible ten paces from its site.

The Prusrian wisely deemed that, in such close proximity, retreat would be as dangerous as advance—that a gunshot or a bayonet-prod on the back part of the person is as dangerous as a wound in the front. So he boldly advanced, and challenged the occupant of the tent to come out and show himself.

To his surprise, the Danish sergeant, his "Double" and acquaintance of the last few days, presented himself—in his hand neither sword or bayonet, but a simple cup of coffee.

The two foes laughed and nodded at each other.

"Glad to see you," says the Dane. "Won't you walk in, and taste some of my coffee?"

"I like my coffee very sweet," said the German.

"That is very unfortunate," replied the Dane, "as, at this particular moment, it so happens that I am short of sugar."

"I can supply you," returned the Germau, covering the Dane with his rifle.

"You would not shoot me?" said the Dane.

"This instant," said the German, "unless you come out and surrender yourself my prisoner."

"It is contrary to the usages of modern warfare," urged the Dane.

"Never mind," said the German. "I have sworn to take you, dead or alive. So I tell you that if you attempt to retire or to arm yourself, I will instantly fire."

"A very hard case, truly," remarked the Dane; "but before you proceed to extremities. let me ask you, as a favor, to mark the shining tube which protrudes through the tent a few inches to my right."

The eye of the German followed the direction indicated, and a momentary pallor overspread his face.

"That tube," continued the imperturbable Dane, "is the barrel of the rifle of my comrade Haus, now crouched behind. Hans, let me tell you, is a good fellow, and one of the most unerring shots in all Denmark. For the last five minutes you have been covered by his aim; and, of course, if you should attempt any of your pranks upon me, Hans will fire. Speak, Hans! and assure this gentleman that you know how to avenge the injury done to an old friend."

"Of course I do," was the response of the invisible Hans.

"Well," said the Germau, "I see how it is. You and I are well mated."

"Checkmated," replied the Dane.

"Once more, then, let us part as we have met. I think it is about the best thing we can do. First, however, let me know your name, for I begin to take quite a liking to you," said the German.

"John!" was the curt reply of the Dane.

"Strange!" exclaimed the Prussian.

"What is strange?" inquired the Dane.

"Why," continued the German, "it is strange that your name should be John, for that is my name too."

"Wonderful!" replied the Dane, "seeing that 'John' is such an uncommon name." They laughed.

The two sergeants parted. That evening the Prussian sergeant was more than usually taciturn; to every inquiry of his companions, as to his encounter with his "Double," he gave short, evasive answers. He was by no means satisfied with himself; he felt that he had rather the worst of the matter in his latest meeting. However, being a prudent as well as brave man, he made up his mind to make to-morrow compensate for the misfortune of to-day.

Next morning he set out on his now regular excursion, armed with a double stock of caution and resolution, in the hope of meeting his "Double."

He was not disappointed; for, far in advance of his usual bounds, he beheld the Dane coming towards him, not as formerly, with military step and well-pcised rifle, but at headlong pace, and without any weapon.

The German was astonished. What could it mean? He had no time to answer his own mental inquiry, before he heard the sharp ring of two or three rifles, fired in rapid succession. His eyes followed the guidance of his ears, and saw a party of Danish soldiers, as if in hot pursuit of the flying sergeant.

In a few more seconds, the latter, with flushed face and most unsoldierlike eagerness, was beside him.

"I surrender myself your prisoner," said the Dane. "For heaven's sake, take me to your quarters, or I shall be a dead man!"

"Explain yourself," said the German.

"That is easily done," continued the Dane; "but let us hasten to your camp. See, they are close upon me. The fact is," the Dane went on, "that having, within the last few days, been observed in such close and frequent communication with you, I am accused of treason, and betraying important military secrets to the enemy. That Hans who was with me yesterday is a double-dyed scoundrel. He swears that he heard me yesterday describe to you our positions, and the means by which they may be surprised. But for heaven's sake, let us hasten to your camp."

The German was completely thrown off his guard.

"I am truly grieved for you, namesake."

"And good cause you have," said the Dane, darting with wild-cat agility on the German, snatching his rifle from his hand, and pointing its muzzle to the Prussian's breast.

"And now, John," said the Dane, "own yourself at length overmatched. You are my prisoner—resistance is useless. Attempt to fly and the contents of your own rifle, if not the bayonet, shall be inserted in your heart. And see, here are four more of us, so there can be no disgrace in one German surrendering to five Danes."

"Is this honorable?" said the German.

"It is war," replied the Dane.

And so Prussian Long John was marched a prisoner to the Danish fortifications at Duppel.

An Egg-shell-ent Joke.—Simple Simon writes to ask whether sailors get their scal-eggs in the same way as they get turtle's eggs? What a want of information—dira egg-jestas! We beg to inform this wight and yokel that, as regards the sailors procuring sea-legs, all we can say is, "Walker."

THE OLD MAID'S THERMOMETER.

Age.

15. Gets perfectly disgusted with the nursery, and makes her entrance into civilized society.
16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion, and feels the pricks from Cupid's dart.
17. Talks of disinterested affection, and has a strong inclination for gaiety and amusement.
18. Fancies herself in love if she happens to be flattered.
19. She is a little more conceited in consequence of having been flattered.
20. Commences the fashionable, and dashes.
21. Still confident in her attractions; expects a brilliant offer.
22. Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fashion, her motto being "*Excelsior.*"
23. Flirts with every man she meets with.
24. Begins to wonder why she is not married; but her motto is "*Nil Desperandum.*"
25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct; wears her ring on the forefinger of her right hand.
26. Thinks a large fortune not quite so indispensable.
27. Composes poetry, and most decidedly prefers the conversation of rational men to flirting.
28. Wishes to be married in a quiet sort of way with a snug income.
29. Almost despairs of entering the married state, but still hopes on, her motto being, "*Dum spiro, spero.*"
30. Rather afraid of being called an old maid.
31. A greater love of dress, with the addition of a lap-dog, which is her sole joy.
32. Affects good humor in her conversation with the male sex.
33. Affects good humor in her conversation with the male sex.
34. Wonders how men can leave the company of sensible women to flirt with chits.
35. Very jealous of the praises of other women; ill-nature sets in.
36. Thinks herself shghted in society, and resigns herself up with Christian resignation and fortitude to training the young idea at the Sunday-school.
37. Jealousy and ill-nature increases; scandal burns.
38. Turns district visitor, and gives away tracts.
39. Not having the felicity of being in the married state herself, finds the greatest consolation in talking of her acquaintances who are unhappily married.
40. Gets more ill-natured and disagreeable; very officious and fickle.
41. As a last resource makes love to a young man with a small income; but,
42. Not succeeding, rails against the male sex.
43. Partiality for cards and scandal increases.
44. Very severe against the manners of the age.
45. Takes great interest in all parish matters; strong predilection for the parson.
46. Enraged at his desertion.
47. Becomes very desponding; takes to *elder* wine and snuff.
48. Turns all her remaining sensibility to maimed animals of every description.
49. Talks of the offers she has had, and rejoices in every bit of scandal she hears; rails against everybody in general.
50. At this period she is not more disgusted with the world than the world is with her. Not being at all partial to old maids, I have not interested myself sufficiently to know what they do after fifty, but having had the pleasure of watching the process from living models to the above average, I can safely say it is quite correct.

THE ROSE THIEF.

The prison of St. Lazare, so called because it stands on the site of an ancient hospital for lepers, contained within its walls, some years ago, an interesting inmate commonly known as "La Folle des Roses." One morning, shortly after the restoration, some laborers, who were going to their work, found the body of a soldier, who had apparently been assassinated, and close at hand a young girl, who was well known in the neighborhood. On seeing the men approach she attempted to escape, but they stopped her; and as she either could not or would not account for her being there at that early hour, she was arrested on suspicion. On being interrogated, she said that she had been on the preceding evening at a *fete* with some young companions, where she had danced and amused herself like the rest. In their company she had returned to her father's house, and when they left her she had seated herself on a stone bench at the door.

She remembered that the evening breeze had borne to her a powerful odor from the roses that are cultivated in profusion in that neighborhood; but what happened subsequently she could not tell, as she recollected nothing further, nor could conceive how she came to be found near the dead soldier. Under these circumstances Marie M—— was committed to St. Clare; but her confinement was short, it being soon ascertained that the soldier had been killed by one of his comrades in a drunken fray. The prisoner was free, but public curiosity remained unsatisfied; nobody could make out how she became mixed up with the affair at all, and many persons persisted in believing that she was not altogether innocent of the crime that had been imputed to her.

A year had elapsed, and again the gates of St. Lazare opened to receive Marie M——; and this time she was really convicted of stealing roses. Repeatedly the owners of the flowers had forborne to prosecute, in consideration of her youth; but their patience was exhausted, and she was sent to prison. Sentence was pronounced upon her as a common thief; but everything tended to show that her offence should have been considered from another point of view.

Some peculiar sensibility to the perfume of the rose, with which the atmosphere of that neighborhood is redolent at certain seasons, appears to have caused a sort of monomaniacal desire to possess the flowers, and the first invasion of that malady had taken place on the night the soldier had been assassinated. Innocent, simple, and almost a child in years, Marie was thrust into this den of impurity, where every vice was rife; but strange to say, the refuse of God's creatures that inhabited the jail understood the poor girl better than the *élite* of the wise who had sent her there.

They surnamed her "La Rose," and, instead of ridiculing her fancies, they pitied and indulged them; they made subscriptions among themselves, and not only procured her real flowers, as far as they were able, but the women obtained gauze and wires, and made artificial ones to please her.

Fortunately, one of the overseers was sensible and humane enough to encourage, instead of suppressing this singular charity; and perceiving the dexterity which the female prisoners, inspired by good will, were acquiring in this new art, he established a manufactory of artificial flowers, and set Marie to work among the others. She took to this employment with ardor, and at the end of six months she no longer thought that the roses beckoned to her, or that they uprooted themselves from the earth to follow her footsteps; though she always retained a tender reverence for the plant which had been the cause of her misfortune. She became, after her release, one of the most celebrated makers of artificial flowers in Paris, and was one of the principal manufacturers employed by M. de Bernardiere, by whom Louis XVIII. commanded samples of all the indigenous plants in France to be constructed in whalebone.

THE TOUCHING AND PATHETIC LEGEND OF SAM STOUT

Sam Stout he drove an omnibus
With horses ne'er outdone;
They never melted in the heat,
Though always in a *run*.

He ate and drank enough for six
Between his hourly rides,
And thought it not extravagant
While he had twelve "insides."

But soon his appetite fell off,
And fewer were his draughts;
For, spite of all his driving skill,
Love struck him with his "shafts."

'Twas Kate he loved—a barmaid fine,
Who'd often filled his glass—
An Irish girl, squat, fat, and plump—
In short, a Catholic "mass."

"Ah! Kate," he said, "be mine; you'll find
Such love is very rare,
And when you ride no fare you'll pay,
Yet be my constant 'fair.'"

She vowed she'd fix her heart on him,
But 'twas a wicked flam;
For Sam's conductor's badge she wore,
And only badgered Sam.

And soon, alas! he found her *false*,
Which made his senses *reel*;
So, driving reckless through his *woe*,
He cared not for his *wheel*.

"False girl," he cried, "no more you'll fill
My glass with smiles and titters;
My thoughts, if now I drank your gin,
Would make it gin-and-bitters.

"Ah! Kate, when at St. Paul's you look
You'll think of one with gloom,
Who once 'stood' there as stoutly built
And with as dark a *doom*.

"For I'm resolved to die, and quit
The ills this life bestows,
And leave my omnibus to *gee*
Without me and my *woes*."

So he got into an empty butt,
And, closing up the end,
Felt grateful for its friendly aid,
Though *but* a hollow friend.

The brewers came to take him off,
And thought stale beer they'd there;
But, uh! *stout's* load of grief was more
Than *porter* e'er could *bear*.

They rolled him then along the kerb,
And knew not, simple souls,
How much he'd rather starved in peace
Than had so many *rolls*.

Says he, "In vain to summon me
Informers long combined,
But now these brewers think me beer,
I shall be surely 'tinned.'

"I gasp and can no longer breathe,
But die a cruel death;
For though these horses draw this dray,
They cannot draw my breath.

"False gal," he cried, "though you may think
I shun this dying state,
You'll find at last my smothered end
Is *quantum suff*—O Kate!"—[*London Fun.*

How shall we spell Shakspeare's Name?—Mr. Hargrave Jennings has written the following letter to the papers respecting the spelling of the name of Shakspeare:

One of the most surprising things to a close examiner of Shakspeare's autographs is the very different manner in which people spell that immortal name. The signature in the British Museum is probably the really undoubted one. Every man is supposed to best know the way in which his name is spelt, and Shakspeare's spelling is "Shakspeare" without the final "e"—to use the strong idiom—"as like as it can stare." Make the reference yourself and you will be clear as to this point. It is very interesting to remark of this signature in the British Museum that Shakspeare, in writing his name, thinking, probably, when he executed the deed, of other things, miscalculated his space to the folding over of the parchment where the seal is placed, and so abbreviated the last syllable of his name with indistinct and curtailed marks, the natural result of the constricted room then striking his eye.

As an addendum to the above, we may say that the variety of ways of spelling Shakspeare's name are so many, that we have found it amusing to make a collection of the several forms of orthography employed, which are as under:

Chaesper,	Shakespere,	Shaknspeare,
Saxpere,	Shakespear,	Shakxeper,
Saxspere,	Shakespeere,	Shaxkespere,
Schaekspere,	Shakespere,	Shaxkspere,
Schakespeare,	Shakespeyre,	Shakyspere,
Schakespiere,	Shakispere,	Shakysper,
Schakespere,	Shakspeare,	Shaxper,
Schakspare,	Shakespeare,	Shaxpere,
Schakspeare,	Shakspere,	Shaxspere,
Shackspere,	Schakspere,	Shaxsper,
Shackspire,	Schaksper,	Shaxpeare,
Shagspere,	Schakspeyr	

Furthermore, we may mention that a Frenchman has denied that any one of these forms is correct; for the original must have been Jacques Pierre, (James Peter,) a common Christian name in France, and has been corrected into "Shakspeare" by Shakspeare's ignorant ancestors.

BRIEF MENTION.

AT HOME.

The Fourth of July passed off gloriously in this city and through the State. Much powder was burned, many flags were displayed, and thus far, there are remarkably few accidents to record.

Gould and Curry has declared a dividend of $50 a foot, for the month of June. Under the new management, it is thought the mine will soon resume its former dividends, if it does not increase them.

A stock broker named Robinson levanted on the last steamer, with $6,000 not honestly his own. It is little wonder that men possessed of so many "feet" should walk off.

A former member of the Legislature was knocked down on Tuesday evening on Post street, opposite Union Square and robbed of his money and shirt-studs, even of his boots.

Our war steamers, the *Saranac* and *Narragansett*, have been recruited with negroes, brought out from New York by the last Aspinwall steamer.

Gen. McDowell has entered on the active duties of his command. Colonel Drumm retains the same position on Gen. McDowell's staff which he so long occupied on Gen. Wright's.

The Navy Department has telegraphed that the *Camanche* will very soon be built under the proper auspices, requesting the city to cease any action in the matter.

A soldier, James Barrett, shot and killed a man named McGowan, in a saloon, on Tuesday night. He alleges in his defence that he heard McGowan talking "Secesh" some days previous.

A terrible murder occurred on the Marysville road, about 12 miles from Sacramento, on Tuesday morning. George Selby, a ranchman and teamster, was shot through the head while asleep in bed, the pistol with which the murder was committed burning and scorching his wife's face in its discharge. The murderer is yet undetected.

A new daily paper, called the *Washoe Evening Herald*, has been started in Virginia, by Fitch and Bennett. It has a business-like and attractive look.

Much excitement still prevails relative to the running down of the Opposition steamer *Washoe*, by the *Yosemite*, of the Regular line; and Capt. Poole's card, asking for a suspension of public opinion, does not seem to produce much of a counter-current.

ABROAD.

The Duke of Sutherland, one of the heaviest "swell's" in England, "runs wid de masheen," belongs to the fire brigade, never misses a fire, and is passionately fond of "contending with the devouring element."

The Pope of Rome has sent $500 from his private purse to the Sanitary Commission, and expressed sympathy for our wounded soldiers.

Switzerland, already so rich in beautiful scenery, has had a new feature added to its wonders of nature. Near St. Maurice, in the Canto de Vaud, a grand crystal cavern has been discovered, at which one arrives by a boat on a subterranean lake. The cavern lies 400 metres, or 1,300 feet below the surface of the earth, and is said to be beautiful beyond description.

The "pretty waiter-girls" have all been expelled from the concert saloons in Philadelphia, under the operation of a new law enacted by the Legislature.

The Paris police report over 10,000 dead new-born infants having been found at the gratings of the reservoirs, into which the sewers empty, during the past year.

The hard-working car horses in New York are kept in good order upon thirteen pounds of hay and seventeen pounds of meal per day.

A contributor of the New York *Times* asks the people to leave off eating meat for ten days or two weeks, so as to punish speculators in that article.

It is said that Garibaldi naively remarked of the legion of photographers who wished to do the General, "Would it not be possible to give them a *séance*, so that they might photograph me all at once?"

It is said that the official records of the military authorities show that upward of one hundred and fifty female recruits have been discovered, and made to resume the garments of their sex.

The Weathersfield people are in good spirits because their onion seed, which sold at 42 cents a pound before the war, now sells for $3 or $4.

Mrs. Greenhow appeared in Paris as a representative woman from the Rebel Confederacy. She attracted much attention, and it was said that she had had an audience with the Emperor.

We have got a vessel in the navy—the *Pensacola*—that can make more headway with sails than with steam. Under steam her speed is from six to eight knots; under sail without steam, twelve knots.

Among the anti-Renan publications we find a pamphlet entitled, *L'Ame de Mlle. Henriette Renan a son Frere Ernest, auteur de la 'Vie de Jesus.'*

The King of Denmark has set aside 4,000 thalers a year for the next ten years to aid in supporting the widows and children of the fallen Danish soldiers.

A new park for Paris is being opened at the Buttes St Chaumont.

The Richmond *Illustrated News* announces the name of John Mitchel in the list of contributors, and says that "the style of this distinguished scholar is by turns 'raspingly' critical, passionately enthusiastic, exquisitely droll, and metaphysically profound."

It is said that the young ladies in the upper ranks of French society have of late declined to dance.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Madame Aubry lives in a solitary chateau not far from the town of ———. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid servant. In the little town every light is out at 10 o'clock, and, of course, the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter Mme. Aubry was sitting alone, reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the usual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. About 6 o'clock the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle.

The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then drops of rain beat against the Gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Mme. Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which, by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eye towards the alcove to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet cased in heavy-nailed shoes peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed.

A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear enough. She had no protection—no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till 8 at soonest, and it was now only half-past 6. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have the presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was until midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him; but if he should find that he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding-place and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice. Several slight causes of suspicion entered her mind at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less time than we take to write them. She decided at once what she would do, which was to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tones of her voice. "I ought to have remembered to have got it ready for his supper. Go down stairs and see about it."

"Does not Madame require my help?" asked the servant.

"No, I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would be pleased if he was to come home, after his long ride in such very bad weather, and find a good supper ready."

After some further delay, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Mme. Aubry was left alone, with her child, with those two feet, motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with the child on her lap, continuing to caress it and sing to it, almost mechanically. The child cried; it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet, how could she find courage to go near them? At last she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," she said, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked toward the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing it to sleep, as usual. We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety.

The clock pointed to 7. An hour yet—a whole hour before her husband would come! Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment, with a sort of fascination. The deepest silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valor, but only to that passive courage founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise a ray of hope showed on her face for a moment—it was her husband, it was her deliverance! But no—it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to be. Oh, heavens! his feet moved! Does the thief mean to leave his hiding place? No; it was only a slight, probably involuntary, movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes—only once, it is the half hour only—and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish, how many silent prayers, in the trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking 8—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to appears to her more probable.

After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail. Soon she heard a noise under the window, and listens doubtfully. The heavy outer door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with a clamor; a well-known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak, and put away his pistols, and, delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but, in a moment recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet that were peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He walks to the alcove, looks at the priming, stoops, and with the forefinger of his right hand on the trigger, with the other hand he seizes one of the feet, and cries with a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you are a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him that M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now but to give them over to the authorities. Mme. Anbry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say, "Who would have thought you courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

MENDELSSOHN AND HANDEL.

If, turning from this more abstract discussion, we endeavor to define the place of Mendelssohn among modern musicians, we shall perhaps not be far wrong in saying, that of the numerous progeny of the school of Sebastian Bach, he is the composer who, with an unmistakable stamp and character of his own, has combined the most eclectic tendencies. Mendelssohn was essentially a learned musician, whose every fibre was first of all soaked through and through with Bach, the object of his fervent adoration, and he was never weary, moreover, of ransacking the musical libraries of Europe, hunting up old manuscripts with the zeal of an antiquarian, and going into ecstacies of delight if a sympathetic friend introduced him to some new parchment of some forgotten composer. Yet it would be impossible to accuse him of plagiarism, for every bar of his music is as unmistakably marked with his own seal as if the same or a similar combination had never occurred to any other writer. No man was less likely to fall into the absurd cant of what is called the "music of the future." His whole temper was alien to the very idea. But it is easy to see how strongly he was influenced by the modern spirit, and how the vague and dreamy element, the restless and troubled spirit arising out of the rush and turmoil of modern life, worked upon his naturally ardent mind, and everywhere peeped out of his music, even through the classical and scientific forms with which his studies had supplied him. If we were asked in one word to define the pervading characteristic of Mendelssohn's music, we should say, "movement." And by movement we do not, of course, mean rapidity of execution—although many of his allegros are remarkable for their headlong impetuosity, as it were, their tumultuous rush; (as of cataracts in motion); and although many friendly critics objected to the tremendous pace at which he always took his own music—but, as it seems to us, even in his slow movements there is always a suggestive, prospective, and anticipatory effect, as if arising out of a sigh of expectation for something longed for and looked forward to. And, in this, he differs in a very marked degree from the older classical composers, who seem, in working out a theme, to be dwelling emphatically upon something in the past, building up everlasting temples of silvery sound to forgone and blessed memories, rather than hastening towards something ever beyond. Hence, too, and branching out of the same characteristic, arises, we think, Mendelssohn's great success in scherzos and fairy music of all sorts—which are, in fact, the very poetry of motion and unrest. Handel, when he painted the motion of the crowd, painted it, like a great historical painter, as in the past. We see the beginning and the end. The frame of the picture is laid, and the details worked out; but there is not the vestige of a yearning on the part of the composer towards a something beyond him, towards which he is unconsciously striving. In Handel's music, the song of the singers and the shout of the crowds, however tender and sublime, or august and magnificent, are things of the past; it is, according to Handel, how they sang and shouted, if they sang and shouted at all; it is not Handel's own yearning in other men's months. But in all that Mendelssohn wrote, we do not know a bar which does not seem to be the intimate expression of the composer's own aspirations. And as he was a great master of classical, that is to say, abiding forms, it is this embodiment of the strictly modern anxious spirit, in a permanent mould, which to our minds constitutes the great charm of his music. There is also a peculiarity and richness of color in his compositions, due to his studied instrumentation, which many critics have thought, especially in his younger days, excessive. This he toned down as he grew older; but in all stages, it was as distinctively Mendelssohnian—always remembering the common fountain-head from which he, no less than Beethoven, Mozart, and Schumann, drew his materials—as Thackeray's etchings were peculiar to Thackeray.—*National Review.*

In the Royal Library of Paris is a written contract, drawn up in 1297, between two persons of noble birth in Armagnac. The document bound the husband and wife to faithful wedlock for seven years. It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children were to be equally divided; and if the number should chance not to be even, they were to draw lots for the odd one.

Cock-fighting was practiced by the Greeks. Themistocles, when leading his troops against the Persians, saw two cocks fighting, and roused the courage of his soldiers by pointing out the obstinacy with which these fowls contended, though they never fought for their country, their families, nor their liberty. The Persians were defeated; and the Athenians, in memory of the victory and the incident, ordered annual cock-fighting, in the presence of the whole people.

LITTLE JESTS.

"Is the sense of smelling more pleasiag than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to bear him, when, ringing the bell, he ordered up a glass of hot whisky punch, and drank it off with great gusto. Theu, turning to his opponents, he hnnded the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out: "Now, sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the bonse," and carried the decision for the negative.

"What is the difference," asked a bishop of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: You sit upon a form, but yon stand on ceremony."

A man hearing of another who was a bundred years old, said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive he would now be a huudred aud fifty years old."

"Mr. Brown, why do you wear that shocking bad wide-awake?" inquired a neighbor. "Because, my dear sir," said he, "Mrs. Brown vows that she will not go out of the house with me till I get a decent hat."

The industrious old lady who walked all over town with a can in her hand to procure a quart of the "milk of human kindness," has been more successful in gettiug a little jam out of the door. She got the jam on her fingers.

Thackeray being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied: "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!"

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter "J," and theu punched a hole through the paper.

An Iowa editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents "in advance of the mail," in consequence of a flock of wolves and bears chasing the rider across the prairies.

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling. "And yet," said he, "with all our differences, we never fall out."

A magnetic mountain has been discovered in Swedish-Lapland. It is creating a great sensation, and, as may be expected, is drawing immensely.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier. One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder mill.

Why should a thirsty man always carry a watch? Because there's a spring inside of it,

An offender fined a second time is not necessarily refined.

Men don't like wives of buy-ways and cross-ways.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we bave had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Paeifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, orginal and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of this new literary weekly is on our table. It presents a beautiful typographical appearance, and we may safely say is the neatest printed paper in California. C. H. Webb, who has gained a local literary reputation under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," is its editor. The CALIFORNIAN promises to be a popular and successful publication, and we add our quota of recommendation most cheerfully to this end.—*Marysville Appeal, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Saeramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchaudise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin. The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Company:

Louis McLean,	Lloyd Tevis,
W. C. Ralston,	H. F. Teschemacher,
Frederick Billings,	Geo. H Howard,
H. Carlton, Jr.,	A.B. Forbes,
Wm. M. Lent,	A. L. Tubbs,
J. G. Kittle,	Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Thomas,	J. B. Newtou,
J. G. Bray,	John O. Earl,
Asa T. Lawton,	S. J. Hensley,
J. Whitney, Jr.,	John Wightman,
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Mortou Cheesman,	Jabez Howes,
H. M. Newhall,	F. W. Brooks,
W. Norris,	I. Lobman,
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.	Sacramento.
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J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)	W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

UNION STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT SACRAMENTO, on the *30th day of August, A. D. 1864, a Union State Convention*, for the purpose of nominating *Presidential Electors* to be supported by the Union Party at the ensuing Presidential Election, to appoint a State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

There will be held also at *Sacramento*, immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, *Congressional District Conventions* for the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, for the purpose of nominating *Candidates for Congress* for their respective Districts, and to appoint District Committees.

Each county will elect delegates in pursuance of notice of its Union County Committee, according to the following apportionment:

Alameda	8	Plumas	8
Amador	13	Sacramento	21
Alpine	6	San Bernardino	3
Butte	11	San Diego	2
Calaveras	13	San Francisco	52
Colusa	3	San Joaquin	12
Contra Costa	6	San Luis Obispo	2
Coso	5	San Mateo	5
Del Norte	2	Santa Barbara	3
El Dorado	19	Santa Clara	11
Fresno	1	Santa Cruz	6
Humboldt	4	Shasta	6
Klumath	3	Sierra	13
Lake	2	Siskiyou	7
Lassen	3	Solano	9
Los Angeles	5	Stanislaus	3
Marin	4	Sutter	5
Mariposa	6	Sonoma	10
Mendocino	4	Tehama	4
Merced	1	Trinity	6
Mono	6	Tulare	4
Monterey	4	Tuolumne	12
Napa	6	Yolo	5
Nevada	16	Yuba	11
Placer	13		

In any County where the Union County Committee shall not order an Election of Delegates specially for its Congressional District Convention, or where Delegates from such District may not have been elected pursuant to notice of such County Committee, then the Delegates from such County to the State Convention shall be Delegates to the District Congressional Convention for the District in which such County may be; and when such District Conventions shall have met in Sacramento as aforesaid, each Convention will determine when and where the Convention will make its Congressional nomination. All citizens who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the final success of the Federal Government—who endorse the platform of the Union National Convention, and who will pledge themselves to support the National, State and Congressional Nominees of the Union Party will be entitled to vote for such Delegates.

It is recommended that no Delegate be elected, unless he be a legal resident of the county whence he is chosen, and that no proxies be given by Delegates to any except citizens of the county which they shall be elected to represent.

NATHANIEL HOLLAND,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.

J. T. HOYT, Secretary. ju25

CALISTOGA SPRINGS,

NAPA VALLEY,

The great wntering place he Pacific, not excelled in Europe or America.

BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

GRAND HOT MINERAL SWIMMING BATH,

STEAM BATH,

From the Naturnl Springs—a sure cure for tho Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Eyes, and pulmonary Complaints, being impregnated witb Sulphur, Iron and Magnesia.

CELEBRATED HOT MUD BATH,

The same as used by the Romans in Italy two thousand years ago.

An elegant TROTTING PARK, one mile in length.

The best TROUT FISHING and SHOOTING within one mile.

Seven hours from San Francisco, by Steamboat and Stage, four hours by boat and three hours by stage—starting at 9 o'clock every morning. Fare by steamer and stage, five dollars.

Thirty miles from the Geysers stages running every day.

Telegraph line connecting with a parts of the State.

*** No finer public accommodations on the continent.

jul1-1m F. B. GILMORE, Landlord.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz, of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first day of July, 1864, Eugene Kelly and Joseph A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the Banking House of Donohoe Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,
WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned, calling attention to the above card, give notice that on and after the first day of July next, they will continue the business of the above copartnership without interruption, at the old banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., in this city under the firm name of FRETZ & RALSTON, and in New York, through the agency of Messrs. LEES & WALLER, No 33 Pine street: and that on and after the 5th of July next, they together with Messrs. D. O. Mills, J. B. Thomas, Louis McLane, Asa T. Lawton, Wm. E. Barron, Thomas Bell, Jno. O. Earl, Wm. Norris, J. Whitney, Jr., O. F. Giffin, A. J. Pope, Herman Michels, Frederick Billings, Geo. H. Howard, H. F. Teschemacher, A. Hayward, Moses Ellis, A. B. McCreery, R. M. Jessup, Samuel Knight, A. C. Henry, J. C. Wilmerding and Wm. Alvord of San Francisco, and Jacob Kamm, of Portland, Oregon, having become duly incorporated under the laws of this State, will carry on the business of Banking in all its various branches, at the same place and through the same agency, and upon the basis of a Gold and Silver Currency, under the name of

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

D. O. MILLS and WM. C. RALSTON will be charged with the management of the business of the Corporation.

WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND.

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McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1-3m

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,

my28 San Francisco.

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

DEETKEN & CO'S

METALLURGICAL WORKS,

WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our

NEW SMELTING FURNACES,

We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-bearing Ores, as well as it can be done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

BEETKEN & CO.'S METALLURGICAL WORKS,
Office—315 Montgomery street.
WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

jun25

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

R. H. McDONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.

IMPORTING

Wholesale Druggists,

Corner of Sansome and Pine streets,

SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,

SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,

Ladies' Bandages and Supporters,

GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,

Paints and Oils,

PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,

Brewers' and Soda Stocks,

CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,

Burning Oils and Fluids,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store,

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,

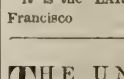
AND

CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTERS OF

DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL.

VULCANITE MATERIAL.

Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.

DENTAL BOOKS.

We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

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JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,

Manufacturers for the Trade

OF

SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco. my28

REMOVAL.

HASKELL & CO.,

CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

515 Market street,

And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS

IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

FIRST

PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
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STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
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CLAY STREET.

W. P. HARRISON & CO.,

PRINTERS,

ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,

PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,

417 Clay Street. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,

DENTIST,

No. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

je4 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the Laws of the State.

PAID UP IN GOLD COIN.

CAPITAL STOCK.....$2,000,000,

With the privilege of increasing to $5,000,000.

STOCKHOLDERS.

San Francisco.

D. O. Mills,
Wm. C. Ralston,
R. S. Fretz,
J. B. Thomas,
Louis McLane,
Asa T. Lawton,
Wm. E. Barron,
Thomas Bell,
John O. Earl,
Wm. Norris,
J. Whitney, jr.
O. F. Giffin,
A. J. Pope,
Herman Michels,
Frederick Billings,
Geo. H. Howard,
H. F. Teschemacher,
A. Hayward,
Moses Ellis,
A. B. McCreary,
R. M. Jessup,
Samuel Knight,
A. C. Henry,
J. C. Wilmerding,
Wm. Alvord.

Portland, Oregon.

Jacob Kamm.

D. O. MILLS, - - - - President,

W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

Correspondents in New York, LEES & WALLER, No. 33 Pine street.

Correspondent in London, BANK OF LONDON.

THE UNDERSIGNED GIVE NOTICE THAT THE above named corporation has been organized for the purpose of carrying on the Banking and Exchange business in all its branches, in this city and with the interior of this State, the neighboring State and Territories, and with Mexico; also with the Atlantic cities, Europe, China and the East Indies, for which they are provided with ample facilities, and in conformity with articles of association will commence operations on the 5th day of July next, at the Banking House now occupied by Donohoe, Ralston & Co., corner of Washington and Battery streets.

With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

TRUSTEES.

D. O. Mills,
Louis McLane,
Wm. Norris,
Jno. O. Earl,
Herman Michels,
W. C. Ralston,
J. B. Thomas,
Thomas Bell,
A. J. Pope,
O. F. Giffin,
James Whitney, jr.

San Francisco, June 18th, 1864. ju25-1m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,

Together with a complete assortment of

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the above named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against JAMES A. MOORE, deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undesigned at the office of Delany & Boorman, 519 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco.

EUGENE O'CALLAGHAN,
MICHAEL McGRATH,
Executors of the Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 22d, 1864. ju25-5t

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, weekly.

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH, OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,
20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
637 CLAY STREET,
my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin. The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company:

Louis McLean,
W. C. Ralston,
Frederick Billings,
H. Carlton, Jr.,
Wm. M. Lent,
J. G. Kittle,
J. B. Thomas,
J. G. Bray,
Asa T. Lawton,
J. Whitney, Jr.,
Edward Martin,
L. B. Benchly,
A. Seligman,
Wm. Sherman,
Wm. Alvord,
Charles Mayne,
Erwin Davis,
P. L. Weaver,
Samuel C. Bigelow,
Herman Michels,
H. L. Dodge,
H. L. Goldstein,
H. Hanssmann,
Morton Cheesman,
H. M. Newhall,
W. Norris,
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.
J. H. Jewett, Marysville.
J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)
Lloyd Tevis,
H. F. Teschemacher,
Geo. H. Howard,
A.B. Forbes,
A. L. Tubbs,
Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Newton,
John O. Earl,
S. J. Hensley,
John Wightman,
L. Sachs,
Jas. DeFremery,
J. G. Kellogg,
G. W. Beaver,
Elie Lazard,
William Sharon,
Adam Grant,
Alpheus Bull,
A. G. Stiles,
M. P. Jones,
D. Stern,
S. M. Wilson,
D. J. Oliver,
Jabez Howes,
F. W. Brooks,
I. Lohman, Sacramento.
T. R. Anthony, Stockton.
D. W. C. Rice, Marysville.
W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
Ju18 No. 528 Washington street.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost, ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

DR. CHARLES E. ZOAH,

OFFICE, No. 621 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Dupont and Kearny, South side, San Francisco.

A CURE WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE.

NO PAIN GIVEN.

Dr. ZOAH will cure without the use of medicine. His treatment of the following diseases is short, decisive and pleasant. Entire satisfaction given in every case.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and all Spinal Complaints; the most violent Toothache, Headache or Earache cured in a few seconds!

All pains or aches, no matter where located, can be removed in a short time, and charges reasonable. The poor unfortunate cured without price.

The Doctor's mode of treatment is the oldest science known for the treatment of diseases afflicting the human body, and at present is practised very extensively in the East with every success.

Dr. ZOAH will be in attendance at all hours, day and evening, at his office, 621 California street.

All letters strictly attended to. Consultations fr
ul8

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on the Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's ables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fitch & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of the city and State. jul8

CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY OFFICE, No. 229 Bush street, San Francisco: Location, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors of said Company, held on the 8th day of June, 1864, an assessment of Five Dollars ($5) per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of said Company, at the office of said Company, in the city of San Francisco. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the TENTH DAY OF JULY, 1864, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the Twenty-third day of July, 1864, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. By order of the Board of Directors. JAS. T. HOYT, Secretary.
jul8 Office, 229 Bush street.

TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC!

THE UNDERSIGNED, FOR MANY YEARS IN COMmand of steamers on the inland waters of this State, can point with just pride to his past record as sustaining the assertion that he has always been vigilant and zealous in the protection of life and property committed to his care, and that he has never wantonly trifled with or deliberately injured the life or property of others. He feels that wherever he is known, notwithstanding the vituperation with which he has been assailed, he requires no justification; and from that portion of the community with whom he is unacquainted he asks a suspension of opinion in regard to the collision between the steamers *Washoe* and *Yosemite* until the result of the investigations in relation thereto can be made public and the blame fixed where it properly belongs. E. A. POOLE.
jy9-1t Master Steamer *Yosemite*.

THE THIRD

Monster Matinee,

—OF—

PAUL JULIEN,

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

—ON—

WEDNESDAY NEXT, 13TH JULY,

AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Box Office now Open.

jy9

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

DEETKEN & CO'S *METALLURGICAL WORKS,*

WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our

NEW SMELTING FURNACES,

We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-bearing Ores, as well as it can be done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

BEETKEN & CO.'S METALLURGICAL WORKS,
Office—315 Montgomery street.
WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

The Octoroon!

Will be the

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 9th, 1864,

GRAND REVIVAL

—OF—

Boucicault's great Irish Drama of

The Colleen Bawn!

MR. C. WHEATLEIGH, as DANNY MANN.

First appearance in California, of

MISS UTIE CLIFFORD,

—AS—

ANNE CHUTE.

Myles na Coppaleen	W O'Neil
Hardress Cregan	C R Thorne, Jr
Mr Corrigan	Mr Stephenson
Father Tom,	D C Anderson
Eily O'Connor	Mrs Sophie Edwin
Mrs Cregan	Mrs. C R Saunders

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. jy25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Montgomery street.

BENEFIT

—OF—

MRS. EMILY JORDAN!

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 13TH,

On which occasion the popular drama of

AURORA FLOYD,

Will be presented.

Dress Circle and Orchestra	$1
Parquette	50 cents
Gallery	25 cents
Private Boxes	$5 and $10

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

WILSON & ZOYARA'S Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputation, enabling the management to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

ELLA ZOYARA,
MLLE. ELOUISE,

And a number of elegant and daring Riders, whilst

MESSRS. ROSS AND CARLO
Head the Acrobatic Corps;

MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;

MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
The Comic Department.

The Ring is under the supervision of MR VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that has ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of D. J. McCARTHY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, D. J. McCarthy, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 8th day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1864.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NATHALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner, Metropolitan Block, No. 35. jy9 4t

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - - - - - - Proprietor.
PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - - Manager.

FIFTH NIGHT OF

Italian Opera,

The following artists will appear:

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS.
SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MR. JOHN GREGG,
SIGNOR RONCOVIERI,
MONS. CHARLES,
MR. HENNECART.

Musical Director, - - - - Mr. G. T. EVANS.

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, JULY 11TH,

Will be presented for the first time in this theatre,

Verdi's Grand Opera, in four Acts, entitled

ERNANI,

Donna Elvira,	MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS
Ernani,	SIGNOR BIANCHI
Don Carlos,	Mr. John Gregg
Don Ruy Gomez,	Sig Roncovieri
Don Ricardo,	Mons Charles
Don Iago,	Mr. Hennecart
Donna Juana,	Mme Klehs

In rehearsal, Bellini's opera of

NORMA.

Opera nights of the ensuing week will be MONDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

Box Office will be open on SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for the sale of Reserved Seats. jy25

PRELIMINARY RE-OPENING

—OF THE—

Willows,

On Sunday and Monday, the 3d and 4th of July.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds for visitors, on SUNDAY, the 3d, and MONDAY,

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

And to be kept permanently open thereafter. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S

CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. M. HUDSON - - - - - - - Superintendent

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR!
THE GIANT BOY,
Eighteen years old, and eight feet in Height!
THE MUSICAL ANOMALY, THE TYROLEAN WARBLER,

Whose remarkable skill in performing upon THREE WIND INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE, and whose wonderful conversion of a common COFFEE POT into a fountain of harmony, have astounded all who have seen him.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC

GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES.

THE LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE,

The smallest woman in the world,

And upwards of two thousand Curiosities.

Also, a beautiful set of Cosmoramic Views, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an Aquaria Garden attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents; Children 15 cents. jul1-tf

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Near Washington,)
Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9-tf

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

HEALTH AND AMUSEMENT, COMBINED!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN meet on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 P. M. For Ladies, Lads and Misses, on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.
jul1-1m

NEW BOOKS.

FOR SALE BY

A. Roman & Co.,

417 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Discovery of the Source of the Nile, by Capt. Speke.
The Small House at Allington, by Anthony Trollope.
The National Almanac for 1864.
The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864.
Family Pride, by the author of "Pique."
Woman's Ransom, by F. W. Robinson.
America and Her Commentators, by Henry T. Tuckerman.
Man and Nature, by George P. Marsh.
Woman and her Era, by Mrs. Farnham.
Renan's Religious History and Criticism.
European Mosaic, by Howard Payson Arnold.
Marshall's Christian Missions.
Father Mathew, by J. F. Maguire, M. P.
Vigor. A Novel, by Washington Bartlett, clerk.
Counsel and Comfort, by "The Country Parson."
Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, by Weiss.
Gen. Butler in New Orleans, by Parton.
The Campaner, Thal, etc., by Jean Paul Richter.
Industrial Biography, by Samuel Smiles.
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IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN DEWAR, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, County Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, John Dewar, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the first day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D., 1864.

Seal and Revenue stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, attorneys for Petitioner, office 634 Clay street, Rooms 20 and 22. jy2 law 4w

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 8. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 16, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance / 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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"OUR TRIP TO WASHOE."

[BY THE "CALIFORNIAN'S" LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

IN THREE PARTS.

PART TWO—PIGEON WING STOPS TO FISH, AND THEN CONTINUES HER RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"HOW like Killarney!" we exclaimed, as we caught our first view of Lake Bigler from the summit—"how very like Killarney," we said as we stood on the piazza of the hotel and sent our eyes in wondering and admiring quest over the expanse of water blue as mid-ocean, over the snow-capped mountains looking down into it, over sloping shores and magnificent forests. It was beautiful!

We were impatient until we found ourselves rowing upon the lake, fishing a little but with indifferent success. Trout of immense size abound here—it is not unusual to catch them of twenty pounds weight—but they are sluggish and dull, affording very little sport to the fisherman, and very little delectation to the epicure. There is more excitement in catchiug an ordinary brook trout six inches long, than in pulling in a lake trout of six pounds. Their flesh (cau oue call *fish* "flesh?") is soft and of a most disagreeable flavor. I never tasted a fish inferior to it. We had them cooked, and served in a variety of ways, but they were equally bad in all. We fished with lines a hundred feet long—or, rather, we trolled—one cannot call it fishing so much as an illustration of faith in things unseen. In the intervals between the "bites," which were "few and far between," we floated listlessly upon the deep blue waters, looking up at the far-off sky so uarrowed by the wall of encircling mouutains that its azure arch seemed to rest upon them, or watching the long quivering lances of light as they clove their gleamiug way far down the azure depths. Sometimes we lost ourselves in pleasant memories and were silent, sometimes we chatted with our guide—an intelligent man, full of a most varied experience of travel, and of all sorts of knowledge. Once, near the margin of the lake, as we were catching minnows for bait among floating beds of tangled lily pads, which nodded their golden heads to us as we drifted by, and held up their long leaves as if to shake hands with us, I could not help saying, "How much this reminds me of the lonely lagunes of Florida!" "So it does," replied our guide, whereupou we compared notes, and discovered that twenty years ago we had been at the same post in Florida. How strange it seemed that we who had been for more than a year awakened by the same reveillé, had heard the same evening gun proclaim the sunset as it died away in distant murmurs over the great pine levels, and listened to the same tattoo at night—should meet for the first time in a small boat, on a lake at that time unknown to the white man, and in a country almost entirely unexplored!

Califoruia is full of such improbable meetings. Six thousand feet above the level of the sea we sate in our little boat, and as the current kept drifting us back towards the distant shore, so our thoughts kept drifting with it towards the land we had left behind us. Oh! the tide of memory is swifter and stronger than the waters of Lake Bigler, and it wafted us far away from the snow-capped mountains and blue lake into the silent everglades of the land of flowers—over the clear waters of many a tranquil lake and noble river—over still lagunes, where the cypress and the cedar cast a sombre shade, and the juniper stains the waters an amber hue, and the long funereal moss swings mournfully its dark banners on the sultry breeze—where the stately magnolia, queen of the forest, crowned with starry blossoms, offers a perpetual sacrifice as the wind swiugs her fragrant censers, and bears their incense up to heaven—through groves of orange trees, with their ripe fruit gleaming like globes of gold amid the dusky verdure—by green savannahs, where herds of wild deer feed upon the dewy grass—by lonely pools, where huge alligators bellow upon the slimy shores, or solitary curlews wade, or screaming fly across the waters, breaking with lagging wing the glassy surface—where wild ducks lead their callow brood to swim, and the deer comes down to drink at noon. We talked of all these things until we forgot Lake Bigler, and our trolling lines, and the sluggish trout that would not bite—we even forgot that it was Sunday, when the sudden coming up of a squall of wind awakeued us to the necessity of hurrying back to the house to escape a wetting. The wind blew cold and shrill, clouds were driven wildly across the sky, the sun was hidden suddenly as by a veil, the waters of the lake were broken up in tiny waves that lashed themselves into foam, the surf thundered against the beach—the snow upon the distaut mountains had a ghastly look—we could fancy it the shroud, which the wicked spirits of the winds had left behind them in their flight across the lake. Iu a moment all the glory of the landscape had departed. We shivered around the fire, smiling feebly at oft-repeated jokes and doing our best to be jolly. Now and then oue of our party would remark, by way of assurance, "Remember, we came for pleasure." Finally we broke up into fragments of one or two—oue found the last number of the Californian which a compassionate San Franciscan had Lent us, and read it through from beginning to end, laughing heartily over "Things." Another (despite the weather) threw himself beneath a tree and dedicated himself to the Muses to amuse himself. Another found solace in a pack of cards, and another went to sleep. After dinner we sat around a huge wood fire telling stories and laughing at them until midnight sent us to bed.

Early in the morning we took our places once more in the coach and resumed our wild race to Virginia City. For miles the road along the lake shore is as beautiful and picturesque as anything of the kind in Europe or America. It is admirably graded, perfectly smooth, following the indentations of the mountains which overhang it, and the lake which lies beneath it. One can see the tiny wavelets rippling upon the narrow beach, and the smooth white pebbles gleaming upon the silver sands far below the surface. We passed the short curves and sudden turns at the same dashing speed, nothing ever checking our flight but the interposition of a ten-mule team, sometimes in the very narrowest part of the road. At one of these most dangerous points where it seemed impossible to avoid destruction our driver dashed by as recklessly as if he had had six feet of level road instead of the crumbling edge of a precipice. "A miss is as good as a mile," quoth he. "And a good deal better sometimes," we replied. "We have seen some misses worth a dozen such miles as the one you would have given us." We passed the Glenbrook House, a new, clean-looking hotel, charmingly situated.

As long as the road wound in sight of the lake the country was beautiful, the trees perfectly magnificent, of great girth and immense height, but always pines or fir trees. Now and then a silver-leaved aspen stood shivering and shaking in the shadow of the tall cedars, as if affrighted and trembling at the melancholy moaning of the winds through the lofty pines, and occasionally in moist places we saw the tender verdure of the water-loving willow. These were the exceptions, the fir trees the rule.

As we gradually receded from the lako and approached the second summit, the trees grew smaller, the green meadows disappeared, the hills grew bleaker and barer, the long stretches of level road grew drier and dustier, and the dust which settled upon everything like a grey cloud felt like ashes to the touch. From the summit the view reached over a Sahara of desolation. There lay a desert, where there should have been a lake—in fact, it looked like the bed of an extinct lake which the sands had swallowed up. Far beyond lay Carson Valley, arid and parched, like Hagar in the wilderness with her pitcher upturned and dry. While we looked, a sudden gust of wind caught up the dust, and whirling it in spiral columns bore it in wild procession over the burning sands.

The road down into the valley was uninteresting in the extreme—ploughing its winding way through deep dust and sand, and bordered by sage brush—when it had reached its worst, we found ourselves in Carson City, the prosperous-looking Capital of Nevada Territory. It seems full of pretty villas and cottages, and experimental orchards and gardens, which had a most home-like look. It was very hot when we arrived; and as it was the first really warm weather we had felt for a long time, we enjoyed it hugely. We rested only long enough for a change of horses, and a view of the busy little town. The road all the way from Carson to Virginia was utter bleakness and desolation. Not a green thing, not a bird, not a flower. Nature seems here to have reversed her usual order of things, and to have hidden under the ground whatever of wealth she had to bestow, leaving the surface utterly naked and barren. Nothing save a few stunted cedars, standing far apart, dwarfish and distorted by the winds, and the everlasting sage brush, grey and dry, as if no refreshing showers had ever fallen upon it and no sunshine ever blessed it, but as if it had been sprinkled with ashes, and wore the garments of perpetual widowhood and desolation. The eye wandered in vain over the bleak hills and narrow valleys for some sign of life. Uncovered shafts and open-mouthed tunnels yawned at us, and heaps of earth, newly dug, disfigured the ground; they looked like the fresh-made graves in which had been buried all of humanity that had ever inhabited these desolate regions.

Only on the roads were there signs of life; wayside inns, with entertainment for man and beast; little shops, for the sale of lager bier and pies and cakes; and toll-gates, and corrals, and hay and oats for horses; hundreds of teams trod the dust into an impalpable powder; and hundreds of wagons from the mines laden with ore from the mills met hundreds of other wagons, laden with lumber and dry goods and machinery and furniture and groceries, particularly the latter, from below. They grew more and more numerous as we approached Virginia City, with its busy, populous suburbs, Gold Hill and Silver City. There the houses were strung thickly together upon the single street which was crowded with men who seemed to have nothing to do but to gather in groups before the doors and discuss stocks and mining interests generally. I could not help noticing how dreadfully earnest they seemed, and how few wore smiling faces. It was very evident that they were not having a good time. We climbed up a very steep hill, and passed through a narrow ravine between high, overhanging banks, appropriately called the "Devil's Gate." We passed multitudes of claims, with very large names painted upon them—mines that divided dividends, and mines that divided assessments—more of the latter than of the former. We passed the comfortless cabins of bachelor miners, and the snug cottages of families. We passed rosy little children playing in the muddy water, rushing through the streets; we passed the huts of Celestials, where Ah Sing and Nankin did washing and ironing; and finally, at a flying speed, we rattled through the unpaved streets of Virginia, and drew up amid a crowd of idlers at the International Hotel.

PIGEON WING.

OUR BETROTHAL.

We were walking, sometimes talking,
Sometimes silent, while great sighs
From our heart's long pent emotions,
Slowly heaving, would uprise;
And our hands would clasp each other—
Looking in each other's eyes.

While we wandered thus—one feeling,
One thought animating both—
Suddenly his arm enwound me,
Drew me to him, nothing loth,
And our lips together meeting,
Plighted we our troth—
Not a word by either spoken,
Only by that silent token
Plighted we our troth.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XIII.

THE days which followed, my dear William, were the happiest of my life. Diana was almost always near me, surrounding me with those tender cares which are almost caresses, even when they are but the effusions of charity. I easily saw that pity had reopened her heart to me. Willingly, like a spoiled child, I made use of my weakuess to obtain a thousand marks of solicitude which brought her near me; then I would take her haud, which I kept possession of, feiguing sleep, and she dared uot withdraw it for fear of awaking me. Sometimes, however, I saw her blush as if divining my thoughts, and I trembled.

My convalescence made rapid progress. Very soon I was able to rise and walk as far as my parlor, leaning on her arm. Nothing now darkened my future. Mme. de Jonval had left the chateau; we would have our loved solitude to ourselves. I regretted Madelaine somewhat; but I was too much in love to be conscious of a sorrow while Diana smiled on me.

One uight, after my godmother had retired, Bastien related to me for the hundredth time all the episodes of my illness-I amused myself every day in making him repeat his tale, because Diana played the principal *role* in it. Curiosity made me ask him what I talked duriug the hours of my delirium.

"By my faith," replied he with embarrassment, "you spoke of all sorts of things—like all people who have a fever."

"But what did I say?"

"Well! you were furious agaiust the Couut—against Placide—"

"What more?"

"What more!—I don't kuow; oue pays very little attention to the raviugs of a sick mau."

By his embarrassed air it was easy for me to comprehend that he was disposed to be discreet.

At last I asked, astonished at his reticence: "Did I speak of other persons?"

"Pooh!" replied he, with au indifference that I knew was feigned; "a little of everybody."

This time I was frightened. "See here, Bastien," said I, looking him iu the face; "one would believe that you were trying to make a mystery out of what was said before you."

"The fact is, Monsieur André, I would uot like to repeat things that would uot be agreeable for you to hear. I promised the Countess to be silent, as anyhow they were but the dreams of a sick man, as she said."

"Bastieu, I wish to know all!" exclaimed I, decidedly alarmed, "and I beg of you to tell me. It is of the greatest mportance to know everythiug I have said."

"If that is the case, Mousieur André," he replied, "I will conceal nothing from you. Every one is master of his own affairs, aud the moment you wish me to remember—yon will pardon me for not having forgotten anything."

"But you kill me with this delay."

"Well, then, I must tell you that during the first days you did not recognize any one, and you were furious against the Count, whom you spoke continually of killing, so that the doctor was obliged to forbid his enteriug the room, his presence excited you to such a degree. Then the Countess aud I were aloue with you. She had confidence in me, because she kuows that I would throw myself in the fire for you, and theu old Fritz was uot able to hold you duriug your fits. However, the Countess could have doue without any one—even the doctor himself—for as soon as she spoke to you, or placed her hand ou your forehead, you became docile, and you obeyed her as if you were able to comprehend the sorrow which she suffered."

"I recognized her, did I uot?"

"One would suppose uot, for you called her all the time without uoticiug that she was with you. At last, one uight, when you were drowsy, we heard you talking softly, as if in a dream; great tears rolled down your cheeks. The Countess tried to wipe them away, which awakeued you; then you commeuced to say all kiuds of things, of which I uuderstood nothing, if it was not that you spoke of Mlle. Madelaine. 'It is uot true,' said ycu. 'I have lied; go and tell my godmother that it is she that I love, and that I cau never love auy other womau. Yes, I lied in order to hide my love, which would have offended her.' I don't remember your exact words, as I went off feigniug to hear uothing, because I saw that the Countess was very much moved and embarrassed. At last, wheu you were quite calm, she came to me aud said: 'This poor child suffers a great deal. Bastien, you must uot let it be known that he has been delirious; that would alarm them.' 'Oh, madame,' replied I, 'I am dumb.' 'Yes, we can confide in you; I beg of you not to repeat this to any one. It is the fever that makes him talk thus.'

"As you may easily guess," coutinued Bastien, "I swore to be silent; but certainly my oath did not include you. It is my duty to warn you. Pardon me, Mousieur André, for knowing more of your secrets than you wish me to; but you repeated the same name so often that I must have been dumb not to comprehend what it meant. Besides, you know that I am not a man to gossip, aud the meanest person would not dare to eutertain a bad thought of the Countess, whom every one adores as if she were a saint."

Bastien's disclosures threw me into a state of profound anxiety. What would become of me when my cure should be completed? Would uot Diana seud me away, if it was but to spare me pain?

When she entered the apartment the next day, I was so much overcome with emotion that I almost fainted, and fell back in my chair. It seemed to me that my love was written on my forehead.

"*Mon Dieu!* André," said she, "are you worse again?"

In speaking thus she encircled me with her arms, and laid my head on her shoulder. I disengaged myself, dismayed before this pure sisterly tenderness; my better uature revolted against such a profanation.

"It is nothing," I murmured, "only a little feebleness!"

During the entire morning I passed through unheard-of agonies. For the first time I noticed a shade of reserve which had escaped me the preceding days; I remembered a thousand indications of annoyance which denoted au offended pride. Her voice had a tone that I had never known; everything showed the agitation of two hearts from whom confidence was forever banished. I suffered so cruelly in advance from the vexation into which my folly would plunge me that I was tempted to throw myself at her feet and forestall a decision which pity alone had retained on her lips; but would uot that break all ties between us? There are words which nothing can efface, and for which in all pure souls there is no oblivion.

Nevertheless, Diana's eyes expressed more sorrow than severity. A sweet melancholy, mingled with I know uot what interior radiancy transfigured her; it was thus that I had pictured the angel of charity. With the egotism of love I felt a wicked thought spring up within me; perhaps she did not dare to condemn me to exile; bnt I expelled this thought as a cowardice unworthy of either of us. I understood perfectly that I could not live at the chateau, and I resolved to immolate myself to her repose, and to spare her at least the pain of banishing me.

"Dear godmother," said I to her, calling up all my courage, "have you heard anything from my cousiu, Lady Clareucy?"

"Yes—why?"

"Only I thought that if she has waited for me, she will be very much astouished at my lack of haste to avail myself of her hospitable offers!"

"She knows that you have been very sick."

"But I shall be well in a few days, I hope; and as I ought to make this trip, it will be as well, I thiuk, uot to wait for the wiuter."

"Very true; but, *mon ami*, do you thiuk of going this month?"

My energy was exhausted.

"I will follow your directions," I murmured. "I fear I shall appear ungrateful either to you or to her."

"You must consult only your own convenience," said she, in a trembling voice. "I would be ashamed to detain you here. However, I hope that the doctor will dissuade you from leaving us before you are completely restored."

"I will obey," replied I.

And we dropped the snbject; but all that day, despite our eudeavors to recall our usual gaiety, the idea of separation hovered over us. Evening came, and I observed that when she left me she did not give me her hand to kiss, as usual. Left alone, I shed abnndant tears; the sacrifice was cousummated. At night, Bastien appeared at my bedside.

"Did you tell the Countess what I told you last uight?" were his first words.

"No—but why this question?"

"Because, au hour ago, the Countess sent Catherine to call me iu the laundry, and theu inquired if you had had a relapse duriug the night: I answered no; but I easily saw that her anxiety was from another cause, aud that she wished above all to know if I had told you anything that had happened during your illness; I was obliged to lie to you or her—so I boldly denied everything."

"You did well," said I; "and always say the same if she questions you again."

"That will not be difficult. Besides, M. André, I think you are wroug to give more importauce to this than it demands. You said so much duriug your fever that the Couutess will attribute your language to the disease; for instance, when you wished to kill your guardiau—"

"That's true," said I, struck with an idea so simple, but which did uot occur to me before.

I had so much need of hope that I clung to this straw from my shipwreck. Could Diana place auy belief in this strauge avowal of delirium? Certaiuly she still doubted it, as she had not received with delight my projects for departure. I remembered her hesitatiou in replying to me when I broached this snbject. I was too much interested in deceiving myself uot to forge a thousand chimeras. Would it uot suffice to keep my love hidden in the most profound depths of my heart to efface from her mind eveu the shadow of a doubt? And then I would still be permitted to live near her?

Somewhat comforted by these thoughts, I commeuced rebuilding my castles in the air, saying to myself there was always time euough for suffering. The uext day, when the doctor called—

"Doctor," said my godmother, "André spoke yesterday of leaving for England; do you not think it would bo imprudeut to yield too soon to his wishes?"

"A journey!" replied the doctor; "in the name of the faculty I oppose it. You must uot think of it for two or three months."

Gracious heaven! I surprised a flash of joy in Diana's eyes.

XIV.

FROM that day my convalesceuce was rapid. It was harvest time, and the forces of uature in their full maturity seemed to enter into me. I became visibly reanimated. The daily absences of M. de Maufert, all engrossed with his crops, gave us long hours of solitude aud of liberty; sometimes I went out with Diana across the fields to visit the harvesters, and to have seen us sittiug on the sheaves at mid-day, one would have takeu us for two lovers. One day I gathered some bluebonnets and corn-roses and wove a crown which I put upon her hair. She was so beautiful thus that I gazed upon her in an ecstasy of delight; she perceived it and blushed.

A change, however, had come over the atmosphere iu which we were euvcloped. Diana seemed absorbed iu reflection, and I knew that deep dowu in her heart she deliberated ou my fate.

I saw Bastien no more except in the intervals of his hazardous expeditions, for I had not been able to make him give up smuggling. One eveuing I met him.

"Hold, Mousieur André!" said he to me; "I see you in the nick of time; I want to know what you wish that I should say of your bachelor life. Do you know that for fifteen days past Catherine interrogates me, cunning one that she is without appearing so, to know if you are uot making love to some couutry girl, as in other times to Jeanne. I at first thought that it was simply the curiosity of womeu, for there is nothing which interests a womau like these subjects; but she returned to it so often as to puzzle me, and iu my turn I played a little game. She ended by confessiug that Mme. the Countess asked her to make inquiries of me regarding you, because she feared that you might have some unfortunate liking."

"Oh, tell the truth," replied I; bear wituess that I have no low intrigues."

"Enough," replied the smuggler, smiling; "this eveniug you shall be white as snow."

I remained a little disturbed by my rashness, for to exculpate myself thus in the estimation of Diana was again a danger, aud when I saw her in the morning I trembled. By the manner in which she extended me her hand I was reassured. It was easy for me to understand that, relieved from a painful care, she was happy to fear no longer that I was compromising myself by a vulgar *liaison* unworthy of me.

But aside from my idyl I had a uumber of prosaic vexations caused by the depeudence in which I lived. Nevertheless, I own, since my recovery I had met from M. de Maufert less rudeness, as if he was remorseful for the acts of brutality to which he could uot help attributing the accident which had brought me so ucar the grave. As I had decided to suffer all for the sake of liviug near Diana, I carefully evaded all causes of quarrel. Scarcely six months lay between me and my majority, and the sudden indulgence of my guardiau seemed to presage that I would attain without new storms and outbreaks the ardently desired hour of my emancipatiou. It was necessary that an unexpected chance should come to reveal to me the horrible scheme in progress against me.

One Suuday as I came from Mass, where M. de Maufert always accompauied my godmother, I walked behind theu, separated by the crowd, when, under the porch of the church, I was accosted by Guillot, who said quickly in my ear: "I must speak with you, Mousieur le Baron."

By his air of mystery, I understood that he came to me with something important. "Go aud wait for me at the *Saussaie*," said I to him, "I will be there in a quarter of an hour."

Since my sickness I had not before seen the farmer; I had only learned from Bastien that, thanks to the intervention of my godmother, the receipt, signed by my uame, had been accepted by the Count.

Arrived at the chateau, I pretended to come home again, and I weut out iu the park to run and rejoin Guillot.

"What has happened you, my frieud?" said I to him; "has Master Placide been again playing his pranks?

"No, Mousieur le Baron," replied he, "they leave me quiet at preseut. Only some things have happeued which it is necessary that you should know, though they have threatened to ruin me if I speak to you of them; but, M. le Baron, your father has done too much for me, and you also, for me to suffer you to come to harm; and the lawyer whom I consulted told me that they wished to ruin you."

"Ruiu me? Explaiu yourself?"

"You have known, Monsieur André, that the day after we went to Monthermé, Mme. the Countess did great kiudnesses for us. I believed myself saved, when, three days afterwards a stamped paper came to us agaiu. The very sight of it threw me into a fit of trembling, without daring to read it. But, hold! here it is; it will explain to you better than I can what other misfortune has fallen upon me.

I expected some sheriff's writ. I had hardly read the first lines when I was thrown into consternatiou. . . . It was an order to appear before an examiuing Judge, coupled with a writ issued from the correctional police at the request of M. Placide. M. Placide couplained "of violence exercised on him by one named Guillot, with the intention followed by the effect to extort several things to his profit." It spoke further of

undue influence of a minor whose *mental faculties were notoriously weakened*, which could be proved by the renewal of an irregular lease torn by assault from M. Placide, who denied all complicity, and asked ten thousand francs damages.

At this reading I became so pale that Guillot thought that I was going to faint. "Continue," said I, attempting to contain my anger; "I wish to know to what lengths they have pushed their baseness!"

"Seeing myself threatened with the law," replied M. Guillot, "I lost my wits: the paper spoke of prison. My wife told me it was necessary to go at once and consult a lawyer. I went to Montherme by night, for I was afraid of being arrested. One of my cousins advised me to apply to M. Isidore, a sheriff's clerk, very well up in chicanery. I related to him my trouble, and showed him the writ. As soon as he saw it, the practiced man began to laugh, saying, 'Everybody knows that! the Maufert business! If you will give me ten francs I will immediately remove this thorn from your foot, and breathe to you the means of lessening the price of your lease, for in reality all this is not bad for you.' My cousin advised me to have confidence; I drew two pieces of a hundred sous each from my bag, and M. Isidore put them in his pocket. 'My good man,' said he to me, 'you are presumptuous in imagining that they persecute you. You are only the bit of string while you think you are the jumping-jack. It is not you that they oblige to dance, and I am going to predict to you, without being a sorcerer, what will happen: You will present yourself before the examining judge, he will interrogate you; the next day M. Placide will withdraw his complaint and the game will be made.' M. Isidore then recounted to me that this affair was a scheme against you; that the complaint had for its aim only to establish that you are—in short that your mind is deranged—because the Count wishes to make you an interdict. The next day I came to Maufert to tell you all this, but they told me you had suddenly fallen sick."

There are some catastrophes so brutal that one has not time to appreciate them, some afflictions so sharp that they remove feeling from you. I recalled the warning of M. Abraham, and, notwithstanding what Guillot revealed to me, it seemed to me so odious, so cruel, so unfeeling, that I yet hesitated to believe it.

"What happened afterwards?" said I.

"Nothing much," replied Guillot; "for the day of my being called before the Judge, when I presented myself at his chambers the officer told me that the suit was continued, and since then I have heard nothing of it."

In the conflict of ideas which ran riot in my mind, I believed for a moment that I was really becoming mad; I thanked Guillot. I felt that this was the decisive hour of my life, and I wished to meditate before acting.

During part of the day I wandered in the woods, struggling against legions of sinister fears. They had dared to declare me mad! Sometimes anger blinded me—it made me thirst to tear my guardian and his miserable steward to pieces with my avenging hands; but I said to myself that they would see in this chastisement a proof of my madness. Me, a madman! This word pursued me, and I found it again at the end of all I planned. I was declared mad if I submitted to the outrage in silence—mad if I avenged myself! Should I go before a tribunal to plead for my right?

Giddy, weeping, it seemed I had lost all perception of reality; I observed myself curiously, looking to find some indications of madness; I put myself to counting the trees one by one, to prove to myself that the sacred fire of my intellect was not extinguished in the diabolical night of imbecility.

I met in my walks some groups of joyous peasants who were going to a *fete* in the village; all knew me—old people, boys, and girls. They saluted me as they passed. The sight of their joy irritated me. I got away from them immediately, but I had no sooner reflected on this strange fit of misanthropy than I thought I saw in it a symptom of madness. Diana! Diana! I cried in despair. And with all the strength of my soul I tried to absorb my thoughts in that name, as if it had been for me the word of salvation.

THE ART OF TYING THE CRAVAT.—A book that would have delighted Brummel, if it did not distract him, has lately been published in Paris. A correspondent says of it:

My curiosity was so much roused by the announcement of the fifteenth edition of *The Art of Tying the Cravat*, I could not refuse to buy it. I find ("there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy") that there are no less than forty-seven different ways of tying the cravat. One is Ladvocat's way; (Ladvocat was the great publisher of his day; he brought out de Chateaubriand's, Victor Hugo's, and de Lamartine's earlier works; he made a great deal of money, met with reverses of fortune, and sank down society until he became box-opener at one of the minor theatres; he died in a hospital and his body was thrown in the potter's field;) another is Byron's way; this is Talma's; that is valise-like; a fifth is giraffe-wise; a sixth is horse-collar-like; a seventh is shell-like; an eighth gastronomical; a ninth is the lazy way; and so on till the forty-seventh way was reached. A grave omission is made in the volume; (although it takes care to tell how Napoleon always wore two cravats, the under and broader one white, the upper one black, so that he seemed to wear a black cravat with a white border; the only day on which he wore a white cravat was at Waterloo;) the omission would be unpardonable were the work translated and published in English, for were a man of moderate circumstances of fortune to give many hours to this book he would a little sooner or a little later find his neck itching for the knot *a la* Jack Ketch.

BEAU WILSON.

TOWARDS the end of the reign of William III., London society was puzzled by the appearance of a young aspirant to fashionable fame, who soon became the talk of the town from the stylo in which he lived. His house was furnished in the most expensive manner; his dress was as costly as the most extravagant dandy could desire, or the richest noble imitate; his hunters, hacks, and racers were the best procurable for money; and he kept the first of tables, dispensing hospitality with a liberal spirit. And all this was done without any ostensible means. All that was known of him was, that his name was Edward Wilson, and that he was the fifth son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Keythorpe, Leicestershire, an impoverished gentleman. Beau Wilson, as he was called, is described by Evelyn as a very young gentleman, "civil and good-natured, but of no great force of understanding, and very sober and of good fame." He redeemed his father's estate, and portioned off his sisters. When advised by a friend to invest some of his money while he could, he replied, that however long his life might last, he should always be able to maintain himself in the same manner, and therefore had no need to take care for the future.

All attempts to discover his secret were vain; in his most careless hours of amusement he kept a strict guard over his tongue, and left the scandalous world to conjecture what it pleased. Some good-natured people said he had robbed the Holland mail of a quantity of jewelry, an exploit for which another man had suffered death. Others said he was supplied by the Jews, for what purpose they did not care to say. It was plain he did not depend upon the gaming table, for he never played but for small sums—and he was to be found at all times, so it was not to be wondered at that it came to be believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone.

How long he might have pursued his mysterious career, it is impossible to say: it was cut short by another remarkable man on the 9th of April, 1694. On that day, Wilson and a friend, one Captain Wightman, were at the Fountain Inn, in the Strand, in company with the celebrated John Law, the originator of the Mississippi scheme, who was then a man about town. Law left them, and the Captain and Wilson took coach to Bloomsbury Square. Here Wilson alighted, and Law reappeared on the scene; as soon as they met, both drew their swords, and after the first pass the Beau fell wounded in the stomach, and died without speaking a single word. Law was arrested, and tried at the Old Bailey for murder. The cause of the quarrel did not come out. Law declared the meeting was accidental; but some threatening letters from him to Wilson were produced on the trial, and the jury believed that the duel was unfairly conducted, found him guilty of murder, and he was condemned to death. The sentence was commuted to a fine, on the ground of the offence amounting only to manslaughter; but Wilson's brother appealed against this, and while the case was pending a hearing. Law contrived to escape from the King's Bench, and reached the Continent in safety, notwithstanding a reward offered for his apprehension. He ultimately received a pardon in 1719.

Those who expected Wilson's death would clear up the mystory attached to his life, were disappointed. He left only a few pounds behind him, and not a scrap of evidence to enlighten public curiosity as to the origin of his mysterious resources.

While Law was in exile, an anonymous work appeared which professed to solve the riddle. This was *The Unknown Lady's Pacquet of Letters*. published with the Countess of Dunois' *Memoirs of the Court of England* (1708,) the author or authoress of which pretends to haved derived her information from an elderly gentlewoman, "who had been a favorite in the late reign of the then she-favorite, but since abandoned by her." According to her account, the Duchess of Orkney (William III.'s mistress) accidentally met Wilson in St. James's Park, incontinently fell in love with him and took him under her protection. The royal favorite was no niggard to her lover, but supplied him with funds to enable him to shine in the best society, he undertaking to keep faithful to her, and promising not to attempt to discover her identity. After a time, she grew weary of her expensive toy, and alarmed lest his curiosity should overpower his discretion, and bring her to ruin. This fear was not lessened by his accidental discovery of her secret. She broke off the connexion, but assured him that he should never want for money, and with this arrangement he was forced to be content. The "elderly gentlewoman," however, does not leave matters here, but brings a terrible charge against her quondam patroness. She says that, having one evening, by her mistress's orders, conducted a stranger to her apartment she took the liberty of playing eavesdropper, and heard the Duchess opening her strong-box and say to the visitor, "Take this, and your work done, depend upon another thousand and my favor forever!" Soon afterwards poor Wilson met his death. The confidante went to Law's trial, and was horrified to recognize in the prisoner at the bar the very man to whom her mistress addressed those mysterious words. Law's pardon she attributes to the lady's influence with the King, and his escape to the free use of her gold with his gaolers. Whether it was founded upon fact, it is impossible to determine.

THE DUMAS, "PERE ET FILS."—The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular* says:

Of all young creatures, M. Alex. Dumas the elder is the youngest. He actually looks younger than he did when I last saw him two years ago. The other night he was at the Bouffes Parisiens, laughing more heartily than anybody in the theatre at the extravaganza played. What a contrast he presents to his son! The latter seems the head of the family. He has taken the miscarriage of his last play deeply to heart; although his father told him, "Alexandre, it is your best work and worst piece." He has cancelled his contract with Messrs. Michel Levy Freres, and refuses to have it printed. They were to give him $1,000 for the first edition. He has declared in a letter, which has appeared in the newspapers, that he will never write another play. A dicer's oath!

NEVER travel to escape the sorrows of a great bereavement. Familiar objects may keep them present with us for a time, but nothing multiplies them like absence.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE "HERD LADDIE."

A BELIEF in ghosts and fairies, and other kindred apparitions which frighten frail mortals by their unearthly practices, is still rooted in the minds of a large portion of the population of Scotland; and though the light of modern science has tended greatly to bring the evidence upon which the ghost-seeing theories rest into disrepute, still, among the rural population, and particularly in remote and mountainous districts, the knowledge which among the better educated classes accounts for all such wonders as the effects of natural causes, or as illusions of the mind, has made no sensible progress. The following story, which we can vouch for on the best authority, as it came from the hero himself, shows that some of our countrymen in the south of Scotland are not less tenacious than others in the west and north of the popular belief on such subjects: James Wylie, the celebrated draught-player, *alias* the "Herd Laddie," was, not long ago, crossing the hill of Moffat, in pursuit of his (then) calling as an itinerant hawker. It was a very dark and stormy night in midwinter, and the war of elements soon became such as to make man and beast cower. Anxious to find the shelter of any roof, Wylie betook himself, with all convenient speed, to the nearest habitation, which was a decent farm house. He knocked at the door, was at once admitted, and the people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality, directing him to dry his drenched clothes at the kitchen fire, and make himself comfortable for the night. At the fireside were two men, who appeared keenly engaged at draughts. The stranger for a while looked modestly on, and the players having concluded a game, which they considered ended in a "draw," asked the silent onlooker if he could do anything to draughts. "On ay, I ken a little o't," was the unpretending reply. "Weel," said one of them, "if you like to try your hand, you may tak a while o't; but mind, we aye play for 3d. a game—maybe you winna venture on't gin ye dinna ken muckle about it." "I dinna mind muckle, I'll try't," answered the other. "Fegs, lad, and gin ye would tak tent o' your siller, you'll do nae sic a thing," said the honest gudewife to the stranger; "for," continued she, "thae twa chaps are the best at it in this countra-side, and canna get their match." "Ou, I dinna mind muckle, I'll try't," was still the rejoinder. So the stranger set to in his own quiet way, and his opponent, reckoning on an easy victory, began to "move," with an arch smile, quite confident of success. But somehow the stranger won, and, having tried each chap alternately, continued to win every game, till, to the amazement of the whole house, he had disburdened them of some 20 shillings. The money was put down with the most scrupulous exactness, and the gudewife, for reasons which will afterwards appear, joined with the rest in demanding, with much concern, "if a' was paid," and would not be satisfied until she knew that such was the case. Supper was then brought in at a late hour, and the stranger invited to partake. During the meal, Wylie's natural taciturnity was not once interrupted, but the most profound silence prevailed, and the inmates exchanged with one another looks of the most solemn and mysterious import. After supper the stranger went out, and the night continuing dark and stormy, he stumbled on a stone, and fell, making a thundering noise, and scaring away a black cat, which made a speedy retreat through the window. Wylie, after a few minutes, returned, but, to his surprise, found the doors bolted and secured. He knocked again and again, but in vain; there was no answer; all within was as still as the grave. At last he looked in at the window, and found the whole family on their knees, evidently engaged in solemn devotion. He waited a reasonable time, then knocked louder than before, but to no purpose; every one continued in the same unvarying posture. Amazed and confounded, he saw no alternative but to seek shelter elsewhere. Returning the same way some months afterwards, he called at the house, and expressed surprise at being so mercilessly shut out on such a stormy night, after having been treated with so much kindness. "Losh man, if you be a man, wha are ye?" interrogated the dame, with great concern; "we thocht you was the deevil! When you gaed out at the door, our Betty saw ye flee up i' the air; and a blaze o' fire cam' frae your heels." The truth now flashed on the mind of the astonished draught-player. "My name," said he, "is James Wylie; I fell at the door, and maybe my tackety shoon struck sparks out o' the staens." "My certy," said the gudewife, "we thocht there was something no canny about ye. There was ne'er a game played i' this house sin syne." Had Wylie never returned to disclose his human identity, there can be no doubt the traditions of the family at the farm-house would have been long enriched by at least one memorable tale of a supernatural visitant.

DOWN ON SHAKSPEARE.—The wealthy mayor of a well-known town in Blankshire became patron of the theatre under Mr. M——y's management in 1850, and gave a hundred guineas for a box for the season. This liberality did not arise from any particular taste for dramatic literature, or any other kind of literature; but he paid thus handsomely for the box because he was a liberal man, liked going to the play, and his predecessor in office paid the same sum, and he would not be outdone. He attended every night, was always pleased and friendly with the manager, till one night Mr. M——y made his appearance in *Hamlet*, a play the mayor had never seen; and when, in the mad scene "Hamlet" appeared with his dress in disorder the mayor took offence at the exhibition, and declared to his wife and family who were in the box with him, his conviction that the actor was drunk, and he would have no such things doing if he could help it. So, accordingly, he went round to the stage and waited at the side till the end of the scene, when he thus addressed the tragedian: "Mr. M——y, till to-night I looked upon you as a respectable man, and now I see you are given to drink, for no sober man would go before a respectable audience with his shirt hanging about like that, and his stockings down! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." The tragedian, astonished at the ignorance of his patron, said, "My dear sir, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I only adhere to the author's instructions in respect to show—" "Who wrote this play?" demanded the mayor. "Good God!" exclaimed M——y, "Don't you know Shakspeare wrote it?" "I can't say that I do," replied the mayor, "but I will take care that he writes no more for this house as long as I have anything to do with it, and so you may tell him."

NEVER DESPAIR!

NEVER despair! the day may frown its sternest
And give thee labor—more than seems thy share,
But the still night brings thee the rest thou earnest,
And puts aside the garments of thy care;
Sleep, like a wayside inn, waits for the weary,
Welcoming the tired brain, and the aching feet;
The hearth-stone of our dreams is never dreary,
For by its fires our best-beloved meet.

Never despair! if old friends seem to leave thee,
Giving new friends the love that once was thine;
Let not the largesse of a broad heart grieve thee,
Love universal is the love divine.
Nor jealous be—for as a wild vine throwing
Its tendrils greenly out from tree to tree,
So is the vast love, bountiful and glowing,
In some great souls, for all humanity.

Never despair! or fill thy heart with trouble—
For Gold or Fame—if low thy lot, or poor;
Thou canst not take with thee Fame's opal bubble,
Or bear a grain of gold beyond Death's door.
Thou canst have Peace—the cup of Power is bitter,
And brings but disappointment and unrest;
Thou canst have Love—and gold hath never glitter
To buy one throb of a true, tender breast.

Never despair! life hath so much of glory,
The star-bright skies, the beautiful, fair flowers,
Dear eyes and lips to tell Love's old sweet story,
Glad children laughing through the sunny hours;
And when at Autumn all the blossoms wither,
And life seems gone to ruin and decay,
God's holy ministers shall guide thee thither,
Into the promised land—the perfect day.

EMILIE.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

LA TRAVIATA, on Thursday night, gave Miss Richings ("Violetta") a chance to display the dramatic capabilities of her voice without the continual *bruit* which belongs to the difficult *role* she creditably sustained in *Ernani* on the preceding night. Although *La Traviata* is inferior in breadth and force to *Il Trovatore*, and contains too many hints of the latter opera, and altogether too much of Verdi, it is replete with pathos—a quality to which Miss Richings gave most excellent expression with voice and gesture. Her singing, appearance and acting in the dying scene were marred by no infelicity of detail, and had much of the effect contemplated by the composer.

After Verdi and Italian libretto, English dialogue and easy *cantabile* effects constitute the pleasant change by which we are to come to *The Bohemian Girl* this evening. A full rehearsal of this opera was given on Friday morning, in which the new tenor, Mr. Hill; the basso, Mr. Peakes; and the baritone, Mr. Seguin, participated. Rehearsals do not always give a fair test of the quality of the performer's voice, particularly previous to *début* before a strange audience, for which most singers save their voices, and it was quite impossible to fairly criticise their extent or quality. Mr. Peakes' voice is a fine bass organ, and Seguin and Hill sang with much artistic grace and effect. The chorus seemed really admirable, and most of the concerted pieces were achieved with a precision which bespeaks much for the first representation.

Not chosing to comply with the requirements of the Sunday law implicitly, but willing to compromise on a middle ground, a series of sacred concerts has been arranged at the Academy of Music, the initial one to be given to-morrow night. Paul Julien is also under engagement to Mr. Maguire. This young artist's *matinée* on Wednesday drew out a fashionable audience, and certainly he drew music from the violin which few thought the instrument capable of. Miss Richings was in excellent voice also, and won the plaudits of the house and repeated encores. The concert last evening was fully attended, and Julien surprised his audience by getting more melody out from one string than ordinary artists could from twenty. Miss Richings sang *Wha'll be King but Charlie?* in a style that brought down the house repeatedly.

Maguire's Opera House has been doing a tolerable business during the week with *The Colleen Bawn*, Mr. Wheatleigh in his excellent character of "Danny Mann." In this piece a new and rather pretty *débutante* made her appearance, as "Anne Chute," but without giving promise of ever reaching a very exalted position in the dramatic profession. Mrs. Edwin sustained her favorite *role* of "Eily O'Connor"—Agnes Perry taking the part on the occasion of the military visit of inspection to the theatre. The correspondence published between Manager Maguire and General McDowell, and the fact that the latter was to be present with his staff at the performance on Wednesday evening, had the effect of filling the house; but we are not certain that a repetition of the attraction would prove equally successful. A great apathy seems to prevail at present among theatre-goers—all the places of amusement in town having scarcely one good large audience among them, while the Metropolitan plays to a scarcely perceptible parquet and an infinitessimal dress circle. *Pure Gold* has been reproduced at the Opera House by Mr. Wheatleigh, a somewhat sensational play, but one which has not proved what is termed a drawing one. This afternoon *The Colleen Bawn* will be played for the entertainment of the select circle that goes out on these occasions; and this evening, Watts Phillips' new sensation drama of *Paul's Return* will be produced.

John Brougham's last effect, *Bel Demonio*, is in active preparation, and is shortly to be produced with all the accessories of scenery, music and costume which have won the manager an established reputation for liberality. *Bel Demonio* has been played at the East recently with great success. It is said to be an adaptation of Boucicault's *Pope of Rome*.

NEW BOOKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the war, the work of book-making goes bravely on, and the presses of the East seem to be as busy as ever they were in peace times. This proves that all the paper resources of the country are not devoted to the manufacture of cartridges and greenbacks, and that lead finds other shapes than that into which it is cast by bullet-moulds. When types are melted down and our soldiers wad their muskets with the uncut pages of books and periodicals, the war will have assumed serious proportions, indeed.

Not content with printing new books, the ambitious publishers are reproducing editions of works which our grandfathers read in our youth from shelves that had already groaned under their weight for generations. Thus, prominent among the books which Roman sends us this week we have a new edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, printed on tinted paper, and bound in that neat style which of late years is becoming the rule. It is rather late in the day to attempt a criticism of the work, but strange memories come over the mind as we turn over its pages. There was a time when Christian lived and breathed for us, when we believed in Giant Despair, and saw in Apollyon a reality, and not an allegory. Oh, the hours we have spent with Christian on that weary journey, floundering with him through the Slough of Despond, and fording the River on the banks of which stood the Shining Ones who welcomed the pilgrim to the City. And the chivalrous Mr. Greatheart, who was brought to our mind the other day by reading in the papers that a Mr. Greathouse was to be sent to the East in chains, though the only similarity between the two characters is found in the name! But the charm of the book, to our fancy, lay in the fight between Christian and Apollyon. There was a picture of this righteous wrestling-match in the old volume from which we read the story, and the skill of the artist challenged our admiration. The book says of Apollyon: "Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish, (and they are his pride;) he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion."

The artist was faithful to the text. Apollyon, in the picture, was one of the scaliest monsters ever man looked on, while Christian was only a man of moderate size, ignorant apparently of gymnasiums, and not up in the mysteries of cut-and-thrust, as practiced at the schools of the present day. But he brought Apollyon, though, when, disarmed, and even "while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man. Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying: 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise;' and with that gave him a deadly thrust which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound," after which, "Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away; that Christian for a season saw him no more." A wonderful tinker that John Bunyan was!

Among the new books which Roman sends, we find *President Lincoln's Administration*, by Henry J. Raymond, of the N. Y. *Times*. We have seen this book alluded to as a "campaign volume," and the author in the preface modestly disclaims all profession of making his book, in any exact and important sense, a history of the Administration. But he has given us a valuable book of reference, containing incidentally the clearest and most comprehensive digest of the McClellan campaign which we have yet seen. Mr. Raymond has a happy faculty of grasping his subject by the right end, and to this his success in journalism is due. We venture to say that were a hundred editors assembled in editorial rooms late at night, when important news of a battle or of some Governmental measure came in, news upon which it was necessary that an editorial should be written at a moment's notice, it would be safe to bet that of the hundred articles written, Mr. Raymond's would be the one which a judicious committee would select for publication. He sees a thing quickly, and he writes quickly and to the point. It is a pity that he does not devote himself to some important literary work outside his profession, and give us a history or something else that by no construction can be called a "campaign volume."

Of the late Thos. Starr King we have a memorial in *Patriotism and Other Papers*. The papers forming the book have been previously published, but as they appeared in periodicals mainly sustained and read by the supporters of a particular religious sect, they will be new to the public. Turning over the pages of the volume we are reminded of Mr. King by the simplicity and earnestness of the diction, and the healthiness of every sentiment; morbidness and bitterness were strangers to his nature. He wears in this book the same smile for his readers that he carried with him into the pulpit, the lecture room, and society. But we miss the magnetism of his voice and the eloquence of his great, loving eyes, and we turn sorrowfully from the printed words to our memories of the living man, "sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more."

"Gail Hamilton," one of the most charming essayists that ever sparkled through the pages of any periodical, gives us a neat little volume from the press of Ticknor & Fields, which she christens *Stumbling Blocks*. "Gail Hamilton," as all our readers probably know, is a woman, and a sensible one. She has a profound disrespect for humbug of every kind, and never seems so happy as when running a tilt against some popular prejudice or stupidity. If suddenly asked what the present volume consists of, we think we should define it as a series of religious essays written in a rather irreverent manner. We do not use the word irreverent in its bad sense; we simply mean that our authoress approaches her subjects with as few preludes as she would use if she proposed to write about a bonnet or a bootee, and handles them livelily and brusquely, dismissing all that nasal drawl and turgid English which the generality of talkers and writers think necessary to bring to the field when religion is the theme. Miss Dodge is a part and parcel of the *Atlantic*, but she should find a broad welcome on the Pacific.

"Ik Marvel" has given us another charming book from the quiet and retirement of his Edgewood retreat. He calls the book *Seven Stories*, and builds it up in the same quiet, fanciful style with which he wove the *Reveries of a Batchelor* and *Dream Life*, putting in an introduction by way of basement, and a little half-story for the attic—but Attic salt is stored all through the volume. The stories have no connection with each other, not even as much as a flight of fancy, let alone a flight of stairs; but they may be taken up separately and read independently—the seven just suggesting themselves as sufficient to fill up the evenings of a whole week.

We have novels among our new books, too—lots of novels. First comes *The Woman in Black*, advertised as a companion to *The Woman in White*, but *not* by Wilkie Collins. *The Woman in Black* is written by the author of *The Man in Gray*, and whether that author is woman or man we do not know, though some slight incoherencies and improbabilities in the plot lead one to suppose that it is the former. The story opens like one of the real sensational school. A pale, slender young woman, rather good looking than otherwise, with a scar on her throat, is introduced to us in the chamber of a dead marchioness. The young woman is trying on the jewels of the dead lady and murmuring an intention of marrying the son. And so a long avenue of crime and sorrow and suicide and all that is opened up to the discerning mind. Having read the first chapter, one will be very apt to read the book through, for the firm of Wood & Braddon have here found a formidable rival. We expect to see a dramatization of *The Woman in Black*, for it furnishes abundant material for the stage, with its heroes and villians, and the eventual triumph of suffering virtue.

Woodburn, a novel, is written by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey. The story is a pleasant one, and the plot is creditably worked up, though the *denoument* seems scarcely sufficient. In *Darkness and Daylight*, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, we have one of those stories of home and the domestic relations to which this authoress is peculiarly given. There is nothing in it to shock or surprise, and the admirers of the Wood and Braddon house will probably fall asleep over its quiet pages; others who are not fond of sudden plunges and deluges and daggers, will read the book as they loll quietly over their lotus leaves, and call it capital. *Cousin Phillis* is one of the *Harpers'* library of select novels, printed in pamphlet form—a bright, lively story, of reasonable length, and worth the time its reading would occupy.

Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them, is a work we know nothing about and shall not attempt to review. With a wax nose we would feel tolerably well at home; with a wax rose, not. But the author seems to be master of his subject, and instructs his readers in the art of making every flower and vegetable that grows, from camelias to cabbages. There is not a fruit nor a berry nor a flower for the making of which he does not give the most implicit directions. So that if the flowers of literature should prove insufficient for our support, we have serious intentions of attempting flowers of wax for a livelihood. The author tells us how to make wax flowers; why does he not tell us how to make money wax?

In addition to the books above mentioned, Roman & Co. have *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens's last serial, neatly published in parts; and of other books more than we have time just now to mention.

MADAME TALLEYRAND AND DENON.—It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day her husband, having told her that Denon, the celebrated traveller, was coming to dinner, bade her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however; and Madame, upon going into the study, found a volume of *Robinson Crusoe* on the table instead, which, having read very attentively, she was not long in opening upon Denon, at dinner, about the desert Island, his manner of living, etc., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying, "Ah, dear Friday!" he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.

DR. O. W. HOLMES having been prevented, by illness, from delivering a lecture, wrote an apology, in which he said: "I am satisfied that if I were offered a $50 bill after my lecture I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

As it is man's destiny to be ruled by woman, he should, for his own sake, render her as fit for the task as possible.

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

HARK to the batteries disputing in thunder—
Shell over tree-tops and shot rattling under,
Noisily cover the path of the foe
Down through the forest aisles, lofty and large,
There's a look on the face of our leader I know,
And I wait the dread order, "Fix bayonets—charge!"

Am I less brave for a moment's quick shiver?
Hearts of oak yonder bear light leaves that quiver.
I look down the line—there's a lip turning white,
Set the firmer for that; there are fixed gazing eyes
Intent upon something, but not on the fight;
There's a swift glance flung upward to pierce the blue skies.

While the thunder rolls nearer, distinct through it all
I catch fragments of whispers, as, "Boys, if I fall;"
Or thus, "Should the worst come, write home to my mother;"
"Tell my sister, my wife, that I died like a man."
"You'll find in my knapsack, friend," murmurs another,
"A line that I scrawled when the battle began."

Our Colonel sits firm; with that look in his eye,
Like a sword part unsheathed, he rides gallantly by,
Should he fall, made a mark for the sharpshooter's aim
By his gay epaulette with its golden encrust,
There'll be trumpet-loud voices to herald his fame—
But I am a private—the commonest dust!

For fame do I fight? Lord of Hosts, does not he
Who battles for right ever battle for Thee?
There are graves trodden level that love seeks in vain,
Held in honor by angels. Alike in thy sight
The poorest who carves for the red stripes their stain,
And the leader who falls in the van of the fight.

They are coming—they come! Shifting sunbeams reveal
Their way through the leaves by the glitter of steel.
They swarm to the light, through the tree boles they swarm,
Out from the forest aisles, lofty and large,
Our Colonel turns pale, drops his beckoning arms,
But hark, boys, the order, "Fix bayonets—charge!"

MR. BANTING'S PARASITE.

A GENTLEMAN formerly corpulent, but reduced of late by a certain course of treatment within moderate bounds, has been so good as to publish a pamphlet describing the means by which the deliverance was accomplished. "Of all the parasites," he begins, "that affect humanity, I do not know of, nor can can I imagine, any more distressing than that of Obesity; and, having just emerged from a very long probation in this affliction, I am desirous of circulating my humble knowledge and experience for the benefit of my fellow-men." Nothing can be more meritorious than this, particularly when we take into account the fact that he has circulated them *gratis*. No less than two editions of the *Letter on Corpulence*, the second edition consisting of 1,500, copies have been given away to the British public. A third edition has just been issued, at sixpence a copy, and therenpon we take the opportunity of noticing this singular production; since it would have been impossible to look at a gift-pamphlet with a critical eye. Even now, it is not our intention to point out any errors; to literary style, Mr. Banting makes no pretence; and therefore, after expressing the wish that he had applied some diminishing process to his sentences, equally efficacious with those directed to his personal physique, we will have done with censure.

The feature that we consider most commendable in our author's character, as evidenced in the present work, is his exceeding courage. He narrates every ludicrous inconvenience that has happened to himself, on account of his great size, with calmness, and even unction, just as the sinner in a tract describes his previous wicked life before conversion. He is fat no longer, it is true, but he has been very fat indeed. He has not been able to tie his own shoe for years. He has been compelled, he says, "to go down stairs slowly backwards to save the jar of increased weights upon the knee and ankle joints." He has puffed and blown with very slight exertion, such as going up stairs. He has probably expressed the wish attributed to the late Mr. Daniel Lambert, "that he might be permitted to see his knees before he died"—a tender aspiration which did not bear fruit, since he might just as well have desired to look upon his ears. Mr. Banting reproves, not without pathos, the natural dispositions of the public to laugh at excessively fat people. Persons thus afflicted are sufficiently burdened already, without having to bear ridicule. If folks must laugh, let them poke fun at the Thin occasionally, for a change. It was no use, he felt, to endeavor to find a channel for his statement in any literary organ. The *Lancet*, it is not likely, would admit it; first, because medical persons had often tried to reduce Mr. Banting's Parasite and failed; secondly, because the Faculty made light of a gentleman of five feet five inches high weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. They coolly told him that it was one of the attributes and even advantages of advancing years, that one got plumper and plumper annually; that one's circumference should increase like the rings of a tree. However, if he had a fancy for reduction let him, said they, take to muscular exercise, and since he couldn't walk, let him row. Mr. Banting accordingly hired a boat for his parasite, and sculled it about for a couple of hours every morning: and thereby he gained muscular vigor but with it a prodigious appetite, which he was compelled to indulge, and which made him fatter than ever.

He tried sea-air and sea-bathing; he took gallons of physic and liquor potassæ; he rode and he walked; he drank the waters of Leamington, Harrogate and Cheltenham; he "lived upon sixpence a day, and earned it;" and all that came of it was an accession of the Parasite—more fat. He essayed vapor baths and shampooing without benefit; and then Turkish baths, which last had an excellent effect at first, but the improvement did not continue. He took ninety of them whereby he only lost six pounds, and greatly weakened his constitution. Lastly, moderation in diet—what is called "low living"—was prescribed, which soon produced an impoverished state of the system, and boils; "for which last," says the patient, "I was ably operated upon, and fell into increased obesity."

At last Mr. Banting began to grow deaf. He applied to an eminent aural surgeon, who put him to some torture with blisters; but nothing came of them: on the contrary, he fell n to a worse plight than before. However, the eminent aurist left town for his annual holiday, "which," writes Mr. Banting naively, "proved the greatest possible blessing to me, since it compelled me to seek other assistance." He applied to Mr. Hervey of Soho Square, under whose regimen Mr. Banting lost his parasite, and recovered his hearing and everything else. The pamphlet is written to describe how this was done, and how every gentleman who is fatter than he should be may become as slim and genteel as he pleases, by attending to certain simple rules. If Mr. Banting had only made this discovery early enough, there would have been no literary person so highly spoken of by Lord Byron as the author of the *Letter on Corpulence*. His lordship need not have confined himself so exclusively to gin and water; he might have revelled in the following excellent daily bill of fare, and yet grow thin as a herring: "For breakfast," says Mr. Banting, speaking of his reformed habits, "I now take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea, (without sugar or milk,) a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast.

"For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of sherry, claret or madeira—champagne, port and beer forbidden.

"For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

"For nightcap (!), if required, a tumbler of grog, (gin, whisky, or brandy without sugar,) or a glass or two of claret and sherry."

This really seems pretty well, and by no means a starvation regimen; and the dry toast or rusk, we are assured, may without hurt have a table-spoonful of spirit to soften it. Still, there are many things left out of the above list of food permissible which we should much miss. Bread, for instance, must not be touched by the Obese who wishes to become of moderate proportions, nor butter, sugar, milk, beer, nor potatoes. Such had been the simple (and innocent, as he thought) elements of Mr. B.'s existence for years, and they had brought him up to the weight we have described. He had been accustomed, according to his own confession, made at a period of genuine penitence, to take bread and milk for his breakfast, with plenty of milk and sugar and buttered toast; meat, beer, bread, ("of which I was always very fond,") and pastry for dinner; his tea consisted of the same noxious materials as his breakfast; and he generally had a fruit tart or bread and milk for supper. In fact, Mr. Banting had been accustomed to subsist upon starch and saccharine matter in almost every form, and was unconsciously qualifying himself for the Agricultural Show at Islington.

Certainly, it seems singular that none of the scientific persons he consulted previous to Mr. Hervey seem to have reprobated his rather peculiar diet; and indeed we are involuntarily forced to the conclusion that they were ignorant of its fattening properties.

"O that the Faculty would look deeper into, and make themselves better acquainted with the crying evil of Obesity—that dreadfully tormenting parasite on health and comfort! Their fellow-men might not descend into early premature graves, as I believe many do, from what is termed apoplexy; and certainly would not, during their sojourn on earth, endure so much bodily, and consequently mental infirmity."

This apostrophe of Mr. Banting's, if somewhat tautological, is certainly not without reason. What a number of guineas must have been exacted under false pretences from his unwilling pockets before he received Mr. Hervey's simple recommendation of a meat diet! Of its ameliorating and rapid results, we have the fullest details. On the 26th of August, 1862, Mr. B. and his parasite together weighed 202 pounds. On the 7th of September, he had lost two pounds; on the 27th, three more; on the 19th of October, four pounds; on the 9th of November, three more; and so on to the 26th of August in the following year, when he found himself relieved of 46 pounds of superfluous fat! Listen to his own touching account of this reduction:

"My girth is reduced round the waist, in tailor phraseology, twelve and a quarter inches, which extent was hardly conceivable even by my own friends, or my respected medical adviser, until I put on my former clothing over what I now wear. * * * * * I am told by all who know me that my personal appearance is greatly improved, and that I seem to wear the stamp of good health. * * * * * I have lost the feeling of occasional faintness, and what I think a remarkable blessing and comfort is, that I have been able safely to leave off knee-bandages, which I have worn *necessarily* for twenty past years." Also, "being now able to stoop with ease and freedom, I have left off using boot-hooks." The great "charm" and comfort in the system is, he says, that its effects are palpable within a week of trial, which creates a natural stimulus to persevere for a few weeks more, when the fact becomes established beyond question.

The song of gratitude and joy into which Mr. Banting bursts upon getting rid of his Parasite, has nothing to match it in literature for enthusiasm combined with matter of fact. The only composition that approaches it is the series of grateful reflections indulged in by Robinson Crusoe upon finding himself safe upon his island. He seems to have been with difficulty persuaded not to express himself in verse.

"I have not felt so well as now for the last twenty years.

"Have suffered no inconvenience whatever in the probational remedy.

"Am reduced many inches in bulk, and thirty-five pounds in weight in thirty-eight weeks.

"Come down stairs forward, naturally, with perfect ease.

"Go up stairs and take ordinary exercise freely without the slightest inconvenience.

"Can perform every necessary office for myself.

"My sight is restored, my hearing improved.

"My other bodily ailments are ameliorated—indeed, almost passed into matter of history."

Surely the above canticle, chanted to slow music by a choir of enfranchised fat people—persons who have lost their Parasites—would be exceedingly striking. But Mr. Banting went beyond songs of gratitude. "I have placed a thank-offering of fifty pounds in the hands of my kind medical adviser for distribution among his favorite hospitals, after gladly paying the usual fees, and still remain under overwhelming obligations for his care and attention, which I can never hope to repay. Most thankful to Almighty Providence for mercies received, and determined to press the case into public notice as a token of gratitude." Genuine earnestness and piety such as this deserves to be respected. We make no doubt, although we have no personal experience of the fact, (for being professionally connected with literature, we are not fat ourselves,) that Obesity is sometimes worse than an inconvenience. We are confident that our author is speaking the truth when he says, that "no man suffering under this infliction can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, and the ordinary street traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly." We sympathize with him very cordially in his divorce from his Parasite, and the detection of its causes in bread, milk, sugar, etc., "those human beans,"* as he now stigmatizes such condiments. He does not overrate his former calamity, and he is perfectly correct as to its cure. "The remedy may be as old as the hills," he allows, "but its application is certainly of recent date"—the light of the discovery having been so hidden as not to have afforded a glimmer to poor Mr. Banting in his twenty years' search for it, and that in directions where it might be well expected to be found. Jockeys, prize-fighters, pedestrians, have long known something of the advantages of a meat diet for training purposes; but the doctors have never hitherto applied it. Since the publication of this pamphlet, hundreds of persons suffering from obesity have been relieved by adopting its recommendations; and many of them have expressed their gratitude to the author of their deliverance. Mr. Banting is deservedly the most popular writer of the day, with a large—nay, the *largest* class of the British public. "I deeply regret," says he, perhaps with a secret reference to this fact, "not having secured a photographic portrait of my original figure in 1862, to place in juxtaposition with one of my present form." We cordially echo this sentiment. We should like to have seen Mr. William Banting with his Parasite, and also without it.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* We thought this was a misprint for "human beings," on the first reading, but our author borrows his image from the dietetics of the horse.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

TO those among us who have made some progress in the study of moral philosophy, it has now, I presume, become sufficiently evident, that morality may exist independently of religious ideas; that the distinction between moral good and moral evil, the obligation to avoid the latter and to cleave to that which is good, are laws as much acknowledged by man in his proper nature as the laws of logic, and which spring as much from a principle within him as in his actual life they find their application.—*Guizot.—History of Civilization, Lect. V.*

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LET us throw open the gates of philosophical investigation as widely and freely as Bacon threw open the gates of physical investigation. Let no one be frightened away from thinking. Let us not imagine we can put truth in jeopardy by examining, thinking and reasoning. Let us not feel ourselves bound to preserve methods, and use forms of speech, merely because they rest on authority. For what we think and say and do we are responsible to God, to conscience, and to truth. With our eye fixed reverently and adoringly upon these eternal authorities, we need not fear that we shall go astray.—*Dr. Tappan—A Treatise on the Will.*

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TO determine the religiousness of a man, the question is not merely—What does he believe? but—Has he been faithful to himself in coming to his belief? It may be possible that a man comes to the conviction of Atheism, but yet has been faithful to himself. It may be that the man believes the highest words taught by Jesus, and yet has been faithless to himself. It is a fact which deserves to be held up everlastingly before men that religion begins in faithfulness to yourself.—*Parker.—Sermon on My Ministry.*

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SOFTNESS and greatness of mind, and likewise community of feeling, justice and liberality are much more in accordance with nature than pleasure, than life, than riches—which things, even to contemn and count as nothing, in comparison with the common good, is the part of a great and lofty soul. Therefore, to take away wrongfully from another for the sake of one's own advantage, is more contrary to nature than death, than pain, than other considerations of the same kind.—*Cicero.—De officiis—Book III., ch. v.*

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IT can scarcely be doubted by those who attentively study, the habits of birds, that they are often guided by real intelligence in the adaptation of their operations to peculiar circumstances. This must be the case: for example, when they make trial of several means, and select that one which best answers the purpose; or when they make an obvious improvement from year to year in the comforts of their dwellings; or when they are influenced in the choice of a situation by peculiar circumstances, which, in a state of nature, can scarcely be supposed to affect them. The complete domesticability of many birds is in itself proof of their possessing a certain degree of intelligence; but this alone does not indicate the possession of more than a very low amount of it: since many of the most domesticable animals are of the humblest intellectual capacity, and seem to become attached to man, principally as the source on which they depend for the supply of their animal wants. But there are certain tribes of birds, especially the parrots and their allies, which possess an extraordinary degree of educability, and which manifest a power of performing simple acts, many of which are quite comparable with those of a child when first learning to talk. This development of the intelligence under the influence of man, and in accordance with his habits, rather than with the original habits of their species, is yet more remarkable in the case of those mammals whose instincts lead them to attach themselves peculiarly to him, and whose powers of reasoning are called forth in adapting themselves to the new circumstances in which they are thus placed. The actions of a dog, a horse or an elephant are evidently the result, in many instances, of a complex train of reasoning, differing in no essential respect from that which man would perform in similar circumstances: so that the epithet "half-reasoning," commonly applied to these animals does not explain the whole truth; for their mental processes are of the same *kind* with those of man, and differ more in the *degree* of control which the animal possesses over them, than they do in their own character.—*Carpenter.—Human Physiology*—§ 781.

THE KALIF OF BALDACCA.

INTO the city of Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alaù.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed:
He saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alaù;
And he stood before the Khan, and said,
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey his least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers are plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Only Baldacca's Kalif alone
Rose in rebellion against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore;
His body is dust o'er the Desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within;
With clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; we turned and fled,
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gay old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mahomed:
Thus we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that was called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And there the old miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
To gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif, 'Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into this dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the Desert sands;
Still clutching his treasures he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alaù
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

—*Longfellow in the June "Atlantic."*

MME. GEORGE SAND.—The Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular* says:

There is a rumor abroad that Mme. Sand will quit her old home at Nohant for a residence nearer Paris. Nohant will become the residence of M. Maurice Sand, her son, while she will establish her home at Palaiseau, a beautiful village at the entrance of the picturesque valley of Chevreuse. I am afraid that she may lament the change. Some time since a new boulevard razed the house of one of our well-known novelists. He laid his damages at $40,000, although he was only the tenant of the house. The grounds on which he built this claim were that it would take him one or two or perhaps more years to accustom himself to his new home, which would be so much money lost to him. There are few literary men who have not felt the pernicious effects of a removal from the study where long custom made work seem easy. Surely the study which inspired the *Marquis de Villemer* and *La Mare au Diable*, and *Francois le Champi* must possess no common enchantment. Mme. Sand is so much encouraged by her success in dramatizing the *Marquis de Villemer* that she has turned her attention to *L'homme de Neige* to fit it for the stage. We wonder here if she will bring from Nohant all her customs. Her servants are all young girls selected for their beauty; they wait on table with bared arms and low-necked dresses. This would be rather combustible material so near this ardent furnace.

A STORIED SWORD.—Among the curiosities at the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair is a Scottish claymore of extraordinary weight and size, once belonging to Allan MacGaskill, a giant Highlander, 7 feet and 6 inches in length, and weighing 200 pounds. This immense weapon was used with terrible effect in the wars of the Covenanters and Cavaliers, about the year 1690, by Col. Donald MacGregor, of Glengyle, father of the world-renowned "Rob Roy." Mr. Robert MacGregor, a lineal descendant of Rob Roy, made this rare contribution, which is a relic almost out of Scott's famous romance, and certainly out of one of the most interesting portions of Scottish history.

ANNIE AND HER MASTER.

CHAPTER VII.

"DO not expect much from it, my mother—not much fame or praise that will reach me in this world." Herr von Heilmann leaned on the window near his mother's chair, which he had placed on her favorite estrade in the brief wintry sunshine of the afternoon. It was the time of day when he always spent an hour with her. She had been talking of his opera—the labor of the best part of the last fifteen years of his life; a subject of which all the musical public of Wustestadt was talking also, for it was now to be produced very shortly.

"Not that I call it 'music of the future;' to that school I do not, as you well know, belong. Neither do I say that I think it has little merit. Had I thought so, I could not have labored at it as I have done; I would not produce it as I am about to do. But its merit is of a quiet order, consistent and maintained. It is a result of much deep and vivid musical thought, focussed by intense concentration of purpose, and worked out with that 'patience' which one of your favorite French authors says is but another word for genius; and the possession of which is, perhaps, my only claim to the possession of genius. It has few, if any, 'beauties' to become popular in the concert or reception room. The harmony of just balance and fair proportion is not the beauty that will take the public. I have done what I could towards making it a perfect work of art; and having striven so hard, I must have attained to something, though only Heaven knows how far I have fallen short of my ideal. And now, this is my prophecy concerning it—mark, my mother, and see if it prove false—that it will fall flat; be, in fact, as regards its reception by the public, a failure. A few musicians and a few musical critics will recognise 'a something' in it of solid and ingrained merit, and the musical papers—those whose editors have not sworn allegiance to the new school—will here and there timidly suggest for it another hearing, while deploring that the stiff-necked classicality of its composer has hindered him from bowing in anything to the popular taste. So much for its present fate. As years go on it will be given another and another trial; and in the end, when I have long been dead, it will win for itself quiet recognition, and take its place among standard works of acknowledged merit."

"And if, Mr. Gottfried, you expect no more than this, why all the labor of so many years?"

"I have done the work I felt called on to do in the way that it was truest to myself to do it; with the rest I have no concern."

"But if, my son, by a slight concession to the populace, you could have given them a work not beyond the possibility of their comprehension, and yet far enough beyond any practice of their lives to be for them raising and ennobling?"

"Mother, the artist should work only towards his ideal, looking neither before nor after, to the right nor left, straining towards it with every nerve and sinew. God only knows how far short even then he ever falls. As to results, with them he has nothing to do; they are in higher hands."

"You may be right in all, Gottfried; probably you are. I did not expect you to flash out upon the people like a firework and dazzle them half blind; but I had hoped more than you tell me I shall see realized. If it is to be as you say, so best. Only, Gottfried, the old mother feels it a little hard; her heart craves a little glory for her son." Gathering tears choked Frau von Heilmann's voice; they came hardly and stingingly to one who so seldom wept; and at the sight of them her son was greatly moved. Stooping before her, he kissed one hand and then the other, one cheek and then the other, murmuring:

"Mother, my mother, I beg of thee," (Mutter, meine Mutter, ich bitte dich.) The words were nothing; the tone, of such deep and strong tenderness, was everything.

With a fervent blessing she flung her arms round his neck. Then she loosed him, pushed him away. "The old woman grows childish," she said, and resumed her knitting, while he resumed his former position, leaning in the window—savoring the bitterness failure would bring him in her disappointment.

It was some little time before the silence was broken; then it was by Frau von Heilmann asking sharply, "What ails my son?"

While her fingers had plied her needles, soothing him by the familiar click-clack, her eyes had watched his face; and now she saw the contraction of the brow and the twitch of the mouth, which she understood right well.

"What ails my son?" she asked again, as he did not directly turn towards her, or answer. "What did you see? Whom are you watching?"

"The Fraulein Gresham passed down the garden avenue with her friend, the young Englishman of whom I told you."

"Alone with him?"

"Yes."

"You cautioned her, as I bade you?"

"I did."

"Then she's a worthless, headstrong girl."

"Softly, my mother. I am pained by her imprudence, but she is hardly to blame. Fraulein Gruppe drives her to the alternative of choosing between the society of her friend and the observance of foreign conventionalities. A girl too simple, sincere, and pure to be a prude, could hardly hesitate."

"Gottfried, you think she loves him, the young Englishman?" There was a twinkle of amusement in the mother's eye, a suppressed chuckle in her throat.

"I think so. I think, too, mother, that it is well she should. His is a trustworthy face; you may believe I studied it the first time I had the opportunity—that night at the opera: he is her own age, and of her own country. I often pitifully remember her answer once, long ago, when I ventured to ask her, seeing her look sad, was she home-sick; she said she did not know, she felt like it; but she did not see why she should have home-sickness, having no home in this world to be sick for. He will marry her, and take her home. Think of the dearness one's own tongue must have, heard in a foreign land—a dearness communicating itself to whoever hears it. It is hardly likely he will not make her love him. I have much doubt if she would be happy sharing our life, my mother. It seems natural and right that she should pine for her own land and her own people. I am grave and harsh, old enough to be her father, almost; sometimes I think she is afraid of me. It will be best that she should love this young Englishman, and return to her own land."

"And you, my son? It is then with you—as I think the child suspects—[these words hardly audible]—pity, paternal kindness—no more?"

"Your humor is somewhat mocking to-day, mother," Herr von Heilmann returned, with a glance of surprise. "With me and with you it will be as it has always been," he said, sadly. "I have my mother, I have my art; and you, you have your son; it will be with us as it has always been."

"Unless, indeed," said the mother, with a little scornful laugh, "the beautiful widowed Grafiun should forcibly take possession of my son and leave me nothing. Well, Gottfried, the old woman thinks her own thoughts, hopes her own hopes, and waits to see them realized. I shall have a daughter yet, and not a Grafinn!"

"Your temperament is sanguine, mother."

"In that it is most unlike my son's."

A long pause.

Then Herr von Heilmann said, "Both her betrothal and her wedding must take place here, my mother; she has no other friends."

"Both shall take place here, then; if my son wills it, it must be so."

"I think, mother, if she does not come soon to see you, you had better send for her. There are many things of which it will be well that you should talk with her. She does not look well or happy; perhaps, the poor child, she is tormenting herself about her duty."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE END.

A FEW days later, Annie was kneeling before Frau von Heilmann caressing her hands, with the words, "Once again, at last. I thought the time would never come. It was very good of you to send for me; unless you had, I could not have got to you, and it seems so long, so long that I have not seen you."

"But Annchen has found time to walk and take her pleasure with other friends!" the old woman answered, with some asperity. Then she took the small face between her hands, and her tone was softer as she said, "But my little one has not thriven upon her pleasure. What have these eyes been doing, child?" She might well ask; they had wept themselves very dim. "And what has your heart been doing, to make the poor cheeks so wan?"

"Breaking, perhaps," answered Annie, the words seeming to burst out unawares. Just then Herr von Heilmann entered, and Annie sprang up in visible, plainly visible agitation.

"Gottfried will not stay long," said the mother; "he is very busy with the rehearsal—for that he has put off all his lessons; but he means to give you yours here in the evening—that is why I sent for you. The time is short now before the grand event, Annchen, you know."

"Yes," murmured Annchen.

Having seen her seated, Herr von Heilmann took up his usual position, leaning in the window, so appearing as if he had some intention of remaining.

"Fraulein Gresham will honor me by being present on the first night?" he asked, after he had answered a few questions of his mother about the one topic of all importance to her. "The first night may be the last," he added.

Annie was silent.

"You have a correct judgment, a pure taste, and a truthful tongue, Fraulein." He smiled as he named the last qualification. "I shall greatly value your unprejudiced opinion of my work."

"You do not think of being present?" he asked, in a colder tone, as Annie still remained silent. Then she looked up into his face.

"If you will find me any little hole to creep into!" she began, with a flash of enthusiasm. Then she let her eyes fall, and explained in a quiet tone, "Fraulein Gruppe says she cannot possibly find room for me."

She did not tell him that she had offered a year's salary for a ticket, and had, before Basil's departure made her again a prisoner, rambled over the town trying to procure one.

"Of course I have reserved places for my friends," Herr von Heilmann answered, the pleasant light shining in his eyes again. "If you will honor me by accepting tickets for three of these places for yourself and two friends."

"You are too good!" cried Annie; "it did seem so hard not to be able to hear it!" she said, turning to the mother. "But I can only use one ticket. I have no friends. My cousin is gone to England, to be at home at Christmas."

These words, "England," "home," "Christmas," together with the thrill of joy that had been such a revulsion from the other thoughts filling her mind, were too much for Annie today; having uttered them in a choked voice, she burst into tears. There was so much pain in the poor little heart which could not be wept away, that grief such as tears could reach *would* pour itself out.

"Your cousin has left. You are alone again," Herr von Heilmann said, pityingly. Then, as he saw Annie's tears, and heard her convulsive sobbing, he moved to her side. He restrained himself, however, so far as to do no more than to lay his hand lightly on her head, murmuring "Poor child! poor lonely little one!" Then, with the words, "Comfort her, mother—you best can; be very kind to her," he left the room.

Annie now flung herself at the mother's feet, and buried her face in her lap.

Frau von Heilmann stroked her hair caressingly, but said nothing. It was Annie who first broke the silence. Lifting up her head suddenly, she asked—

"Does he think I am crying because Basil my cousin is gone?"

"It is likely enough he does, my little one."

"No matter," murmured Annie, drying her eyes and trying to choke back her sobs; "perhaps it is better he should think so. But do *you* think so?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Tell me, is it so?"

"No, no, no," sobbed Annie. "I began to cry, because—because I am so lonely, so miserable; because I could not help it. The thought of England and home, at this Christmas time, makes my heart sicken and sink. Last Christmas it was different; I had not then lost all. Was it wrong? Are you angry? My crying can do no harm. Is he angry?"

"It pained him, child; it pained Gottfried. If you knew him as I do, if you loved him as I do, you would thiuk that was harm enough."

"I do think so—I will not do it again; bnt——" She paused, theu with a great effort she said, "It was not only to have my lesson that you sent for me to-day—you are goiug to tell me something: but I know it—I think I know it."

"If so, we will speak of something else—of you, of your cousin. He comes back again soon, I suppose—when, child? When he is here again, there must not be so much rambling about together—you must bring him here. Gottfried wishes it. Your friend must uot be a stranger here. And then the betrothal—there must be one in our country fashion. It shall be here; Gottfried says so. He will be to you as father, friend, brother."

"Are you—is he—trying to break my heart?" cried Annie. She sprang up in a blaze of indignation, but it soon passed; she sank down again and moaned. "Forgive me. He is very good; you are very good. It is only I——" She wept again, and so convulsively now that Frau von Heilmann strove earnestly to soothe her.

"My child! my poor little one! speak to me. Trust me, tell me all!"

"I must—I must speak, I must tell you, or my heart will burst," gasped Annie. "Oh, I love him, I love him so dearly, so dearly! I know it; now it is too late."

"Too late," echoed Frau vou Heilmann, and over her face gathered a cloud. She spoke abstractedly as she said, "Too late! I do not suppose it is too late. Patience child. He is gone, you say, but he will write; if he is worth having, he will ask you again. Patience, child. So he asked you, and you refused him; and now he is goue, your heart goes after him; for this I do not see that it need break." In spite of herself, her tone was hard and taunting. After her confession Annie had hidden her burning face; now she raised it, and its perplexity lightened that of Frau von Heilmann

"You speak of your cousin. Is it not so, my child?"

"No," answered Annie. "It is best, perhaps, you should not understand. I ought not to have spoken, but you bade me, and my heart is so full. Let me go uow, and—and—"

She tried to rise, but the old woman's hauds pressing heavily upon her shoulders, held her down.

"You did not speak of your cousin? Tochterchen, is it Gottfried?" The mother bent down, and the last words were whispered in the girl's ear.

"Yes, yes, yes. But I know, oh, I know it is too late. I wish, I wish I had not told you. I hope he will be happy; I will pray to God to make him so. She is so beautiful, and she looks kind and good."

"Of whom are you speaking, you poor child? And what do you mean by 'knowing it is too late?' And if you love Gottfried, who loves you, what are you breaking your poor heart about?"

"Is it not true then. Is it not this you sent for me to tell me? Then, what *have* I doue? Fraulein Gruppe told me that——"

"That?"

"That your son, my master, would in a few months be married to the Grafinn Rosalie von Thauenwald. That the bethothal was to be at Schloss Thauenwald, on the first day of next year."

"A lie, a cruel lie! It is this the eyes have grown so dim, the checks so wan about. Blessings on them, Annchen mein; his mother has been hard upon you, vexed with you, that you tried him and pained him and would not at once own that you loved him; his mother has been hard upon you. But, Tochterchen, you are, and will be, my Tochterchen. He loves you; not only as you fancied, poor little one, out of pity and kindness, and in the spirit of self sacrifice, does he desire to marry you, but he loves you with all that is best in love. His heart opens and closes with difficulty, my Annchen: somehow you, the little stranger womau, got into it and you are there forever."

"He cares for me, for me! Oh, Mutterchen, are you quite, quite sure?"

'For you, and, in the same way, for no other."

"But—he seemed so ready to give me up, so pleased—what did that mean?"

"Ready he was, pleased even, because he thought you would so be happier. It means that he does not love with the self-seeking passion some men call love, but with a love, the strongest desire of which is the good and happiness of what he loves. Yes, he was ready to give you up, so far as to be to you only a brother, a friend—whatever you most needed. But, as I have said, you are in his heart forever. Oh, he is good, he is noble is my Gottfried. Thank God for his love my daughter."

"Mother, I will. I will, mother. I do, I will—all the days of my life."

"Gottfried!" the mother called, thinking she heard a movement in his room.

Annie buried her face in the mother's lap.

Herr von Heilmann obeyed the summons. Did Annie ever forget how each step of his, as he came towards them, echoed in her heart? What she felt was like dying into another life, she thought—dying from a dull, cold, loveless world, into a world of love.

"Take this child, this little daughter of mine," Frau von Heilmann said. "Take her she has been here long enough. Take her away, I say; she wearies me."

"Mother!"

"Take her away, I say," she reiterated in mock anger, while the tears began to strcam down her face. "She is more yours than mine: why should I have all the burden of her. Take her; she wearies me."

Herr von Heilmann paused beside the little prostrate figure, and perused his mother's face.

"He does not believe his old mother! Tochterchen, look up; speak to him."

Annie looked up: she spoke to him, but only with her eyes; It was enough. He bowed down before his mother; the trembling hands were laid upon their heads: by both that blessing was felt to be the true betrothal.

Afterwards he tried to lift Annie from the ground. First she turned, and, bending low, laid her face upon his feet; afterwards she let him do with her what he would.

Frau von Heilmann nodded approval.

"Right, right, my daughter," she said. "Gottfried, for that you shonld uot chide her. Right, right, Annchen, true daughter of miue. 'A vos pieds et dans vos bras.' When I was a young woman and I was thought to be a right proud one, I set my pride ou this, that no man should ever hold me in his arms whose feet I did not feel that I could kneel and kiss. I did not marry very early. He was rather long in coming—the man towards whom I could feel thus. He did come, however, and he was your father, my son—a father of whom my sou is almost worthy."

* * * * * * *

When Herr von Heilmann's opera was produced, it fared a little better than he had prophesied for it, yet not much. But it was well given, and he saw and heard it with his betrothed bride at his side—his little betrothed bride, whose heart he now kuew to be so wholly aud humbly, so wouderingly his; to whom his love was all-sufficing; who walked softly in the light of the new knowledge of its depth and streugth, feeling that it made all places holy, all life sacred.

To a man the happiness of love cannot, and should not, be all-sufficing as to a woman; yet to Herr von Heilmann it was very full and satisfying, making him feel that he could afford to bear all things, even to the disastrous damuing with faint praise of his timid friends. He was calmly content; not that his work should die and be forgotten, but that it should bide its due time for such recognition from posterity as its intrinsic merit could justly claim; happily not sharing the opinion of the French cynic, who pronounced—"La postérité n'est pas autre chose qu'uu public qui succede a un autre."

* * * * * * *

As for Frau von Heilmann—the little one, as she is called in Wustestadt, happy still to need some such distinctive title—let any who can, doubt of her happiness: the writer of this bit of her story is not one of that number! She is by no means an idle little woman; she is proud to share her husband's labor, happy to know that she lightens it. Annie had played, and played wonderfully well, at that school-concert in her maiden days. Frau von Heilmann has played to larger and more critical audiences, some few times, when he has been incapaciated by sudden attacks of his winter enemy, fulfilling for her husband his engagements to play in public.

Ou one of these occasions the writer of this small portion of her story last saw her. It was a pretty and pleasaut sight; for beside the lovely little child-like woman, whose small fingers did marvels of delicate aud intelligent execution, stood her husband, stiff and soldierlike, following the movements of those fingers with unremitting attention; and when all was over it was to him she turned, looking up into his face with eyes that asked plainly as eyes could speak—"Master, have I done well? Husband, are you pleased with me?" The answer of his face left nothing doubtful. It was easy enough to see how completely Annie was the mistress of the heart of him she still loved, houored and revered as her *Master*.

THE ABOLITION OF HANGING.

The English House of Commons was recently occupied with a debate upon the death penalty. The *Saturday Review* says it was "simply a field day for the Quakers, aud for the aspirants who seek an easy notoriety by maintaining paradoxical opiuions," and the same journal characterlstically and ably argues in favor of the death penalty as follows:

The real difficulty with which the Quakers have to contend is, that they have no *quid pro quo* to offer to society for the risk they invite it to run. That there is a risk, every one feels instiuctively. It may be quite true that the murderers who act from passion are very often not capable, at the moment of their crime, of reasoning calmly enough to distinguish between the terrors of penal servitude and the gallows. Against them the criminal law is necessarily a weak defence. But there are other murderers besides those who act from passion. Naturally, it is the interest of every robber to commit murder. Murder would dispose of the chief part of the evidence against him. Conviction, for instance, upon highway robbery, generally follows from the evidence of the man that has been robbed. A sharp blow on the skull would dispose of such testimony far more effectually than a dozen *alibis*. The only motive which restrains a robber from taking this precaution is the knowledge that, if he is convicted, it will make the difference to him between death and imprisonment. If, however, it comes to be merely a questiou between one term of imprisonment and another, every man who commits robbery with violence will take care that his violence shall effectually silence the principal witness against him. Some motive of great cogency must be presented to mankind before they can be induced to run the risk of effecting so formidable a change in the calculations of the criminal class. What have the Quakers to offer in return? Jeremy Bentham used to say that the worst use to which you could put a man was to hang him. The apophthegm might have been true in the days of the bloody code. But, if the question is to be argued economically, the truth is now exactly the other way. Far the best use to which you can put the murderer is to hang him. If you shut him up really for life, you incur an enormous cost, besides the horror of the puuishmeut you are inflicting, and which frequently drives men mad. If you let him go, he must betake himself to crime again, for no one would give employment to a convicted murderer. The best that could be hoped from either result of sparing him is, that he should drag out the most miserable life that can be conceived at the greatest possible cost to his fellow-citizens. If he could be restored to a condition of innocence and happiness by a more lenient law, it is possible that mankind might consent, by way of experimeut, to submit to the probability that a few more persons might possibly be murdered in consequence, for the sake of attaining such a result. But the prospect of forming, in some secluded prison, a small community of sulky and despairing maniacs is not an adequate consideration for the risk incurred. Mr. Bright brought forward the examples of two or three American States, and especially those of the great Western States of Michigan aud Wisconsin, to prove that the abolition may be ventured upou without risk. The punishment had been abolished in those States, and the crime, as he alleged, had not increased. But States in which the bounty of nature and the scantiness of population preserve a high average of prosperity among all classes are no fair test. Murders committed to facilitate a robbery are not likely to be common in a community where there are no indigent classes; and it is chiefly against murders of that kind that the law offers a protection. Nor can any conclusion be safely drawn from a country where most people carry arms. Highway robbery is probably a dangerous amusement in the classic land of revolvers.

The advocates of abolitiou construct a curious argument out of the demeanor of the crowd at executions. They go at a great sacrifice, as they assure the House of Commons, to their own personal feelings, and see an execution; and when they get there they discover that the crowd is behaving very much like any other crowd of lower-class Englishmen that have gone to see a sight. They jostle, they shoulder, they laugh, they talk; and as their language is not specially refined for the occasion, but the ordinary language they employ, it naturally strikes their polite censors as "scurrilous and profane." The explorers come back full of the horrors they have seen, and exclaim that executions are demoralizing spectacles, and cannot possibly prevent crime. It would be a curious matter of inquiry what it was these people expected the crowd to do. No doubt an English mob is very far removed from the poetical ideal of a crowd witnessing an affecting spectacle. But you only see ideal crowds upon the boards of a theatre. An execution at the opera would undoubtedly be a much more edifying sight. The men would stand on one side dressed in blue and purple, the women would stand on the other in short tarlatan petticoats, and when the fatal moment arrived they would flop down on their knees, every one stretching out one arm, and singing *Io tremo*, with variations, to the accompaniment of muffled music. It is certain that if the philanthropic members of Parliament desired some exhibition of horror equally striking on the part of the crowd, they were decidedly disappointed. An English mob is composed of Englishmen, and therefore does not betray feelings either of softness or dismay if it can help it. But the lesson taught to them is just as effective as if their feeling had been demonstrative and uncontrollable. It is perfectly possible to take in the idea that a certain course of conduct will be followed by a premature and disagreeable death without either weeping or looking serious over it. At public schools, public "executions" are part of the discipline of the school, and the spectacle is frequented with great demonstrations of delight by the younger school-boys. But it has never been suggested that the punishmeut loses any of its terror in their eyes because they take pleasure in seeing it inflicted on their comrades. Those who complain of the demoralization of the crowd at an execution miss the point altogether. The gibbet is not supposed to preach either religiou or morality; and no one, therefore, is supposed to learn anything of either from seeing it at work. It teaches not an abstract truth, but a plain fact, which it commends to the attention of all spectators—that if A cuts B's throat, A's neck will be wrung. So long as the crowd appreciate and lay to heart this important fact, it is a point of subordinate importance whether they do or do not spend their time, while they are waiting for the spectacle, in the coarse conversation to which they are used elsewhere. It matters comparatively little whether they are to this extent demoralized, so long as they are effectually deterred. They are admitted to witness executions, not that they may learn holiness or purity, but that they may learn to fear the law. Their demeanor at the time furnishes no sort of indication of the extent to which the sight they are witnessing has inspired them with fear, and therefore is no test of its salutary operation.

A Bitter Morsel.—Within the memory of many of the existing generation, one of the known figures in St. James street, and an assiduous frequenter of its clubs, was the Baron Osten, formerly of the German legion, a gallant officer and estimable man, but of a somewhat lean, dry, and bilious complexion. His claim to distinction consisted in his having had a miraculous escape from the jaws of a lion, who, after mumbling him for a few minutes, let him drop. The jokers maintained that he owed his life to his bitterness; and Sydney Smith, after expatiating in his peculiar vein on the topic, was wont to make it the basis of a theory for curing cannibals of their taste for human flesh. "Send them Rogers," he would say; "and if that does not spoil their relish, try them with J. W. C., for even if they manage to get him down he is sure to *disagree* with them." The actual adventure, as rescued from obscurity by Miss Wynn, was well worth commemorating, although not quite so much in accordance with the theory as could be wished:

"*May 20th*, 1827.—We heard again of some bullocks having been killed iu the same jungle where we had killed three lions on the 14th. On the strength of this information we set out immediately, and found a whole family of hons. We killed five, but I had a very narrow escape of being killed by one of them. After having killed four, I had wounded a fifth, and Grant with five pad-elephants was beating towards me, when he roused the wounded lion, who immediately wounded one of the elephants. He then came straight at me. I bent a little forwards over the howdah to take a steady aim at him, when unfortunately the fore part of the howdah gave way, and I fell with all my guns right on the top of the lion, who immediately seized hold of me. I broke my left arm in the fall, and got a severe blow from the lion on the head, which considerably stunned me. I felt, and recollect however, that he was tearing at my right arm, and I never can forget the horrible gnarling noise he made. Grant's and all the other elephants turned tail and ran away, so that I was left alone, helpless, in the jaws of the lion. How I got out of it alive is a miracle, and I cannot account for it otherwise than by believing my Mahout's statement. He says his elephant backed about fifty yards, but that he succeeded after some time in driving her up close to the lion, when she took hold of a young tree and bent it with great force over the lion's back, when he relinquished his prey, and was soon after killed by one of the chickarees, (chasseurs on foot.) When I came to my senses I found my left arm broke, a severe contusion on my head, and eleven wounds from teeth and claws in my right arm."—*Diaries of a Lady of Quality, in the Edinburgh Review.*

Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended to see a new invention, a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel. While in the ardor of expectation they were shown—a wheelbarrow.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City of all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE WEAKNESS AND DIVISIONS OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN CALIFORNIA.

PROTESTANTISM is the hereditary creed of a large majority of the citizens of California, and as the presumptive faith of the people, although not the established faith of the State, it is a public matter, and a proper subject for consideration. Why is it, we ask, that this public creed is so badly conducted? that its managers do their work so badly? that instead of treating one another with friendship, mutual helpfulness and fraternal love, each turns his back upon the other? that instead of uniting in one grand, wealthy, influential and growing church, they persist in remaining a multitude of petty, poor, and almost powerless sects, all losing rather than gaining strength with the advance of time?

There are no accurate public records from which we can obtain statistics to show the extent of the evil resulting from these divisions among the Protestants. There are, however, certain notorious facts within the knowledge of every one. While the Catholics act harmoniously on one side, the Evangelical Protestants are all discordant on the other. Who can remember all the sects? There are the Presbyterians—Old School, New School, Campbellites and Cumberland—the Methodists North and South, the Baptists and Seventh-day Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Dutch Reformed, and so forth—all strenuous in maintaining their independent organizations, and excluding everybody that does not adopt the details of their several platforms.

The evils of division are manifold and manifest. The congregations are small, the church buildings poor, the preachers usually ill paid and occasionally incompetent. The Catholics have the finest churches, colleges, female academies, asylums and religious hospitals in the State. The Protestants, as religious organizations, have no property, no wealthy and prosperous benevolent or educational institutions, no grand public buildings. The property of the Catholic Church in San Francisco is worth twice as much as that of all the Protestant sects. Three-fourths of the Protestant churches are covered with mortgages. The small towns are without religious services or preachers. There is no mutual helpfulness. The religious sentiment is weakened by endless jealousies and bickerings. Not one man in ten of the adult male white population is a church member. Not one child in three is baptized. In the cities, there are three times as many attendants on Sunday at dances, theatres, and other public amusements as at churches, and even those who go to church begin to consider their attendance rather a matter of fashion and of policy, than a solemn duty or a necessity for salvation.

The origin of many of these sects is well known. Their founders thought men were not sure of salvation by the creeds and formulas previously used, and concluded that it was necessary to have new platforms. They suspected strongly, if they did not believe implicitly, that everybody out of their Church had only eternal perdition to hope for. For instance: the Baptists found a text which says, "Except ye believe and be baptized ye shall be damned." They looked into the etymology of the Greek word translated "baptized," and into the mode of baptism mentioned in the New Testament, and inferred that unless a man were immersed—or as we say in common English, "ducked"—his chances of a happy immortality were more than uncertain. The Episcopalians assert that there can be no valid baptism except by the priest who derives his authority under successive ordination from the Apostles, and they claim to have that exclusive successorship in their Church; so everybody not within its pale seems ruled out from that beatitude which all men hope to attain. And so of most of the other sects.

But the old prejudices happily are rapidly giving way. People are beginning to think that heaven is not so exclusive a place as was once imagined, and that salvation does not hinge upon trifles in the matter of peculiar belief. It is no longer fashionable—as it certainly never was polite—for the Presbyterian to tell the Methodist that he is sure of eternal perdition. Rival churches have actually come to treat each other as though there were room above for more than one sect as well as upon earth. They have even got so far as a mutual helpfulness in some minor points. When they are too weak to act alone, they act together. They unite in foreign missionary enterprises, in Bible Societies, in Tract Societies, and in Sunday-school Unions. Why can they not unite in their churches?

It is a very easy matter to reply that the Protestant sects in California are connected with others of the same respective sects in the Eastern States, and that they cannot act without the consent of their constituted authorities. This, however, is an empty excuse. The people of California are not mortgaged to those of the East. We have the same rights of independent action that they have. There can be only one justification for a maintenance of the separation, and that is an avowal that the differences of belief are not mere trifles, but are fundamental, and deprive every outsider of the hope of salvation. That is a position which nobody does take or dare take, and the conclusion is that these divisions between the various Evangelical Protestant sects are maintained, not for any good reason, but because of the jealousy of cliques and conflicting personal interests. Would it not be better to sweep away all empty or trivial distinctions and unite all the Protestant churches in one, presenting the same solid and unbroken front to the world that the Catholic Church does, and not suggesting doubt to the querying mind by division?

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE June number of *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* presents some interesting statements regarding the public debt, and so analyzes the official figures as to show the rate of increase of each class of debt per day at different periods, and also the increase of various kinds of currency. The totals of the statements of the public debt are as follows:

Date.	Int. in paper.	Int. in coin.	No interest.
February 2, 1864...	$219,274,354	$761,305,301	$490,419,355
March 2.....	272,329,760	769,154,251	477,860,235
March 15.....	309,416,959	769,227,504	515,361,515
May 10.....	404,191,935	812,836,168	509,220,313
May 14.....	405,525,023	817,089,112	508,216,790

The aggregate increase of debt was, it appears, from February 2d to May 14th, as follows:

February 2, total debt outstandiag	$1,473,225,724
May 14, total debt outstanding	1,730,870,926
Increase in 102 days	$257,645,212

This increase is at the rate of $2,525,933 per day, or, in round numbers, *one thousand millions* per annum. It, however, appears to have been irregular. The following table shows the rate of increase at the different periods when official statements had been given:

	INCREASE OF DEBT.		
	Days.	Per Day.	Amount Out.
June 30, 1863			$1,098,793,181
September 30, 1863	92	$1,340,000	1,222,113,559
February 2, 1864	123	2,041 000	1,473,225,714
March 2, 1864	29	1,395,000	1,513,702,837
March 15, 1864	13	5,550,000	1,596,999,429
May 10, 1864	55	2,330,000	1,726,248,411
May 14, 1864	4	1,130,629	1,730,870,926

According to the average increase of the 102 days, up to May 14th, the debt on the first of July last, must have been $1,850,081,100.

The mode in which the money has been raised, since February 2d, is shown to be as follows:

One-year Legal Tender Notes	$ 43,000,000
Two-year Legal Tender Notes	130,894,887
Fractional Notes	2,579,633
One-year Six Per Cent. Certificates	9,471,150
Five Per Cent. Deposit Certificates	3,196,239
Total paper issues	$189,141,909
Sales 5-20's	$ 7,775,272
Sales 10-40's	48,925,500
	$ 56,700,772
Increase of arrears	24,713,940
Aggregate increase of debt	$270,556,621

Thus of the whole increase, only $56,700,772 was from sales of permanent stock; the remainder was from issues of paper currency, the increase and importance of which may be better illustrated by the following table of the Government issues of paper money:

	Greenbacks.	5 per cent. Legal Tenders.	Fractions.	Total Legal Tenders.
June 10...	$387,646,589		$20,192,456	$107,839,045
Sept. 3.....	402,737,051		17,776,056	420,503,007
Dec. 1.....	418,245.931		18,010,000	436,255,931
Jan. 1.....	421,836,781	$50,000,000	18,120,000	489,956,781
Feb. 1.....	450,735,004	50,000,000	18,246,290	518,031,294
March 1...	449,119,548	95,507,891	18,745,720	563,373,159
March 15..	449,073,616	130,188,414	19,173,330	598,428,360
April 1....	441,254,280	161,902,950	19,181,240	640,957,856
May 10....	449,013,280	226,894,887	20,547'173	685,696,340
May 14....	441,234,017	223,894,887	20,825,923	685,944,827

Thus, the increase since July last year has been $300,000,000, or $25,000,000 per month, a million per day, and this constitutes about one-half of the aggregate increase of the Government debt. The National Banks have in the same period added about $16,000,000 to the currency, the amount of the new National Bank issues which was in circulation on the 15th ult., being:

Fives	$7,012,000
Tens	8,307,000
Above tens	541,000
	$15.860,200

This amount is not much towards the authorized $300,000,000 of that description of notes, but in ordinary times it would have been a serious addition. It would appear from these figures, then, that the outstanding currency, one month since, had been increased to $700,000,000, dependent upon the Government action giving an increase of $200,000,000 since the 1st of January last.

Legal Tender notes have ruled in this market during the week at lower rates than ever before, opening on Monday at 43, declining to 37½, sellers' option 30 days, and closing at 38½. At the regular Board, some $25,000 were sold at these rates. Latest telegraphic advices from the East, under date of the 14th inst., quote Gold at 263.

The Stock market exhibits no substantial improvement, and the stagnation prevailing for some time past continues to be a ruling feature.

Gould and Curry rallied early in the week from $1,600 to $1,800, but quickly fell to $1,635 on Thursday, and closed yesterday afternoon at $1,725. Some 100 feet have changed hands within this range.

Ophir advanced to $825 from $725, then receded to $730, and sold last evening at $710.

Savage fell from $1,025 to $950, and closed at $1,040 bid. Belcher declined from $1,050 to $950.

Uncle Sam dropped to $405, the lowest point reached for months past, but is now a shade better.

Challar is in less favor, and declined from $450 to $400; closing at $400 bid.

North American has materially improved, and rose from $56 to $70.

Burning Moscow advanced from $12 50 to $20, then fell to $15, and sold yesterday at $16.

Lady Bryan has dropped from $12 to $8½; large sales taking place.

North Potosi fell from $52 to $44; then sold at $50, (assessment of $12 50, delinquent,) and closed at $58 asked.

Imperial is also lower, and was sold at $142 and $145.

Real Del Monte is down to $13.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, July 16th, 1864.

I'VE had an affair on my hands during the week, a little matter of a country cousin, that has occupied my time to the exclusion of all business and nearly all other amusements.

She is a nice young girl and lives at Benicia. Once and a while she comes to town, but she doesn't stay long; she thinks it is "a dreadful wicked place," and I don't know that she's much out in her reckoning. For when a town is so wicked that I have serious thoughts of leaving it and taking up a temporary residence at Calistoga Springs, it must be pretty bad, indeed.

My cousin has never been around much heretofore during her visits, owing to the unreliability of the young men about town and the disinclination of my aunt to trust Susan Jane with them; but I'm a proper young man. The shafts of scandal have never been leveled at me; my reputation has never been assailed. Other young men have been seen at the Cliff House or on the Sea Beach of moonlit evenings, with cigars in their mouths and dimity by their sides, but Inigo has never been seen there.

This is not because I only go out on dark nights and after every one else has gone to bed, but because I have arrived at the deliberate conclusion that Virtue is the best policy and honesty its own reward.

That is what the young man said to the Psalmist, adding in a plaintive tone of voice:

Tell me not in mournful measures,
That I drive a rapid team;
Horse-cars are my only pleasures,
And "Things" are not what they seem.

We were at the opera the other evening; of course you saw us, for we were a *distingué*-looking couple. We occupied front seats in the Dress Circle, and people *lorgned* us considerably.

I handed Susan Jane my opera-glass that she might look at them in return. She took it and immediately applied it to her nose, sniffing away at it vigorously. I looked on, somewhat curious, wondering whether my fair cousin smelt a rat.

The mystery was explained when she handed me back the glass with "Here, take your darned old smelling-bottle. There isn't any scent into it at all."

She had actually mistaken a glass, which is the pride of my eye and the envy of the town, for a vinaigrette on a large scale. I explained to her the error into which she had fallen, when she naively exclaimed: "La! I thought it was a double-barrelled smelling bottle."

Such is life; and cousins that come from the country are conceitful above all things and desperately peaked!

CAVIARE FOR THE GENERAL.

The following correspondence explains itself. By the date of my letter it will be seen that Manager Maguire borrowed the idea, on which he subsequently acted, from me—my letter to the General being dated the 4th, while Maguire's bears date of the 7th, three days later. He is the Play-giarist of the Period:

Office of The Californian,
San Francisco, July 4th, 1864.

General McDowell:—Dear Sir—The editor and contributors of The Californian having been delighted witnesses of the cordial welcome extended to you upon your arrival in San Francisco by all loyal citizens, and being desirous of making as much out of you as they possibly can, would like to have you visit The Californian office, if at all congenial to your taste or compatible with your convenience.

They are at present successfully publishing a number of continued stories, to which they would call your attention. Prominent among these is a translation of *La Comtesse Diane*—the story of a young man who disagreed with his godfather and fell in love with his godmother, a reprehensible practice which we trust you will not encourage in your Department. If you would like to hear a little original poetry, "Bret" will be happy to read for your edification a little piece of his own composition, containing some four or five hundred lines. Either this, or any other amusement your inclination may suggest, will be offered you.

Arrangements will be made for your reception and comfort. They have no private boxes to offer you, and no dress circle, but a broad and commodious Way to the Pit is open through the door of all newspaper offices, and the inmates of them sometimes find themselves in the tightest boxes imaginable. They will be happy to supply yourself and staff with back numbers of The Californian, and take your and their subscriptions to that really excellent and valuable journal from date. Greenbacks from all army officers will be taken at par. During your stay in the office you will be permitted to make yourself happy and content, reading "proofs," looking over exchanges, and

becoming familiar with all the mysteries of the office, except the one of knowing how the paper manages to pay its debts.

Hoping that the invitation will be accepted, and that you will early become the patron of The CALIFORNIAN, they remain,

Your warm friends and
Obedient servant,
INIGO,
For himself and in behalf of others.

To Inigo:—DEAR SIR—Major-General McDowell directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th instant, offering him and his staff a complimentary reception at your office, and to say that he accepts it with pleasure, and will, if it should seem convenient to you, name the MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK. Any entertainment that will be agreeable to you and not expensive, will be entirely acceptable to him.

His Excellency, the Governor of the State, and a number of other excellencies, will accompany him on the perilous occasion.

Very respectfully,
Your constant subscriber,
F. HAVEN, Promen-aid-de-camp.

As I have before remarked, the above correspondence explains itself!

Precisely at the appointed hour our visitors arrived. The General brought his scrip and staff with him—the scrip at present is only worth thirty-seven and a half cents on the dollar, and he intends to spend it on the first convenient opportunity. The staff was brought along in compliance with an established custom; generals, like octogenarians, can't walk without a Staff.

Pigeon Wing met our distinguished guests on the threshold, and dropped them an elegant courtesy, proud, as she gracefully remarked, to extend to them the courtesies of the office. She devoted herself at first to the General, but hearing him incidentally allude to his wife and children, went back on him during the remainder of the visit, and flirted with every member of the staff in a way that made "Bret" jealous. He effected an admirable *divertisement*, however, by asking whether any one had read "Our Trip to Washoe." The best-looking young man of the party, with whom Pigeon Wing before had seemed specially taken, replied that he had not; that the arduous duties of the military profession left him no time to attend to the light and ephemeral literature of the day.

Thereupon Pigeon Wing flounced out of the office, remarking that there was a vein for silver and a place for gold, but that she didn't know of any room for greenbacks in this country; she presumed, too, that none of them had read "Lines to the Ocean," and she had the honor of wishing them all a good morning.

Nothing more was seen of Pigeon Wing that day. "Bret" remarked that he had written a small essay, having for its text The Currency of the Country. He said that he, too, was in Governmental employ, and suffered from the depreciation of the money in which he was paid. He had never explained it before, but he had, in fact, been obliged to move from so many neighborhoods, in consequence of not being able to pay the rent, the landlords having all refused to take greenbacks at par. He intended to have alluded to this in "The Ballad of the Emeu," but it slipped his memory.

The members of the staff discoursed sensibly and feelingly on this subject. Col. Drum said it beat him; another remarked that it was rather Cutting on the boys; and still another said that a Haven in California was scarcely a thing to be wished for, if the present depreciation of paper was destined to continue. Some one then suggested that in this instance Abraham didn't seem to care much whether a Sparrow fell to the ground or not; and so it went on, until Emilie cheered them up by telling them they should "Never Despair," no matter what "Shadows" were projected across their pathway.

Inigo was silent. The duty of treating this distinguished party had been entrusted to him, and he was resolving in his mind to whom he should intrust the still more delicate duty of paying the bill. The General thoughtfully disposed of the question by remarking incidentally that he was a Dashaway, and that the officers of his staff were selected from the original tee-totallers of the country. He refused all refreshments in his and their behalf; said he didn't want any more Pi; hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me at the theatre in the evening, and politely bowed himself out—Pigeon Wing making faces at him as he went down stairs, from her hiding place in the folding-room, in revenge for his not having compelled his command to read her trip to Washoe.

AN APPLE PAIRING.

Lest any may think that I steal the pun which lies dormant in that sub-head, "Apple Pairing," let me explain that it was made common property of at a wedding the other evening; everybody picking it up and using it as original. The credit of it properly belongs to Jo. Clark, who got it off at a wedding the other evening. Mark Sheldon claims it; but just score it down to the account of my friend Clark.

I like to see people get into scrapes that they can't get out of, and so go to all the weddings and other incorporations of joint stock companies that happen in town.

The affair of the other evening was a very jolly one; every one was there, and the wedding was the prettiest of pictures. Indeed, one might call it an Apple of Gold Hill in a picture of silver. All Washoe was there, bringing the golden fruit of the Hesperides and other classical fables to mind. We had Apple-pie and Apple-toddy and Apple-jack, and the worst puns were made and the best humor prevailed that ever was seen. And as for the "female loveliness" that lent smiles to the occasion and smiled on Lent, . . . pardon me, but I will not attempt to paint it until I have a pencil made of sunbeams and dipped in the dew of roses. Pen and ink are inadequate to the task, and I even question whether Pen Johnson could do it justice.

I looked lovely on the occasion, but there were two or three prettier girls there than I. And that made me so unhappy that I stayed very late and drank with all who asked me and danced with some that didn't; the consequence was that I got home very late in the morning and didn't know whether I was a bride or not, and had some trouble in getting up stairs and a slight difficulty with my boots, and some conversation with the door, which I seized by the handle and wished a good deal of happiness too, and that it would never have occasion to regret the step it had taken, and that if it was ever blessed with a family it would bring them up in a way very creditable to him who intended to stand godfather for all, unless the list proved to numerous. The door didn't reply, but a loud and profane inquiry rang through the Occidental upper floor to know who was making all that noise in the hall. A rapidly disappearing coat-tail was seen for a moment, and echo answered INIGO.

FIXING UP AN OLD HOUSE.

WHEN I had secured the possession of my new home, and stood in its doorway, thoughtfully twirling the key in my hand, the words of the retiring tenant struck me with renewed intensity and vigor. "It's a snug little cottage," he had said, confidentially, "and a cheap rent—but it wants to be painted and papered bad." As I looked around it, I could not help thinking that one of these requirements had already been met—that it *had* been "papered bad," and that its present ragged, torn and dirty walls looked better now than they must have looked in the primal horrors of their original paper. There was something peculiarly provoking about the old pattern, which bore marks of having been picked at here and there as if by exasperated and vicious fingers. But the rent was cheap, and Mr. Chase had said "Economy was the lesson of the times," and as an humble employé of that officer and a recipient of his notes, I could not do better than take the advice and the house, which I did at once.

"Why couldn't you paper it yourself?" asked my wife suddenly, with a gleam of inspiration, "You know that you're—" but she did not proceed any further in this feminine attempt to associate my literary habits with this branch of upholstering, and only said: "You might do it after office hours instead of writing, and you'd save money by it."

The house was not large, and as I could look forward to finishing it within a reasonable time during my leisure hours, I rashly consented to put aside my pen and take up the paint and paste-brush. The choice of paper next occupied and perplexed me for some days; it was odd how critical and fastidious my taste in regard to patterns developed with this first opportunity I ever had to indulge it. After some hesitation I finally selected two kinds, but I had not proceeded far before I discovered that the most charming pattern was extremely difficult to match and involved a waste of material that was as ruinous to my pocket as it was knowingly profitable to the losel knave who sold it to me. This was my first intimation of difficulties. I would willingly pass over the rest. I would like to forget the singular propensity which that paper displayed to entwine itself lovingly in damp curves around my legs, and how I vainly endeavored to evade its chaste and cold embrace as I was putting it on. It is not pleasant to think how I papered one side of the room before I discovered that the pattern was upside down, and how during this time I felt generally of the paste, pasty, and couldn't rid myself of the uncomfortable impression that I was a loaf of bread not quite done. Let me hurry over these things to that day when I found myself standing in abject humility before a paper-hanger whom I had finally been obliged to call in. He was a serious man of about forty, with a becoming pride in his profession. After casting a rapid and supercilious glance around the walls, he approached my paste-bucket, and taking a little of the mixture on his finger, smelt of it, and tasted of it. As he turned away with a pained yet forgiving smile on his fine features, I ventured to humbly ask his opinion of my work. "As a amatoor I've looked at wuss walls nor that," he replied, somewhat vaguely. At any other time I would have been tickled with the idea of an amateur paper-hanger, but I am ashamed to say that my failures had brought me to such a low state of moral dejection that I eagerly seized this miserable straw, and subsequently gave him to understand, in rather general terms, that I was possessed of a singular monomania for paper-hanging; that it was not economy, but love of a noble profession which had incited my work, and that in the language of William Birch, my "parents were wealthy."

I should state here that my labors during that time had been materially assisted by the presence of several white-headed but youthful denizens of the neighborhood, who, having at first watched my progress by flattening their snub noses against the window, finally grew bolder and came in and out of the house and assisted me in removing the old paper, scattering it far and wide through the streets, and also otherwise proffered their assistance and learned to address me by name, and to whom I offered a kind of providential excitement in the reaction which followed the fierce festivities of the Fourth.

My ill success in papering did not, however, deter me from my original resolution of painting the house. Accordingly, I procured what seemed to me to be an extraordinary quantity of white lead, and, armed with two brushes, seriously set myself to work. Here my progress was marked with complete success. It was evidently a more scientific and higher profession than my previous one, and I reflected with satisfaction that it was next to frescoing—and what was Michael Angelo but a fresco painter? Yet I could not help noticing that, although the paint looked white when it was first applied, it gradually faded out and permitted primal stains to appear—"damned spots" that would not "out"—and that singular drops—pearly tears—broke out along the joints and panels of the doors. Finally, when the whole wood-work had taken to weeping, I was forced—I write it with shame—to call in a painter—a remarkably polite man—who praised my mechanical dexterity, but informed me courteously that in mixing the color I had omitted some important ingredient. This I had remedied somewhat by the extra quantity of paint I had used. "It's nothing—nothing—a mere trifle; an accident that frequently occurs," he remarked, with genuine good breeding. "It will take a week or two longer to dry, that's all; and then you can give it another coat;" and bowed himself out of my presence. I may support his assertion by stating that it still exhibits a wonderful humidity and stickiness, sufficient to retain incautious visitors in the position they often assume in leaning against it, and that I keep a small sponge and turpentine constantly on hand against accidents. In the mean time there is a mild suggestion of its presence in the odor that fills the house—an odor that is not unhealthy, as my polite painter assures me he has worked in it for fifteen years and never found it even disagreeable.

The usual effect of partial renovation gradually developed itself in my new house. Each improvement threw into new and unexpected relief some defect which otherwise might have passed unnoticed. Thus, new paper rendered fresh paint an imperative necessity. Presently I discovered that the doors wanted fixing and the windows new weights, and that a carpenter was required. As a friend had recommended to me a workman whom he described as a "good fellow and the very man I wanted," I engaged him at once.

He certainly was a good fellow. Our terms of agreement were that he should superintend the work, and I should render him such assistance as lay in my power. Having entered heartily into all my plans and the difficulties of my situation, he began his arduous duties by an animated and desultory conversation in which he delivered an account of his past life and history. Digressing easily and gracefully into the present topics, he gave me his opinion of the war and described the situation before Richmond by a diagram drawn on a board with a piece of chalk. Before we had definitely settled the success of Grant it was high noon, and declining his invitation to drink with him, I took the opportunity while he was absent at lunch, to drive a few nails and plane off the top of a door. When he returned we continued our conversation by the aid of more diagrams, until nightfall when we had put up two shelves, driven half-a-dozen nails, and used up all our chalk. The assistance I rendered him was not clearly definite. I think it amounted to handing him nails when required, and bringing him tools out of his chest. But he was a very good fellow. When we parted at night he assured me that he liked to work for a gentleman that was quiet and sociable-like, and promised to bring me a newspaper containing some lines written on the death of his cousin's child by scarlet fever. He charged me, I think, $5, but he was a clever fellow, and we got along together very well; and I am now seriously considering whether I shall not employ him in fitting up my next new house.

DISGUSTED—NOT DISCOURAGED.—The *Howler* thinks that the editor of the CALIFORNIAN "has got tired bucking at the *Howler*"—is "discouraged." True, with a qualification. We wouldn't like to buck for any length of time against a pole-cat if we accidentally stirred one up, but disgust would have more to do with driving us from the field than discouragement. The Chinese style of warfare is not in accordance with the usages of courage or civilization. We reprint an article from the Nevada *Gazette* quite in the *Howler's* style; these two papers can have the further discussion of each other's merits entirely to themselves.

THE *Camanche* is to be put up immediately, the City having pledged its credit to the contractors for $60,000. Vigorous preparations are being made to commence the work of building and push it to a speedy completion.

THE Grand Jury of Solano county has indicted Capt. Poole of the *Yosemite* for assault with intent to commit murder in running into the *Washoe*. The man injured by the collision is in a fair way of recovering.

MR. and MRS. Charles Kean (the latter will be remembered as Miss Ellen Tree) are expected to arrive in this city under engagement to Manager Maguire.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. Gray sends us *An Hour at the Cliff*, the music by W. D. Corrister and words by Walter Bray. The engraving of the cliff and ocean beach, by Nabl Brothers, which forms the frontispiece, is better than either words or music. We fear that Walter will never attain eminence as a poet, though he is a very popular minstrel.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—White & Bauer have our thanks for *Public Opinion*, the *Saturday Review* and *Notes and Queries*, which the last steamer brought and which they furnished us.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA THROUGH NEW YORK SPECTACLES.

THE *Atlantic* for June contains an article entitled *Seven Weeks in the Great Yosemite*, from the pen, probably, of Fitz Hugh Ludlow, whose last summer's visit to this coast, in company with Bierstadt, the artist, will be remembered by our readers. We make the following excerpts:

IN PRAISE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is as hard to leave San Francisco as to get there. To a traveller paying his first visit it has the interest of a new planet. It ignores the meteorological laws which govern the rest of the world. There is no snow there. There are no summer showers. The tailor recognizes no aphelion or perihelion in his custom; the thin woollen suit which his patron had made in April is comfortably worn until April again. The only change of stockings there is from wet to dry, or from soiled to clean. Save that in so-called winter frequent rainfalls alternate with spotless intervals of amber weather, and that *soi-disant* summer is one entire amber mass, its unbroken divine days concrete in it, there is no inequality on which to forbid the banns between May and December. In San Francisco there is no work for the scene-shifter of Nature; the wealth of that great dramatist, the year, resulting in the same manner as the poverty of dabblers in private theatricals—a single flat doing service for the entire play. Thus, save for the purpose of notes-of-hand, the Almanac of San Francisco might replace its mutable months and seasons with one great kindly, constant, sumptuous All the Year Round.

Out of this benignant sameness what glorious fruits are produced! Fruit enough metaphorical; for the scientific man or artist who cannot make hay while such a sun shines from April to November must be a slothful laborer indeed. But fruit also literal; for what joy of vegetation is lacking to the man who every month in the year can look through his study-window on a green lawn, and have strawberries and cream for his breakfast—who can sit down to his royal fruit, and at the same time to apricots, peaches, nectarines, blackberries, raspberries, melons, figs both yellow and purple, early apples, and grapes of three kinds?

Another delightful fact of San Francisco is the Occidental Hotel. Its comfort is like that of a royal home. There is nothing inn-ish about it. Remembering the chief hotels of many places, I am constrained to say that I have never, even in New York, seen its equal for elegance of appointment, attentiveness of servants, or excellence of *cuisine*. Having come to this extreme of civilization from the extreme of barbarism, we found that it actually needed an exertion to leap from the lap of luxury, after a fortnight's pleasaunce, and take to the woods again in flannel and corduroys.

After a kind mention of the friends he found here, and an honest tribute to *the* one who is dead, an account is given of the preparations which the traveller Yosemite-wards makes; and we learn that

WOMEN WHO ENTER THERE LEAVE HOOPS BEHIND.

No Saratoga affair, this! A total lack of tall trunks, frills, and curling-kids. Driven by the œstrum of a Yosemite pilgrimage, the San Francisco belle forsakes (the Western vernacular is "goes back on") her back-hair, abandons her capillary "waterfalls" for those of the Sierra, and, like John Phœnix's old lady who had her whole osseous system removed by the patent tooth-puller, departs, leaving her "skeleton" behind her. The bachelor who cares to see unhooped womanhood once more before he dies, should go to the Yosemite. The scene was three or four times presented to us during our seven weeks' camp there—though the trip is one which might well cost a feeble woman her life.

The travellers, mounted on mules, depart four or five miles from the direct Yosemite track and visit

THE BIG TREES.

Before reaching Clark's we had been astonished at the dimensions of the ordinary pines and firs, our trail for miles at a time running through forests where trees 150 feet high were very common and trees of 200 feet by no means rare, while some of the very largest must have considerably surpassed the latter in measurement.

But these were in their turn dwarfed by the Big Trees proper, as thoroughly as themselves would have dwarfed a common Green Mountain forest. I find no one on this side of the continent who believes the literal truth which travellers tell about these marvellous giants. People sometimes think they do, but that is only because they fail to realize the proposition. They have no concrete idea of how the asserted proportions look. Tell a carpenter, or any other other man at home with the look of dimensions, what you have seen in Mariposa county and his eye grows incredulous in a moment. I freely confess, that, though I always thought I had believed travellers in their recitals on this subject, when I saw the trees I found I had bargained to credit no such story as that, and for a moment felt half-reproachful towards the friends who had cheated me of my faith under a misapprehension.

Take the dry statistics of the matter. Out of 132 trees which have been measured, not one underruns 28 feet in circumference; five range between 32 and 36 feet; 58 between 40 and 50 feet; 34 between 50 and 60; 14 between 70 and 80; 2 between 80 and 90; 2 between 90 and 100; 2 are just 100; and 1 is 102. This last, before the storm truncated it, had a height of 400 feet. I found a rough ladder against its trunk—for it is prostrate—and climbed upon its side by that and steps cut into the bark. I mounted the swell of the trunk to the butt and there made the measurement which ascertained its diameter as 34 feet—its circumference 102 feet *plus* a fraction. Of course the thickness of its bark is various, but I cut off some of it to a foot in depth and there was evidently plenty more below that.

To make some rough attempt at a conception of what these figures amount to, suppose the tree fallen at the gable of an ordinary two story house. You propose to cross by a plank laid from your roof to the upper side of the tree. That plank would perceptibly slope *up* from your roof-peak. Through another tree, lying prostrate also, and hollow from end to end, our whole cavalcade charged at the full trot for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The entire length of this tree before truncation had been about three hundred and fifty feet. In the hollow bases of trees still standing we easily sheltered ourselves and horses. We tried throwing to the top of some of them with ludicrous unsuccess, and finally came to the monarch of them all, a glorious monster not included in the above table of dimensions, as most of those measured are still living, and all have the bark upon them still, while *the* tree is to some extent barked and charred. When it stood erect in its live wrappings, it measured forty feet in diameter—over one hundred and twenty in circumference! Estimates, grounded on the well known principle of yearly cortical increase, indisputably throw back the birth of these largest giants as far as 1200 B. C. Thus their tender saplings were running up just as the gates of Troy were tumbling down, and some of them had fulfilled the lifetime of the late Hartford Charter-Oak when Solomon called his master-masons to refreshment from the building of the Temple. We cannot realize time-images as we can those of space by a reference to dimensions within experience, so that the age of these marvellous trees still remains to me an incomprehensible fact, though with my mind's eye I continue to see how mountain-massy they look, and how dwarfed is the man who leans against them.

A flower called the "Lady Washington," the only fragrant one they found in the valley, is compared to a snowy day-lily, with an odor of tuberoses. Standing on what they christen "Inspiration Point," our travellers have a view of

THE WONDROUS WALLS OF THE VALLEY.

We stood on the verge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height—a sheer granite wall, whose terrible perpendicular distance baffled all visual computation. Its foot was hidden among hazy green *spiculæ*—they might be tender spears of grass catching the slant sun on upheld aprons of cobweb, or giant pines whose tops that sun first gilt before he made gold of all the valley.

There faced us another wall like our own. How far off it might be we could only guess. When Nature's lightning hits a man fair and square, it splits his yard-stick. On recovering from this stroke, mathematicians have ascertained the width of the valley to vary between half a mile and five miles. Where we stood the width is about two.

I said a wall like our own; but as yet we could not know that certainly, for of our own we saw nothing. Our eyes seemed spell-bound to the tremendous precipice which stood smiling, not frowning at us, in all the serene radiance of a snow-white granite Boodh—broadly burning, rather than glistening, in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun, clear back to the first *avant-courier* trace of purple twilight flushing the eastern sky-rim—yes, as if it were the very butment of the eternally blue Californian heaven—ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly—so broad that it was just faint-lined like the paper on which I write by the loftiest waterfall in the world—so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs which grew all along its edge seemed like mere cilia on the granite lid of the Great Valley's up-gazing eye. In the first astonishment of the view, we took the whole battlement at a sweep, and seemed to see an unbroken skyline; but as ecstacy gave way to examination, we discovered how greatly some portions of the precipice surpassed our immediate *vis-a-vis* in height.

First, a little east of our off-look, there projected boldly into the valley from the dominant line of these a square stupendous tower that might have been hewn by the diamond adzes of the Genii for a second Babel-experiment, in expectance of the wrath of Allah. Here and there the tools had left a faint scratch, only deep as the width of Broadway and a bagatelle of five hundred feet in length; but that detracted no more from the unblemished four-square contour of the entire mass than a pin-mark from the symmetry of a door-post. A city might have been built on its grand flat top. And, oh! the gorgeous masses of light and shadow which the falling sun cast on it—the shadows like great waves, the lights like their spumy tops and flying mist—thrown up from the heaving breast of a golden sea! In California at this season the dome of heaven is cloudless; but I still dream of what must be done for the bringing out of Tu-toch-anula's coronation-day majesties by the broken winter sky of fleece and fire. The height of his precipice is nearly four thousand feet perpendicular; his name is supposed to be that of the Valley's tutelar deity. He also rejoices in a Spanish *alias*—some Mission Indian having attempted to translate by *"El Capitan"* the idea of divine authority implied in Tu-toch-anula.

Far up the Valley to the eastward there rose far above the rest of the sky-line, and nearly five thousand feet above the valley, a hemisphere of granite, capping the sheer wall, without an apparent tree or shrub to hide its vast proportions. This we immediately recognized as the famous To-coy-æ, better known through Watkins's photographs as the Great North Dome. I am ignorant of the meaning of the former name, but the latter is certainly appropriate. Between Tu-toch-anula and the Dome, the wall rose here and there into great pinnacles and towers, but its sky-line is far more regular than that of the southern side, where we were standing.

We drew close to the edge of the precipice and looked along over our own wall up the valley. Its contour was a rough curve from our stand-point to a station opposite the North Dome, where the valley dwindles to its least width, so that all the intermediate crests and pinnacles which topped the perpendicular wall stood within our vision like the teeth of a saw, clear and sharp-cut against the blue sky. There is the same plumb-line uprightness in these mighty precipices as in those of the opposite side; but their front is much more broken by bold promontories, and their tabular tops, instead of lying horizontal, slope up at an angle of forty-five degrees or more from the spot where we were standing, and make a succession of oblique prism-sections whose upper edges are between three and four thousand feet in height. But the glory of this southern wall comes at the termination of our view opposite the North Dome. Here the precipice rises to the height of nearly one sheer mile with a parabolic sky-line, and its posterior surface is as elegantly rounded as an acorn-cup. From this contour results a naked semi-cone of polished granite, whose face would cover one of our smaller Eastern counties, though its exquisite proportions make it seem a thing to hold in the hollow of the hand. A small pine-covered *glacis* of detritus lies at its foot, but every yard above that is bare of all life save the palæozoic memories which have wrinkled the granite Colossus from the earliest seethings of the fire-time. I never could call a Yosemite crag *inorganic*, as I used to speak of everything not strictly animal or vegetal. In the presence of the Great South Dome that utterance became blasphemous. Not living was it? Who knew but the *débris* at its foot was merely the cast-off sweat and *exuviæ* of a stone life's great work-day? Who knew but the vital changes which were going on within its gritty cellular tissue were only imperceptible to us because silent and vastly secular? What was he who stood up before Tis-sa-ack and said: "Thou art dead rock!" save a momentary sojourner in the bosom of a cyclic period whose clock his race had never yet lived long enough to hear strike? What, too, if Tis-sa-ack himself were but one of the atoms in a grand organism where we could see only by monads at a time—if he and the sun and the sea were but cells or organs of some one small being in the fenceless *vivarium* of the Universe? Let not the ephemeron that lights on a baby's hand generalize too rashly upon the non-growing of organisms! As we thought on these things, we bared our heads to the barer forehead of Tis-sa-ack.

I have spoken of the Great South Dome in the masculine gender, but the native tradition makes it feminine. Nowhere is there a more beautiful Indian legend than that of Tis-sa-ack. I will condense it into a few short sentences from the long report of an old Yosemite brave. Tis-sa-ack was the tutelar goddess of the valley, as Tu-toch-anula was its fostering god—the former a radiant maiden, the latter an ever-young immortal—

"Amorous as the mouth of May."

Becoming desperately fascinated with his fair colleague, Tu-toch-anula spent in her arms all the divine long days of the California summer, kissing, dallying, and lingering, until the valley tribes began to starve for lack of the crops which his supervision should have ripened, and a deputation of venerable men came from the dying people to prostrate themselves at the foot of Tis-sa-ack. Full of anguish at her nation's woes, she rose from her lover's arms, and cried for succor to the Great Spirit. Then, with a terrible noise of thunder, the mighty cone split from heaven to earth—its frontal half falling down to dam the snow-waters back into a lake, whence to this day the beautiful valley-stream takes one of its loveliest branches—its other segment remaining erect till this present, to be the Great South Dome under the *in memoriam* title of Tis-sa-ack. But the divine maiden who died to save her people appeared on earth no more, and in his agony Tu-toch-anula carved her image on the face of the mile high wall, as he had carved his own on the surface of El Capitan—where a lively faith and good glasses may make out the effigies unto this day.

After losing their mules by the rascality of their man "Vance," and recovering them, they visit

THE WATERFALLS.

Just before I started after supplies our party moved its camp to a position five miles up the valley beyond Camp Rosalie, in a beautiful grove of oaks and cedars, close upon the most sinuous part of the Merced margin, with rich pasture for our animals immediately across the stream, and the loftiest cataract in the world roaring over the bleak precipice opposite. This is the Yosemite Fall proper, or, in the Indian, "Cho-looke." By the most recent geological surveys this fall is credited with the astounding height of twenty-eight hundred feet. At an early period the entire mass of water must have plunged that distance without break. At this day a single ledge of slant projection changes the headlong flood from cataract to rapids for about four hundred feet; but the unbroken upper fall is fifteen hundred feet, and the lower thirteen hundred. In the spring and early summer no more magnificent sight can be imagined than the tourist obtains from a stand-point right in the midst of the spray, driven, as by a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, from the thundering basin of the lower fall. At all seasons Cho-looke is the grandest mountain-waterfall in the known world.

While I am speaking of waterfalls, let me not omit "Po-ho-nó," or "The Bridal Veil," which was passed on the southern side in our way to the second and about a mile above the first camp. As Tis-sa-ack was good, so is Po-ho-no an evil spirit of the Indian mythology. This tradition is scientifically accounted for in the fact that many Indians have been carried over the fall by the tremendous current both of wind and water forever rushing down a cañon through which the stream breaks from its feeding-lake twelve or fifteen miles before it falls. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and crouches trembling past Po-ho-nó; while the very utterance of the name is so dreaded by him that the discoverers of the valley obtained it with great difficulty. This fall drops on a heap of giant boulders in one unbroken sheet of a thousand feet perpendicular, thus being the next in height among all the valley-cataracts to the Yosemite itself, and having a width of fifty feet. Its name of "The Bridal Veil" is one of the few successes in fantastic nomenclature; for, to one viewing it in profile, its snowy sheet, broken into the filmy silver lace of spray and falling quite free of the brow of the precipice, might well seem the veil worn by the earth at her granite wedding—no commemorator of any fifty years' bagatelle like the golden one, but crowning the one-millionth anniversary of her nuptials.

* * * * * * * *

Our last camp was pitched among the crags and forests behind the South Dome—where the Middle Fork descends through two successive waterfalls, which, in apparent breadth and volume, far surpass Cho-looke, while the loftiest is nearly as high as Po-ho-nó. About three miles west of the Domes, the south wall of the valley is interrupted by a deep cañon leading in a nearly southeast direction. Through this cañon comes the Middle Fork, and along its banks lies our course to the great "Pi-wi-ack" (senselessly Englished as "Vernal") and the Nevada Falls. For three miles from our camp opposite the Yosemite Fall the cañon is threaded by a trail practicable for horses. At its termination we dismounted, sent back our animals, and, strapping their loads upon our own shoulders, struck nearly eastward by a path only less rugged than the trackless crags around us. In some places we were compelled to squeeze sideways through a narrow crevice in the rocks, at imminent danger to our burden of blankets and camp-kettles; in others we became quadrupedal, scrambling up acclivities with which the bald main precipice had made but slight compromise. But for our light marching order—our only dress being knee-boots, hunting-shirt, and trowsers—it would have been next to impossible to reach our goal at all.

But none of us regretted pouring sweat or strained sinews, when, at the end of our last terrible climb, we stood upon the oozy sod which is brightened into eternal emerald by the spray of Pi-wi-ack. Far below our slippery standing steeply sloped the walls of the ragged chasm down which the snowy river charges roaring after its first headlong plunge; an eternal rainbow flung its shimmering arch across the mighty caldron at the base of the fall; and straight before us in one unbroken

leap came down Pi-wi-ack from a granite shelf nearly 400 feet in height and 60 feet in perfectly horizontal width. Some enterprising speculator, who has since ceased to take the original seventy-cents' toll, a few years ago built a substantial set of rude ladders against the perpendicular wall over which Pi-wi-ack rushes. We found it still standing, and climbed the dizzy height in a shower of spray, so close to the edge of the fall that we could almost wet our hands in its rim. Once at the top, we found that Nature had beeu as accommodating to the sight-seer as man himself; for the ledge we landed on was a perfect breastwork, built from the reeeding precipices on either side of the cañon to the very crown of the cataract. The weakest nerves need not have trembled, when once within the parapet, on the smooth, flat rampart, and looking down into the tremendous boiling chasm whence we had just climbed.

Above Pi-wi-aek the river runs for a mile at the bottom of a granite cradle, sloping upward from it on each side at an angle of abont 45 degrees, in great tabular masses slippery as ice, without a crevice in them for 30 yards at a stretch where even the scraggiest manzanita may catch hold and grow. This tilted formation, broken here and there by spots of scanty alluvium and stunted pines, continues upward till it intersects the posterior eone of the South Dome on one side and a colossal castellated precipice on the other—creating thus the very typical landscape of sublime desolation. The shining barrenness of these rocks, and the utter nakedness of that vast glittering dome which hollows the heavens beyond them, cannot be conveyed by any metaphor to a reader knowing only the wood-crowned slopes of the Alleghany chain.

Climbing between the stunted pines and giant blocks along the stream's immediate margin—getting glimpses here and there of the snowy fretwork of churned water which laced the higher rocks, and the black whirls which spun in the deep pits of the roaring bed beneath us—we came at last to the base of "Yo-wi-ye," or Nevada Fall.

This is the most voluminous, and next to Pi-wi-ack, perhaps the most beautiful of the Yosemite cataracts. Its beauty is partly owing to the surrounding rugged grandeur which contrasts it, partly to its great height (800 feet) and surpassing volume, but mainly to its exquisite and unusual shape. It falls from a precipice the highest portion of whose face is as smoothly perpendicular as the wall overleapt by Pi-wi-ack; but invisibly beneath its snowy flood a ledge slants sideways from the cliff about a hundred feet below the crown of the fall, and at an angle of about 30 degrees from the plumb-line. Over this ledge the water is deflected upon one side and spread like a half-open fan to the width of nearly 200 feet.

At the base of Yo-wi-ye we seem standing in a *cul de sac* of Nature's grandest labyrinth. Look where we will, impregnable battlements hem us in. We gaze at the sky from the bottom of a savage granite barathrum, wheuce there is no escape but to return through the chinks and over the crags of an Old-World convulsion. We are at the end of the stupendous series of Yosemite *effects*; 800 feet above us, could we climb there, we should find the silent causes of power. There lie the broad, still pools that hold the reserved affluence of the snow-peaks; thence might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snow-peaks themselves. But these would still be as far above us as we stood below Yo-wi-ye on the lowest valley-bottom whence we came. Even from Inspiration Point, where our trail first struck the battlement, we could see far beyond the Valley to the rising sun, towering mightily above Tis-sa-ack herself, the everlasting snow-forehead of Castle Rock, his crown's serrated edge cutting the sky at the topmost height of the Sierra. We had spoken of reaching him—of holding converse with the King of all the Giants. This whole weary way have we toiled since then, and we know better now. Have we endured all these pains only to learn still deeper Life's saddest lesson—"Climb forever, and there is still an Inaccessible"?

Wetting our faces with the melted treasure of Nature's topmost treasure-house, Yo-wi-ye answers us ere we turn back from the Yosemite's last precipice towards the haunts of men: "Ye who cannot go to the Highest, lo, the Highest comes down to you!"

Origin of the Fenian Society.—A letter has appeared from the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy Gee, M. P. for Montreal, warning his constituency against the attempts being made to introduce this association amongst them, and giving his reasons why "the Fenian plant of disloyalty, the fungus of American growth, should never be transplanted to their soil." It will be in the recollection of every one that Mr. McGee was once an Irish rebel himself. He is now one of the most determined maintainers of British influence and connection in the provinces. In this character he pronounees against the Fenians, and cautions the people of Montreal not to entertain or tolerate their emissaries. In the course of his letter he observes:

"The Society of Fenians owes its origin to a certain titular Col. John O'Mahony of New York, its great 'Head Centre.' Mr. O'Mahony is, I understand, a gentleman of good family and excellent education—a graduate, if I am well informed, of Trinity College, Dublin. Soon after arriving in the United States, however, he became incurably insane on the subject of spiritualism, and while in that state took the life of his friend and entertainer, John Mitchel. Subsequently he passed several months in a madhouse, near Flatbush, Long Island, and while in the madhouse he laid the basis of 'the Feniau Brotherhood.' This bantling of a bedlamite has since run its insane career in the United States and Ireland, and is still, as it seems, seeking a foothold in the British provinces. Of course it would be for the conspirators a double triumph if they could entrap any of her Majesty's subjects in this country into their toils. They tried, at Hamilton, a point still nearer to the frontier than Montreal; but the vigilant and patriotic Bishop of Hamilton at once placed his heel on the serpent's head, and speedily it hissed its last. In our own good city, the solemn warning of Monsignor Baurget against such associations was read from the pulpit of St. Patrick's church, in September last, by the Very Rev. Mr. Dowd. But as those who set at defiance these spiritual authorities may not be wholly insensible to personal responsibility, I once more beg leave to quote the law of Lower Canada on this subject." * * *

The Fenian Brotherhood is a contemptible organization, so far as any danger of an attempt at revolution in this country may be involved. But still every possible effort ought to be used by our Government to counteract and suppress its operations.—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF DUPPEL.

"HOW long, Captain, think you, at this rate of artillery pelting, can Duppel hold out?"

This was the question put by a lieutenant to a captain of artillery, within the entrenchments of Duppel, on the morning of the 17th of April, during a temporary lull in the enemy's fire.

"It depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "Though the Prussians, within the last ten weeks, have rained enough of fire, shot and shell upon us to fill up our trenches with metal, Duppel can hold out for weeks against a mere bombardment such as that to which we have been so long exposed."

"In that case, Captain, I may assume it to be your opinion that Duppel cannot be taken for some weeks yet—so that if the London Confereuce should begin with establishing an armistice and end with restoring peace, it will not be taken at all."

"By no means," replied the captain. "Such an inference is not deducible from what I have said. I stated that against a *mere bombardment* such as we have hitherto experienced, Duppel could hold out for week, and I may add, for months, yet you know that a stronghold such as ours is not generally taken by bombardment."

Then you think the Prussians may deliver an assault?"

"Certainly."

"But in all previous attempts of the kind they have been worsted, so I should imagine they will not be in a hurry to repeat the experiment."

"Be not too sure of that. The Germans are a brave people—as brave as we are—and with all brave men, former defeats, so far from operating as impediments to future endeavors, have a precisely contrary effect. The remembrance of a failure creates a desire to attain success. The painful consciousness of defeat serves as a spur, which incites to further exertions, in order that the delicious sensation of victory may neutralize the pain of defeat."

"Well, suppose they should screw up their courage to repeat the assault, we are in as good condition as ever to repel them, so that their defeat is pretty certain to take place."

"I fervently hope so."

"Hope, Captain! why, it is almost a dead certainty. Man to man, a Dane is always a match for a German, on the open field; but a Dane behind a stone or earthen wall is enough to hold his position against half-a-dozen Germans."

"Unless he should chance to be shot down," observed the Captain.

"Such casualties," he continued, "are not uncommon in warfare. Besides, you know as well as I do, that this long confinement to barracks and entrenchments, together with the wretched accommodations, the extensive sickness which prevails among the troops, the constant suspense, and the extremely worrying character of the work in which they have been so long engaged—all these have told on the spirits of our army, and though the Danish soldier has a physical and moral stamina as tough as any soldier in the world, yet he is but human, after all. His powers of endurance are limited; and when he knows that his enemy is, or at any moment may be, twenty to one against him, even his valor is apt to become somewhat damped. You must also know that our reinforcements have not been at all equal to our losses, even from the enemy's fire. Our daily average in killed and wounded in these entrenchments, during the last two months, has been between forty and fifty men. Our loss by disease has been larger than this. But our reinforcements within the same period have not been more than two thousand. Thus, the defence of Duppel is some four thousand men weaker than it was nine weeks ago. Still our duty is clear. We must, if so ordered, resist to the last man. At the same time, I do think a little despatch might have been used in removing the dead bodies of the poor fellows who have fallen at their posts. This redoubt, I am aware, being the most advanced, is pre-emiuently exposed, and more difficult to clear of the killed and wounded; but, for the lifeless remains of half-a-dozen of one's fellow soldiers to be left lying before one's eyes for five or six hours, is a little too long."

"I agree with you, Captain; but I suppose there is no help for it. Our men are worked almost to death. But, talking about the dead bodies in the trench, I have a strange fancy that I saw one of them move his head a few minutes ago."

"Well, that is strange, for, do you know, I had the very same fancy."

"Odd, isn't it?"

"I say, Jansen," exclaimed the Captain, addressing a corporal stationed beside a gun, "just step down and turn round those poor fellows in the trench, for we have got an idea that some of them may have been merely wounded, and may have life in them yet!"

Jansen turned round to obey, but before he could advance a couple of steps the Captain and his friend were paralyzed with astonishment to see one of the supposed dead start to his feet, and with cat-like agility spring out of the trench, turn the angle of the redoubt, scamper over the ground with almost stag-like swiftness towards the first Prussian position, distant only about a hundred yards from the Danish redoubt.

All this took plaoe in less time than it takes to write it down.

The inaction resulting from extreme astonishment of the Danish defenders of the redoubt lasted no more than a second of time. The truth had flashed simultaneously across their minds. A German spy, dressed like a Danish soldier, had crawled up to the redoubt, crept into the trench, and lain among the dead and simulated death, that he might listen and learn something of the condition of the defenders of Duppel.

The conversation of the Captain and Lieutenant enabled him to ascertain more than he expected.

Great was the alarm and greater the indignation of the Danish officers. Yet in their hearts, and even with their tongues, they could not help rendering homage to the enemy whose rare intrepidity had prompted him to incur the risk of what would almost seem to be certain death, in order that he might glean information for his commander and country.

In a moment some half dozen rifles were levelled and discharged at the swift-footed spy. But none of them did him any harm. He escaped seathless, and in a minute or two more was closeted with the commander of the Prussian position, to whom he related all that he had heard of the state of the Danish army behind the fortifications of Duppel.

The Danes, through whose conversation he had gained his informatiou. were greatly chagrined.

"I have been much to blame," said the Captain.

"The blame is altogether mine," said the Lieutenant. "It was my confounded inquisitiveness that drew you out."

"Well," rejoined the Captain, "we have been both to blame, I in partieular; and now we must do all we can to prevent any mischief from resulting from our joint imprudence. Word must be sent at once to the General at headquarters that from observations we have made we are warranted in expecting a general and most determined assault on our positions from the enemy."

This was immediately done, and not a moment too soon.

The Danes were right in their anticipatiou as to the consequences of the German spy's report.

In less than an hour after his return, general commotion was observable all over the Prussian encampment.

Soon after, a fire, more terrible than any to which Duppel had, up to this day, been exposed, opened upon the Danish entrenchments.

Redoubts one, two, three, four, five and six were half destroyed by the continuous bombardment, and the defenders were in several places quite unprotected. The Prussians had approached their works on the left so very close to the redoubts as to be scarcely more than sixty metres distant. It was on this point that the storming columns made their first rush. In the centre the distance was somewhat greater, but on neither point were the Danes able to resist the vast numbers who poured in upon them. By 11 in the morning the first six redoubt were taken; and the besciegers, soon after seizing on the redoubt seven, hurried forward on the second line of entrenchments, raised during the few preceding nights. That line was composed, like the first, of a series of redoubts, united together by fosses and earthen ramparts. The Prussians having become masters of the centre and left, rushed on the right. There the redoubts eight, nine and ten of the first line fell, about 1 o'clock, into the possession of the Raven Brigade. The troops charged to defend those works, finding themselves separated from the rest army, and without any possibility of communication or succor, opposed, it would appear, a less energetic resistance, and it is probably there that the 2,000 prisoners were made, mentioned in the despatches. The Danes defended the *tete-du-pont* joining the Island of Alsen to the Sundewitt, just long enough to ensure their retreat. The Prussians would, beyond any doubt, have pursued their advantage if they could. The Danes succeeded in getting to the island, and then destroyed the bridge.

This assault cost the Prussians 1,000 men, and about 100 officers, in killed and wounded. The loss of the Danes was much heavier. Four entire regiments were almost completely annihilated. Se eral generals, and as many as 200 senior officers, were killed or disabled, and the loss in privates, in killed, captured and wounded, in this one final assault was immense. The remainder of the unfortunate Danish army made good its retreat across the narrow Alsen Sund into the Island of Alsen, while the greater part of the Prussians, flushed with success, moved northwards into Jutland, in order to lay siege to Fredericia—a small sea-port town in North Jutland, with about 5,000 inhabitants. It is a regular fortress, entered by four gates. It has nine bastions and three ravelins to defend it on the land side, and two more bastions towards the sea; but given the requisite time, and assuming that no foreign aid be received by Denmark, and it may be safely predicted that Fredericia is destined to share the fate of Duppel.

Marriage on the Coast of Africa.—Of the romance of love and courtship but little is known in Western Africa. On arriving at the age of puberty, if he be a free-born person, the young man finds a few wives, the number in proportion to the means of his father, awaiting the time of their espousals; and to this number he may add any that he may have fallen in love with in the foolishness of his boyhood; provided they are not betrothed to another, and provided further, that he is able to pay the required dower, which varies from $5 to $45. If he be a slave, he may find one or more appropriated to him, according to the taste of his master; and to these he may add according to his inclination and ability to purchase, and over those purchased he has perfect control; but at his death they become the slaves of his master. The wishes of the woman are seldom consulted. She is often purchased while still a child, and is told, when old enough to understand things, that she is to forego all thoughts of any other than the purchaser, and any disregard of this advice is punished as severely as though the marriage ceremony had already been performed.

African mothers are flattered to have suitors for their daughters while they are still young, and often dispose of them to the highest bidder, without the least respect to the appearance, age, or character of the buyer. The purchaser places a string of beads on the neck of the girl or child, and in case of the death of the mother before the child is of age, the husband expectant removes her to his home and places her under the guardianship of an old woman. Sometimes, however, a girl is lucky enough to find herself unsold when overtaken by the tender passion. She may then propose—for it is always leap-year in Africa—and if the man of her choice has still a vacant chamber in his heart (capacious hearts these fellows have) and the means of buying her from her parents, a union is formed on the basis of mutual attachment. Sometimes a betrothed girl falls in love, and if the object of her regard can arrange matters with the "husband by purchase," her marriage with him is allowed.

Love, like hunger, will break through a stone wall; and unlawful amours are constantly occurring, notwithstanding the severity with which adultery is punished. The punishment of a woman, if a husband desires it, is mutilation; the nose, an ear or a finger is taken off; the man generally is enslaved to the injured party. There is a difference in the domestic and social standing of the wives purchased as slaves and those received by dower and the consent of parents. The latter may leave their husbands at any time, by restoration of the dower. The former are slaves for life.

STRAY JOKES.

SALAD.

TO make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
"Serenely full," the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."
—*Sydney Smith.*

A cow was fatally injured in the town pound of Frogville, by running against a large iron spike, which projected from the fence. The owner sued the town for damages. His attorney made the following speech to the jury: "Gentlemen—The parish pound should be a safe asylum alike for the roaring bull and the gentle heifer. I appeal for no inflated damages. If I asked for them, or tried to hurry you beyond the evidence and the law, I should prove a traitor to my own home. I live in the town of Frogville, and it has my unqualified respect. So the love of country conspires with my love of justice, to demand that for this injury to this cow, whereby, to be sure, her tender bowels were let out, no vindictive damages should be assessed. But, gentlemen, let the majesty of the law be vindicated. Let Nemesis, who holds the scales on the top of this court house, alike through the long days of summer, and throughout the cold night-watches of mid-winter, smile with satisfaction on your verdict. Gentlemen, the blood of that cow cries out from that pound to be avenged."

LORD CHATHAM rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying: "Why was not this ointment sold, and the money given to the poor?" Chatham rose and said: "Why did not the noble Lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him: 'This Judas said—not that he cared for the poor—but because he was a thief, and carried the bag.'"

GEORGE III. of England was much vexed when allusion was made to his fatness. One day, while Prince Regent, he met Brummell, who was arm in arm with a friend, and cut the dandy—pretending not to know him and taking no notice of him—though he spoke to his companion. Brummell revenged himself by asking in a voice loud enough to be overheard: "I say, Jack, who is your fat friend?"

A CLASS in school was puzzled once in trying to spell the word "gallery." A girl, about 15, happened to overhear a little one spelling the word "Aaron," and immediately called out: "Master, master! I can spell it!"

Master.—"Well, try it again"

Girl.—"Big gal, little gal, e-ry."

AN Irish washerwoman said she would take anything to make her well, even if she knew it would kill her.

Says Aaron to Moses, let's cut off our noses;
Says Moses to Aaron, 'tis the fashion to wear 'em!

A POET who was challenged to introduce the words *di-do-dum* into rhyme, produced the following:

When Dido found Eneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Dido dumb.

AN Irishman, defendant in a Criminal Court, appearing to be very despondent, a friend tried to cheer him up by saying that the Judge would do justice to him. The Irishman replied, that was exactly what he was afraid of.

QUOTH Tom, "Though fair her features be,
It is her figure pleases me."
"What may her figure be?" I cried.
"One hundred thousand!" he replied.—*O. W. Holmes.*

A VOLUNTEER enlisted in the 74th Regiment, so as to be near his brother who was in the 75th.

SHERIDAN, when drunk, said to a policeman who was about to arrest him, "My name is Wilberforce; I'm a religious man; don't expose me."

RABELAIS on his death-bed said to his physician, "Let me die a natural death."

A METHODIST journal said that the editor of a Mariposa paper had no fear of the Lord. The editor replied that he never went out on Sunday without a double-barrelled shotgun.

Patient.—"I feel a pain whenever I put up my hand to my head."

Physician.—"Don't put up your hand, then."

Traveller in Ireland.—"Who lives in that house?"

Ans.—"Johnny O'Brien. But he don't live there now; he's dead."

Trav.—"How long has he been dead?"

Ans.—"If he had lived till next Monday he would have been dead a month."

President of College.—"Student, by what authority do you take that wood?"

Student.—"*Opus* and *usus;* signifying need requires the ablative."

KEMBLE was so much vexed one evening by a squalling baby, that he stepped forward to the footlights, and, in his anger, said: "Unless the play is stopped, the child can't go on."

A YOUNG LADY who had bored the company with some bad music, said: "That piece is very difficult." Dr. Johnson said: "I wish it were impossible."

SMITH fought a small-sword duel with a physician. The latter disarmed him and said: "Beg for your life." Smith replied: "Not till I'm your patient."

IT is a well known fact that novelty itself, by frequent repetition, loses much of its attraction.

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

THE pair of base hounds who run that infamous black-mail concern, *The American Flag*—D. O. McCarthy and C. B. McDonald—than whom two more utterly unscrupulous curs never escaped the gallows, or imposed themselves upon a decent community, have singled me out as an additional victim of their regular system of defamation and detraction, because, while in temporary charge of the editorial columns of the *Gazette*, I wrote and published an article or two, deprecating and rebuking that very system by means of which the retired horse-jockey and his low-priced pimp have bullied Union men into the support of their libellous sheet, and hope to make themselves the sovereign dictators of the Union party in this State. They first attacked me about ten days ago. (they had previously assailed the responsible editor of this paper in a manner which men of their peculiar relations should have had the discretion to refrain from,) and I replied in the only manner open to me. They kept up the discussion, and finding themselves getting the worst of it, they resorted to their usual method—a wholesale and infamous lie, relative to my connection with them and the *Flag*—a lie so palpable that it was pronounced such at first sight alike by parties acquainted with and totally ignorant of the persons concerned. The truth is here: When I arrived in Sonora I was eagerly intercepted by McDonald, who was entirely too much under the influence of a protracted debauch to attend to his editorial duties, and with just enough sense remaining to be aware of his condition, and who implored me to stop a few days and assist him. McCarthy was then absent. I remained until his return, and was then desired to stay longer. McDonald had an occasional lucid interval, but finally suffered a total relapse, and McCarthy requested me to assume the editorial duties of the *Flag*, and informed McDonald that he did not want him to come about until he got sober. Thereupon ensued a series of petty hostilities between McDonald and McCarthy, mostly confined to exchanges of insulting language and abusive epithets—no doubt well-merited on both sides—but which finally became a *little* more serious.

It was during the progress of this daily and hourly quarrel that I committed the only grievous error with which I have to reproach myself during my Sonora experience. One day the theatre of war was transferred to the editorial room where I sat writing. A large self-cocking revolver, of Whitney's patent, lay loaded and capped on a little shelf under the desk, ready for instant use in case any victim of the malevolence of this precious pair of bloodhounds should call for an explanation. As the quarrel grew warmer McDonald became frantic and making a sudden movement siezed the pistol. By a quick motion I seized his wrist and disarmed him. McCarthy then rushed out at the back door, and returned with a murderous weapon of iron in his hand. I again interfered and prevented him from striking McDonald with it; so the two baffled assassins stood glaring at each other in deadly hate, each thirsting for the other's blood, and neither daring to assault without the advantage of a weapon. The curses and obscenity of both at this juncture were horrible. The result is that McDonald was kicked out of doors by the common friends of the belligerents, and was carried, filthy and gory, from the gutter to his bed, where he lay till the whisky was soaked out of him, and he was fit for duty, when he returned to his place in the *Flag* office. The two villains could not afford to fall out. To borrow an illustration which a legal gentleman of this place once applied to a similar pair of rogues, though each alone might be fully able to paddle his own canoe, they knew that both together could paddle a steamboat.

McCarthy offered me a permanent place on the *Flag*, at the salary of $20 a week. I declined the generous proposition. He repeated it urgently, and said he would like to pay me more, but could not afford it; that he only paid McDonald $25, his foreman $20, a journeyman $12 (!) and a couple of boys their boarding—the first three paid their own boarding. I positively declined a place at any such salary, and that was all there was of that. I believe one of the hands in the office got angry at a remark I made about the wages, but he came just as near whipping me as McDonald did to whipping Gus. Preveau.

McCarthy acknowledges employing me, and states the compensation at $25 a week, besides boarding. He acknowledges that he employed me for several weeks. He paid me just $7 50, and when I asked him to settle he denied owing me anything. I then commenced suit against him, charging him $30 per week; but as I had no means of prosecuting it, I offered to withdraw it if he would pay my bill at the hotel. This, after much higgling, he agreed to do. McDonald was so ashamed of McCarthy's rascality in this affair, that he offered to pay me something—if he could get any money. I declined the offer. I went to Mariposa and made an engagement in the *Gazette* office for a stipulated period, which I fulfilled, and I believe I yet retain the friendship and respect of the big-hearted proprietor of that paper.

I have been thus minute in order to show what infernal liars, remorseless villains and blood thirsty cowards C. B. McDonald and D. O. McCarthy are. I fear neither the assassin's lead nor the libeller's pen. I have been barked at by as ferocious-looking dogs as they, before to-day.

It is true that I have had the misfortune at one time to be the victim of a baneful appetite, which sometimes led my reason prisoner, and caused me to commit errors for which I am both sorry and ashamed. But, thank God, I have not descended to the depth of baseness which that brace of unutterable scoundrels, McCarthy and McDonald, have attained by natural graviation.

WM. J. BEGGS, in the *Nevada Gazette.*

IMPARTIALITY.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* tells the following good story: During General Birney's recent raid through Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or Rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were "Gilmore" and "Beauregard." "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs, if you don't watch 'em."

THE AMOROUS AERONAUT—While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars, he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same afternoon in sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet.

It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of corset lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady uttered a cry of terror, and threw a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushed him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, Monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me!" the husband rushed furiously in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs, "Fly, fly, Monsieur! and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!"

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who for good cause utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when, lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband slinks away sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.—*French Paper.*

IDEAS ABOUT WOMEN.—A French book, recently published at Brussels, contains, among other interesting matters, a collection of aphorisms about women, taken from the writings of various authors. We copy a few of them:

In the choice of a lover, woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more pleasing than history.—*Chamfort.*

If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will rise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will agree with us.—*Bonqueart.*

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Charles Lemsle.*

Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their very presence is generally beneficial.—*Daniel Sterne.*

Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode.—*Madame de Stael.*

Only he who has nothing to hold from a woman, is truly sincere in her praise.—*Cutalina.*

There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet they protect each other's interest.—*Diderot.*

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. The self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty.—*Stuhl.*

Providence has so ordered it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except painful and idle delusion.—*Octave Feuillet.*

Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life.—*Alphonse Carr.*

In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly almost all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creation, and so also friendship, especially when it follows love.—*Duclos.*

Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women read it better.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

THE DEAD ALIVE.—London, March 17, 1803.—We passed the evening with the Grimstones, talking about the Duke of Bridgewater, who, it was then thought, might very possibly be brought to life again, though he had been dead above a week. They told me the following extraordinary story:

Many years ago, a Mrs. Killigrew was supposed to have been dead above a week; when she was put into her coffin, her body was so swelled that it was found impossible to get her diamond hoop-ring off without cutting her finger; this her husband would not consent to; accordingly, she was buried with the ring. The sexton, who had observed this, determined to steal the ring that night. Having forced open the coffin, he proceeded to cut off the finger, but the first gash of the knife brought Mrs. Killigrew to life again. The sexton, frightened, ran away, leaving his lantern, which she immediately took, and walked to her own house. There her appearance, of course, created the greatest consternation among the servants—no one would venture to open the door; fortunately the rumor reached the ears of her disconsolate husband, who went directly to receive her. After this event she lived ten years, and in the course of that time had two children. A maid who belonged to Mrs. Killigrew, after her death lived with Mrs. Walters, grandmother to the Grimstones; from her they had this story.—*Diaries of a Lady of Quality.*

PRACTICAL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

The Complexion.—When freckles, sunburn, or black spots ("flesh-worms," as they are often called,) cannot be easily removed, it would be advisable to udopt the following remedy, which, thongh simple, is very efficacious: Mix some flower of sulphur in a little milk; let it stand a couple of hours; and then, without disturbing the sulphur, use the milk as a lotion, to be well rubbed into the skin with a towel. Almost immediately afterwards, the skin may be washed with soap and cold water. Another excellent preparation is the following: Take half a pound of soft wax; melt it over a slow fire with three ounces of sweet oil; add a small teacupful of fine sand; stir well together, and afterwards mould or press the mixture into cakes. It may be scented with a few drops of oil of bergamot or other perfume. It is to be rubbed on the skin at bedtime. Either of these preparations will be found most useful in beautifyiug the skin, if the bodily health be properly attended to at the same time by a medicine which may also act upon the skin.

Nervous Debility.—The sufferer should take as much exercise in the open air as he possibly can, and should be careful in his diet. Roast or boiled mutton, roast beef, chops and steaks, poultry and light puddings, should form his principal food. He should drink draught and bottled stout two or three times a day, and he need not be afraid of eating too much meat. Pastry, pickles, new bread, rich sauces, shell-fish, and other indigestible things, he should most carefully avoid. Of an evening he may take a little cold brandy and water. On no account must he use tobacco in any shape. The hip-bath, with a large sponge and cold water, will prove most serviceable. To assist the beneficial effects of all these rules, quinine must be administered, in connection with other invigorating substances.

THE FLORENCE.—This new and admirable Sewing Machine is meeting with the success which we predicted for it, when we first witnessed its operation. The verdict of the many who are congratulating themselves on their good fortune in having selected this machine when making their purchase is, "That no matter what kind of work they have to do, whether thick or thin, with silk or cotton thread, the Florence is always ready, and does not require any change to be made in the machine whatever, doing all in the same reliable and perfect manner."

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.—If we purchase a house to live in, we are sure to want all the "modern improvements," and, in a descending scale, in all our purchases, we want the same. This fact applies with peculiar force to that important accessory to a household of the present day—a sewing-machine. When our fair readers purchase one of these, they want one, of course, with the "modern improvements"—they want to *embroider* as well as *sew* with the machine, for they never would be satisfied to *make* their dresses on the machine, and then slowly put on the embroidery by hand; nor need they, for with Grover & Baker's celebrated Machine they can do both, and with an ease and rapidity astounding to behold.

NEWLY-arrived persons should be informed that they can deposit small or large sums or coin in the California Building and Loan Society, at one per cent per month interest from the day of deposit and withdraw the same at pleasure. The Society is chartered for fifty years from May, 1861, as a joint stock company, having now two hundred and twenty-five partners, whose shares are fully paid in, and form a guaranty capital to all depositors. Loans are made on real estate only, and all transactions are in gold coin. Office, No. 406 Montgomery street, (opposite Wells, Fargo & Co.) Open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and on Saturday evenings, from 7 1-2 to 9 o'clock.

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on the Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's tables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fitch & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of the city and State. ju18

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table.* The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashious and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table;* which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era.* He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin.* His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin.* Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era.* It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF SAN FRANcisco county, of the State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of DANIEL NORCROSS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Daniel Norcross, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the city and county of San Francisco, on the 16th day of AUGUST, A.D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.
Stanley & Hayes, Attorneys for Petitioner. jy16 5t

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

UNION STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT SACRAMENTO, on the 30*th doy of August, A. D.* 1864, *a Union State Convention*, for the purpose of nominating *Presidential Electors* to be supported by the Union Party at the ensuing Presidential Election, to appoint a State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

There will be held also at *Sacramento*, immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, *Congressional District Conventions* for the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, for the purpose of nominating *Candidates for Congress* for their respective Districts, and to appoint District Committees.

Each county will elect delegates in pursuance of notice of its Union County Committee, according to the following apportionment:

Alameda	8	Plumas	8
Amador	13	Sacramento	21
Alpine	6	San Bernardino	3
Butte	11	San Diego	2
Calaveras	13	San Francisco	52
Colusa	3	San Joaquin	12
Contra Costa	6	San Luis Obispo	2
Coso	5	San Mateo	5
Del Norte	2	Santa Barbara	3
El Dorado	19	Santa Clara	11
Fresno	1	Santa Cruz	6
Humboldt	4	Shasta	6
Klamath	3	Sierra	13
Lake	2	Siskiyou	7
Lassen	3	Solano	9
Los Angeles	5	Stanislaus	3
Marin	4	Sutter	5
Mariposa	6	Sonoma	10
Mendocino	4	Tehama	4
Merced	1	Trinity	6
Mono	6	Tulare	4
Monterey	4	Tuolumne	12
Napa	6	Yolo	5
Nevada	16	Yuba	11
Placer	13		

In any County where the Union County Committee shall not order an Election of Delegates specially for its Congressional District Convention, or where Delegates from such District may not have been elected pursuant to notice of such County Committee, then the Delegates from such County to the State Convention shall be Delegates to the District Congressional Convention for the District in which such County may be; and when such District Conventions shall have met in Sacramento as aforesaid, each Convention will determine when and where the Convention will make its Congressional nomination. All citizens who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the final success of the Federal Government—who endorse the platform of the Union National Convention, and who will pledge themselves to support the National, State and Congressional Nominees of the Union Party will be entitled to vote for such Delegates.

It is recommended that no Delegate be elected, unless he be a legal resident of the county whence he is chosen, and that no proxies be given by Delegates to any except citizens of the county which they shall be elected to represent.

NATHANIEL HOLLAND,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.
J. T. HOYT, Secretary. ju25

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JULY, 1864 :

July 23—CONSTITUTION, J. T. Watkins, Commander.

From Felsom-stoet Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall hy the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
jy2 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows :

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose nt 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows :

Leave San Francisco nt 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot hy either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superinteudent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Missieu as follews :

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretefore, overy 30 miuutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will he the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing hetween Eugene Kelly of the city of Now York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston nnd Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York hy Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlemeut nt the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange husiuess, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will he at the sontheast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, Jnne 15, 1864. jul8

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing hetween Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, nnd Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz, of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first day of July, 1864, Eugene Kelly and Joseph A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will he settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the Banking House of Donohoe Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.)
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE,
WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned, calling attention to the above card, give notice that on and after the first day of July next, they will continue the business of the above copartnership without interruption, nt the old banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co., in this city under the firm name of FRETZ & RALSTON, and in New York, through the agency of Messrs. LEES & WALLER, No 33 Pine street: and that on and after the 5th of July next, they together with Messrs. D. O. Mills, J. B. Thomas, Louis McLane, Asa T. Lawtou, Wm. E. Barron, Thomas Bell, Jno. O. Earl, Wm. Norris, J. Whitney, Jr., O. F. Giffin, A. J. Pope, Herman Michels, Frederick Billings, Geo. H. Howard, H. F. Teschemacher, A. Hayward, Moses Ellis, A. B. McCreery, R. M. Jessup, Samuel Knight, A. C. Henry, J. C. Wilmerding und Wm. Alvord of San Francisco, and Jacoh Kamm, of Portland, Oregon, having become duly incorporated under the laws of this State, will carry on the business of Banking in all its various branches, at the same place and through the same agency, and upon the basis of a Gold and Silver Currency, under the name of

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

D. O. MILLS and WM. C. RALSTON will be charged with the management of the business of the Corporation.

WM. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND.
jy2

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, Octobe 120, 1802.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1-3m

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers withnut extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

DINNER SETS.—We have just received, ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

510 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
my28 San Francisco.

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

DEETKEN & CO'S *METALLURGICAL WORKS,*

WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our

NEW SMELTING FURNACES,

We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smolted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-hearing Ores, as well as it can he done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

BEETKEN & CO'S METALLURGICAL WORKS,
Office—315 Montgomery street.
WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9-tf

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1803.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not he excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

R. H. McDONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.

IMPORTING

Wholesale Druggists,

Corner of Sansome nnd Pine streets,

SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to infnrm our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,

SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,

Ladies' Bandages and Supporters,

GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,

Paints and Oils,

PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,

Brewers' nnd Soda Stocks,

CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,

Burning Oils nnd Fluids,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,

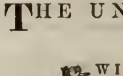
AND

CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTERS OF

DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL.

VULCANITE MATERIAL.

Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers nnd Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.

DENTAL BOOKS.

We keep constanty on haud a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will he to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento, 139 J street,
my28 San Francisco, cor. Pine and Sansome sts.

JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,

Manufacturers for the Trade

OF

SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.
my28

REMOVAL.

HASKELL & CO.,

CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

515 Market street,

And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery nnd Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS

IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

FIRST

PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

STERETT'S

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE,

533

CLAY STREET.

W. P. HARRISON & CO.,

PRINTERS,

ENGRAVERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,

PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,

417 Clay Street. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH *IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.*

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved nt the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to he seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

REMOVAL.—DR. H. J. PAINE,

DENTIST,

NO. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,
je4 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
Jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the Laws of the State.

PAID UP IN GOLD COIN.

CAPITAL STOCK.....$2,000,000,

With the privilege of increasing to $5,000,000.

STOCKHOLDERS.

San Francisco.

D. O. Mills,
Wm. C. Ralston,
R. S. Fretz,
J. B. Thomas,
Louis McLane,
Asa T. Lawton,
Wm. E. Barrou,
Thomas Bell,
John O. Earl,
Wm. Norris,
J. Whitney, jr.
O. F. Giffin,
A. J. Pope,
Herman Michels,
Frederick Billings,
Geo. H. Howard,
H. F. Teschemacher,
A. Hayward,
Moses Ellis,
A. B. McCreary,
R. M. Jessup,
Samuel Knight,
A. C. Henry,
J. C. Wilmerding,
Wm. Alvord.

Portland, Oregon.

Jacob Kamm.

D. O. MILLS, - - - - President,

W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

Correspondents in New York, LEES & WALLER, No. 33 Pine street.

Correspondent in London, BANK OF LONDON.

THE UNDERSIGNED GIVE NOTICE THAT THE above named corporation has been organized for the purpose of carrying on the Banking and Exchange business in all its branches, in this city and with the interior of this State, the neighboring State and Territories, and with Mexico; also with the Atlantic cities, Europe, China and the East Indies, for which they are provided with ample facilities, and in conformity with articles of association will commence operations on the 5th day of July next, at the Banking House now occupied by Donohoe, Ralston & Co., corner of Washington and Battery streets.

With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

TRUSTEES.

D. O. Mills,
Louis McLane,
Wm. Norris,
Jno. O. Earl,
Herman Michels,
W. C. Ralston,
J. B. Thomas,
Thomas Bell,
A. J. Pope,
O. F. Giffin,
James Whitney, jr.

San Francisco, June 18th, 1864. jn25-1m

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 Clay Street,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Murino Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
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☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
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And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

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The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company:

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AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
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Of every description. Best quality of

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Together with a complete assortment of

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Between Sacramento and California streets.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, weekly.

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

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WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

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THE LARGEST

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BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

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CARPET WAREHOUSE,

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One Door above Montgomery street. my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

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LATEST STYLES

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GOODWIN & CO.,

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Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,

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FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

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Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

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DR. CHARLES E. ZOAH,

OFFICE, No. 621 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Dupont and Kearny, South side, San Francisco.

A CURE WITHOUT THE USE OF MEDICINE.

NO PAIN GIVEN.

Dr. ZOAH will cure without the use of medicine. His treatment of the following diseases is short, decisive and pleasant. Entire satisfaction given in every case.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and all Spinal Complaints; the most violent Toothache, Headache or Earache cured in a few seconds!

All pains or aches, no matter where located, can be removed in a short time, and charges reasonable. The poor unfortunate cured without price.

The Doctor's mode of treatment is the oldest science known for the treatment of diseases afflicting the human body, and at present is practised very extensively in the East with every success.

Dr. ZOAH will be in attendance at all hours, day and evening, at his office, 621 California street.

All letters strictly attended to. Consultations fr

ul8

THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

FOR GIRLS,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 Silver street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. B. SWEDENSTIERNA, Principal.

TWELFTH SESSION,

Commencing August 8th, 1864.

THIS INSTITUTION IS DESIGNED TO AFFORD FACILities for the education of girls, fully equal to those furuished nt the best Seminaries of the Atlantic States. The course of study is unusually comprehensive, embracing all the branches that the best modern authorities have thought could he advantageously incorporated in the most enlarged scheme of Female Education. In the Collegiate Department it includes the higher mathematics; a course of English Literatnre and Criticism, taught by a method not elsewhere pursued; Natural History; the Physical Geography of the Pacific Coast; Critical and Universal Grammar; Ecclesiastical History; and the modern applications of Physical Science.

The organization of the School into departments and graded classes, facilitates the pursuit of a regular and systematic *course of study*. No pupil is permitted to take up the higher branches until thoroughly grounded in the preparatory ones. In the advanced classes, the instruction is to a great exteut independent of text-hooks; and in no case is "going through the book," considered equivnlent to "fiuishing a study."

Calisthenics, consisting of the wand-exercise, etc., take place in the gymnasium daily, from 12 to 12 1-2 o'clock.

Parents, guardians, and others interested in the thorough education of girls, are invited to call and *witness for themselves* the methods of instruction pursued, the general organization of the school, and its daily workings, which furnish a more reliable test of the excellence of such institutions, than any public examination. No particular "visiting days" have heen appointed, the Principal and teachers heing gratified by the attendance of visitors, at their daily recitations, at any time and without unusual preparation. Such visits do not in any way interrupt nr interfere witb the regular routine.

Registers containing full particulars as to the course of study, terms, regulations, etc., can be obtained upon application by mail, or to the Principal personally, at the Seminary. jy16-tf

OPPOSITION STEAMER DAY,

JULY 23d.

THE OPPOSITION STEAMSHIP

AMERICA,

Wm. L. Merry, - - - - - - - Commander,

Will he despatched for Panama,

On Saturday, - - - - - - July 23d,

From Mission street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

Connecting at Aspinwall, via Panama Railroad, with the magnificent new Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 Tons, for New York.

☞ The GOLDEN RULE is the largest, fastest, and most elegant steamship on the Atlantic Ocean.

For information or passage, apply to

I. K. ROBERTS, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

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THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will receive deposits. attend to the Collection of Paper, and

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NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

On the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6-tf

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8th, AND UNTIL further notice, the

RED BLUFF BOAT

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead nf SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

y16-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., Presidcut.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of FREDERICK WILKE, an Insolvent Dehtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge nf the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Frederick Wilke, to be and nppear hefore the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not he granted, and an assignment of bis Estate be made, and he he discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, tbis 13th day nf July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal nnd stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By Wm. Harney, Deputy Clerk.

Taylor & Hastings, Petitioner's Attorneys. jy16-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the above named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against JAMES A. MOORE, deceased. to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undesigned at the office of Delany & Booraem, 519 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco.

EUGENE O'CALLAGHAN,
MICHAEL McGRATH,

Executors of the Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased

Dated, San Faancisco, Juue 22d, 1864. ju25-5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - Stage Manager.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - Treasurer.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE CELEBRATED ACTOR,

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

The Colleen Bawn!

Will be the

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 16th, 1864,

First representation in California, of Watts Phillips's new Sensation Drama, entitled

Paul's Return!

ABEL HONEYDEW - - MR. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH
Richard Goldsworthy, - - - - - - Chas Pope
Paul Goldsworthy - - - - - - C R Thorne, Jr
Geoffrey Goldsworthy - - - - - Mr Stephenson
Flyntskin - - - - - - - - D C Anderson
Herbert - - - - - - - - Pierpont Thayer
Beatrice Goldsworthy - - - - Mrs Sophie Edwin
Blanche Wilson - - - - - - Mrs H A Perry
Mrs Geoffrey Goldsworthy - - - Miss Lulu Sweet

To conclude with the ever-popnlar farce of a

BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

Bagshot.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh

Prices of Admission.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter hefore 8. jy16

WILSON & ZOYARA'S Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, hrought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputatiou, enahling the mauagement to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

ELLA ZOYARA,

MLLE. ELOUISE,

And a number of elegant and daring Riders, wbilst

MESSRS. ROSS AND CARLO
Head the Acrobatic Corps;

MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;

MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
The Comic Department.

The Ring is under the supervision of MR VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that bas ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUStice's Court nf the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A.D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed hy you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will he taken against you for the said nmount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff nr nny Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and duc return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township,
City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of WILLIAM WALTERS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, William Walters, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of tbat day, tben and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignmeut of his Estate be made, nnd he he discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my band and tbe seal of said Court, tbis 12th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. Naphtaly, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Attorney for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JAMES H. DOWNEY, an Insolvent Dehtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said Insolvent, James H. Downey, to be and nppear hefnre the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assigument of his Estate he made, and he discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Stamp and Seal) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By Wm. Harney, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Petitioner's Attorney. jy16-5t

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE has much pleasure in announcing that the

RICHINGS'

English Opera Troupe,

Inaugurated in the Fall of last year by

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

And rendered popular in the Eastern States hy their frequent successes, will make their debut in this city on

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, JULY 16th,

In Balfe's celebrated Opera of

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL!

Which will he produced with due attention to its scenic and costumal effects. This powerful combination will consist of the following popular Artists:

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS.
MR. EDWARD SEGUIN, Baritone,
MR. W. J. HILL, Tenor,
MR. H. C. PEAKES, Basse.

MISS JULIA GOULD, Soprano,
MISS KATE MARTIN, Second Soprano,
MISS JENNIE KEMPTON, Contralto,
MR. CHARLES, Second Tenor.

Mr. G. T. EVANS. - - - - Musical Director.
Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - Manager

And it is with no little gratification nlso tbat the proprietor is enabled to announce an engagement for a limited period, with the very distinguished violinist,

PAUL JULIEN.

This vast array of musical talent empowers THOMAS MAGUIRE, who is ever anxious to comply with the wishes and suggestions of bis patrons, to propose a series of

SACRED CONCERTS AND ORATORIOS,

The initial of which will he given

To-morrow (Sunday) Evening, July 17th, 1864.

Box Office will be open on SATURDAY MORNING, at 10 o'clock, for the sale of Reserved Seats. jy15

PRELIMINARY RE-OPENING

—OF THE

Willows,

On Sunday and Monday, the 3d and 4th of July.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds for visitors, on SUNDAY, the 3d, and MONDAY,

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

And to he kept permanently open thereafter. The Grove has been culled nnd trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and n brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended hy polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S

CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. M. HUDSON - - - - - - - Superintendent

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR!
THE GIANT BOY,

Eighteen years old, and eight feet in Height!

THE MUSICAL ANOMALY, THE TYROLEAN WARBLER,

Whose remarkable skill in performing upon THREE WIND INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE, and whose wonderful conversion of a common COFFEE POT into a fountain of harmony, have astounded all who have seen him.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC

GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES.

THE LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA SLAVE,

The smallest woman in the world,

And upwards of two thousand Curiosities.

Also, a beautiful set of Cosmoramic Views, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an Aquaria Garden attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents; Children 15 cents. jul1-tf

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

HEALTH

AND AMUSEMENT,

COMBINED!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

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IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of D. J. McCARTHY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, D. J. McCarthy, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 8th day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not he granted, and an assignment of his Estate he made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statuto in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1864.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. Naphtaly, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner, Metropolitan Block, No. 35. jy9-4t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN DEWAR, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, County Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, John Dewar, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the first day of AUGUST, A. D, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not he granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D., 1864.

Seal and Revenue stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By Wm. Harney, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, attorneys for Petitioner, office 634 Clay street, Rooms 20 and 22. jy2 1aw-4w

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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 9. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 23, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance. 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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"OUR TRIP TO WASHOE."

[BY THE "CALIFORNIAN'S" LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

PART THREE—PIGEON WING DISCOURSES ON "VIRGINIA."

VIRGINIA CITY is one of those places which can neither be imagined nor described. It must be seen, to be understood and appreciated. When immediately on my arrival I rushed out on the balcony of the International, impatient to see it, my eye wandered over a confused mass of people and horses, and huge wagons, and omnibuses and stage coaches, and private carriages, and great muddy pools in the village like streets, with here and there a richly-dressed woman trailing her skirts over them, and crowds of men with their hands in their pockets, and shocking bad hats on their heads, leaning against the lamp-posts, propping up the houses and cumbering the sidewalks generally. Indian women with pappooses on their backs wandered listlessly by, holding bouquets of wild flowers curiously arranged, which they offered silently to the passers by; intelligent contrabands sat at street corners, polishing boots and reading the San Francisco papers; Chinamen laden with baskets of wood trotted along as solemnly and earnestly as if the fuel they carried was to set the world on fire; and, over all, vibrated the busy hum of life. The oaths of the teamsters and the sharp crack of their whips as they urged their patient mules up the steep hills, and the merry tinkling of a hundred bells, each answering with a different tone the imperative "g'lang!" of the wild, unshorn, sunburnt and dusty driver—ragged and dirty, perhaps, but with a certain manliness which the habit of command always imparts, and which the mere trader and dealer never acquire. Mingled with those discordant sounds came the faint echo of music from the open door of some gambling-house far down the street, and the abrupt cries of omnibus conductors, announcing "Gold Hill," "Silver City," and other metallic villages. Large houses and small cottages stood in democratic juxtaposition, in all the freedom and equality of a new settlement. Comfortable, well-to-do brick houses of three and four stories, with verandahs and French windows, looked complacently upon wooden tenements scarce a story high. As I looked up and down the long, narrow streets, the scene that met my eye was a curious one. It was such a mingling of incongruous things! Opposite was a very small house with a very large sign of some family sewing-machine. Near by was an apothecary's shop with advertisements of patent medicines warranted to cure everything but the hard times; then a milliner's shop with bridal wreaths and veils, and head-dresses and children's caps, and the delicate garments of an infant's wardrobe; and all along the sidewalks clusters of hoop-skirts mixed up strongly with rough boots for miners, were hanging over the doors or filling the show windows like some new invention for catching flies. Ready-made coats and pants like the limp wings of boneless birds, flapped against the windows of a restaurant or fruit-stand. Brooms and wagon whips and pack-saddles for mules, and miner's tools and garden-seeds blended grotesquely with bandana handkerchiefs and woolhats, and calicoes and ribbons and gay-looking fabrics fluttering like pennants, and artificial flowers, showing how numerous was the female population, although there were few representatives of the sex in the streets. We saw one occasionally at an open window or leaning over a balcony, but the wind and dust probably kept them at home.

The whole scene reminded us so strongly of San Francisco in the early days that we could almost fancy ourselves in Dupont or Kearny streets, twelve winters ago, before the advent of the rag-pickers, when loose bits of straw drifted about on every passing wind, and scraps of paper, and empty tin cans crushed out of shape, and broken bottles and old hats, and odd boots and shoes, and worn-out flannel shirts, and ominous mud-holes with finger-boards warning travellers from their miry depths, obstructed the way. I recognized many of the old names over the new doors in Virginia City, and some of the very same faces, only older and harder, in the streets. There were the same Spanish women, in slippered feet and flounced muslin skirts and dirty rebosas, smoking cigaritos lazily in the doorways. There were the same unmistakable Israelitish physiognomies looking at us over the counters. The same broad-faced, well-to-do Dutchman drinking lager in the corner grocery, and the same jolly Irishman standing behind a chair, or fanning himself with a napkin at the door of the wide-open restaurant. The same melancholy Chinaman stood at the door of his little hovel blowing the ashes off the saucepan with which he had ironed shirt-bosoms twelve years ago in San Francisco. He clattered about in the same wooden shoes, and wore the same blue garments cut in the same fashion worn centuries ago by his countrymen—the only unchanging element in a land of change. From subterranean saloons came the same smothered sound of music and sudden bursts of laughter and loud voices in dispute. It was San Francisco over again—but better and more advanced in five years than San Francisco was at the same age. The streets were better, the brick buildings more numerous, the population more peaceable; there are fewer murders and fires, and all the means and appliances of comfort more abundant and infinitely cheaper. But it must not be forgotten that Virginia has California for its base of supplies, whereas San Francisco had no nearer market than the Sandwich Islands. When San Francisco was five years old, eggs were considered such a luxury that guests at the hotels ordered them by sending their cards, as they order wine, and paid for them as extras at the rate of three dollars a dozen. Then all our cakes and custards were made of Farallon eggs. They stood in barrels and boxes outside the grocer's shops, and we bought them by the pound, red and green, blue and brown, and speckled. Turkeys were fifty dollars a pair, and poor at that, as may be readily imagined after a voyage from the Sandwich Islands. We remember a Thanksgiving dinner at the Oriental Hotel made famous by the first appearance of turkeys on that board. Our liberal host paid two hundred dollars for eight, and we ate them. It was such a great occasion that we invited John Phœnix to dine with us, and we remember that he defined the Pope's nose to the wondering inquiry of a little child who sat beside him at table as "that part of the turkey which gets over the fence last." We remember how afraid we were that the eight turkeys would not "go around" among seventy guests, and how we were relieved when John Murphy—prince of waiters (long may he wave!)—brought us our full share, with the first cranberries from Oregon. Turkeys are no longer rarities in Virginia City, and we saw there all the varieties of fruits and delicacies to be found in the markets of San Francisco. We had a handsome room at the International Hotel, and our accommodations were in every respect unexceptionable.

The climate we found abominable; although in the middle of June, the weather was very cold. We had frost and snow, and the mountains were white during the whole of our visit. The prospect around the city is sterile and harsh; not a tree, not a green spot; mountains and huge hills lift their desolate peaks all around it. They look as if some mighty conflagration had swept over them, scorching and destroying every living thing upon them, save the dry and dusty sage brush—even the vitality of the soil. Yet they grew upon us, these desolate peaks defining themselves against the sky, and lifting up their stricken heads to heaven as if calling upon the clouds to cover them. We found our eyes wandering back to them again and again, by that strange sort of fascination which impels people to visit mad-houses and asylums for the maimed and blind and dumb. After sunset, when the purple haze of twilight settles upon them, they are positively beautiful. We were never weary of looking at them; they had a weird charm for us that drew us irresistibly to them. In their roughest aspect they silenced and subdued us. They seemed to say: "Look upon us! we defy alike your pity and your scorn. Nature cursed us at our birth, and we stand here naked and deformed—the monuments of her wrath. The storms and snows of winter sweep over us unpityingly; the summer winds heap ashes upon our heads; no life-giving principle abides within our sterile bosoms; the very elements abhor us. In us behold the embodied curse of an angry mother!" Mount Davidson, which is the highest of these peaks, rises abruptly to the height of perhaps a thousand feet directly behind Virginia, which seems to nestle against it for shelter and protection. Between them lies the great Comstock ledge, which has made the fortune and the ruin of so many people. It is divided into numerous claims; but is best known to the world through the Ophir, the Mexican, and Gould and Curry. All these valuable mines lie close together, as if Nature had gathered her lap-full of treasures and poured them out in a heap.

I felt very sad and full of thought as I stood upon the threshold of these great vaults in which Nature had shut up so securely for centuries her choicest treasures, without the aid of patent locks and keys. Mount Davidson seemed like a great giant set there to watch over them, frightening away the boldest adventurer with his repulsive aspect, his Medusa-like head and his withering breath. I thought how often in this world one man sows that another may reap. I thought how often Providence chooses the humblest instruments to work out the greatest ends, and to accomplish the most wonderful results. I thought how the savage for centuries had wandered over these bleak hills in search of game—had stood, naked and hungry perhaps, over a treasure which had enriched the world, and knew it not. How Fortune lay here silent and motionless, like the Sleeping Beauty of the fairy tale, until the rightful Prince should come along, and by some wonderful talisman should awaken her. I thought of the two poor, unlettered youths who had been guided hither by some mysterious Power to break the spell. I imagined the dreariness and desolation of the scene as they first looked down upon it from some neighboring summit. If they had not been divinely guided, they would have turned back in despair. I imagined their many disappointments, and at last their wonderful discovery—small, perhaps, at first, but gradually dawning upon them, that they might not be overwhelmed by its magnitude. And then I thought of their lonely, cheerless winter, shut in by snows from all communication with the world, all companionship with mankind, and as if that were not enough of suffering, I thought of the terrible accident that disabled one of them—of his mortal illness in that desolate solitude—of his vain longing for human help and sympathy—of his painful death—of his solitary grave. I thought of the loneliness of the survivor: how the sight of his heaps of treasure must have mocked him—they would not purchase for him one loving smile, or the sound of a human voice. Perhaps it never occurred to him, that it was not for himself he had been chosen to become the greatest discoverer of his age—that it was not simply to become the possessor of countless wealth that he was here, but to work out a miracle at which the world should wonder. He little thought, perhaps, that with every stroke of his pick he was planting deeper and deeper the seed of a civilization which should grow and spread, until whole nations might shelter themselves under its branches—that through his work the wilderness should blossom like a garden—that when he looked upon the first piece of glittering ore which he dug from the earth, he looked upon the foundation-stone of a new Country, which, resting upon the Sierras, should spread its wings from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. I wondered if in the long dark nights of that dismal winter he ever saw such visions in his dreams. I wondered if a man could play so great a part, and yet not know it. I thought of Columbus and his great discovery, and the chains and dungeon that awaited his return to the country which should have honored him; and I thought of the poor young Grosch brothers, and their unknown graves, and their unrewarded labors; and I thought again how often in this world one man sows that another may reap.

PIGEON WING.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XV.

AFTER a long fight, love triumphed over my terrors. I returned to the chateau firmly resolved on an explanation with my guardian. I found M. de Maufert in his study. I begged him to grant me an interview.

"I am at your service, *mon cher*," said he, with that feigned pleasantness which he lately used towards me. "Without reproaching you, your visits here are rare enough for me to consider them as good fortune, although it is almost always a sign that you lack money."

"It is not that which brings me here," replied I.

"*Ma foi*, so much the worse, for I am in funds. Sit down, and let us see what it is all about. If it is feasible it shall be done."

"It is about something very simple, sir," replied I, in a calm tone. "I come to ask you to send away one of your servants."

"Bah! which one?"

"Monsieur Placide, your steward."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, ho!" said he, "it is a very grave business that you broach. And why, if you please?"

"Because he has offended me," replied I, coldly.

"Pshaw! you do not forget your ill will. You still remember that foolishness? It seems to me, however, that you have surely taken your revenge in beating him so severely. No one is offended by Placide, *mon cher*, and your susceptibility is only childishness."

"Would you, sir, also call childishness a judiciary action which would tend to morally assassinate me by declaring before a tribunal that I am notoriously known to be crazy?"

"Bah! what provincial gossip," said he with an air of indifference.

"Here is the proof, sir," said I, "drawing from my pocket the summons which the farmer gave me."

"But this is addressed to Guillot," interrupted the Count, glancing over the paper.

"Oh, I allow that M. Placide has not gone so far as to accuse me before the Correctional Police," replied I bitterly.

"*Parbleu!* after having been hauled about by you in such a way, the fool wished to revenge himself, and wound you to the quick, at the same time leaving you out from the action."

"Are you sure, sir, that would leave me out of the action?" replied I, looking him straight in the eye.

"And what diabolical intention do you wish me to attribute to him? He has done wrong in going so far, I confess; but at the same time, my friend, why are you so ready with your fists. I will arrange all that by reprimanding him, and he will make humble apologies to you."

"Apologies, sir! they will not answer."

"Then it is a veritable *vendetta*, from what I see," said my guardian, irritated by my coolness.

"Believe me, *mon cher*, you must know how to limit your wishes in this world. Placide is useful to me, and I cannot hang him solely to please you. Your request is a crazy one—excuse the word."

"Oh, you can say it, sir; I am prepared for it."

"So much the better; do not attach so much importance to this ridiculous attack and prove your good sense, by contenting yourself with the satisfaction which I am ready to exact, in order to save your *amour propre*."

"My *amour propre*," returned I, "when a gross insult is in question. It is necessary that we explain ourselves clearly, sir, for it seems to me that the consequences which will result from what you call a ridiculous attack escape you. I am not like other people, sir; you told me so yourself, one day—my grandfather was crazy and my mother mad."

M. de Maufert could not repress a gesture of astonishment at hearing me bring up these terrible recollections.

"Oh, do not be frightened. You see that I am calm," continued I, in a tone which involuntarily partook of irony.

In his turn he looked me straight in the face, and I thought I detected an ominous smile.

"Go on."

"I have still sufficient sense left me, sir, to understand the deplorable situation in life to which this double misfortune has reduced me. If one accused you of madness, sir, no one would believe such a wicked invention; but against me, sir, such an accusation becomes extremely serious."

"Pooh! *mon cher*," said my guardian, shrugging his shoulders, "what are you driving at? You have a very bad imagination."

"What am I driving at! This, sir: When I shall be no longer protected by your guardianship, there will perhaps come a time when some grasping relative will conceive the idea, (darker than mine, you perceive) of having me interdicted. My 500,000 francs income will be a fine allurement. In this case you have too much sense not to understand that a judiciary document attesting my well-known madness would become a terrible weapon against me if I neglected to defend myself from this first accusation. This is why I demand of you, first, as a protestation on your part against such action that you send away your steward, and afterwards that you ascertain if there is any legal reparation to assume my place in the world and to protect my future."

My guardian opened his eyes as though I were speaking Hottentot.

"What the plague does the imbroglio signify? *Voyons*! I cannot admit that this foolish Guillot is so near your heart, and that these extravagant fears have suddenly driven you into this suspicious condition. Some one has put you up to it, surely."

"I beg you to believe, sir, that I have reason enough left to comprehend fully the injury contained in this libel, and I am astonished to find you so indifferent to it."

"It is because I see nothing serious in it; the best response to such idle trash is contempt. I cannot, to gratify your childish susceptibilities, deprive myself of the services of a steward who is indispensable to me. And still less can I lend myself to these foolish quarrels, which can only result for the amusement of fools."

"Have you nothing more to say, sir?" said I, in a tone of derision.

"Placide will ask your pardon. I promise you this, and it is all I can do for you.'

"In this case if I defend myself!"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I do not know. but I believe myself sufficiently injured to enter in my turn a complaint for defamation."

"Oh, no, you will not do that!"

"And why, if you please?"

"Because I will not permit it," replied he shortly.

"Then I shall have the pain of acting without your permission."

"There is only one little difficulty in this little plan," said he, hauteringly; "people will laugh at you—for you cannot bring an action or reclaim anything without the consent of your guardian."

"Even if my guardian shows himself not as careful to protect me?" said I with a bitterness I could not repress.

"You go too far," exclaimed he; "you forget, it seems, to whom you speak!"

"I do not forget it, sir, since I came to place myself under your protection."

"But you are also under my authority—know that! And I will not permit you to engage in a dispute which will couple my name with yours in a ridiculous business."

Such disdain exasperated me:

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed I; "Ridiculous! when it concerns my dignity, my life. But, sir, what interest have you that it should remain an established fact that I do not possess my reason."

M. de Maufert made a terrible gesture. He walked up and down the room in violent anger. Then he approached me—the mask had fallen:

"Believe me," said he with closed teeth, "do not attempt to revolt. You know that I am not very patient. Do not try to provoke scandal, for it is a direct attack upon me."

"I do not know that it is necessary to provoke a scandal in order to have you protect me from insult," replied I, proudly; "but I declare that I will revolt against you if it be necessary."

"Hold! you make me pity you," replied he; "do not oblige me also to say that you are crazy."

This word went through my brain like a red hot iron.

"You lie!" exclaimed I.

My guardian replied with a sneer. I felt my mind tremble. A cloud of blood blinded me. I feared to commit a crime, and fled.

Beside myself, with indignation I crossed the park searching for Placide—and I would have killed him, I believe—when by good luck, at the turn of an alley, I found myself face to face with Diana.

"André," said she, much moved, "where are you running to?"

"Leave me," replied I, "I go to revenge myself."

She wished to detain me. I struggled to free myself from her grasp.

"André! André!" said she imploringly.

"Tell me they have lied!" cried I, "tell me I am not mad!"

"What has happened?" said she. "You must have had an altercation with the Count; I am sure of it."

By her emotion I understood that it would throw her into deep grief if I unveiled the perfidy of which I was the victim. I confessed I had had a discussion with M. de Maufert, but I hid the cause from her. It would have been painful for me to reveal to Diana the contemptible conduct of the man whose name she bore, and the usual rudeness of my guardian was sufficient to explain my trouble; and besides I could not resist the empire which Diana had over me, and under this influence my anger rapidly vanished. It was decided that I should avoid my guardian that day, for fear that an imprudent word would waken a feeling between us that was now hardly appeased.

Left to my reflections, I commenced coolly to think over the inexplicable conduct of the Count. I must own that, in spite of the invincible dislike I felt towards this singular protector, I had despised the singular accusations that the Jew Abraham one day brought against him before me. M. de Maufert was rich, and his sordid avarice exalted into a princely fortune the 100,000 francs income he possessed, of which he did not spend more than a quarter a year. I could not believe that the love of gold in his heart was powerful enough to stifle his pride of name, and drive him to such an infamous crime of *lese humanité*. My pride of race revolted that one of my relatives, even one so distant, could become a robber and a thief. But at this decisive hour, when I was myself cowardly abandoned by him, it was impossible not to become suspicious. Guillot's reports proved to me too well that public rumor already attributed to my guardian's guilty motives. The next day I sent for Bastien:

"Bastien," I said to him, "I have need of a sincere friend, who will not hesitate before the fear of making an enemy of M. de Maufert, and who loves me enough to tell me the truth, however terrible it may be. I thought of you."

"*Ma foi*, M. André!" replied Bastien; "perhaps it is bold for me to call myself your friend; but if it is only necessary for me to risk my life in your service, you know I am not easily frightened. I have a hand as firm as my heart; use them both as you will."

"Thank you, I counted on this; but at this moment I have need of your frankness. Will you swear to answer me truly, without dissembling through fear of afflicting me?"

"Indeed, M. André," said Bastien, much embarrassed, "that depends—"

"It concerns my future, my fortune, and my life!"

"Oh, then, question me; I am ready."

At the moment of raising the veil I hesitated, I acknowledge; but I soon rallied.

"What do they say in the country about my relations with my guardian?"

"Pooh! every one knows that he is proud, brutal, and, above all, an avaricious man, with whom it is hard to live, and no one ignores that he is not very tender towards you."

"And what do they say of me?"

"Every one loves you; you are as generous to all as he is stingy."

"That is not what I ask you. Don't they talk of some affliction—some misfortune—frequent in my family?"

Bastien was troubled; he would not understand me.

"M. André, everybody has his enemies; but you ought soon to be master of your estates. You are so rich!"

"It does not concern my estates. You understand me. You see that I am calm. Treat me like a man. I ask you whether they say that I am threatened with madness, like my mother?"

"Well—if you wish to hear the truth—it is on account of your family—there are some people who do not reason—rumors which are spread abroad—"

"Ah! there are rumors circulated about me?"

"*Pardieu!* I had a quarrel the other Sunday with that rascal Placide, who was repeating to two or three fools that you have fits, during which you are completely unconscious."

"So, then, it is from him that these calumnies come?"

"*Pardieu!* No one would ever have thought of it—seeing you so gay, so kind-hearted, and so well. It needed the wickedness of this Norman to invent it. Every one who knows you well, like I do, knows that it is not so, and defends you; so do not let that disquiet you."

"Thanks, my good Bastien; that is all I wish to know."

XVI.

I WRITE you these few lines hastily, my good William, for fear that you are alarmed at not hearing from me since last week. The condition of my dear Schultz is alone the cause of the interruption of my "romance," since you thus call the sweet and cruel recital which you exact of me. For two days I was obliged to leave my writing to go to the assistance of my poor doctor. I have, as usual, contended with his two attacks by appealing to his will, and, above all, to his logic which really, with my aid, is wonderful. I will save him; I feel it, for the empire I hold on his mind grows stronger day by day, and he has such an amount of sensibility that I am certain of healing the brain by the heart. One example will show you: The other morning, as I saw that he was less docile than usual, I dared to bring him one of his sons, who was in the adjoining room. As soon as he saw himself in the presence of one of his children he became troubled and was much moved.

"Schultz," said I to him, "is not God in the look of this tender being?"

The poor lunatic took his child in his arms and gave me his hand smiling; paternal love had triumphed. One thing astonished me, and that was not to find tears in his eyes. I wept; but the child gone, there was no more said about monomania

You will allow that mine is a strange situation, William: lately condemned for madness, I nurse my doctor, I become the liberator of my jailor. I would laugh, were it not so sad. As it is, I am constrained to leave my pen idle on the white paper, for Schultz occupies me all the day long. Judging that it would be salutary to break up by excessive fatigue the current of thoughts which have for some time oppressed him, I pretended great desire for exercise; and I thus obliged him to accompany me in forced walks across the country in all kinds of weather. We returned home in the evening, and, the Lord pardon me! the walks did me as much good as they did him. Fritz has remarked that my sleep, generally very much disturbed, after one of these walks is as sound as that of a mole. But I must leave you. My tyrant reclaims me. I am preparing for a walk of five or six leagues.

P. S. My tyrant has just come in. Finding me at my desk he appeared disturbed, and doubtlessly believed himself abandoned for the day.

"You are busy," said he to me, in a timid tone of voice.

"No," replied I, "only a word to my friend William."

"Do you tell him you will soon go to see him?"

"Not at all."

"Is that true?" replied he, regarding me anxiously.

I saw that his mind was already wandering. It suddenly occurred to me to try him by communicating my letter to him.

"William is a sympathetic man, to whom I confide my greatest secrets," said I to him. "Read what I have written him."

He unfolded the paper. At first he could not suppress a gesture of surprise. The first shock overcome, he calmly continued, approving each phrase with a nod of the head as though he were consulting a brother physician—not the slightest sign of disquietude at the recollection of this terrible trouble suspended over his head. He dared to look the enemy in the face. He is on the road to recovery. In discovering the subterfuge to which I had recourse, "*Allons*," said he with a mischievous look, "let me go for *your* hygienic walk," and he began to laugh.

He laughed, William. I only tell you that. He laughed a good hearty laugh, and his face did not display the slightest disquietude. What do you think of the talents of your friend, Dr. André? You have no need to stop half way on the road to extravagance. I am ready to cure you.

THE DRESS OF A GENTLEMAN.

MR. CARLYLE, in his *Sartor Resartus*, observes that whoso has sixpence is master of the world. He can command tailors to clothe him, cooks to feed him, servants to wait on him—to the extent of sixpence. The limitation as to the extent of the field of operations of this paltry sum is perhaps better understood in this country at this time than it might have been a few years since. Money will buy clothes, and, as the Jews will tell you, clothes will buy money. Logically speaking, money and clothes are convertible terms, though clothes are somewhat more of a necessity than money. Habiliments are indsapensible in civilized countries, whereas money may not be. One may take his choice of the two, if he is unable to have but one. There are persons not a few who array themselves in gorgeous attire, and yet cannot produce a cent from their pockets; such generally prefer clothes to money.

The writer has in his possession a valued heir-loom, which is a wooden lay-figure of the average size of a man. Time has nearly effaced the inscription which it bears, but it can be read by the aid of a glass. It runs thus:

Johannes Bourne,
Hoc Fecit.
London, 1630, Anno Domini,
Laus Deo: Amen.

From all that can be ascertained, some ancient member of the family had a passion for preserving samples of clothing for accompanying it were whole suits of clothiug of the styles that prevailed in his day; and in his will he wrote the following: "To my elder sonne and heir by righte and lawe, William, I do give & bequeathe the statue whiche Mr. Johne Bourne did maken. I do enjoin uponne him to give it at least one newe suite of gentleman's clothes dureing his lifetime & preserve it. When William shall die he shall bequeathe this to his heir on the like conditions. It must never be lette go out of the familie." Some time we may jot down a description of the various suits that have come down with this old figure, but at present we shall limit ourselves to the cost of dressing it in the present style. This duty devolved upon the writer to whom the figure now belongs, and the account, after all the purchases had been made, stood thus:

1 Black dress coat	$60
1 Pair black pants	16
1 White silk vest	15
1 Pair patent leather boots	20
1 Pair kid gloves	2 75
1 Silk hat	6
1 Plain cravat	2 25
Underclothing	12
Total	$134 00

So much for this old relic, which is simply *lignum et prætera nihil.*

Taking the above figures for a beginning, we are able to tell almost to a cent how much money it costs a gentleman to appear in company, dressed as becomes his station. Of course there is no limit to the amount of money that may be expeuded for jewelry; but we prefer to make a fair estimate—neither the highest nor the lowest that might be made. The list of such articles naturally includes a gold watch and chain, seal-ring, studs and sleeve-buttons, and glove-links. The cost of these may be set down thus:

Gold-hunting watch	250
Gold chain	75
Sleeve-buttons	30
Studs	30
Seal-ring	50
Glove-links	25
	$460
Clothing as above	134
Total	$594

In other words, a gentleman who wishes to get himself up in proper style in New York society can do it for about $600. This amount of money will put him in very presentable shape, with an opportunity to spend as much more as he may choose.

But there are other matters connected with the subject which ought not to be overlooked. A lady arrays herself and there is the end of expense. Her object is to make a pleasing appearance, by means of which others will be attracted to her and extend to her those attentions which her sex so highly value. With a gentleman, however, the case is entirely different. His expense only begins when he is in full dress; so that, in fairness, there are many other items which, if not a part of his clothing, are inseparable from it. To attempt to enumerate these items and their cost would be a thankless task, to say nothing of the difficulty of rating them with any accuracy. There is no limit to the amount of money a gentleman may expend in escorting ladies to places of amusement, in carriage hire, kid gloves, bouquets, perfumery, quiet suppers at Delmonico's, and waiters' fees, to say nothing of presents of every sort, from jewelry to sheet music, all of which are eminently calculated to win for one the doubtful epithet of "ladies' man."

We trust no one will infer from this article that we mean to say that no gentleman can appear in respectable society without spending five or six hundred dollars on his apparel:

> "You may daub and bedizen the man as you will,
> But the stamp of the vulgar remains on him still."

Yet "the apparel oft best proclaims the man." Extravagance is the curse of the times, and it will be a good day for the country when simplicity and neatness are more universally regarded as the mark of a true gentleman. The few who affect negligence in dress would do well to ponder on the remark of a noted clergyman of Brooklyn, that "dress does not make the man, but a man looks better dressed up." Those who are extravagant in the matter will probably receive advice enough without any aid of ours.—*Round Table.*

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

THE Grizzly Bear has been seen as far north as 61 deg. of latitude, and as far south as Mexico; its range is confined, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, to their spurs and slopes, and the plains that skirt their bases. On the western side their range extends, wherever the ground is rocky and mountainous, to the Pacific.

To the northward and eastward of the Great Salt Lake there is a region called the Barren Lands or Grounds, and here a large bear has been found, which was for a long time supposed to be a distinct species, called the Barren-ground Bear; but this is now almost proved to be the grizzly bear.

The grizzly bear is twice as large and strong as the black bear, and as tenacious of life as an eel. There is no account, in the hundreds of "bear stories" told, of one ever having been killed outright by a single shot. The travellers Lewis and Clark record that one, after receiving five bullets through the lungs, and five other severe body wounds besides, swam a considerable distance to a sand-bar in the river and lived for twenty minutes after its arrival there; another, which was shot through the heart, ran a couple of hundred yards; whilst a third, shot through the lungs, pursued a hunter more than half a mile.

The grizzly bear measures often nearly ten feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its very short tail, and weighs from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. The hair is abundant, long, and varying between gray and blackish brown. On the muzzle it is short and pale; the nose is long, narrow, and rather flat, and the canine teeth very large and strong. Its strength is so great that it overpowers and kills the largest bison bull, and then can convey the carcase to its place of concealment. Here, like many other animals, it digs a hole for the reception of its prey, until that is exhausted, when necessity compels it to renew the chase.

It is stated by close observers that the bears differ in ferocity, those on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains being more fierce, pugnacious, and more fond of animal food than those on the western slopes, where the climate is milder and vegetable food in greater abundance. The females and cubs are said to hibernate, though the males are found abroad at all seasons.

In San Francisco, Sacramento, Benicia and some other towns, cruel fights between grizzly bears and wild bulls were of frequent occurrence, ending usually in the discomfiture of the bull.

A hunter attached to an overland train from St. Louis to El Paso left his horse to try and stalk an antelope. When nearing his game he was surprised to see it spring away, although he felt convinced it had neither heard, seen, nor smelt him. A few minutes served to show him that a grizzly, or "Old Ephraim," as he is called on the plains, had been trying to creep upon the antelope. They both caught a view of each other at the same moment; and the bear, feeling "done" out of his supper, advanced upon the hunter. It was no use running—his horse was half a mile off; so the hunter awaited the attack, though he knew that it was almost useless to expect his rifle to kill or disable the bear; he felt, as he expressed it, that his "chance was a slim one." A bright thought all at once occurred to him. He had on his shoulders a stout Mexican blanket with a slit in the middle of it, to be worn as a poncho; he waited till the bear rose on his feet for his spring, and threw his blanket over the bear. The head of the grizzly came through the slit, and the long ends encumbered his feet, whilst the blanket, woven closely to resist rain, proved too tough for even his powerful claws to tear easily; and, whilst "Old Eph" was working "tooth and toe nails," the hunter was "making tracks" to reach his horse. Having gained his saddle, the hunter returned, and fought the bear from his saddle till he killed him.

On the first settlement of California a Mexican came across a grizzly, and lassoed him, thinkiug he could choke him to death; he was disagreeably surprised to find the bear hauling in both himself and his horse by the lasso, hand over hand, as a sailor takes a pull at the haulyards, (ha'lyards,) and he was glad to draw a knife and sever the connection.

The cubs, when young, are tree-climbers; later in life their claws unfit them for this; so that, if a hunter can gain a tree, he is safe.

A gigantic friend of mine—he stood nearly six feet seven inches high, and was stout in proportion—was an untiring hunter. When the gold fever broke out he caught the infection, and went to California; he made two competencies, and lost them by the fires which broke out in the early settlement of San Francisco. A third time he made $15,000, or, in English money, £3,000. Determined to save this, he sold his stock of goods, and after remitting his "rocks" to a bank in New Orleans, and whilst waiting for a vessel to sail to Panama, he was persuaded to join a hunting party. Whilst on this hunt he wounded, and was awfully mangled by a grizzly bear. He came home to Texas and married a young lady—I was myself present at the wedding; in three months he was buried, never having recovered from the encounter. I should state here that his was a love match, and it was to enable him to marry that he had at first gone to California; and he married his wife to secure to her his property, though he thoroughly knew, and in fact told me previous to the ceremony, that he felt he was not destined to see the new year, then some four months distant.

It is rather extraordinary that the grizzly bear will not molest a sleeping man; the Indians, who are close observers, say that a man reclining upon the ground is "medicine to the meeshek musquaw."

The female has rarely more than three cubs, and there has been no instance where she has failed to defend them; the male, too, takes his full share of their mutual responsibility, and it is supposed that the female and male pair to a greater extent than amongst most other animals, behaving quite unlike a bear, in this respect at least.

Amongst all the Indian tribes, a successful encounter with a grizzly bear counts equal to that of killing a warrior on the war-path, a necklace of the claws forming an honorable badge quite equal to our Victoria Cross. At first I was surprised that even a victory over the common black bear was so much thought of, as with us we do not consider it much more than killing a deer. I account for it amongst them as being led by tradition: when they killed a bear with the simple bow and arrow, and without the aid of hounds, it was an exploit, whilst we use the latter and fire-arms. With the grizzly bear, whether it is an Indian or a Gordon Cumming, it is a victory to be written by the hunter in letters of gold.

That the grizzly attacks any odds is proved by Dr. Richardson in the following narrative: "A party of *voyageurs*, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy in preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over the canoe that was tilted behind them, and seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of an Indian, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with its prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear; but the latter entreated him to fire away without hesitation, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this, he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the animal, which instantly dropped its prey to pursue Bourasso. He escaped with difficulty, and the bear ultimately retreated to a thicket, where it was supposed to have died; but the curiosity of the party not being a match for their fears, the fact of its decease was not ascertained. The man who was rescued had his arm fractured, and was otherwise severely bitten, but finally recovered. I have seen Bourasso, and can add that the account which he gives is fully credited by the traders resident in that trading region, who are best qualified to judge of the truth from their knowledge of the parties."

A thousand bear-stories might be told, a hundred narrow escapes, and yet the history of the *Ursus ferox* remains to be told. Seen casually, always as an antagonist, amongst mountains and ravines, in an unsettled region, little is known except that it fights to the bitter end—no chance, so far, that it should ever be tamed, though it may be caught.—*English Magazine.*

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.—The new sleeping carriages on this part of the line (from Benares to Calcutta) are a curiosity. They are comfortable and easy for one person in the mild season of the year, but in the hot weather must be unbearably close and stifling. The carriage is divided into four compartments, each provided with a cushioned sofa fit for one person; at the further end a door opens into a little bath-room, where cold water and other conveniences are attainable. For ladies travelling alone or with very young children, or for invalids, these carriages are invaluable. Excellent arrangements are now made at all the refreshment places. One Kellner, of Calcutta, has taken a coutract, or made a contract; at any rate he has the monopoly. The refreshment-rooms all down the lines are now nicely lighted up with lamps, the provisions supplied are good, and everything clean and comfortable. There has been an immense improvement in this respect, and you can now depend on getting a decent dinner, or tiffin, or breakfast all down the liue at moderate charges. At many of the stations down below Beuares they have excellent draught beer on tap; you can also purchase railway novels and such trash, at an increase, of course, upon the home price, and other things useful to a traveller. On the whole, Kellner is a decided step in civilization aud deserves a medal.—*Delhi Gazette.*

NEW CHEMICAL AGENT IN WARFARE.—Chloride of nitrogen will, it is said, soon be utilized as an implement of war. Its employment would seem likely to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Baggs, chemist, in announcing his discovery, proposes to carry up his composition in balloons, and drop it from the air in the midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "as a proposed elemeut in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished among their number would scarcely dare to experiment with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and even then at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation. And yet not one of those chemists will be bold enough to deny that two or three chemically clean carboys of this terrible compound present in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cuttings of phosphorus or a single drop of olive oil coming in contact with it, would, in one instant, decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Baggs then proceeds to affirm that he has discovered a method of overcoming the contingent difficulties, and that he is able to manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, and in any required quantity, and that it can be safely conveyed to its destination.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supportiug it.

LIFE ON A BLOCKADER.

FROM an article in the *Continental Monthly* for July, evidently written by some one who has seen service off the Southern coast, we make the following excerpts:

THREATENED BY A FRIEND.

Our vessel, of some 1,300 tons, and manned by a crew of about 200 all told, reached blockade ground the early part of March. Our voyage down the coast had been unmarked by any special incident, and when at dusk, one spring afternoon, we descried a faint blue line of land in the distance, and knew it as the enemy's territory, speculation was rife as to the prospect of prizes. About 11 P. M. a vessel hove in sight, which, as it neared, proved to be a steamer of about half our tonnage. Our guns were trained upon the craft, but, instead of running, she steamed up toward us. We struck a light, but it was as loth to show its brightness as the ancient bushel-hidden candle. A rope was turpentined, and touched with burning match, but the flame spread up and down the whole spiral length of the rope torch, to the infinite vexation of the lighter. Fierce stampings and fiercer execrations swiftly terrorized the trembling quartermaster, who, good fellow, did his best, and then, frightened into doing something desperate, made this blaze. We hailed them while waiting for fire to throw signals, letting them know who we were; but the wind carried away our shoutings, and the vessel actually seemed inclined to run us down. Worse yet—what could the little vixen mean?—a bright light, flashed across her decks, showed gathering round her guns a swift-moving band of men. Her crew were training their guns upon us for our swift capture or destruction: she could not see our heavy weight of metal, for our ports were closed. She might be a friend, for so her signal lights seemed to indicate; but if of our fleet, how should we let her know in time to save the loss of life and irreparable harm a single ball from her might do? She had waited long enough for friendly signals from us, and the wind, which swept our shouts from hearing, brought to us from them, first, questions as to who we were, then threats to fire if we did not quickly tell, and then orders passed to the men at the foremost gun: "One point to the starboard train her!"—words which made their aim on us more sure and fatal. "Bear a hand on that fire and torch! Be quick, for God's sake, or we'll have a shot through us, and that from a friend, unless we blaze away like lightning with our rockets." The crew were stepping from the gun to get out of the way as it was fired; the captain of the gun held the lock string in his hand; but the instant had not been lost, and our rockets, springing high in air, told our story. Danger is past: we learn they are not only friends, but to be neighbors, and steam in together to our post rather nearer the shore than other vessels here.

REBEL BATTERIES.

Days pass on in watching, and as yet no foreign sail. We study the line of our western horizon, and find it well filled in with forts, embrasures, earthworks, black-nosed dogs of war, and busy traitors. As time goes on, a new thing opens to the view: a short week ago it seemed but a mole-hill: now it has risen to the height of a man, and hourly increases in size. Two weeks, and now its summit is far above the reach of spade or shovel throw, and crowned by a platform firmly knit and held together by well-spliced timbers. As to its object we are somewhat dubious, but think it the beginning of an earthwork fortress, built high in order that guns may be depressed and brought to bear on the turrets of any Monitors which might possibly come down upon this place or Wilmington.

At night we drew nearer to the shore, watching narrowly for blockade runners, which evade us occasionally, but oftener scud away disappointed. One night or early morning, 3 A. M. by the clock, we tried to heave up anchor; the pin slipped from the shackles, and the anchor, with forty fathoms of chain attached, slipped and sank to the bottom in some eight fathoms of water.

The next day we steamed into our moorings of the previous night and sought to drag for it. While arranging to do so, we saw a puff of smoke from the shore. Bang! and a massive cannon ball tore whizzing over our heads. The shore batteries had us in their range, and the firing from the far-reaching Whitworth guns grows more rapid. Puff after puff rolls up from the long line of battery-covered hillocks, under the bastard flag, and the rolling thunder peals on our ears with the whizzing of death-threatening balls. Oh! the excitement of watching and wondering where the next ball will strike, and whether it will crush a hole right through us, wasting rich human life, and scattering our decks with torn-off limbs and running pools of blood. Quickly as possible we up anchor and away, and soon are out of reach of balls, which splash the water not a ship's length from us. Even then we involuntarily dodge behind some pine board or other equally serviceable screen; and a newspaper, if that were nearest, would be used for the same purpose—so say those who have tasted many a naval fight. In fact, the dodge is as often after the ball has hit as before, as this story of one of our brave quartermaster's will prove: Under fire from rebel batteries, he noted the cloud of smoke which burst from one of the fort's embrasures—watched sharply for the ball—heard the distant roar and its cutting whiz overhead—watched still further, saw it fall into the sea beyond, and then sang out to the captain, "There it fell, sir!" and like lightning dodged behind a mast, as though the necessity had but just occurred to him.

As our rebel friends see their shot falling short of us, the firing ceases, and thus harmlessly ends the action which for a few moments threatened so much, teaching us the folly of too near approaches to land, or attempts to batter down, to which we have often been tempted, the earthworks daily erecting. It is folly to attempt it, because the disabling of these few blockade steamers would open the port to all who choose to barter with our Southern foes; and, *en passant*, this will explain why here and elsewhere the rebels build their works under the very noses of our men-of-war. Thus a vessel runs the blockade, and takes into them English Whitworth guns, which send balls flying through the air a good five miles, and whose range is longer than our far-famed Parrott rifled cannon. These Whitworths they place concealed in hillsides, or in forests back of the places where they build the regular fort to protect them. If our vessels approach to batter down these germs of forts, fire is opened on us from these long rangers, and nine chances out of ten we are disabled before we can so much as touch them with our guns; so that for ourselves we accomplish nothing, thereby benefiting them.

THE DAILY DRILL.

The first few days can be taken up in sight-seeing on board, and the most novel of these said sights is the drill which follows the daily call to quarters. The rapid roll of the drum is the signal: here, there, everywhere, on berth deck, spar deck, quarter deck, men spring to feet, jump from their hammocks, and every door and passage way is blocked up by the crowd, who rush to their respective quarters, and about the armory, each seeking to be the first, who, fully equipped with cutlass, gun and sabre-bayonet affixed, shall be in his place. Another instant, and all stand about their several guns in rows awaiting orders from their officers, who sing out in clear commanding tones, as though a real fight was impending: "Pass 9-inch shell and load!" They drive it home. "Now run out! train her two points off port quarter; elevate for five hundred yards! Fire! Run her in! Run out starboard gun! Run her home! Train her three points off starboard quarter! Fire!"

High up on the bridge of the hurricane deck, stands the first lieutenant, overlooking the men as they work the guns, train, load, run out, and mimic fire. Suddenly he shouts through the trumpet: "Boarders and pikemen at port quarter! First boarders advance! Second boarders advance! Repel boarders! Retreat boarders! Pikemen cover cutlass division! Fire! Repel boarders!" The second hand scarcely sweeps over a quarter of its dial before the men have crowded around the port bulwarks, and are slashing the air with a most Quixotic fury—then crouch on bent knee, to make ready their pistols, while in the rear, marines and pikemen, musket and rifle armed, snap their pieces, and pour into an imaginary foe a vast volley of imaginary balls, then pierce the air with savage bayonet thrusts. The farce, and yet a most useful farce, is gone through with. The retreat is ordered to be beat, and all retire, refill the armory with their deadly rifles and side arms, and then return to their respective watches, work or recreation—some gathering round a canvass checker board; some polishing up bright work; others making pants, shirts or coats, or braiding light straw hats. Some are aloft, and watching with eager eyes to catch the first glimpse of a sail on the distant horizon; and this he must do from his lofty lookout before the officer of the deck or quartermaster espies one as they sweep the sky with their long-reaching glasses—else he may suffer reprimand or prison fare.

CHASING BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

As the sun goes down, the horizon is lit up with bonfires stretching along the coast for miles. "This fire means something," we say knowingly; "depend upon it, the rebs expect some vessel in to-night." Nothing came of it, however, though on the following afternoon we saw a steamer with two smoke-stacks come down the river and take a look, perhaps to see as to her chances of getting out that night. The twilight darkened into night, and night wore on into the small hours, and now we gazed into the gloom anxiously, for at this time if any she would seek to run out. A stranger passing along our decks, seeing in the darkness the shadowy forms of men crouched in listening attitudes, would have fancied himself among a body of Indians watching stealthily some savage prey. The night passes on; the grey dawn tells of the sun's approach, and soon his streaming splendor lights up sea and land. We look to see if our hoped-for prize still waits in the river, but no—she is not there. The day wears on and still no signs of her. If she has slipped us by, it is through the mouth and not the inlet, we feel sure, but still are chagrined, and, doubting the possibility of ever catching one, go to bed with the blues.

The next day we brighten up a little, to be saddened the more, for the *Massachusetts* on her return tells us that so far from there being good news from Charleston, we have only the worst to hear. The brave little *Keokuk* is riddled with balls and sunk, and the fleet of ironclads have retired from before the city. It is a costly experience though it may yet bear precious fruit, for they tell us it has revealed what was necessary to make our next attack successful. What it is we cannot learn, the authorities meaning in the future, doubtless, to wait till deeds have won them praise, before they make promises of great work.

Night draws on again, and we move in toward shore. Signal lights are burning, and huge bonfires, built behind the forests, that their glare may not light up the water, but their reflection against the background of the sky shows blockade runners the lay and bearings of the land. Something will surely be done to-night, and we keep vigilant watch. Two o'clock A. M., and a sound is heard, whether of paddle-wheels, surf on the beach, or blowing off of steam, we cannot tell. "It's paddle-wheels," says our ensign, and reports quickly to the captain. The first lieutenant springs on deck, a steam whistle is heard, so faint that only steam-taught ears know the sound, and word is passed to slip our chain and anchor, and make chase in the direction of the sound. They spring to the chain and work with a will to unshackle it quickly, but things are not as they should be; the hammer is not at hand, and the pins not fixed for speedy slipping out, even when struck a sharp, heavy blow. "I think I see a dark object off the direction of the sound we heard, sir," says some one. "Confound the chain! will it never unshackle?" they exclaim, as they seek to unloose it. At last it slips, we steam up, and are off in pursuit, but which way shall we turn, and where shall we chase? There is no guiding sound now, and we paddle cautiously on, spending the balance of the night in this blind work, feeling for the prize which has slipped from our fingers, for, as day dawns, we see a large steamer, safe under the walls of the fort. If disappointments make philosophers, we ought to rank with Diogenes.

The next day is filled with growls and "ifs" and "ands," and "if *this* had been so and so," and "but for that neglect, which we shall know how to avoid next time," etc., etc. The afternoon of another day comes on, and then a sail is descried, and off we go after it. Seven or eight miles' run brings us close to it; still it pays no attention, but keeps straight on. The captain orders a ball to be fired across her bows, which explodes so near as to splash jets of water over them. Her crew and captain strike sail, and let go halliards, while they fly behind masts, down cockpit, or wherever they can get for safety. Finding no further harm is meant than to bring them to, they answer back our hail—say they are going to Beaufort, quite a different direction from the one they are heading—and seem generally confused. As an excuse they say their compass is out of order, and as they appear to be wreckers, we allow them to go on without further molestation, and steam back to our moorings, consoling ourselves by the fact that these bootless chases are using up coal, and thereby hastening the time of our going to Beaufort to coal up, where we shall have a chance to step once more on *terra firma*.

Another night passes, and there are no indications of runners having tried to escape us; but at sunrise we see, far to the south, a schooner, and soon the flagship signals that a prize has been taken by one of our fleet. It looks very much like the schooner we let go yesterday, and our head officers swear, if it *is* that schooner, never to let another go so easily. One declares the vessel is loaded with cotton, and worth at least $100,000, but that, notwithstanding, he will sell his share for $500 in good gold. No one bids so high. Our ensign offers his for one dollar, and the paymaster sells his to the surgeon for fifty cents, the magnificence of which bargain the latter learns from the captain, who says his share will be about seven and a half cents! We steam alongside, and learn that our prize is the schooner *St. George*, bound for Wilmington, *via* the Bermudas, with a cargo of salt, saltpetre, etc., and worth perhaps $4,000. We send our prize list on board the flagship, and have a nice chat over the capture. It puts us in good humor, and our vessels *chassée* around each other till afternoon, when we separate, to hear shortly that the schooner, on being searched, has disclosed rich merchandise, gold, Whitworth guns, etc., hidden under her nominal cargo of salt. So hurra again for our prize list! This *almost* makes up for the loss of the steamer.

As we are on the point of letting go our anchor, the distant boom of cannon is heard, and the flagship orders us to repair to the seat of danger with all speed. We haste away, and as we go, hear a third gun fired. It comes from the direction of the brig *Perry*, and we cut through the water toward it, at a twelve-knot rate, for a good half hour, but hearing no more firing, put in near the shore to watch for the rebel vessel, as we think those guns were intended to put us on our guard. It soon grows dark; lights are ordered out, and each man blinds his port. No talking above a whisper must be heard; we are to be still as an arctic night. Midnight passes, and lights still flicker along the shore. It is so dark we cannot see the land, though not more than a mile from it, and only know what it is by our compass and bearings, and the fires which lighten up the clouds in spots right over them. One, two, and three o'clock have passed; no sail or sound yet, and the night so dark we cannot see a ship's length away. Half-past three, and we begin to heave anchor. The rattle of the chains is just enough to drown the sound of paddle-wheels should a steamer approach, and the sound of her own wheels would in turn drown our noise; so if one does run into land, it may be over us, for any warning we should have of its whereabout.

Suddenly the acting master jumps, looks for an instant across the bows into the thick darkness, and bids a boy report to the captain and lieutenant "a vessel almost on us." The man at the windlass is stopped, unshackles the chain, and lets the anchor go with a buoy attached. Captain and lieutenant come on deck, and order to blaze away with our fifty-pound Parrott. Crash! through the still air rings the sharp report, and the ball goes whizzing through the gloom, in the direction the vessel was seen. The bright flash of the gun, and the thick cloud of smoke make the darkness tenfold more impenetrable. For half an hour we chase in every direction, then fire again toward the shore. It is just 4; a gray light is working up through the mist, and we catch the faintest glimpse of the *Daylight*, one of our fleet. A few minutes later, and we see a speck near the shore, which the spyglass shows to be the steamer we chased and fired after in the night. The surf beats about her; in her frantic efforts to escape, she in the darkness has been run ashore by our close pursuit. We steam up, to get within range and destroy, if we cannot take her, when the *Daylight*, now discovering her, opens fire. Once, twice, three times she has banged away a broadside at the rebel sidewheel, and now the batteries on shore in turn open fire on her. The sea-fog hangs like a shroud over and between us and the land, which looms up mysteriously, stretching its gray length along the western horizon. Spots of fire bursting from the midst of it, tear through the fog-cloud right at us. It seems, in its vast, vague undefinedness, rather an old-time dragon, with mouth spouting fire and thunder, than harmless earth. The smoke of our own guns settles around us; our ears ring with our own firing: the excitement of the moment is intense. The jets of flame seem to spout right at once, and the inclination to dodge becomes very strong. The *Daylight* has stopped firing: what is the matter? The fog lifts slightly, and as the flagship advances to join in the fight, we see that the *Daylight* is moving back to reload and let her pass in, which she does, entering the circle of the rebel fire between us and them. She finds it out quickly, for their guns are brought to bear on her, and the balls strike the water frightfully near. She turns, but, as she she leaves the fiery circle, delivers, one after the other, a whole broadside of guns, followed by the *Penobscot*, who too gives them a few iron pills.

From 6 to 8 A. M., the vessels gather in a cluster at safe distance from the land, and the commanders of the different vessels repair on board the flagship to consult what next shall be done. Meanwhile the spyglass shows crowds of rebels along the shore, and great efforts seem to be making to get the steamer off. Puffs of steam and clouds of black smoke from her chimneys show that she is blowing off steam, firing up, and pushing hard against the shore. Now her paddle-wheels are working; her stern is afloat. Again and again it is reported, "She's getting herself off the beach; she'll soon be off!" but it does not appear to hasten the powers that be, who apparently have decided that, as it will not be high tide till nearly 1 P. M., she is safely aground till then.

HOW THE PRIZES ARE LOST.

Finally, after long delay, it is decided that all hands shall be piped to breakfast, and we go in for a regular fight afterward. So the boatswain blows his whistle, and each man goes to his mess. Breakfast is leisurely gone through with, and then the drum beats all to quarters. And now it looks like serious work. Men gather round their guns eager for battle, and the surgeon stands ready, instruments before him, for whatever may come. But hardly are they ready for the fight, when the rebel steamer, with its traitor flag floating high in air, has extricated itself from the beach, and is steaming down the coast as fast as it can go. The golden opportunity is lost—was lost when the morning hour was spent in unnecessary discussion, eating and drinking. Still they try to make up for lost time by rapid firing now, for she may be taking in a

precious and comforting cargo of arms and other stores of war. The shots fall close about her, but a little short. Whitworth guns protect her as she goes, for our steamers dare not venture too near land, lest some long-range ball smash through their steam chests. The batteries from which the rebels fired were mostly erected after the steamer ran ashore, and seemed to consist principally of field pieces and guns hastily drawn to the spot, with no earthworks to protect them. This speedy work of theirs was in strong contrast to our slow motions. With a spyglass we could see telegraph poles stretched along the shore. The steamer had probably not been ashore one hour, when eight miles south to the fort, and eight or ten miles north to Wilmington, the news had spread of its arrival, and busy hands bestirred themselves, dragging up guns and ammunition to cover their stranded prize. As soon as sunlight lit up the beach, squads of men were seen pulling at ropes to work the vessel off the sandy beach. While they were thus engaged, breakfast was being quietly eaten on board our vessels! We kept up our fire till the steamer got under the guns of the fort and out of our reach, and then retired; and so ended our chase in nothing but noise and smoke. We have given the reader a clue to a little of the inefficiency of the Wilmington blockade.

STRAY JOKES.

WITH a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney [the Scotchman] runs away to his flinty hills, sings his psalm out of tune his own way, and listens to his sermon two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles.—*Sidney Smith.*

Dr. Johnson.—"Scotland is a miserable country—a contemptible country."

Scotchman.—"You cannot do the Almighty the injustice to say that; God made Scotland, sir."

Johnson.—"Yes, sir, he did make Scotland; but he made it for Scotchmen. God made Hell, also, sir."

A Mr. Gould had a habit of adding "on the contrary" to everything he said. A friend said to him "So I hear Gould, you eat three eggs every morning for breakfast?" "No" replied he, "you are mistaken; on the contrary—" "What the devil," said the friend, "does the contrary of eating three eggs mean?" Sheridan who was present suggested. "Laying them of course!"

A sickly woman fancied herself continually at death's door and frequently sent for her friends to see her die. One of them who had gone several times by special invitation and come away disappointed, at last refused to attend, pleading that he "could not afford to waste so much time on a mortuary uncertainty."

About 1845, a philanthropist whose sympathies were excited by surmising the future of the Indians in the district now known as Kansas and Nebraska, asked, "What will they do after the buffalo has been exterminated?" Prentice replied: "They will have to bear it."

Stranger (to man in carriage.)—"Will you have the kindness to take my overcoat in your carriage to town?"

Answer.—"With pleasure; but how will you get it again?"

Stranger.—"Oh, very easily; I shall remain in it."

Irish Judge (deciding a will case.)—It is very clear that the *testator* intended to reserve a *life interest* in the estate for himself."

Curran.—"Your honor takes the will for the deed."

Tooke (accused of treason.)—"Erskine, I shall make a speech in my own defence."

Erskine.—"If you do you'll be hanged."

Tooke.—"Then I'll be hanged if I do."

Brown (who had written a poem entitled "The Descent into Hell") to Jerrold.—"Have you read my 'Descent into Hell?"

Jerrold.—No; but I should like to see it."

An English lady on the Rhine, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed: "No, we are not foreigners; we are English; it is you that are foreigners!"

Sydney Smith taking leave of a quarrelsome clergyman who was going off as missionary to some South Sea Island, said: "I hope you will agree with the savage who eats you."

A rival editor named Long accused Prentice of falsehood, and asked, "When will this man learn to tell the truth?" Prentice replied, "I will learn it before Long."

George III. (to Horne Tooke).—"Can you play cards?"

Tooke.—"No, your Majesty, I don't know a knave from a king."

Lord Byron (groaning with agony from a severe attack of colic.)—"Lord, help me! I am dying!"

Trelawny.—"Don't make such an infernal fuss about dying."

Deacon (at dinner, to a stranger) "Stop, we are in the habit of saying something before we commence to eat."

Stranger.—"Go on; you can't turn my stomach."

Hood.—"Who built this bridge?"

Hook.—"Go over and you'll be tolled."

Squinting Man (to Talleyrand)—"Is your broken leg nearly well?"

Talleyrand.—No, it's quite crooked—as you see.

Noted Scoundrel—"I feel the torments of hell!"

Talleyrand—"Already?"

I shall now proceed to expose the character of my antagonist. I shall remove his mask and show his cloven foot.

I smell a rat; I see it brewing in the storm; I will crush it in the bud.

Congressman.—"What is the wages of sin?"

Street Boy.—$8 per day."

In Paris there is a sign, "*Hotel de l'Univers et des Etats-Unis,*" [Hotel of the Universe and of the United States.]

Beggar.—"Madam, please to give me a drink, for I am so angry that I don't know where to sleep to-night."

London climate in a fine day is looking up a chimney, in a foul day is looking down one.—*R. W. Emerson.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE PRINCESS.

MY uncle gave me a curious account of the introduction of Mr. Scott to the Princess. Mrs. Hayman, in sending the invitation to my uncle, added a personal request that he would come early to protect the poet, (for as such only was he known,) who, she believed, would not know any one other guest. Scott arrived late, was only presented to the Princess just before she went to dinner; at table, his place was, of course, far removed from hers, and little, if any, conversation took place between them. Very soon after the gentlemen came up from dinner the Princess said: "Mr. Scott, I hear you have a great collection of stories which you tell remarkably well; pray let us hear one." Without any disclaiming speeches, without hesitation, almost without delay, Scott began: "Madam, there was once," etc. The story was much applauded; another was called for, and followed with equal facility. My uncle mentioned this as an extraordinary feat of self-possession and ready wit. I am certainly not inclined to doubt the extraordinary talents of Scott, but in this instance many circumstances appear to me to diminish the wonder. The trade of Scott in his character of London and Edinburgh lion was as decidedly at that period that of a teller of stories as it has since been that of a writer of novels. The tales had probably been told a hundred times; and on this occasion his friend Mrs. A. H., I doubt not, gave him a previous hint of what would be asked from him. Scott mentions this dinner in a letter to Mr. George Ellis, describing his visit to London, dated April 7, 1806: "I had also the honor of dining with a fair friend of yours at Blackheath, an honor which I shall long remember. She is an enchanting princess, who dwells in an enchanted palace; and I cannot help thinking her prince must lie under some malignant spell when he denies himself her society." His popularity dates from the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, in 1805. At a later period, and after a long practice in being lionised, in 1809, he made extremely light of his own social accomplishments. "All this is very flattering," he would say to Mr. Morritt, "and very civil. If people are amused with hearing me tell a parcel of old stories, or recite a pack of ballads to lovely young girls and gaping matrons, they are easily pleased, and a man would be very ill-natured who would not give pleasure so cheaply conferred." Two years before, his absence of self-assumption was still more remarkable: "April, 1807. Mr. Scott, the author of the *Lay*, told us some curious border histories. We were much pleased with the conclusion of the history of Wat Tyn in. When he was grown old and blind, one of the agents of the Lady of Branksome in her absence called upon him for the rent of a small tower which he inhabited, part of which is standing to this day. Wat, incensed, replied he never had paid rent, nor would at that age. At last he delivered his bow to the steward, and said he would pay the rent to the man who could draw that bow. The bow was certainly tried, but we will hope that the lady would never have obliged such a man to pay his rent. However, certain it is that some vain attempts were made to draw his bow, and that Wat never paid his rent. Mr. Scott spoke of one story (the story of *Muckle Mouth Mag*) which might make an excellent ballad, but he said he could not write it so as to do it justice; much humor, he said—*a quality he never possessed*—was required."—*"Diaries of a Lady of Quality," in the Edinburgh Review.*

The London Polytechnic.—Lately I spent five hours at that most remarkable institution, I suppose, of the world, the "Polytechnic." It is an *omnium gatherum* if ever there was one. In it you find little engines in full whirl made after every pattern ever discovered; glass-blowing; miniature coal mines with little automaton miners, baskets and coal-cars at work; miniature Bengal jungles with lions emerging from lairs; a little ocean with islands traced down to the bottom, and the submarine telegraph cable that was, with ships tossing on the waves above; aquaria, pictures, statues; a large pool of water, into which a man descends with a case for his head and walks about; then gentlemen and ladies descending in a *bona fide* diving-bell; then lectures on science; ventriloquism; dissolving views; and ghosts in extraordinary quantity—for the Polytechnic is the home and workshop of Pepper, the inventor of the theatrical ghost. They make the ghost at the Polytechnic charmingly. On the afternoon that I was there the old Chronicle of St. Hubert watching his armor to win the golden spurs was read and accompanied by very beautiful *tableaux vivants.* The story, I believe, is from Froissart. It records that St. or Sir Hubert, to win his spurs—symbols of knighthood and securities of his marriage with his fair Agnes—must needs watch through the night to see that his armor was borne off by no demon—under oath to eat, drink, accept nothing, until the watch was over. He is successively tempted by the demon in the form of a monk offering him wine and to watch for him whilst he slept; then of a beautiful nymph who promises him a kingdom if he will go with her; then of a merchant who offers him gold, taunting him with the poverty to which he will bring his Agnes, (the temptation which nearly succeeds,) but he conquers, and the various tempters, which are but spirits, melt into thin air as they are vanquished. Whoever comes to London, let him begin with the Polytechnic!—*London Correspondence.*

Thackeray and the Harpers.—The following story, the invention of a London newspaper, is going the rounds of our journals:

Shortly after his first lauding in America, Thackeray was invited to dinner by one of the Messrs. Harper, the well-known publishing firm, whose magazine, *Harper's Monthly*, is a deliberate compilation from all the best English periodicals. On his introduction to Mr. Harper, Thackeray had joked with him on the American contempt for copyright; and when he went into the drawing-room he took a little girl, whom he found playing there, on his knee, and gazing at her with feigned wonder, said, in solemn tones, "And this is a pirate's daughter!"

Among the artists announced by the Italian musical papers as disengaged for the coming operatic season, are Gazzauiga, Poinsot, Tombesi the little tenor, and Gnone the baritone.

Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along together admirably.

A Large Lemonade.—A number of years ago, during a session of the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends at Newport, Rhode Island, a certain Quaker of the "free and easy" sort, from abroad, early one morning, feeling a "hankering" after something stronger than cold water or the smell of the sea-breeze, wandered into a basement-saloon on Thames street, determined to have something "cheering." A boy about twelve years of age, the only occupant of the place, stood behind the bar, evidently ready to wait on customers.

"Boy, dost thou attend here?" asked the Friend.

"Yes, sir-*ee*—about six days in the week," he replied with a consequential air.

"Can thou make a lemonade?"

"Yes, and put a 'stick' in it if you like!"

"Well, thou may make me one; but I will give theo directions how to proceed. Now take one of thy largest tumblers and squeeze a lemon into it."

The boy immediately took a pint-glass from the shelf and complied with the Quaker's request.

"Now, thou may fill it about half full with thy best brandy; then put in three or four spoonsful of sugar, and fill up the tumbler with water."

The juvenile bar-tender followed these directions in every particular, while his tutor stood rubbing his hands with pleasure as he anticipated the richness of the draught the boy was concocting. When it was ready, Broadbrim raised it to his lips and quaffed it with the *gusto* of one who was indulging in his favorite beverage. After paying for the drink, he patted the boy patronizingly on the shoulder, exclaiming as he did so, with an occasional smack of his lips:

"Thou art a small boy; but thou makes a large lemonade!"

A New Art.—Photography has, in Paris, just given birth to what must be considered a new art. It is called by its inventor, M. Willeme, *photo-sculpture.* It is a method of preparing with the minute accuracy of photography, busts of living persons in plaster. Some specimens exhibited on Regent street, in London, have created quite a sensation. M. Claudet, the London agent, explains the process as follows: The person whose bust or statue is to be taken is placed in the centre of a circular apartment, forty feet in diameter, and twenty-four cameræ obscuræ are placed along the wall at equal distances from each other. By means of a latch, which raises and drops the slides simultaneously, twenty-four photographs of the many sided sitter are taken at once, there being six front, six back and twelve side views. The negative of one of the portraits is then placed in a magic-lantern, and the image it holds projected upon a large sheet of rough glass. The block of clay is then placed on a revolving stand, the circumference of which is divided into twenty-four parts. A pantograph is then employed, by which the clay is cut exactly to represent the outline on the glass. When one photograph has been copied the image of the next is placed in the lantern, and the clay is turned round one-twenty-fourth of the circle. The result is that the block of clay exhibits twenty-four sides or facets, representing the twenty-four photographs. The bust then only needs a little finishing and polishing to be quite perfect.

The Schoolmaster not Abroad.—Several years ago, when the efforts in behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association were at the height of their activity throughout the country, Mrs. —— was one of the local agents to collect funds in our town. In the prosecution of her labors she called at a comfortable-looking dwelling in the outskirts of her district, and the head of the family being absent, she addressed the "lady of the house" in an eloquent appeal in behalf of the Association. To her surprise she was asked: "Why, who is Mr. Washington?" Astonished at discovering such density of ignorance on the part of a well-to-do woman in this land of enlightenment, Mrs. —— briefly but forcibly recapitulated the leading events in Washington's career, and his claims upon his country's gratitude, in recognition of which, as she explained, an effort was being made to raise funds to prevent his home from passing into the hands of strangers. But the answer showed that, notwithstanding the efforts of the teacher, the student of history didn't yet see the point. "Well, ma'am," said the latter, "I should like very much to help that good old man to keep his place, if I could afford it, but fact is, that we ha'n't yet paid for ourn!"

Petit Pape, the Piano Prodigy.—Another American prodigy is now winning fame in England—young Willie Pape, the Mobile pianist, who has been appointed pianist to the Princess of Wales, which does not mean at all that he plays every day before that lady, or that he gives her lessons, or is a favored guest at her table, but simply that he has performed once in her hearing, and that as a piece of great condescension he is allowed to place on his cards the words "Pianist to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." This condescension, however, secures to him the patronage of Mrs. Jarley's friends, "the nobility and gentry," and little Willie Pape now gives his "annual concert" at Hanover-square Rooms, before the *élite* of England. His immense repertoire of selections, played from memory, equals or surpasses that of any other pianist who has ever visited England; and to this add a quiet modesty, and, if the almost paradoxical expression may be allowed, a boyish dignity, and it is not surprising that Willie Pape is to-day one of the most popular concert-performers in all England.

Telegraphic Operations.—A man who wanted to send a despatch to the outskirts of West Meriden, Connecticut, got very much excited in the telegraph office in Springfield the other day, because the operator told him it could go no further by telegraph than the office at that place. He insisted that the wire ran close to the house where the message was going, and the operator should have it drop off there. Another deluded individual recently brought in a sealed letter to send by telegraph, and thought he was very much imposed upon when he was told it must be opened in order to be transmitted. Of the same mind was a blooming maid of Erin, who wished to telegram to "Mrs. Murphy in Boston," but who had not a word written; and when asked to state what she wished in her message, innocently inquired: "Can't you send it without knowin' the contents?"

THE IRISH PICKET.

BY "BARNEY."

AIR—"*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.*"

I'M shtanding in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near,
And silence, spachless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
Me goon is at a showlder-arms,
I'm wetted to the hone,
And whin I'm afther sphakin' out,
I find meself alone.

This Southern climate 's quare, Biddy,
A quare and hastely thing,
Wid winter absint all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And mry ye niver fear
I'd dhraw comparisons—but then
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one shmall star, asthore,
And that 's forninst the very clond
It was behind before;
The watch-fires glame along the hill
That's swellin' to the south,
And whin the sintry passes them,
I see his ougly mouth.

It's dead for shlape I am, Biddy,
And dramein' shwate I d be,
If them ould Rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lane against a shtump
And shtrive to get repose,
A musket ball be's comin' shtraight
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A shparkin here wid me,
And then, avourneen, hear ye say,
"Acushla—Pat—machree!"
"Och, Biddy, darlint," then says I,
Says you, "get out of that."
Says I, "me arrum mates your waist,'
Says you, "Be dayeent, Pat."

And how's the pigs and dncks, Biddy?
It's them I think of shure,
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor-flure;
I'm shure ye 're aisy with the pig,
That's fat as be can be,
And fade him wid the best, because
I'm towld he looks like me.

Whin I come home again, Biddy,
A sargent tried and thrue,
It's joost a dayeent house I'll build,
And rint it chupe to you.
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A dnck-pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, praty-patch,
And garret, all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapia' round a tree,
And well I know the cratur's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Misther Rebel, say yer pray'rs,
And howld yer dirty paw,
Here goes!—he jabers, Biddy, dear,
I've broke his oogly jaw!

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

IT is unnecessary for us to state by what means the following papers came into our hands, and it would be no compliment to the penetration of our readers if we indicated beforehand the nature of the mystery they are supposed to unravel. It will, however, require a very close attention to names and dates to comprehend the view of the compiler, as to the case he is investigating; and, so far, it is requisite to rely on the reader's patience and discernment. The whole particulars of the case will extend to some seven or eight numbers, and some things which are dark at first will appear clearer in the sequel. If the compiler has really discovered a new species or description of crime, it is natural that the evidence of it, which is circumstantial, should be somewhat difficult of acceptance:

Mr. R. Henderson to the Secretary of the ——— Life Assurance Association:

"PRIVATE ENQUIRY OFFICE, CLEMENT'S INN, 17th January, 1858.

"GENTLEMEN.—In laying before you the extraordiuary revelations arising from my examinatiou into the case of the late Madame R**, I have to apologise for the delay in carrying out your instructions of November last. It has been occasioned, not by any neglect on my part, but by the unexpected extent and intricacy of the enquiry into which I have been led. I confess that after this minute and laborious investigation I could still have wished a more satisfactory result, but a perusal of the accompanying documeuts, on the accuracy aud completeness of which you may fully rely, will, I doubt uot, satisfy you of the unusual difficulty of the case.

"My enquiries have had reference to a policy of assurance for £5,000, the maximum amount permitted by your rules, on the life of the late Madame R**, effected in your office by her husband, the Baron R**, aud bearing date 1st November, 1855. Similar policies were held in the —— of Manchester, the —— of Liverpool, the —— of Edinburgh, and the —— of Dublin, the whole amounting to £25,000; the dates, 23d December, 1855, 10th January, 25th January, and 15th February, 1856, respectively, being in effect almost identical. These compauies joined in the instructions under which I have beeu acting; and, from the volumiuous nature of this letter and its enclosures, I shall be obliged by your considering my present reply as addressed to them conjointly with yourselves.

"Before entering upon the subject of my investigations, it may be as well to recapitulate the circumstances under which they were originated. Of these the first was the coincidence of dates, above noticed; and an apparent desire on the part of the assurer to conceal from each of the various offices the fact of similar policies having been elsewhere simultaneously effected. On examining further into the matter your Board was also struck with the peculiar conditions under which the marriage appeared to have taken place, and the relation in which Madame R** had formerly stood to the Baron. To these points, therefore, my attention was especially directed, and the facts thus elicited form a very important link in the singular chain of evidence I have been enabled to put together.

"The chief element of suspicion, however, was to be found in the very unusual circumstances atteudant ou the death of Madame R**, especially following so speedily as it did on the assurance for so large an aggregate amount. This lady died suddenly on the 15th March, 1857, from the effects of a powerful acid taken, it is supposed, in her sleep, from her husband's laboratory. In the Baron's answers to the usual preliminary inquiries, forwarded for my assistance, and herewith returned, there is no admission of any propensity to somnambulism. Shortly, however, after the occurrence had been noticed in the public priuts, a letter to the Secretary of the Association from a gentleman recently lodging in the same house with Baron R**, gave reason to suspect that, in this respect, at least, some concealment had been practised, and the matter was then placed iu my hands.

"On receipt of your instructions, I at once put myself in communication with Mr. Aldridge, the writer of the letter in question. That gentleman's evidence certainly goes to show that, within at least a very few months after the date of the latest policy, Baron R** was not only himself aware of such a propensity in his wife, but desirous of concealing it from others. Mr. Aldridge's statements are also to a certain exteut supported by those of two other witnesses; but, unfortunately, there are, as will be seen, circumstances calculated to throw considerable doubt upon the whole of this evidence, and especially on that of Mr. Aldridge, from which alone the more important part of the inference is drawn. The same must, unfortunately, be said with regard to some other parts of the evidence, as will be more clearly seen when the case itself is before you.

"From his statement, however, in conjunction with other circumstances, I learned enough to induce me to extend my researches to another very singular case, which not long since had given rise to considerable comment.

"You will, no doubt, remember that in the autumn of 1856 a gentleman of the name of Audertou was arrested on suspiciou of having poisoned his wife, and that he committed suicide whilst awaiting the issue of a chemical inquiry into the cause of her death. This inquiry resulted in an acquittal, no traces of the suspected poison being found; and the affair was hushed up as speedily as possible, many of Mr. Anderton's connections being of high standing iu society, and naturally anxious for the honor of the family. I must, however, acknowledge the readiness with which, in the interest of justice, I have been furnished by them with every facility for pushing my inquiries, the results of which are now before you.

"In reviewing the whole facts, and more especially the series of remarkable coincidences of dates, etc., to which I beg to direct your most particular attention, two alternatives present themselves. In the first we must altogether ignore a chain of circumstantial evidence so complete and close-fitting in every respect, as it seems almost impossible to disregard; in the second, we are inevitably led to a conclusion so at variance with all the most firmly established laws of nature, as it seems almost equally impossible to accept. The one leaves us precisely at the point from which we started; the other involves the imputatiou of a series of most horrible and complicated crimes.

"Between these alternatives I am constrained to confess my own inability, after long and careful study, to decide. I have determined, therefore, simply to submit for your consideration the facts of the case as they appear in the depositions of the several parties from whom my information has been obtained. These I have arranged, so far as possible, in the form in which they would be laid before counsel, should it ultimately be deemed advisable to bring the affair into Court. In view, however, of the extreme length of the case, I have given, in a condensed form, the substance of such of the depositions as did not seem likely to suffer from such treatment. The more important I have left to tell their own tale, and, in any case, my abstract may be at once checked by the originals, all of which are enclosed.

"Should your conclusions be such as have been forced upon myself, further deliberation will yet be required with reference to the course to be pursued; a point ou which, in such case, I confess myself almost equally unable to advise. Whether in a matter so surrounded with suspicion, it might not be well, in any event, to resist the claim, is certainly a question to be considered On the other hand, even assuming the fullest proof of the terrible crimes involved, it is a matter calling for no less careful consideration, whether they would be found of a nature to bring the criminal within reach of the law. For the present, however, our concern is with the facts of the case, and ulterior questions had better be left on one side until that issue is decided, when, I conclude, I shall hear further from you on the subject.

"In conclusion, I must trouble you with a few words on a point which seems to require explanation. I allude to the apparent prominence I have been compelled to afford to the workings of what is called 'Mesmeric Agency.' Those, indeed, who are so unfortunate as to be the victims of this delusion, would doubtless find in it a simple, though terrible solution of the mystery we are endeavoring to solve. But while frankly admitting that it was the passage from the *Zoist Magazine*, quoted in the course of the evidence, which first suggested to my mind the only conclusion I have as yet been able to imagine, I beg at the outset most distinctly to state, that I would rather admit my own researches to have been baffled by an illusory coincidence, than lay myself open to the imputation of giving the slightest credit to that impudent imposture. We must not, however, forget that those whose lives have been passed in the deception of others, not unfrequently end by deceiving themselves. There is, therefore, nothing incredible in the idea that the Baron R** may have given sufficient credence to the statement of the *Zoist*, above-mentioned, for the suggestion to his own mind of a design, which by the working of a true, though most mysterious, law of Nature, may really have been carried out. Such, at least, is the only theory by which I can attempt, in any way, to elucidate this otherwise unfathomable mystery.

"Awaiting the honor of your further commands,
"I am, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,
"RALPH HENDERSON."

SECTION I.—THE CASE.

(Extracts from Correspondence of the Honorable Catherine B**.*)

1. *From Lady Boleton to Honorable C. B**, (undated,) about October or November of 1832.*

"Oh, auntie, auntie, what shall I do? For three nights I have not closed my eyes, and I would not write even to you, auntie dear, because I kept hoping that, after all, things might come right, and he would come round again. Oh, how I have listened to every sound, and watched the road till my poor eyes ache! And now this is the fourth day since he went away, and, oh, auntie, I am so frightened, for I am sure he is gone after that dreadful man, and, oh, if he should meet him, I know something terrible will happen, for you can't tell how he looked—poor Edward, I mean—when he went away. But, indeed, auntie, you must not be angry with him, for I know it was all my own fault, for I ought to have told him everything long ago, though indeed, indeed, I never cared for him, and I do love dear Edward so dearly. I was afraid . . . .

[Here the MS. becomes in places very blotted and illegible.]

. . . and I thought it was all at an end, and then . . . and only a fortnight ago we were so happy . . . married hardly seven months and . . . But you must not think I am complaining of him, dear auntie, for you don't know how . . . . . Only if you can, come to me, for I feel getting so ill, and you know it is only . . . . . God bless you, auntie; oh, do come to me if you can.

"GERTRUDE BOLETON."

2. *Extract of a letter from the Same to the Same, written about four days later.*

* * * * * * *

"I am sorry to hear you are so ill; don't try to come, darling auntie; I shall do somehow, and if uot, anything is better than this horrible suspense. . . . No tidings yet, but I cannot write more, for I can hardly see to guide the pen, and my poor head seems to open aud shut. God bless you, auntie. "G."

"I open my letter to thank you so much for sending dear kind Mrs. Ward; she came iu so unexpectedly [in a blue] just as if she had come from heaven. I wonder if she has seen Ed. . . . ."

[Here the MS. ends suddenly.]

*From Mrs. Ward to the Hon. C. B**. enclosing the above.*

"BEECHWOOD, Tuesday night.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE.—I fear I have but a poor account to give you of our dear Gertrude. Poor child! when I came into the room, and saw her looking so pale and wan, and with great black circles round her eyes, I could scarcely keep in my own tears. She gave a cry of joy when she saw me, and threw herself upon my neck; but a moment after, turned to the writing table and tore open the letter I send you with this, and which was lying ready for the post. The long-continued strain seems to have been too much for her, and she had hardly written a line when her head began to wander, as you will see from the conclusion of her postscript, and in trying to write her husband's name she broke down altogether, and went off into a fit of hysterics which lasted for several hours. She is now, I am thankful to say, comparatively calm again, though at times her head still wanders, and she seems quite unable to close her eyes, but lies in her bed looking straight before her, aud occasionally talking to herself in a low voice, but without seeming to notice anything. I have endeavored, as far as I dared, to draw from her the history of this sad affair, but can get nothing, poor child, but eager assurances that it 'was all her fault' and that 'indeed, indeed, *he* was not to blame.' It seems as though my coming—though certainly a great relief to her—had had the effect of putting her on her guard, lest anything should escape her unfavorable to her husband, and her whole faculties seem to be concentrated in the endeavor to shield him from reproach. I fear, however, there can be uo doubt that he has been very seriously to blame; indeed from all I can gather, the fault seems to have been entirely on his side. What is the precise history of this unhappy business I have not been able to learn, but it seems that Sir Edward, who is certainly a most violent young man, and I fear also of a most jealous temperament, contracted some suspicion with regard to that Mr. Hawker who so perseveringly persecuted poor Gertude the winter before last, and to have left Beechwood, after a very distressing scene, in pursuit of hiu. Mr. Hawker is supposed to be on the Continent, and it is knowu that Sir Edward took the Dover road, which, as you know, passes close by this place. This is all I can at present learn with any certainty, though I hear but too much from the servants, who are all in such a state of indignation at Sir Edward's treatment of their mistress, that I have the greatest difficulty in restraining it from finding some open vent. Should I hear more I will of course let you know at once; but meanwhile I cannot conceal from you my deep anxiety for our dear Gertrude, whose poor heart seems quite broken, and for whom I am in hourly dread of the effect but too likely to be produced in her present delicate state, by the anxiety and terror from which she is suffering. . . . . You know how much I always disliked the match, and I feel more than ever the impropriety of consigning so young and sensitive a girl to the care of a man of such uotoriously uncontrollable temper. Poor thing! this is evidently not the first time she has suffered from it, and even should she herself escape without permanent injury to her constitution, I dread the effect upon the child. . . . . And now I must close this long and sad letter, but will write again should anything fresh occur; meanwhile I cannot be longer away from Gertrude's side. I hope your own health is improving. My love to little Henry and tell him to be good while I am away. "Your affectionate

"HELEN WARD."

4. *The Same to the Same.*

"BERCHWOOD, Monday morning.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE.—I am sorry to say I can still send you no better account of poor Gertrude. Since I last wrote by Saturday evening's post very little change has taken place though she is certainly more restless, poor child, and I fear also, if anything, weaker. She now constantly asks for letters and seems impressed with the idea that we are keeping them from her, as indeed, in her present state, I should, I think, take the responsibility of doing, if any arrived. The newspaper I have always kept from her until it has first been carefully examined. I am dreading fever, though by the doctor's advice I have not attempted to dissuade her from getting up. The exertion, however, is almost more than she can bear and I am looking

* Great-aunt of the late Mrs. Anderton. The object of going so far back will presently appear.

anxiously for his next visit. She lies all day on the sofa looking out of the window, which commands a view of the Dover road. This morning she seems growing more and more restless, and I am waiting with inexpressible anxicty for Dr. Travers.

"Eleven o'clock.

"The doctor has been in, and confirms my fear of approaching fever, which, however, he says may possibly pass off. He has ordered me to lie down at once for some hours, as I have hardly been in bed since I arrived, and he says if fever should come on I shall want all the strength I can get. I shall keep this letter open, to send you by the evening's post the latest account.

"Wednesday.

"All is over. I can hardly command myself sufficiently to write, and yet I must tell you what has happened. Oh, my dear Catherine, how shall I ever forgive myself for leaving poor dear Gertrude; and yet I know that this is foolish, for I was ordered to do so for her sake. But I must come at once to the sad news I have to tell. I left poor Gertrude in the charge of her maid, with strict injunctions to call me if there should be any change; but the poor child seems suddenly to have grown quicter, and at length to have fallen asleep. The maid watched her till just 4 o'clock, when, overcome with weariness, she herself dropped off into a doze, and on waking at a little before 5, was horrified to find herself alone. She flew at once to me, but I had hardly got to the top of the stairs when some one came running up to say that the postman was below, and had just met with poor Gertrude, who had been watching for him at the gate. She enquired eagerly after letters, and on being told there were none, asked for the newspaper, which she at once hurried away with into a part of the grounds called the Wilderness, while the postman, fearing from her manner that something was amiss, came on to the house to tell what had occurred. I need not tell you with what anxiety I hastened to the Wilderness, and there, poor girl, we found her, stretched upon the turf close by the edge of the lake, with the fatal newspaper in her hand. I had her taken carefully to the house, and a man despatched on horseback for the doctor, but before he arrived she had recovered consciousness, only, poor child, to be at once seized with the signs of her approaching trouble. From that moment until she breathed her last—an hour ago—I have never left her side. After nearly thirty hours of the most terrible suffering I have ever witnessed, she at length gave birth to two poor little girls, both so small and weak-looking that it is quite pitcous to see them. The elder in especial, which was born about an hour before the second, is so weak and sickly, that the doctor says it is scarcely possible it can live, and, indeed, one can hardly hope that it may. The second seems stronger, but both are very small and weakly even considering their premature birth.

"Poor Gertrude now sank rapidly, and though every means was tried, and she still lingered on for three or four hours, she at last sank altogether, passing away at the last so quietly that we hardly knew that she was gone. Poor darling, I always loved her as being such a favorite with you all. . . . One word before I close, as to the paper which was the unhappy cause of this terrible blow. It contained, as I had feared, the long-dreaded intelligence of Sir Edward's fatal quarrel with Mr. H.; and I send it off by the same post, as you will wish to know the sad particulars. I cannot write more now, for I am fairly worn out, and must take some rest. You know how deeply I sympathise with you. . . .

"Most affectionately yours,

"Helen Ward."

5. *Extract from the "Morning Herald," of 12th November*, 1832.

"*Fatal Duel at Dieppe.*—We learn from the Paris papers that an extraordinary and fatal duel took place some days since in the neighborhood of Dieppe, between two Englishmen, neither of whom have as yet been identified. It appears that the parties encountered each other in the court-yard of the Hotel de l'Europe, where one of them, whose linen bears the mark of C. G. H., had been staying for some days. The new comer at once assailed the other evidently with the most opprobrious language, to which Mr. H. replied with equal warmth, but the conversation being carried on in English, was unfortunately not understood by any one present. The altercation at length grew so warm that the landlord was compelled to interfere, and the parties then left the hotel together. A few hours afterwards Mr. H. returned, and calling for his bill, hastily packed his portmanteau, and departed. He has since been traced to Paris, where he was lost sight of altogether. Early the next morning a rumor spread that the body of an Englishman had been found in a vineyard, about a mile distant from the town, and on enquiry it proved that the victim was no other than the gentleman with whom the dispute occurred on the previous night. It was evident on examination that the unfortunate man must have fallen in a fair fight, though no seconds appear to have been present during the encounter. A pistol, recently discharged, was firmly grasped in the hand of the dead man; and at a dozen paces distant lay its fellow, evidently the weapon with which he had been killed. The fatal wound, too, was exactly in that portion of the chest which would be exposed to an adversary's fire, and had evidently pierced the heart, so that death must have been instantaneous. The weapons, too, with which the fatal duel was fought appear to have been the property of the deceased. They were a very handsome pair of duelling pistols, hair triggers, and evidently of English make. On the butt of each was a small silver shield, bearing the initials 'E. B.,' and an armed hand grasping a crossbow. The initials of the unfortunate gentleman's opponent were, as we have said, C. G. H.; and we have reason to fear that the victim was a young baronet, of considerable landed property, with whose sudden departure for the Continent rumor has for some time past been busy.

"Since our first edition went to press, we have received further particulars, which leave no room for doubt that the victim of the above fatal occurrence was, as we feared, Sir Edward Boleton, Bart., of Beechwood, Kent; but the cause of the duel, and the name of his opponent, still remain a mystery. The unfortunate gentleman leaves behind him a young wife, to whom he was united but a few months since. Failing a male heir, the baronetcy will now, we understand, become extinct, while the bulk of the estates will pass to a distant connection. The widow, however, is, we believe, in possession of a considerable independent property."

6. *Mrs. Ward to Honorable C. B**.*

"July, 1836.

"My dear Catherine—

* * * * * * *

"You ask me whether I am satisfied with what I saw the other day of poor Gertrude Boleton's little ones. To say that I am satisfied with their appearance would, poor little things, be hardly true, for they are still anything but healthy—poor Gertie especially looking like a faded lily. The younger, however, is certainly improved, and will, I hope, do well, and I quite think that they both are better where they are than they could possibly be elsewhere. It is indeed sad, poor things, that they should have no near relation with whom they could live, but I quite agree with you that, in your state of health, it would not only be too great an undertaking for yourself, but would be by no means beneficial to them. Indeed I am convinced that on every account they are best where they are. The air of Hastings seems to suit them, and in the higher part of the town where Mrs. Taylor lives is bracing without being too cold. Mrs. Taylor herself is a most excellent person, and extremely fond of them. She seems especially interested in poor Gertie, and never wearies of relating instances of the wonderful sympathy between the twins. This sympathy seems even more physical than mental According to Mrs. Taylor, every little ailment that affects the one is immediately felt also by the other, though with this difference, that your namesake, Katie, is but very slightly affected by Gertie's troubles, while she, poor child, I suppose from the greater delicacy of her constitution, is rendered seriously ill by every little indisposition of her sister. I have often heard of the strong physical sympathies between twins, but never met myself with so marked an instance. Both, unfortunately, are sadly nervous, though here, too, the elder is the greatest sufferer, while in the younger it seems to take the form of extreme quickness of perception. . . . Of course, as they grow up, they should be placed with some one in our own rank of life, but for the present I think poor Mrs. Taylor will do very well. . . . I shall be at Hastings again next month, and will write when I have seen them. . . .

"Affectionately yours,

"Helen Ward."

7. *From Mrs. Taylor to Honorable C. B**.*

About January, 1837.

"Honnered miss—with my Humbel duty to Your ladyshipp and i am trewly sory to sai as mis Gerterud hav took a terrabel cold wich i Was afeared as she wud do has Mis kattaren av Likeways Had wun for 2 dais past wich i Am sory to sai as mis gerterud is wuss than mis Kattaren but Hoping she wil be well agen Sone wich has I hev told your Honnered Ladyshipp they as allers the same trubbels ony pore mis gerterud allers hav them Wust. Honnered miss the docter have ben her wich he sais has mis Kattaren his quite wel ageu he sais Honnered mis he hops mis gerterud will sone be wel 2. honnered mis yore Humbel servt. to comand

"sarah tayler."

8. *From the Same to the Same.*

About June, 1837.

"honnered Mis—with my humbel Duty to Yore ladyshipp hand i am trewly thankfull to sai the dere childern are both quit wel wich miss Kattaren made erself Hill ou teusday and pore miss gerterud were verry bad iu connsekens for 3 dais but his now quit wel agen. honnered mis yore Ladyshipps humbel sert. to comand

"sarah tayler."

9. *From Same to Same.*

"July, 1837.

"honnered mis—with my humbel duty to Yore ladyshipp hand wud you plese Cum Direcly wich sumthink Dredfull hav apenned to pore mis Kattaren hounered mis Yore Ladyshipps humbel sert. to comand

"sarah tayler."

10. *Mr. Ward to Honorable C. B.***

"Marine Hotel, Hastings,
"12th July, 1837.

"Dear Miss B**—Helen was unfortunately prevented from leaving home at the time your letter arrived, so, as the matter seemed urgent, I thought it best to come myself. I am sorry to have to send you such very unsatisfactory intelligence. Poor little Catherine has been lost—stolen, I am afraid, by gipsies—and I have hitherto been quite unable to find any clue to their whereabouts. It appears that Mrs. Taylor took them for a trip with some friends of hers to Fairlie Down, where they fell in with a gang of gipsies, of whom, however, they did not take any particular notice. They had taken their dinner with them, and after finishing it sat talking for some time, when suddenly the child was missed; and, though they hunted in every direction for several hours, no trace of her could be found. On returning to the place where the gipsies had been seen, the camp was found broken up, and the track, after passing near where they had been sitting, was lost on the hard road. Unfortunately, poor Mrs. Taylor—who seems quite distracted by what has happened—could think of nothing at first but writing to you, and it was only by the gossip of her friends, who live at some distance from the town, that the intelligence at length reached the police. Enquiries were being set on foot when I arrived last night, but I fear that, from the time that has been lost, there is now but little chance of recovering the poor child. I have advertised in all directions, and offered a large reward, but I have little hope of the result, nor are the police more sanguine than myself. Unfortunately, poor Catherine's dark, gipsey-like complexion, and black eyes and hair, will render it easy to disguise her features, while her quick intelligence and lithe, active figure, will make her only too valuable an acquisition to the band. I need not tell you how grieved I am at this fresh trouble to these poor children, and I fear Gertrude will suffer severely from the loss of her sister, with whom she has, as you know, so extraordinary a bond of sympathy. I am going now to the police station to consult on further measures, and will write to you again by to-morrow evening's post.

"Ever, dear Miss B**,
"Very truly yours,
"Henry Ward."

11. *Mrs. Vansittart to the Honorable C. B.* *.*

"Grove Hill House Academy, Hampstead House,
"Wednesday, May 1st, 1842.

"Madam.—I have much pleasure in complying with your request for a monthly report of the health and progress of my very interesting young friend and pupil, Miss Boleton. In a moral and educational point of view nothing could possibly be more satisfactory. . . . . Of my dear young friend's health I am compelled, however, to lament my inability to address you in the same congratulatory terms which in all other matters I am happily so well authorized to employ. Notwithstanding the extreme salubrity of the atmosphere by which in this justly celebrated locality she is surrounded, and I trust I may venture to add the unremitting attention she has experienced both at my own hands and those of my medical and educational assistants, her general health is still, I regret to say, very far from having attained to that condition of entire convalescence at which I trust she may yet, with the advantage of a prolonged residence upon the Heath, before very long arrive. My medical adviser, Dr. Winstanley—a physician of European reputation, and one in whom I can repose the most entire confidence—informs me that Miss Boleton is suffering from no especial ailment, though subject from time to time to fits of illness to which it is often difficult to assign any sufficient cause, and which after a while disappear as strangely as they arose. He trusts with me that the pure air of the Heath, which so far as we can venture to believe has already been beneficial to his interesting patient, will in course of time effect a radical cure. The loss of her young sister, of which you informed me on her first joining our little society, inflicted beyond doubt a very serious blow upon her naturally feeble constitution; but I trust that its effects are already passing away. I shall, of course, adhere strictly to your instructions never in any way to allude to the sad occurrence in conversation with Miss Boleton, and have thought it advisable not to acquaint her companions with the fact. On the 1st of next month I shall again do myself the honor of acquainting you with the progress made by my interesting young friend, and have little doubt of being at that time able to furnish you with a satisfactory account of her physical no less than of her moral and intellectual advancement. For the present, dear madam, permit to subscribe myself,

"Your very faithful and obliged servant,
"Amelia Dorothea Vansittart.

*Mrs. Ward to the Honorable C. B**.*

"14th June, 1851.

"My dear Catherine.—Very many thanks for your early intelligence of dear Gertrude's engagement. I congratulate you most heartily, though, as you have yourself alluded to it, I cannot deny that I should have been better pleased had Mr. Anderton, in addition to all his other good qualities, possessed that of a somewhat less nervous and excitable temperament. I have always liked him much; but with poor Gertrude's own delicate constitution I cannot but fear the results of such an union upon both. However, it is impossible to have everything, and in all other respects he seems unexceptionable, so once more I congratulate you heartily. Are you really thinking of coming up to the Exhibition? . . . . Give my best love to dear Gertrude, and say all that is kind and proper for us to her *fiancé*. Ever, dear Catherine,

"Affectionately yours, "Helen Ward."

Newspapers in America.—The *Athenæum*, criticising a new book on America, by Dr. Nichols, says:

His account of the New York press is fair and impartial beyond anything that we could have expected from a sometime assistant of the notorious Bennett. Unconsciously perhaps, but candidly, he confirms everything previously known or reported regarding the character of the New York *Herald* and the principles of its founder and chief editor; he does justice to Mr. Greeley and the *Tribune*, as well as to the abler and more moderate *Times;* and we doubt whether any political writer in this country would give a more impartial estimate of the merits and influence of our own leading journals. He produces, moreover, some curious statistics connected with American journalism. Most of our readers are aware that America has a vast multitude of journals; but it is astonishing to learn that their number in 1861 was 4,500, whereof one-tenth were dailies; there being about 50 daily newspapers in the United Kingdom to 450 in the States. The State of New York, with a population of 4,000,000, has 72 dailies; Illinois, with 1,700,000, has 28, and even California has 17. Nor is the South behind hand. South Carolina, with not 300,000 whites, has 60 papers, Louisiana 117, and Georgia 91. Of course the circulation is small, and the price being also low, the profit must be small, and the remuneration of writers very trifling. In fact, the attraction of political literature to American aspirants is not that it offers immediate emolument, but that it is one of the surest roads to office and public influence.

Marie Antoinette's Shoe.—A French journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe, now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th of October, 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate Queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution. One of them had dipped a handkerchief in the royal blood, and the other held a shoe which had fallen from the platform. The boy with the handkerchief was taken, and was only saved from the guillotine by his tender age. The other boy got off with the shoe, which he and his son kept as a relic till 1859, when the latter carried it in a velvet bag to Count Horace de Viel Castel, conservator of the Museum of Sovereigns, by whom, of course, it was gladly accepted. The shoe is small, considering that she was a tall woman.

Modern Chivalry.—It has often struck me that now-a-days women are more "protected" by chivalric fictions than they need be, and that they sometimes find the compliments that are paid them irksome. I do not wish to say anything churlish, but it really borders upon the burlesquing of gallantry to see a slender gentleman giving his arm to a stout, loud, long lady—across a room. There is positively no danger in walking ten feet along a plane surface, well carpeted, with ridges of sofa and hillocks of ottoman. The fair traveller is far less likely to fall if she is left alone. I do delight in a pretty fiction, but I always feel that the joke is being pushed too far when I see a sweet, but strong and healthy creature, who stands well upon her feet, assiduously helped up a precipitous ascent of terrific stairs, four inches between.—*Good Words.*

Men mutilate their own bodies seldom; their characters often.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

PERSONAL.

AS a general thing it is in excessive bad taste for an editor to trouble his readers with anything relating to a personal controversy; but when the interests of his paper are concerned, perhaps it is pardonable.

The morning subsequent to The Californian's first appearance, a sheet published in this city, called the *American Flag*, came out and denounced the editor of The Californian as a Copperhead, alleging that he came to this country wearing a Copperhead badge, which he openly paraded in the streets. This charge has since been several times reiterated, accompanied by personalities and diatribes which could have found place in no respectable journal. So far as the Copperhead-badge charge is concerned, the following cards will be sufficiently explanatory:

Office of the Chief of Police,
San Francisco, July 22, 1864.

Soon after Mr. Webb's coming to this city, and while he was connected with the *Evening Bulletin*, I showed him a copperhead-pin or badge which had fallen into my possession. He requested permission to take it down to the *Bulletin* office and make an item of it, which I very willingly granted. An item about the pin appeared in the same evening's *Bulletin*. I have since heard that Mr. Webb, being seen with the badge in his possession after leaving my office, was charged with having worn it out to this country. M. J. Burke.

San Francisco, July 22d, 1864.

As the charge of coming to this country wearing a Copperhead badge is made against Mr. Webb, it is only fair that I explain the basis upon which it rests. While personally unacquainted with Mr. Webb, I met him between the City Hall and the *Bulletin* office, and saw him exhibiting a Copperhead badge to some friends. Jumping rather hastily at a conclusion, I mentioned in a little paragraph in the *Call*—the paper with which I was then connected—that the new editor of the *Bulletin* bore a Copperhead badge through the streets. I should have thought nothing of the matter had I not been previously misinformed, to the effect that Mr. Webb was a Secessionist in principle, a foreigner by birth, and not a citizen of the United States. I subsequently satisfied myself that I had been entirely in the wrong in the matter, that Mr. Webb's loyalty was above the shadow of suspicion, and that I had misconstrued an act of friendly courtesy on his part into an insult to my country and myself. Acting on this conviction, without consultation with any one, I subsequently sought out Mr. Webb and frankly apologised to him for the wrong I had unintentionally done him. I have since stated these facts to parties connected with every respectable journal in this city, and would have made this explanation public before had it seemed worth while. Albert S. Evans.

So much for that story.

The *American Flag* on Thursday morning contained a paragraph stating that The Californian was owing its printers arrears of pay. The printers of the office insisted on righting hat matter, and have taken steps to do so. They also desire the publication of the following card, as a matter of justico to themselves as well as to the office.

Californian Composition Rooms,
San Francisco, July 21st, 1864.

The charge in the *Flag* of this morning that the printers in this office are unpaid, are poorly paid, or in any way connected with "rats," is an infamous falsehood. Every man in this office is a member in good standing of the Typographical Union. The rates paid by the office are the highest the rules of the Association demand, and no man has ever had to wait one minute after 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon of each week for his pay.

P. J. Thomas.
A. M. Kenaday.
John Landy.

What more can be said? To the gross personalities with which we have been assailed there is of course no reply.

Commending as we do this paper to the families and firesides of California, we have sought to exclude from it every idea or expression unfit for the perusal of gentlemen or ladies. We have thought it fit, perhaps unnecessarily, to expose the falsehood of the charges above referred to, but here the controversy stops. It is impossible for us to comment upon or retaliate the foul epithets most familiar to his pen; nor can we, from week to week, abuse the patience of our readers by refuting the slanders which malignity may invent. It cannot surely be requisite to demonstrate anew what the tone of his journal and the manner in which he has conducted a controversy which he himself provoked has already proven—that he is beneath the notice of gentlemen. In this latter respect he enjoys an immunity as unenviable as the notoriety he has achieved—that of editing a sheet in the conduct of which every principle of legitimate journalism is daily outraged, even the suggestions of decency violated. Not content with bestowing vituperation upon the editor of this journal with whom he is totally unacquainted—a fact patent enough by the prevailing tone of his articles—he has disregarded a rule of etiquette which obtains even in bar-rooms, by attempting to drag ladies into the controversy, causing that annoyance and apprehension on their account which a man never feels on his own. This he has done repeatedly; and of all offences against propriety and the unwritten but well-understood laws which govern men of honor, this is the most flagrant and cowardly.

Here the matter rests. In the popular estimate and by his own conduct, the person who has provoked this explanation stands outside even that barbarous code which comes down to us as the fading relic of a foolish feudal age. To refer once more to the direct and specific charges he saw fit to bring against us, Junius in one of his letters says: "My Lord, I will not call you a scoundrel, but by the grace of God I will demonstrate you to be one!" In manner somewhat like, respect for the readers of this journal forbids our characterizing this man by the one English word which befits his conduct; but have we not convicted him of falsehood? If popular report may be believed, does he not stand upon record as an assassin? Does not the immunity which he enjoys in the perpetration of these outrages prove that he is below the notice of gentlemen?

With these remarks we abandon the subject for ever. The estimate which this person professes to place upon us personally, and in a literary point of view, is to be regarded as rather complimentary than otherwise. No one can think of quarrelling with a man on a mere question of taste. In calling us a "blackguard," for instance, he does not prove us one so much as he proves that he does not know what a gentleman is. But in no case can we be induced to continue a controversy where the bandying of epithets is expected to take the place of argument, and where the victory must infallibly turn to the side where foul language predominates, and rest with the one whose vocabulary of vulgar vituperation is most extensive. In such a controversy an exasperated fishwoman would have the advantage of the inventor of language, let alone a moderate logician like ourselves. For this reason we retire from a contest in which we are convinced that we would certainly get the worst of it, however prolonged it might be.

HAVE WE DONE OUR DUTY?

ACCORDING to the *Sanitary Commission Bulletin*, it is feared that the late Sanitary Fairs held in the East may eventually check the regular flow of charity towards the Commission, and thus counterbalance the immediate and ruinous results of these festivals. Should such be the case, it may be of vital importance to the Commission that California should increase her contributions. No such demand has yet been made upon us; nor do we suppose that the officers who control that noble system of beneficence, from the President down, will ask from California anything more than she is at present doing. But there are certain facts and figures mentioned in the report which provoke the self-inquiry, whether we have done all we could or should do—whether, in spite of our self-complacency, our share in the contribution of two hundred millions of money and material that the loyal States have given in voluntary offerings and charities during the war be anything like our *pro rata*, to say nothing more.

The prevailing impression among ourselves is, that we have been extremely liberal. We remember that Mr. King, who freely gave his life in his untiring endeavors to bring the loyalty and munificence of the State up to the standard of his own lofty soul, sometimes found it necessary to awaken the flagging interest of his auditors by some deftly-turned compliment to the generosity of Californians. The diversion was always ludicrously effective. Cheers and enthusiasm took the place of former silence and apathy. Nothing could be more impressive than our comfortable self-complacency; nothing more sincere than the frank and enthusiastic way we cheered the recital of our own virtues. No doubt at that moment the whole-souled orator lent himself to a generous illusion, and clothed the offering of California with the larger bounty of his own nature. It was our rare fortune to have a poetical and generous almoner for our bounty. Our apples of gold were set in pictures of silver to the admiring gaze of all.

It is only of late that we have learned what was the magnitude or extent of the demands upon our Eastern brethren at that time, and the promptitude with which they were met. With the withdrawal of a large number of active men from the ranks of labor and the different professions, with an inflated currency and the prices of provisions advancing rapidly, our Eastern brethren have still exhibited a steady munificence which makes our spasmodic efforts seem trifling in comparison. It is only when there is a momentary cessation of these steady supplies, which were mostly of material and actual subsistence, that we get, through the alarm of the Sanitary Commission, an idea of their extent and importance. Otherwise, through their regularity and the systematic channels of the Commission they would have claimed no attention. We are made suddenly aware, through their temporary withdrawal, that for the past two years every loyal family has contributed some little trickling stream to this organized public fountain of charity, besides the personal and private offerings to local regiments, companies, and brothers, fathers and husbands in the ranks; and that with all our unrestricted resources and immunities from the evils of war, we are falling far behind the poorest State of our loyal Eastern brotherhood.

Facts like these are calculated to provoke reflection in every loyal breast. As we said before, it is not probable that the U. S. Sanitary Commission will ask for an increase of charity from California. But if the war continues, it will be well to be in readiness to meet if not anticipate the demand as a simple act of duty.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

OUR latest Eastern exchanges, received overland, are under date of the 27th ult., at which time the New York papers were discussing, with much spirit, the financial operations of Mr. Secretary Chase, just before his retirement from the Treasury Department. $40,000,000 of the $75,000,000 6-per-cent. loan of 1881 had been awarded by him at 104 and upwards, all lower bids being rejected. After tho awards had been made, the loan was selling at about 106; but much difficulty had been experienced in arranging for the payment of the several installments due thereon. It was contended that if Mr. Chase had adhered to his original policy of offering the entire loan to the highest bidder, and at the same time had faithfully persevered in a contraction of the currency, the unwise legislation in relation to Gold and Sterling Exchange, and the partial derangement of every other financial interest, would not have followed so quickly.

Nearly one-half the proposals for this loan were declined, and a certain price was fixed with a view to float it at that standard, under the tide of fresh issues of paper money. The Gold bill, since then, has been repealed, owing probably to some little fear that certain sections were in conflict with the law regulating the payment of interest on the public debt in gold. The last clause of the first section of this bill read as follows: "And it shall be unlawful to make any loan of money or currency, not being in coin, to be repaid in coin or bullion." It was maintained by some parties that any individual who might take any portion of the Government loan, paying the Treasury in currency, and agreeing to receive ultimate payment in return in gold, would violate the law, and subject himself to fine and imprisonment. It therefore became a serious question whether the Secretary of the Treasury could make, in future, any loans under the Acts of Congress, receivable in currency and payable in gold. Because of this and many other difficulties that were ensuing, Congress speedily repealed the odious law, as we were informed by telegraph two weeks since. We are yet without any definite information of the causes that led to the resignation of Mr. Chase at so critical a juncture in the fiscal affairs of the Government. Wall street holders of a portion of the $40,000,000 loan, alluded to above, were allowed to pay up their second installment in 6 per cent. certificates of deposit, which facilitated operations somewhat during a temporary scarcity of legal tender notes, growing out of the sudden demand for so large an amount of currency. The Clearing House Banks had not been in accord in reference to settlements on this basis, in lieu of greenbacks; and the Dissenting Creditor Banks were refusing to take their balances in certificates. It is quite apparent that financial affairs in the East are daily becoming more complicated, and that no favorable change is likely to take place unless a large portion of the volume of currency now afloat is absorbed in some way, and no further issues of paper money are made.

Legal Tender notes in this market have rallied a little during the week under the influence of a brisk demand from Nevada Territory, advancing from 39¼ to 41@41¼. The prevailing stagnation incident to all business in Virginia City, and the heavy losses that have been met with lately, have, it is said, duced a few parties there to cancel their liabilities to their creditors in greenbacks in lieu of gold.

The Mining share market continues exceedingly depressed, and very light transactions have been made during the week. An entire lack of confidence in the intrinsic value of most stocks seems to pervade all classes. Speculation has ceased and few or no orders are executed by the Brokers for investment.

Gould and Curry opened on Monday at $1,700, then steadily declined to $1.490, rallied yesterday morning to $1,525, and closed in the afternoon at $1,570. The next monthly dividend of $50, is, it is said, already in Bank at the credit of the Company. No new developments are reported this week.

Ophir has been in less favor, and fell from $700 to $600 asked, and was offered at the close at $525.

Potosi has been active and well sustained, advancing from $950 to $1,050 receding to $975, seller's option, 45 days, and selling yesterday at $1,000. Some 30 feet were sold within this range. Intelligence of a favorable character has been received from the mine the past few days.

Savage is held with firmness at about $1,100, at which rates sales were made. Shipments of bullion from this mine continue large.

Burning Moscow fell from $15 to $11. Lady Bryan declined from $7¼ to $2¼, rallied to $3¼, and closed at $3. Golden Age and Empire also declined from $20 to $17¼.

North American has been in less favor and steadily declined from $70 to $44.

Nevada (J. G.) was sold at $22. Baltic at $25. Bullion at $50. Baltimore American at $33, and Live Oak Copper at $22.

North Potosi rose from $65 to $69 and then fell to $60. Sales were made yesterday at $58.

Periodicals Received.—William E. Loomis, who succeeds to the business of Mr. Ullman, on the corner of Sansome and Washington streets, sends us the *Continental* and *Knickerbocker Magazines*, the *Round Table*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, New York and Boston papers, and a copy of *Cousin Phillis*—Miss Thackeray's novel.

Photograph of Gen. Grant.—An excellent picture of General Grant, photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, and published by J. C. Goodhue & Co., is before us. The General's teeth are firmly set, and his look is that of a man who, if he has not taken Richmond yet, is determined to before he abandons his task.

THE SEPARATION OF THE SEXES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SCHOOLS for boys and girls, after the age of ten years, should be separate in large cities. In small towns the children are so few and their homes so far apart, that schools of proper size can only be organized by allowing both sexes to attend the same school. A serious error has been committed in San Francisco by maintaining the mixed public schools; but there is hope now for a change. The Board of Education have appointed a special committee to consider the advisability of separating the sexes. Some of the committeemen are in favor of a change, but we fear that they are not a majority, or that they will apply the new rule to only one or two schools. There are many reasons why the sexes should be separated, and we shall mention a few of them:

The public schools are supported by taxes levied on all the taxable property, and paid by all the people. As everybody pays, so everybody should be permitted to use the schools. But many parents are determined that their large girls shall not go to a school where they are in the same room with large boys, and, as a consequence, these girls do not attend the public schools, but remain at home or go to Catholic or private schools. The dislike of mixed schools is not unwise and even if it were, the prejudices of the community should be respected. They pay their money, and their wishes ought to be taken into consideration.

When the girls are kept away from the public schools, either their education is neglected, or their parents are put to a great expense for tuition in private schools—both serious evils.

The efficiency and value of the public schools increase with their size. They ought to collect all the children of the country; and not until they do so will they be properly supported and managed.

Private schools are now maintained chiefly because the public schools are not so good as they should be, and the chief objection is the mixing of the sexes. But private schools should be discouraged. They divide the children into castes and classes, and maintain the prejudices of creed, birth, occupation and wealth. The public school breaks down the barriers of sect, the distinctions of clique, the differences of nativity, the influence of superstition, and all the factitious and pernicious divisions in the community. The public schools are now superior to any private school in many points, but they should be made superior in every respect, and they never can be made superior until the sexes are divided.

In a large city many of the boys must be bad. Prudent mothers are wise in determining that their large daughters shall not be thrown into company with such boys every day. Acquaintance and friendship must result in many cases, even though the two sexes never speak in the school-room.

Among the great multitude of girls who attend the public schools, cases of scandal must occur occasionally, and the blame is often thrown on the school, because the offender is known to be in attendance there, though the school is in no way responsible for the evil.

A great many other considerations might be stated, but these are sufficient for the present. It may be well to state, however, that the Police Court was yesterday occupied with closed doors in investigating one of the most painful developments, in which a number of girls belonging to the public schools are concerned, that has yet occurred in this community. Were the facts to be made public, few even of those who are at present opposed to the reform would question that the separation of the sexes in the public schools is an imperative necessity and not simply a question of taste.

MORAL FORCE—AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE day was calm, unusually so—a calm day is as noticeable in San Francisco as a fine day in England. The bay reposed in peaceful sleep, land-locked in its smiling hills. The city smoked and fumed below my elevated and airy domicile. The rise and fall of fortunes or empires for the moment were forgotten. I was sitting serenely under the shade of a tea tree, surrounded by an attentive circle of children, engaged in the solution of an interesting moral problem. Our family circle had lately received an accession, a starved, lean and hungry kitten—not prepossessing in appearance—of that yellow cast which, whether in man or beast, is not a passport to general favor. Our dog *Boss*, a black and tan terrier of highly respectable appearance, was engaged in prospecting the new comer. A bone had been placed before the hungry starveling. It looked nice—*Boss* wanted it. He had just returned from a health-promoting ramble. At the smallest demonstration, a furious spit drove him back several paces. He advanced again and again, but with the same result. What had this creature to back it? *Boss* could have throttled it at one swallow. He was a trained rat-catcher. The creature did not go upon its muscle but upon its spunk. Yes, that was it. Spunk—grit, indomitable resolution, will, energy, if you please—the sole term by which this little frail, miserable creature held on to its dinner or its place in the universe.

"Children," said I, "here is a lesson for you. Behold this kitten! It is poor, it is lean, it is hungry, it is forlorn—but it holds on to its own. You have all been told to be good children, and mind what is said to you. That is well. You have often—all or some of you—been whipped for not minding what some exceedingly unreasonable person has said to you. You have exercised your immature brains to know what it was really right to do. You have all tried to be good at times, and been sorry for being bad; though in what badness consisted you could not very well tell, even if you were asked. Now, I say to you, look at that kitten: hold on to your own, my juvenile friends; maintain your own place, for nobody will maintain it for you; do not crowd your neighbors, but do not allow yourselves to be crowded. Be not dismayed by great and seemingly overwhelming odds, but give a little spit or a hiss and go to work again. Because we are small and weaker, shall we not live? Yes, and indeed nine lives will we live, if it should be necessary."

I think I produced a favorable effect. The attention of my listeners was about equally divided between myself and the kitten. "Sieze her, *Boss!*" said Tom—a roguish, black-eyed rascal; but *Boss* wagged his tail. "That's right, *Boss!*" said I; "come, now, you shall have your dinner." E. D. W.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE new season of English opera at the Academy of Music was commenced with *The Bohemian Girl*, on Saturday night, and each repetition since then has uniformly filled the benches. Such popular airs as "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls, "Come with the Gypsy Bride," and "Then You'll Remember Me"—melodies that have grown old between the well-thumbed pages of music-books without losing their freshness and beauty, and have survived the steady thrumming of solfeggio misses—drew a large number who are not habitual opera-goers, as well as the critics who admire Balfe's originality. The opera was well put upon the stage, and well dressed, with fewer mistakes than usually attend the reproduction of an old favorite where most performers are apt to trust to their memory of former representations.

The singing was exceedingly good—much better than the acting. With but two exceptions—"Arline," (Miss Richings,) and "Devilshoof" (Mr. Peakes)—there was a prevailing deadly-liveliness in the most exciting passages on the first night of its performance, with a little improvement on subsequent nights. The loss of the child of "Count Arnheim," (Mr. Seguin,) was accepted with such manly resignation by that gentleman, that the chorus, as disinterested parties, might have been pardoned for the lack of sympathy they manifested, but not for the absence of most qualities which attend the phenomena of existence. This might have been owing to the ludicrous effect of the prayer, which spite of its excellent music is somewhat ridiculous at that crisis, and is sometimes omitted. Vocally, however, they did much better, and all the choruses and concerted pieces were given with spirit and animation.

Miss Richings' "Arline" was excellently sung and acted. The cultivation and control of her flexible voice was shown to good advantage in some passages that required very rapid and artistic execution. She was dressed with rare good taste, and made a vivacious, coquettish and charming gypsy. "Thaddeus," (Mr. Hill,) the new tenor, seemed to lack confidence and power, although his voice had much sweetness and an excellent style of expression. The same difficulty seemed to attend the efforts of "Count Arnheim," who, though evidently a cultivated artist, labored too much in his solos. Perhaps the wonderful purity of Mr. Peakes' voice threw these deficiencies of his fellow-singers into greater relief—he possessing a most remarkable bass organ, the finest though not the most cultivated that has ever been heard on this coast. In the quartette—"Through the Valleys and Hills"—it was as a thread of pure gold, and the quartette was deservedly encored. Such a voice is worthy of the highest cultivation.

The matinée on Wednesday afternoon passed off very well, although the performers could not but be discouraged by the slim attendance. The gem of the first part was Miss Richings' "Sicilienne," from Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, and she was deservedly encored. Her trills in this song are wonderful. Her Scotch ballads, although very beautiful in themselves, are given in quite too operatic a manner, and lose all their sweetness in *roulades* and flourishes. Julien was, as usual, excellent, in both his fantasie from *Linda* and "La Marracca," and his performance alone deserved a better house. The new baritone sang the "Largo al factotum," from *Il Barbiere*, with a good deal of spirit, and was much better than in the opera of *The Bohemian Girl*. Hill sang the beautiful song, by Wrighter, "Her bright smile haunts me still," with great sweetness but little force. His voice is exceedingly sweet, and suits well the ballad style. His duet with the basso, (Mr. Peakes,) "The Larboard Watch," was a splendid song and very well given. This same basso has by far the best male voice, and is withal an excellent actor. His song, "The Old Sexton," gave him an excellent opportunity of showing the compass of his splendid voice. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Evans, got on very well in the overture to *The Enchantress*, but made a miserable failure in the overture to *Satanella*, breaking down in the commencement of the gem of the whole, "The power of love." As for the "Polka," at the last, no one staid to hear that—the last attempt in the overture to *Satanella* having satisfied every one as to the orchestra. This afternoon Julien gives his seventh matinée.

On Thursday evening *The Child of the Regiment* was given to a very full house. There was a vast improvement in both acting and singing. "Cartouche," (the "Sulpice" of *La Fille du Regiment*,) was rendered by Mr. Seguin with much animation, although this gentleman's voice, spite its education, has not yet given any evidence of more than average quality or melody. Mr. Hill, as "Toneo," kindled a little in his duets with "Marie." (Miss Richings,) and betrayed more power than many of his auditors thought him capable of. When he is acclimated, and entirely recovered from the damaging effects of a sea voyage, he will probably do better. Mr. Peakes ("Corporal Lenoir") did not have much opportunity to display what "Toneo" calls his "gentle voice;" yet the little he did was well done. Miss Richings' "Marie" was a capital blending of *naiveté* and enthusiasm, dash and tenderness. She was in admirable voice, although in what is evidently her popular charm—*i. e.*, the "trill"—she was not evenly good. We are sorry to see that the young lady sometimes defers to the popular taste rather than her own more correct instincts, by a too frequent introduction of the trill—often misplaced and not always just. She was well dressed in both acts, and looked equally well as a fine lady or a *vivandiere;* but we have before remarked the uniform excellence of Miss Richings' toilette. Richings *pere* made a decided hit in the buffo *role* of "Hortensio." His drunkenness belonged to the Burton order of excellence, and his mastery of some heavy stage business was wonderful in one of his advanced years. The gem of the evening was "The Music Lesson," in which Miss Richings, Mr. Seguin and Miss Kate Martin won deserved applause. Throughout this piece Miss Richings, in voice and dramatic conception, manifested an excellence beyond any of her previous performances. This evening, the last representation of *The Daughter of the Regiment* will be given, and to-morrow evening *The Bohemian Girl*.

Miss Jennie Kempton, a popular *contralto*, arrived on the last steamer, and will soon appear in *Linda di Chamounix*.

Maguire's Opera House has not been doing the business during the week that the excellent acting of Mr. Wheatleigh would warrant. *Paul's Return* and *The American Cousin* have filled the bills. The former piece did not draw so well as to authorize the expectation that Paul will soon be returned to Maguire's stage. In *The American Cousin* the part of "Asa Trenchard" was well rendered by Mr. Wheatleigh, but he had to encounter a disadvantage, which is evident when we remark that nearly all the audience had seen Joe Jefferson in that character. Mr. Wheatleigh's interpretation of "Asa Trenchard" is correct and quiet, but it lacks the breadth and depth of humor which Jefferson manages to throw into a character that he has made peculiarly his own. Mrs. Edwin made an attractive and pretty "Florence;" while Mrs. Perry, as "Mary Meredith," looked and acted the frank, fair goddess of the milk-pan-and-pail to a charm. Frank Mayo's "Lord Dundreary" was very creditable, though, of course, merely an imitation of that of Sothern, who created the character, and has made it the study of his life. Pope, as "Abel Murcott," gave the usual rendition, but we much wish that a more exalted idea of the habits of the unfortunate clerk might become impressed upon the theatrical mind. Because "Abel" was addicted to gin is scarcely a reason that he should so far go back on water as to perambulate parlors with the look of a man who does not wash his face quite so often in the month as Sunday comes. Barry played Barry capitally. The only objection that can be brought against his performance of the character is that, according to the spirit of the piece, he should have played "Binney."

The little drama of *The Débutante* was produced on Wednesday evening as a sort of cap-sheaf to *The American Cousin*. This is one of the most charming little comedies known on the stage, and Wheatleigh is inimitable in it. As the old Frenchman, "Achille Talma Dufard," he challenges laughter until only aching sides and painfully distended mouths can take up the gauntlet. It is something to see him come down into the orchestra with his "enfant," "Emilié Antoinette Rose," (Lulu Sweet,) and hold converse with the Leader, and beat upon his huge drum. The great fun of the piece turns upon the glimpse it gives of life behind the scenes, and this is so true to the reality that occasionally the actors almost forget themselves in the mimic rehearsal, and indulge in the unconstraint which characterizes them on such occasions. Probably most of our readers are familiar with the plan of the play, but for the benefit of the few who possibly are not, we will briefly sketch it: The old Frenchman is bent on getting a theatrical engagement for his "child," and in his endeavors to secure one displays a most amusing pertinacity. Finally, a row occurs at the rehearsal, with the leading lady, and here is an opening for "Emilié Antoinette Rose." There is a plot and a counterplot as to permitting her to appear in the piece, but she finally does appear and makes a remarkable success. The piece itself is a capital one, and all the actors in it play their respective parts with spirit. Last evening witnessed the production of *The Marble Heart*.

This afternoon and evening John Brougham's spectacular sensation drama *Bel Demonio* is to be produced. Huge streamers and the largest and most extraordinary woodcuts ever seen in this country have already acquainted the public with this fact. According to the illustrations which adorn every dead-wall in the vicinity, a man is to precipitate himself from rocks several hundred feet high into a channel whose depth no plummet can solve; women are to view the act with all manners of expressions depicted upon the most impossible feminine countenances, and altogether such an entertainment is promised as was never before witnessed in the country. The drama is to be produced, withal, with new scenery, costumes, and furniture, and the most original and surprising musical and mechanical effects. We await the Beautiful Demon with impatience.

IN PURSUIT.

"NOW, Briggs," said the inspector, slowly rattling the silver in his pocket, as he always did when he was thoughtful, "there can't be a doubt of it. The Mr. Styles that embarked on board the *Royal Canadian* last Monday was Montgomery Hood; the Frenchman with the eye-glass and who went to New York by the Cunard boat, under the name of Monsieur Leroy, was William Hood—a deep card that!" And the inspector softly chinked his half-crowns together and frowned at the empty fire-place at the Liverpool inn parlor—where we sat over our negus.

I—Sergeant John Briggs, of the detective—was of the same way of thinking as my superior in the force, and not without good reason. Our birds had taken wing from British ground; of that we were pretty sure, for it was not the first time by many that we had paid a visit, professionally, to Liverpool. Indeed, the towns that a detective, who is worth his salt, knows the most of, are Liverpool and London, and there were few ins and outs of the great seaport with which we are not familiar. It was next door to an impossibility that the two absconding clerks whom it was our duty to apprehend should be concealed in any part of Liverpool. The police know every hole and corner of that city, big as it is, as well as a stoat knows the burrows in a rabbit warren, and there were plenty of queer customers who would have given us the "office," in case any outsiders had been hiding among their haunts. The description we had received tallied fairly with the appearance of the persons who had sailed in the packets referred to, and we had traced them, step by step, to the water's edge.

And now to explain. The runaways—brothers, as might be guessed from their names—had never been suspected of dishonesty before the crash came. They were respectably connected, the Hoods, and had received a first-rate education. They were both in the employment of a great house in the wholesale export trade, Penderford & Hatch, of Lothbury, E. C.; the elder of the two, William Hood, being cashier, and having the full confidence of his employers. To do the rogue justice, he seems for years to have served the firm faithfully, and it was not until he got deeply involved—being of extravagant habits and a sporting turn—that he commenced his peculations. In his position, and with his abilities, the slippery downward path was only too easy. He falsified accounts, tampered with pass-books and embezzled balances. It was the old story of blind trust and betrayal. At last, when detection was at hand, William Hood fled, carrying with him nearly seven thousand pounds, and a mass of bonds and valuable papers; and his brother—his junior by eleven years, and who had been a tool in the hands of his artful relative—was the companion of his flight.

Even the angry merchants, justly incensed against their treacherous cashier, were sorry for the fate of this poor boy, not yet 18 years of age and absolutely under the influence of his elder brother. It was said, that though clever and apt at learning, the younger Hood was timid and ductile, and much in awe of his senior, whose character was fierce and resolute as well as prompt in stratagem and expedient. Sentiment apart, it was our duty to secure William and Montgomery Hood, and the cash and papers of which they were the unlawful possessors, with the least possible delay. And it had been distinctly intimated to us from our chiefs in Scotland Yard, that immediate reward and probable promotion would be the meed of success.

It was agreed that Inspector Wilkins and I, instead of hunting in couples, as heretofore, should separate, each of us attaching himself to the trace of one of the fugitives. And to my surprise, the inspector, who had a right as my superior officer to take his choice, elected to follow young Montgomery Hood who had sailed in the Quebec packet. Such a chance, to my mind, was almost too good to be true. Wilkins and I had done a good many strokes of work together—neat things, like the gold bars business at Birmingham, or the jewel business at Paddington, which had found their way into the leading newspapers. But somehow it had always been "Mr. Inspector Wilkins and Sergeant Briggs," and I had felt quite snuffed out and eclipsed, even in print, by my friend. In the police courts it was the same—Wilkins! always Wilkins! The magistrates were constantly asking the opinion or tasking the memory of my comrade, who was a living biography of convicts and doubtful persons; and if ever a reporter spoke of "that able officer, Sergeant Briggs," it was sure to be in a corner of the paragraph that nobody cared to study.

And now this very inspector, as jealous of fame and credit (though a good fellow every inch of him) as any member of the force, had voluntarily given up to me what seemed the very cream of the business. William Hood was the principal culprit; William Hood had gone to New York; most likely the chief part of the booty was in his possesion; and most certainly the credit of capturing him—the bolting cashier—would far outweigh the poor renown of running to earth such a half-fledged offender as his boy brother, fifteenth clerk, or something of the sort, in the counting house of Penderford & Hatch. I managed not to show any signs of my exultation, but when I saw Inspector Wilkins fairly under steam down the Mersey, bound for Quebec, I could not help chuckling as I exclaimed, "John Briggs, my boy, your fortune's made."

I took my passage in the *Borussia*, bound for New York, not exactly as Sergeant Briggs the detective, but as Phipps Gregson, a Birmingham man, travelling in the hardware line for Pash and Bartnett, of Rosemary Lane, Sheffield. Bless you, I was born and bred in the Black country; knew Birmingham and Wolverhampton well as a boy; and could talk "Brummagem," as the commercials call it, as well as any bagman of them all. So, although there were two or three real Simon Pures on board—men who were going out in the cutlery interest, or the castings interest—it never came into their heads to suspect that the firm for which Mr. Gregson really travelled was located in Scotland Yard. Of course, to deceive these honest English commercials was not worth while, were it not that through them I check-mated the prying eyes and glib tongues of our inquisitive Yankee fellow-passengers. And this was essential. If a British detective *had* been soft enough to let the saloon passengers worm out his character and errand the whole affair would have been blazing abroad in the *Herald* and the *Tribune* twelve hours after our landing, and the thief would have learned that one of Queen Victoria's sleuth hounds was upon his track.

Still, as I weighed the matter over—and on the voyage, being a good sailor, (by constitution, I suppose, for my longest voyage had hitherto been to Rotterdam or Belfast, in chase of a runaway,) I had plenty of time for thought—as I turned the matter over, I felt that I must be very cautious and cool. The golden opportunity, thanks to the inspector's unaccountable conduct, I had; but to improve it was not so easy. We detectives—I still consider myself as one of the body to which I so long belonged—we detectives know very well that most rogues are fools as well as knaves; but when we find a rogue who is not a fool, we expect tough work, and I knew that William Hood was not one to be easily caught napping. To pit my wits against his was, I felt, to play an even game. I was practiced in my professional avocations, was an honest man, and should be backed by the law. Great advantages these! I did not undervalue them. But then he had the start, and in some cases the start is nine points in the game.

"Where away is it I'll rowl yer honor?" asked the Irish jarvey who drove the car or fly I had selected from the display of bad and dear hackney carriages on New York quay, and who had evidently not been long enough in America to learn practical republicanism. "Will I dhrive ye to the Metropolitan, sir?"

I chose, however, a different and much less luxurious establishment, Crockett's House, Fourth of July street, in the Bowery—a queer hotel, frequented by rough and ready customers, chiefly from Texas, California, Missouri, and other western regions. I felt pretty sure that Mr. Hood was not likely to be found at the great houses, where the best of the European visitors and American provincials are used to herd together, and my chance of picking up information seemed greater if I kept aloof from respectable society.

I did not let grass grow under my feet, but fell to work on the evening of the very day that saw our landing from the *Borussia*. Many a man would have rested, or indulged his curiosity as to the strange city and nondescript people. But Sergeant Briggs had his promotion to earn, and his good little wife at home, as well as the three children, to think of. I felt my mouth water as I thought of all I could do with that handsome reward offered by Penderford & Hatch—the schooling for Tom and Alfred, the smart new frocks for Louisa, who would then go to Miss Twigg's select academy at Turnham Green, the terms of which were fifty guineas, to say nothing of the towels and silver spoon. And Mrs. B., a dear, sprightly little woman, who had comforted me often and often when I was but a constable at twenty-eight shillings a week, and it was hard to scrub on—*she* deserved a full share of gratified whims and wishes from that blessed windfall of five hundred pounds—if only I could get it.

With all my eagerness, however, and I did my best, my toil was labor lost. In vain I ransacked the Empire City, which, like most of us in the detective department, I knew fairly by report, and of which I had been furnished with a sort of rough sketch in writing by my brother officer, Sergeant Hemmings. Hemmings, too, had been friendly enough to give me some letters of introduction, sufficient to launch me, not into the best, which would not have suited my purpose, but into the very worst society in New York. Hemmings knew a thing or two against more than one of the British-born settlers there, which the parties in question preferred to keep dark, even in that easy-going place, and they were obliged to be civil to my comrade or any friend of his. And I, too, here and there met somebody of whose antecedents I knew a good deal more than he or she cared to have published to the world, and who was ready in consequence to buy my silence by helping on my search.

But I failed—failed as miserably and utterly as plain policeman X 42 could have done, if Sir Richard had chosen him for delicate work of the kind. In hotel bars and rowdy groceries, in flash billiard-rooms, in low grog-shops, where sailors and wild Irish battered each other till the police came to establish order with their flails, and in taverns where red-shirted Californians played monte and euchre for dollar notes and pinches of gold-dust, I sought in vain. After weeks spent in exploring the town, I was not a bit wiser than at the beginning. At last, and by mere accident, I found a clue. Of course I had not failed, when I hid myself in the troubled waters of low life at New York, to communicate with the police of the city. There is a fellow-feeling among the guardians of public order all the world over, and I am bound to say that the police of New York were very willing to give me every assistance in their power. They could not, however, point out the covert where my game lay concealed. Even Marshal Keyzor, a most experienced officer, whose name was known on our side the Atlantic as well as on his own, could not help me there. One of his men had noticed the Frenchman with the eye-glass and the poodle, when the packet was boarded by the newsboys and detectives, off the Point: but no suspicion attached to the grotesque foreigner, and from the moment of his landing all traces of him was lost. Yet the city marshals were good enough to introduce me to all the railway, steamboat, omnibus, and stage officials, and to insure me attention in my researches. And, indeed, it was from a railway clerk that I got my clue—such as it was: "Cæsar, the black porter, found this in the waiting room; seems to be a feather of your lost bird, sir. Guess he's sloped by our line, anyhow," said the good-natured clerk, as he popped a card into my hand. It was a common visiting card, and on the back of it had been pencilled, roughly, a rude calculation—a sum in the rule of three, as far as I could make it out. But the card was one of William Hood's cards, and I could hardly doubt that he himself had dropped it; and most likely the Yankee clerk was correct in his conjecture. Wilham Hood was most probably absent from New York, and it was reasonable to suppose that he had journeyed by the railway at the terminus of which the tell-tale bit of pasteboard had been found. The line led, firstly, to Albany, and to Albany I went.

I went to Albany, and I went to Rochester, and I went to Buffalo. I did more, for I tried the hotels at Niagara Falls—then very crowded, for it was hot weather, and the polite world was out of town—and I went as far as Sandusky, on a wild-goose chase after a man who was a rogue, I dare say, because he looked so awfully frightened when I began to ask him a few questions professionally, but not *my* rogue. And then, sick at heart, I turned back to the east, retraced my steps to the Hudson river, and what they call the Highlands—a very fashionable resort of the New Yorkers in summer time; and, after vainly inquiring there, began to feel despair of any success.

I rambled away from the Mountain House, where I had taken up my temporary quarters, and where about five hundred ladies and gentlemen were sojourning, so that the clatter of knives, forks, and tongues, at the grand *table d'hote* was something to astonish one. But at an American *table d'hote* it seems you can get up and be off without offending anybody. The Yankees don't scramble over a meal now in ten minutes of grudged time; they have gone into the other extreme, and spin out the better part of the afternoon over their five courses and iced waters, and the long dinner was wearisome to me.

So out I went, and down the steep incline, dell after dell and glen after glen opening upon my eyes with fresh beauty. Beneath me lay the broad Hudson, pure and bright as a silver riband, flecked with sails, and widening out into what the old Dutch settlers called an inland sea—the Tappan Zee. And all about me lay the Nine Pins, the green mountains of the Catskill, solemn and beautiful under the darkening blue sky of a grand American summer's evening. Mountains and river, and sky and woods—for there were some monstrous pines and maples left, here and there, unfelled—made up such a pretty scene, that I gazed and gazed for a long time. Members of the force see more ugly sights than lovely ones, and we are mostly kept in thickly-peopled districts, as is reasonable; so a sweet prospect is a real treat to some of us. And though I had been about a bit in the course of duty, I had never seen such a charming landscape except on the drop-scene of a theatre. Presently I strolled down to the Hudson, hired a pinnace, and went out for a sail. The boatmen were a couple of Dutchmen, father and son, as I soon found out. They were not very talkative, when compared with Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent; but when they heard I was from the old country, and had been to Rotterdam and other Dutch ports, they warmed into conversation. As far as I could make out, they thought themselves half Hollanders still, though it was the old man's great-grandfather who had come out in some ship whose name I couldn't pronounce, and which had brought from Europe some Dutch dignitary whose title and office were unintelligible, but who must have been a great personage in his day, for he not only brought a coach and servants and horses along with him, but bricks from Leyden or Utrecht to build his house. But these slow, cautious boatmen were very good-natured, and pointed me out many notable spots along the river—tho "Buckleap," over which some hunted deer had bounded in the early days of the settlement; the rock where some great Indian chief, warrior, or prophet had been shot with a silver bullet; the site of a ruined farm-house, burned by Cowboys or Skinners in the revolutionary struggle. At last I noticed a person, apparently a gentleman from his gesture and carriage, standing on a point of land and beckoning to us. I bade my boatmen steer inshore, and we were soon within easy speaking distance.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure," said the gentleman who had beckoned to us, taking off his hat with the utmost politeness; "were it not that a lady's comfort is concerned, I would not have ventured to trespass upon you; but the ferryman at the proper station is disabled from crossing. He has been carousing with some boon companions, and has foolishly swallowed a quantity of raw whisky, in compliance with some stupid wager, I understand, and now lies helpless and useless. There are no persons at the ferry-house capable of managing the heavy boat. My wife, who is in delicate health, wishes to reach the Mountain House before the dews fall, and if you would kindly put us across the river, we should be much obliged for the courtesy."

What tongues these Americans have, to be sure! Of course I willingly acceded to the request, and would have done so had the favor been asked by the most awkward John Bull alive; but it was a downright pleasure to oblige such travellers as these. Mr. Sterling—that was the gentleman's name, and, as he said in his frank way, he "hailed" from Virginia—was certainly a very prepossessing young man, and a very fluent and well-informed talker. And Mrs. Sterling—who rose from a mossy hollow beneath the shadow of a rock, where she had been reclining, almost invisible from the river—appeared a richly dressed and elegant young woman, but very timid. She wore her Brussels lace veil down, hot as the sultry day was, and only spoke in a sort of whispering tone; while she seemed to cling trustfully, but rather helplessly, to her husband's arm. It was beautiful to see what attention Mr. Sterling paid her, with what anxious care he watched over her, and how, when we left the boat, he supported her steps up the rocky road with his strong arm.

Afterwards, when the Virginian and I were smoking our cigars in the cool verandah of the Mountain House, and sipping a glass of "Stonewall" to our better acquaintance, Mr. Sterling told me a good deal about his antecedents, as Americans will do. Before long I knew how many negroes he had on his estate, how many acres of tobacco, and how many bins of old wine of his grandfather's importing. I also learned that pretty Mrs. S., quite a bride, was a native of Philadelphia. He asked a few questions, too, in a careless, off-hand way. So I had come by the Cunard boat—which boat, now?—*Asia? City of London? Africa?* Quick trip? smooth sea? many queer folks among the passengers—English, especially? Had I been in England, and had my companion been an Englishman, I should have thought he was trying to pump me. But the Americans are inquisitive to a proverb, and I thought nothing of Mr. Sterling's curiosity.

The Virginian and his pretty wife were going to the lakes—all this, you must know, happened the year before the civil war began, and while Virginia was still in the Union—and as they were to leave the highlands on the following morning, and I was on the wing, too, it was arranged that we should travel together as far as Buffalo, or even Cincinnati; for I had picked up, while lounging in the bar, certain hints and broken phrases which led me to think that the game I sought would be flushed further to the west. A corn-factor, over his julep, had described an intelligent "Briton" he had met at Buffalo, and who seemed very much like William Hood. A gaunt minister, in homespun coat and deerskin gambadoes, spoke of an English stripling who had "tarried a night" at his manse among the Ohio hog-farms, and who had lost his way and

lamed his horse in some excursion from Cincinnati. The account of the lad in question tallied with the description of Montgomery Hood.

We started together, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling and myself. Hot as the day was, Mrs. Sterling wore a white burnous of some thin white stuff, full of silvery stripes, and her white veil down as before. She spoke very little, but what she did say was very gentle and ladylike, but not clever in the least. It was beautiful to see with what affectionate trust she clung to her husband, and relied on him for everything. It was evident that he was the guiding-spirit of the matrimonial firm, and she a mere childish, confiding thing, relying implicitly on his strength and shrewdness. It was a pretty sight, but I could not help feeling a sort of contempt for the silly little woman too. As we alighted from the car in front of the railway station, I stooped to lift a trunk, and my pistol, which I kept in my breast pocket, slipped out and fell with a bang upon the gravel, just at Mrs. Sterling's feet.

The lady screamed. The porter, a negro, broke into a horse-laugh, and Mr. Sterling picked up the weapon, looked at it curiously—it was no revolver, but one of the old double-barrels we get from the Government—and returned it to with a bow and a smile, drily saying:

"You travel, I think you told me, in the interest of some Sheffield house. Am I to consider this, pray, as a specimen of the hardware you deal in, or have you really imbibed the idea that our unfortunate country is so full of blood-thirsty brawlers that fire-arms are thus necessary as bosom friends?"

I could not help wincing. No doubt it was proper that I should be very discreet as to my errand, but I could not appear in a doubtful light to my new friends.

"Sir," said I, "you take me for an impostor, and perhaps a rogue. The first I am obliged to be; the second I am not. To account for my possession and carrying about me of this unlucky pistol, I'll tell you who I am. I'm Sergeant John Briggs, of the detective force, and I have come from London to arrest two dangerous felons who have absconded with a large sum. If you now like to drop my acquaintance——" Drop my acquaintance! it was a comfort the chivalrous young Virginian did not wring my hand off. He declared that he was pleased and proud to be my fellow-traveller; and even the timid Mrs. Sterling murmured something complimentary, and showed her white teeth in a smile. Very white teeth they were, and not the least spoiled with sugar-plums, sweet cakes, and scalding tea, which ruin the mouths of most American women.

After this we travelled on very agreeably together. And now I really reaped some solid advantage from my intimacy with the bridal pair. I was admitted, as one of their party, to the ladies' car, and was out of reach of tobacco juice, noisy talk, and neighbors who were neither clean nor civil. Republicans as the Yankees are, they have three classes on their lines—the ladies' car, answering to our first, but shut against solitary male passengers; the general cars, where all whites herd together; and the negro car. Under Mrs. Sterling's protection, I was admitted among the aristocrats of the rail, and found the journey much more pleasant. The car was well cushioned, lined with glossy cloth, and nearly empty; and, in that baking weather, the contrast to the stifling atmosphere of the wild-beast vans in which I was usually compelled to travel was delightful.

Pleasant as it might be, the journey was short. At Schenectady, where several lines meet, we came to a dead halt, and a good deal of noise and confusion ensued. The station was crowded; the single sets of rails were choked with engines, cars and trucks, and every one seemed to shout and wrangle at once. Part of the crowd consisted merely of the ordinary pleasure-seekers, bound for Saratoga, Niagara Falls, or other fashionable resorts, and of business men on their way west or east; but the more uproarious element was contributed by a throng of Irish emigrants, whose train it was proposed to shunt on one side, and break up, in favor of the better dressed and better paying natives. But these Hibernian new arrivals, who had, it seems, made some contract for their safe and speedy transport with one of the touting speculators so common in New York, were by no means passive in the matter. They had begun to conceive the idea that they were taken in, and their Celtic blood was on fire.

"If ye stand this, boys, it's skin ye alive they will! Haveu't we been half starved already, let alone sleepin' by the way side, and being packed like bullocks for market?" bawled one excited fellow in a faded blue coat, garnished with metal buttons.

"Who's to say the chatin', deceiviu' crimp tould us a word of thruth at all?" screamed a woman who carried a child in her arms, while two other little ones clung, frightened, to her skirts. "He's pouched our dollars—the curse of Cromwell be on him!—and who'll warrant that laborers are wanted at Oswego, and wages high and mate cheap? See how we're thrated!"

Then began a dreadful uproar. The two or three policemen on the platform were cowed by the display of sticks which took place, every Irishman seeming to possess either a blackthorn or a sapling, and the brandished cudgels and wild cries of the mob struck terror into the more civilized portion of the company. However, several Americans, whose glossy clothes and quiet air of self-possession marked them as belonging to what is there called the "aristocracy," came forward, and with much tact and good-humor proceeded to coax the noisy Paddies into a more pacific mood. But meanwhile the Irishwomen were very violent and clamorous, excitedly rushing up and down the line, and protesting that they and their "childher" would have places in the train, come what might, and threatening to drag the "fine New York gentry" from their seats.

Under these alarming circumstances, it is hardly wonderful if Mrs. Sterling became nervous, and her husband anxious to get her away from Schenectady. At this moment the conductor of the train happened to pass.

"When shall we be starting, sir? Snakes! I can't answer you; no, sir. Some of those Irish loafers have been meddling with the locomotive, and smashed the levers, and lifted the wheels off the line. We must get steam up in the 'Old Hickory,' and that will take time. Better get the lady into the waiting-room, until we've quieted these immigrants a bit."

This was sensible counsel, and it was followed at once. The door was opened; I got out first, and received a good armful of shawls, novels, scent-bottles, and little lady-like trifles of that sort, for Mrs. Sterling traveled with a great deal of light luggage, and her husband had enough to do to carry the rest and to hand her out of the car. While this was going on, I noticed a man, one of the Irish laborers by his dress and figure, who wore a rough frieze coat, hot as the day was, and had his shaggy red hair hanging like a horse's mane over his face. This fellow, standing a little back among his countrymen, was taking no part in the row, but eyeing us in an inquisitive sort of fashion. An ugly, wild-looking customer he was—had been fighting, most likely, for half his face was concealed by a blue cotton handkerchief, from under which peeped strips of plaster, but somehow the other half of the face seemed familiar to me. I thought and thought, rubbed my eyes, and looked again. The fellow was gone! Nothing was to be seen but waving cudgels and outstretched arms, and excited men and women gesticulating, and here and there a glib American soothing the mob, and half-laughingly pointing to a strong body of police, who had just been fetched by special engine from Albany, and who had cutlasses and revolvers to supplement those short, heavy flails which Yankee constables carry when on ordinary duty.

"It is all right now, my love," said Mr. Sterling, calming his wife's timid fears as he assisted her to descend; "now the police have arrived, there will be no more—"

The sentence was never finished. As Mrs. Sterling's delicate kid boot touched the ground, the frieze-coated Irishman with the fell of unkempt red hair and the plastered face came rushing forward, caught the handsome Virginian planter by the throat, twisting his hand in Mr. Sterling's cravat so as nearly to strangle him, and with the other hand clutched Mrs. Sterling rudely by the arm.

"William Hood," cried this strange immigrant, "you are my prisoner on a charge of felony, in the name of her Majesty the Queen of England. And you, too, Mr. Montgomery Hood. Sergeant Briggs, help me to secure the prisoners."

The supposed Paddy's hat and blue cotton kerchief had fallen off in the scuffle, his wig of fiery red hair was awry. It was Inspector Wilkins who stood before me, holding my charming American fellow-travellers in his professional grip. We detectives are not easily astonished, but here the surprise beat anything I had ever seen, even on the stage, and for once I stood stupid and staring, with my eyes fixed on the group. Then there was an explosion of fierce curses and threats, a cry of alarm, and I recovered my wits only just in time to strike up the pistol which that little fury, young Montgomery Hood, was discharging at his captor's head. Bang went the pistol, the ball going into the wall above us; and then a desperate struggle ensued, for the elder culprit, who had a revolver under his coat, tried hard to shake himself free of the inspector, whilst false Mrs. Sterling fought like a wild-cat, and it was not until his finery was in tatters, and his face covered with blood, that I could get the upper hand of the younger delinquent. Even then we could hardly have handcuffed them both but for the aid of the Albany police, who came hurrying up at the report of the pistol.

"It's all right and square, gentlemen," said the inspector, producing the papers; "warrant of the British Secretary of State, countersigned, as you see, Extradition warrant, backed by all the proper authorities in Washington and the State of New York. We've a good right to our birds, you see, now we've put salt on their tails."

For all that, it was a lucky thing for us that so many policemen were on the spot, for the Irish—whose antipathy to laws in general, and English law in particular, made them regard the arrest on American soil as an insult to themselves and their adopted country—threatened a rescue. Nothing came of the menace, however, save hooting and hard words, and we were permitted to carry our captives quietly off to New York. I had rather not dwell too much on my own thoughts during the journey. I felt humbled, both as a man and a detective. That I, who had counted on the success of this expedition as the stepping-stone to fortune—that I should have been gulled and duped as I had been—the deception was too complete; I could not bear to think of it.

"This," said the inspector, the first time we were alone together, which was on board the packet, homeward bound—for till then we dared not trust the prisoners, sullen and apathetic now, out of sight—"this is the long and short of it. I chose to follow the young one to Canada, because I thought he'd be more easy to track than his brother. Lads of his age don't often travel alone, you see. Well, he was deeper than I thought. I followed him to Detroit, and then he doubled and twisted, and I lost the scent for a time. A trifle—only, you know, Briggs, nothing *is* a trifle to us; straws show the way the wind blows—sent me to New York, and there I hunted about for day after day, and heard you were at work there too, and had some trouble not to run against you as we went to and fro, like a couple of hounds at fault. One day, in Jersey City—I'd gone there on the chance—I saw a coffee-house keeper standing at his own door, smoking. I knew the face, and a thing or two about the chap it belonged to—a German, of the name of Hans Molder.

"It was nigh six years since I had seen Hans, and he did not know me at first, but when I began to talk to him and remind him of old times, he was fit to faint. You never saw such a coward. To be sure, there were warrants out against him years ago in London, for an ugly business, too, and Hans most likely thought he was wanted across the Atlantic. Well, that was wholesome fear to encourage, so I began to question him a bit about our hide-and-seek friends in the cabin here, and he blurted out some blundering admission in his fright, and I was down upon him. Down on him I was, especially hard—to write to England and to Lord Lyons for instructions, and so forth. Hans was well off, and did not fancy the C. C. C. and penal servitude, so I put the screw on and tugged the truth out of him.

"And the truth was this: The Hoods had been hid at his house; he was an old acquaintance of William's, and at his house Montgomery Hood had put on the female attire that was to serve as a disguise. It was his brother William's plan and no bad one either, he knowing pursuit would be hot; and Mrs. Molder, who was a dressmaker, she went to New York and bought the fal-lals and finery. Off the rogues went in the character of bride and bridegroom, to the Mountain House, and thence towards the great lakes where Montgomery would have put on his own clothes again and so to California. I was but a few hours after them, and made up as an immigrant, the better to effect the capture, knowing they were armed. And so we've got them safe and most of the cash; but to see you, Briggs, doing the civil thing to that artful humbug of a defaulter in the lace veil! Well, I won't laugh if it hurts your feelings."

My tale is nearly told. The Hoods were tried and convicted, of course, and William received a heavy sentence, no less than twenty years of penal servitude. As for Montgomery, as it was proved that he was very much under the influence of his elder brother, and had gone into the robbery more from a schoolboy spirit of mischief than a serious desire to pillage his employers, he was more leniently dealt with. But the laugh at Scotland Yard was terribly against me, and I found it impossible to remain in the department, tormented as I was on the score of my credulity and the sham Mrs. Sterling. Inspector Wilkins got the reward, as was fair. And the superintendent hinted that there was a vacancy among the sergeants of the L division, and that the work would suit me better than my old trade.

However, by great good luck, the chief of the borough police in my native town happened to retire just then, and as no other townsman was eligible, and I had local influence, I got the place, and a snug one it is. But for all that, when London detectives come down and confer with Mr. Superintendent Briggs, polite as they are, I can see by the slight twinkle in their eyes that they have heard the story of my American expedition, and are laughing in their sleeves.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

We may, indeed, agree by a sacrifice of truth, to call that purple which we see to be yellow, as we may agree by a still more profligate sacrifice of every noble feeling, to offer to tyranny the homage of our adulation; to say to the murderer of Thrasea Pætus: "Thou hast done well;" to the parricide who murdered Agrippina: "Thou hast done more than well." As every new victim falls, we may lift our voice in still louder flattery. We may fall at the proud feet, we may beg as a boon the honor of kissing that bloody hand which has been lifted against the helpless. We may do more; we may bring the altar and the sacrifice and implore the good not to ascend too soon to heaven. This we may do; for this we have the sad remembrance that beings of a human form and soul have done. But this is all we can do. We can constrain our tongues to be false; our features to bend themselves to the semblance of that passionate adoration which we wish to express; our knees to fall prostrate; but our heart we cannot constrain. There, virtue must still have a voice, which is not to be drowned by hymns and acclamations; there the crimes which we laud as virtues, are crimes still; and he whom we have made a god is the most contemptible of mankind; if, indeed, we do not feel, perhaps, that we ourselves are still more contemptible.—*Brown's Moral Philosophy—Lecture lxxviii.*

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To train the student to power of thought and utterance, let him be left, and still more encouraged, to free investigation. . . The mind grows by free action. Confine it to beaten paths, prescribe to it the results in which all study must end, and you rob it of elasticity and life. It will never spread to its full dimensions. Teach the young man that the instructions of others are designed to quicken, not supersede his own activity, that he has a divine intellect for which he is to answer to God, and that to surrender it to another is to cast the crown from his head, and to yield up his noblest birthright. Encourage him in all great questions to hear both sides, and to meet fairly the point of every hostile argument. Guard him against tampering with his own mind, against silencing its whispers and objections, that he may enjoy a favorite opinion undisturbed. Do not give him the shadow for the substance of freedom, by telling him to inquire, but prescribing to him the convictions at which he must stop. Better show him honestly his chains than mock the slave with the show of liberty.—*Channing On the Christian Ministry.*

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When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject, for his view of it is generally right on this side, and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgment, that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case. For we are less ashamed of not having seen the whole than of being deceived in what we do see; and this may, perhaps, arise from an impossibility of the understandings being deceived in, what it does see, just as the perceptions of the senses, as such, must always be true.—*Pascal.*

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We often have seen in the columns of religious newspapers sketches of eminent Christians. I read one lately of a farmer's wife who used to delight in prayer-meetings, celebrated her children's birthdays by prayer, and spent whole days in praying. All these are favorable signs; but before I pronounce her an eminent Christian, I should like to know whether, previous to her withdrawal from the family circle to pray all day, she made any provision for the extra labor that her absence would devolve on others, or whether Bridget had to skim the milk and wash the pans, besides cooking, sweeping and dusting, or whether the work was let go till the next day; and if so, whether the next day went smoothly. I should like to know whether, when a little, restless, chubby hand upset the gravy-boat on the clean table-cloth, she bound herself over to keep the peace; whether in her house cleanliness was made subservient to comfort, or comfort to cleanliness; whether she ever laid down her sewing and took into her arms the half-sick and wholly-cross, fretful and miserable four-year-old boy, to charm away his unhappiness with a fairy story, or any kind of story, or song, or simple talk; whether she gave her heretical neighbor credit for as much candor, sincerity, truthfulness, earnestness, and unselfishness in his religion as he developed and she recognized in his character of citizen, neighbor and father; whether the delicious green-pea soup that she sent in to the sick woman next door was the result of an extra amount made for the purpose; or whether the Irish girl dined per force, that day, off cold boiled pork and potatoes; whether she was generally ready to step into the wagon when it came to the door on Sunday morning, or whether she provoked her husband to wrath by keeping them all waiting.—*Stumbling Blocks, by Gail Hamilton.*

Both are Right.—Tom Moore compared love to a potato "because it shoots from the eyes," "or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

DROWNED! DROWNED!!

'TIS said when drowning, snatched from life and light,
When drowning in sad waters deep and wide,
When drowning, that the water and the wave
Do moan most musically, and singing, sigh
In tenderest tones, and witching wild refrains,
That enter at the ear and fill the brain
With music, quieting; and that the soul
Is fraught with harmony, and urged to leave
Its transient habitation i' the clay,
And seek that far-beyond, we know not of.

The body's tenantless sleep is all a-cold;
And coming tides slow bear it to the strand,
Among the rushes; and the fingers close
In icy clasp among the rushes, while
The ripples, each in turn, slip up the shore,
And kiss the feet, and close about the hands,
And twine the hair among the roots, and trail,
The long sea-grasses over all the form
In slimy ribbons.

Then the tides recede
And leave the body, pale and lank and cold,
All in the silence of night, upon the strand—
Sad waters moaning for the still dead form,
The soulless body, sleeping on the strand.
And after
A bleached skull, out staring the bold sun—
The mystery of birth, and age, and name—
The secret of the soul's flight, and the blank
And wordless story of a shattered life!
* * * * * * * * *
The rattling reeds, and the salt-odored sea
In tireless waves—the hollow autumn wind
Tossing among the rushes—and one star
Dropping pearl shadows in the empty bowls
That held the eyes once in this withered skull!

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

NEW BOOKS.

NEVER a steamer comes without bringing new books to Roman. Literature so multiplies on his hands that he sends books around to all his friends. This week we have not time to read the five fresh volumes which he places upon our table; and unfortunately not one of them has a preface to tell what it is all about. There was a time when authors never thought of printing a book without a preface, and in this preface the plot and plan and purpose and intent of the volume, were summed up so that one could arrive at the gist of the story, and write quite a creditable and appreciative notice of the book without reading it. They have changed all that now. True, some publishers send out printed notices with each new book—sometimes as many as a half dozen, so that the reviewer can take his choice; but this does not atone for the loss of the old-fashioned preface.

For instance, here is *Linnet's Trial*, by S. M., the author of *Twice Lost*. Who "S. M." can be we have not the faintest idea, unless it be Sylvester Mowry; and his time is so much occupied in writing letters to the *World* and the *Herald* about Arizona and the mines, that we scarcely think he would have time to write about anything else. If there were anything in a name, *Twice Lost* might be by the author of *Three Times Dead;* but it isn't. A glance through the pages of the book convinces us that *Linnet* was a lady; and we learn that she married an army officer, and her husband was ordered to India. It does not appear that he sent her home any India shawls or any of the Begum's diamonds; and what is the use of having a husband in India if he doesn't send his wife such things? He might as well be at Brooklyn, or Benicia, or anywhere else. There is a mystery in which this husband's honor is concerned; and all the world gives him the cold shoulder with the exception of Lilian, who never goes back on him one minute. Those who wish to know more about the story, must buy the book and read it, for we have told them all we can. The publisher assures us "the story will have a brilliant run," and he ought to know.

If one asked us what *The Bridal Eve* is worth, we should reply "Southworth;" for it is by that lady. That Mrs. Southworth is a lady of letters is patent enough from her name, which is written down as Mrs. Emma D. E. N.—the Christian name in her case getting the better of the surname by three. Mrs. Southworth has written more books in her lifetime than any ordinary reader could get through in two. The fertility of her brain is wonderful. True, the books she has produced do not belong to the highest order of novels; but they suit the popular taste, and that is enough. It is a fatal mistake for an author to rise above the level of the masses, and one which a publisher never forgives. The *Bridal Eve* is one of that great class of books which are found at Napa springs, and lying around in the sitting rooms of half the houses in town. Can praise of the book further go?

In *From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics*, by J. Milton Mackie, we have a pleasant and entertaining volume of travel. The author has travelled over the South—it was before "the blood-red blossom of war with its heart of fire" unfolded its fearful petals—and has seen the pleasant side of Southern life. Over the plantations, drinking juleps with the owners, driving out to Lake Pontchartrain, and then across to the Havana, and cruising among the West India Islands, goes our author. He eats oranges in the delicious groves, where the summer winds come laden with perfumes that the North knows only of through its poets; he stretches his limbs under the shade of tall palms, and enjoys the *dolce far niente* that prevails in those luscious climes—basks among the Bermudas, and then back to Cape Cod. Everywhere he finds pleasantness, and all his recollections are rose-colored. It is delightful in this day of bitterness to read such a book, for we are wearied of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

A novel by the author of *Beulah* merits more than passing mention. Notwithstanding a determination to skip over all the books of the week with the merest glance and mention, the name of Miss Evans on the title-page arrested our attention and we were soon lost in the tropical diction and florid imagery that characterizes this authoress. *Macaria, or Altars of Sacrifice*, is the title of the book. It opens well, and reminds one somewhat of *Beulah*. There is vigor without seeming effort, and sentiment without apparent affectation. Not until well into the book, two-thirds through it, do we find that it is a tale of the present time, of the throbbing, surging day that is breaking in waves of war upon the threshold of every home in the land. But Miss Evans is a Southern lady, and her hero becomes a Colonel when South Carolina secedes. He is foremost and eloquent in urging secession, and love is brought in to play the lightning's part amid the thunder bass of the story. The fall of Fort Sumter; the battles of the Peninsula, all come in for glowing descriptions; but the hero Colonel falls. The story throughout is clever and well told; the *denoument*, however, will scarcely satisfy the mass of readers, who always want to have a play or a tale end as their sympathies incline. Further we can only say that the logic is a woman's and the political shaping is what might have been expected from one of that impulsive but dear division of creation, that feels but never reasons.

The Spy Unmasked is a paper-bound volume, a story of the Revolution, and one of the series published by Putnam for "reading on the rail." Those who saw the Menken play the *French Spy* in somewhat primitive Arab costume, not long since, will, perhaps, think that she is artfully alluded to as "The Spy Unmasked." Not so; the book contains the adventures of Enoch Crosby, *alias* Harvey Birch. Harvey Birch will be recognized as the hero of Cooper's tale of *The Neutral Ground*. In this little volume we have a republication of a work which originally appeared in 1828. It is as interesting as a romance; and notwithstanding that the story professes to have been taken down "from his own lips in short hand," we cannot help thinking that it partakes greatly of romance. The multitude in this city who think Billy Birch a character and considerable of a fellow, will wonder when they come to read how his brother Harvey raised him in the old Revolution times.

While mentioning this railway reading, we notice that *Annie and Her Master* has been republished in this neat and cheap form. At the time of transferring the story to THE CALIFORNIAN's columns, we thought that some shrewd Eastern publisher would think it worthy of a reprint, and were just enabled to distance Putnam. Those who wish the story can get it, and a small library besides, by buying back numbers of THE CALIFORNIAN, the cost being about the same as that of the story in its republished form. Some idea of the cheapness of THE CALIFORNIAN may be gained from this. *Annie and Her Master* is contained in four numbers, and only fills perhaps a sixteenth part of each paper. Decidedly, if any wish to get the story, and a wealth of excellent reading besides, let them buy back numbers of THE CALIFORNIAN.

ROBERT BROWNING'S NEW WORK.—Robert Browning's new work will add much to the poet's reputation. Few poems can be named in which such deep tones are touched and with such delicacy as those in *James Lea*, a poem in which one scarcely knows which to admire most, the pathos or the strange ideas. There is said to be more than a poetic demolition of Mr. Home in *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*, even some sharp thrusts at various persons who still shield and fawn upon him after having found him guilty of fraud. The story runs that a lady and gentleman of eminence, devout spiritualists, residing at Rome, confessed to Mr. Browning that during Mr. Home's stay at their house they once forbade his putting his hand under the table, and the spirits wouldn't rap, and Home burst into tears and confessed that *on that occasion only* he had deceived them; that on one other occasion he had put phosphorus on the tips of wires and stretched them from the roof of their house to represent certain spiritual apparitions. "And what did you say, how did you act, upon the discovery?" asked Mr. Browning. "Oh," replied the lady, "I rebuked him severely; told him plainly how shameful it was that one who had been so supernaturally gifted should act so, and told him that he ought to repent." "And he still remained with you, and—" "Oh, yes, we are perfectly sure that everything was genuine afterward." Upon which the poet was so disgusted that he vented his indignation in *Mr. Sludge*. Hiram Powers also detected Home in frauds, and still shields and professes to believe in him. Home's name is, by the way, neither Home nor Hume, but some *alias*—Smith or Jones possibly. *Gold Hair*, the Legend of Pornic, was written at Pornic, where Mr. B. and his son spent several months last spring. This son, called Pinna but named Robert, is a fine lad, and is very like that brother of Mrs. Browning, whose early death by drowning cast such a shadow on her life.

LOVE POWDER.—Dr. L. D——, of Paris, lately fell head-over-ears quite out of his depth in love with a patient. Modesty forbade him to speak, so he wrote and left the note on the table. The servant saw him put it down, and naturally took the declaration for a prescription, and, as he usually did, carried it at once to the family chemist. Imagine the poor doctor's horror when, the next day, he received the paper back, with a remark from the chemist, "that he feared he could not make up what he wanted."

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, July 22nd, 1864.

THIS Friday evening finds me worried and tired. The weather during the week has been disagreeable and dusty; it has been impossible to drive, hazardous to ride and not particularly pleasant to walk.

Mines which should have gone up have gone down, and mines which by all the laws of trade and of nature should have gone down have gone up.

The Mexican steamer which should have brought me bullion from my mine did not even bring me news from the Superintendent. From an outside source, however, I learn that he is out of powder, which probably accounts for the otherwise singular fact that he made no report. Neither did the Mexican mail bring me my commission from Maximilian as Duc de Chihuahua, though I confidently counted upon that honor. Gwin in the meanwhile will be monarch of all he surveys and a great deal more, while I am compelled to toil on in virtuous but uncomfortable indigence.

In the words of a poet whom all of us love and some of us reverence:

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest wishes fade;
I never held the red right-bower,
But what the dealer turned a spade.

I can't exactly say that my dish always happens to be bottom-side up when it rains, for in that case the fault would be mine alone. As a general thing, I manage to keep my dish right-side up the better part of the time; but somehow it always contrives to rain all around it. Even when a few drops do fall in my dish, it doesn't seem to hold water. Decidedly, there is something wrong.

Looking around, I see men on every hand who have an income of more money in a month than I could count in a year. And yet they don't live any better than anybody else; not quite so well as their neighbors, perhaps.

In place of having snug little boxes in the country, and pictures and music and books around them, and everything else that is jolly, homes of their own and wives of their own, for that matter, they either board or else have rooms at an inaccessible height in some inconvenient hotel.

Heaven is very apt to send almonds to those who have no teeth.

Now I, metaphorically speaking, have an excellent provision of teeth; but what is the use of having teeth without almonds? Yea, and without even a peanut to practice on?

The difficulty with which I make money is only equalled by the ease with which I can spend it. It may seem egotistical to boast of one's own accomplishments, but I do think I can make less money in a year and spend more than any other man in the State.

After all, I don't know, however, but what I am as rich and perhaps richer than the average of my neighbors, who are always debating whether they can afford this or that. For if I see a thing that I want, which costs two bits, and happen to have two bits in my pocket, I can always afford it.

There are some among us, however, who have money, and who also have considerable expertness in spending it. They get up little impromptu affairs, balls, suppers, etc., that cost several thousand dollars, and are only sorry that they don't cost more.

An instance of this occurred the other evening. One of the crowd got married. The others clubbed together, put in a hundred or two dollars each, and bought a band—they didn't hire the band; they bought it out and out, instruments and all.

They hired ten carriages and drove to the top of the highest hill in town, the bower where the happy couple resided, and serenaded them. They commanded the most extensive and expensive music to be played—none of your cheap airs, but sterling tunes, every note of which is equivalent to a legal tender.

They brought the bridegroom down and accepted his invitation to enter the bower. They drank connubial champagne, and smoked conjugal cigars, and had matrimonial music on the piano.

After a nice little call of two or three hours duration the Governor-General electrified and astonished the mourners by proposing to sing "We won't go home till morning," illustrating the music by the deed. The bridegroom said that suited him and requested them to go in. They did. A dance was proposed. The Governor-General took the floor with Mr. Park (Bay View.) If one of John Phœnix's Goitometers had been properly attached to each of the couple the indicator would have probably marked off fifteen miles of square dancing to the hour. The thing took. All pulled off their coats and went in. Savage pirouetted with Gould and Curry, and Ophir waltzed with Mexican. There were more feet represented on the floor than are often seen in one gathering.

Long life, health and happiness were wished in all manner of intonations to the bridegroom, but no one manifested any intention of going until shakedowns were proffered them upon the floor. Then there was a general getting up and getting.

In the early gray of the morning, after one farewell tune, 'The boys we left behind us," the party wended their way to their respective homes, leaving the bridegroom looking rather unhappy to think that the day had gone by when he could go out and return unquestioned at that hour. And with the others, to his home went

INIGO.

"LONELY."

The cold dark day wails out its song
To the busy city's hurrying throng,
And my heart sends echo to the tone
Of the wailing wind's unearthly moan.

Sad and drear, as the falling rain,
The olden days come up again;
But all the days of the vanished past
Have brought me only pain at last.

And yet they in their gilded light,
To mock my soul in its sad, dark night,
Ever will come, as they do to-day,
Like the moan of the ocean far away.

Yes, *very* sad and full of pain,
The old days come with the falling rain;
But, oh! for all the joy that's fled,
They bring me only pain instead.

INGLE.

A WORD ABOUT THE "FLORENCE" SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.—The Florence Sewing Machine Company, at Florence, Massachusetts, may be classed among public benefactors for presenting to the world their great labor-saving instrument—admitted to be, by all who have made the comparison, the most perfect machine, in all respects, ever given to the public. The four best and most popular styles of stitch, the *lock, knot, double lock* and *double knot*, are all made on it, and the change from one to the other is the work of an instant. This fact alone places the "Florence" Machine at the very pinnacle of ingenious inventions The immense number of these machines sold at the office in this city, 111 Montgomery street, is the best endorsement they could have at the hands of the public.

GROVER & BAKER'S MACHINE.—We speak from experience, having one in use in our family, when we claim for the Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine all the merit which they represent it to posses. Parties have only to call at the Grover & Baker sales-room, and witness the *perfect* working of their machine on every variety of fabric, either the most delicate guaze tissue or the heaviest soldier's over coat, and doing each with such perfection and rapidity, as to convince any person wanting a sewing-machine that they can here find a *perfect one*. Besides doing ordinary sewing this is the only machine which successfully makes that beautiful embroidery stitch now almost indispensable for ornamenting ladies' and children's garments, of which a great variety of styles and patterns are on exhibition at their office. Those indispensable features of sewing—strength, uniformity, and elasticity—all of which are brought out in this incomparable invention, make it the first sewing-machine in the world.

THE EUREKA BILLIARD SALOON—over the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street, between California and Pine—is the most superbly fitted-up establishment on the Pacific Coast. It contains seven of Jacob Strahle's tables, unequalled by any other in elegance of style and finish. Messrs. Fitch & Wetherbee are the gentlemanly proprietors, and so conduct their establishment as to merit and maintain the leading patronage of gentlemanly knights of the cue, of the city and State. jul8

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call. June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu*. Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

DEETKEN & CO'S
METALLURGICAL WORKS,

WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our

NEW SMELTING FURNACES,

We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-bearing Ores, as well as it can be done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

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Office—315 Montgomery street.
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517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

And will arrive here as soon as it can be brought by Isthmus transportation.

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon the CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
EUGENE KELLY & CO.,
NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - - London.
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McRUER & MERRILL,
WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,
204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1-3m

R. G. SNEATH,
408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Food, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.
Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
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R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

R. H. MCDONALD.) (J. C. SPENCER.

IMPORTING

Wholesale Druggists,

Corner of Sansome and Pine streets,

SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

J STREET, SACRAMENTO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Dental Goods, Fancy Articles, Brushes and Combs,

SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES,

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GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES,

Paints and Oils,

PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS,

Brewers' and Soda Stocks,

CORKS (LARGE VARIETY), ASSAYERS' MATERIAL,

Burning Oils and Fluids,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING DRUGGISTS,

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AND

CORNER OF PINE AND SANSOME STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

IMPORTERS OF

DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

TEETH, GOLD FOIL.

VULCANITE MATERIAL.

Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE MATERIAL, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite work.

DENTAL BOOKS.

We keep constanty on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on DENTISTRY. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

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SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

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J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

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HASKELL & CO.,

CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

515 Market street,

And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,

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FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

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PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

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Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

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WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

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ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Three doors above Montgomery,

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Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

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PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,

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THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE *INSTITUTE,*

FOR GIRLS,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 SILVER STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. B. SWEDENSTIERNA, PRINCIPAL.

TWELFTH SESSION,

Commencing August 8th, 1864.

THIS INSTITUTION IS DESIGNED TO AFFORD FACILities for the education of girls, fully equal to those furnished at the best Seminaries of the Atlantic States. The course of study is unusually comprehensive, embracing all the branches that the best modern authorities have thought could be advantageously incorporated in the most enlarged scheme of Female Education. In the Collegiate Department it includes the higher mathematics; a course of English Literature and Criticism, taught by a method not elsewhere pursued; Natural History; the Physical Geography of the Pacific Coast; Critical and Universal Grammar; Ecclesiastical History; and the modern applications of Physical Science.

The organization of the School into departments and graded classes, facilitates the pursuit of a regular and systematic *course of study.* No pupil is permitted to take up the higher branches until thoroughly grounded in the preparatory ones. In the advanced classes, the instruction is to a great extent independent of text-books; and in no case is "going through the book," considered equivalent to "finishing a study."

Calisthenics, consisting of the wand-exercise, etc., take place in the gymnasium daily, from 12 to 12 1-2 o'clock.

Parents, guardians, and others interested in the thorough education of girls, are invited to call and *witness for themselves* the methods of instruction pursued, the general organization of the school, and its daily workings, which furnish a more reliable test of the excellence of such institutions, than any public examination. No particular "visiting days" have been appointed, the Principal and teachers being gratified by the attendance of visitors, at their daily recitations, at any time and without unusual preparation. Such visits do not in any way interrupt or interfere with the regular routine.

Registers containing full particulars as to the course of study, terms, regulations, etc., can be obtained upon application by mail, or to the Principal personally, at the Seminary. jy16-tf

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will receive deposits, attend to the Collection of Paper, and

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NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

On the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.

W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6-tf

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,

(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.

J. A. DONOHOE,

W. C. RALSTON,

R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

jy9.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the

RED BLUFF BOAT

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

y16-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the above named estate, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against JAMES A. MOORE, deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undesigned at the office of Delany & Booraem, 519 Montgomery street, in the city of San Francisco.

EUGENE O'CALLAGHAN,

MICHAEL McGRATH,

Executors of the Estate of JAMES A. MOORE, deceased

Dated, San Francisco, June 22d 1864. ju25-5t

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of FREDERICK WILKE, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Frederick Wilke, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Taylor & Hastings, Petitioner's Attorneys. jy16 5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUSTice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,

(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco.

Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of WILLIAM WALTERS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, William Walters, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By J. NAPTHALY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Attorney for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JAMES H. DOWNEY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said Insolvent, James H. Downey, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Stamp and Seal.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Petitioner's Attorney. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF SAN FRANcisco county, of the State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of DANIEL NORCROSS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Daniel Norcross, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the city and county of San Francisco, on the 16th day of AUGUST, A.D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate he made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Stanley & Hayes, Attorneys for Petitioner. jy16 5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of D. J. McCARTHY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, D. J. McCarthy, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 8th day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1864.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By J. NAPTHALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner, Metropolitan Block, No. 35. jy9 4t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN DEWAR, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, County Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, John Dewar, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the first day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D., 1864.

Seal and Revenue stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk

By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, attorneys for Petitioner, office 634 Clay street, Rooms 20 and 22. jy2 1w 4w

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the Laws of the State.

PAID UP IN GOLD COIN.

CAPITAL STOCK.....$2,000,000,

With the privilege of increasing to $5,000,000.

STOCKHOLDERS.

San Francisco.

D. O. Mills,
Wm. C. Ralston,
R. S. Fretz,
J. B. Thomas,
Louis McLane,
Asa T. Lawton,
Wm. E. Barron,
Thomas Bell,
John O. Earl,
Wm. Norris,
J. Whitney, jr.
O. F. Giffin,
A. J. Pope,
Herman Michels,
Frederick Billings,
Geo. H. Howard,
H. F. Teschemacher,
A. Hayward,
Moses Ellis,
A. B. McCreary,
R. M. Jessup,
Samuel Knight,
A. C. Henry,
J. C. Wilmerding,
Wm. Alvord.

Portland, Oregon.

Jacob Kamm.

D. O. MILLS, - - - - President,

W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

Correspondents in New York, LEES & WALLER, No. 33 Pine street.

Correspondent in London, BANK OF LONDON.

THE UNDERSIGNED GIVE NOTICE THAT THE above named corporation has been organized for the purpose of carrying on the Banking and Exchange business in all its branches, in this city and with the interior of this State, the neighboring State and Territories, and with Mexico; also with the Atlantic cities, Europe, China and the East Indies, for which they are provided with ample facilities, and in conformity with articles of association will commence operations on the 5th day of July next, at the Banking House now occupied by Donohoe, Ralston & Co., corner of Washington and Battery streets.

With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

TRUSTEES.

D. O. Mills,
Louis McLane,
Wm. Norris,
Jno. O. Earl,
Herman Michels,
W. C. Ralston,
J. B. Thomas,
Thomas Bell,
A. J. Pope,
O. F. Giffin,
James Whitney, jr.

San Francisco, June 18th, 1864. ju25-1m

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 Clay Street,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,
20,500 Card Photographs,
Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors,
SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

637 Clay Street,

my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company:

Louis McLean,
W. C. Ralston,
Frederick Billings,
H. Carlton, Jr.,
Wm. M. Leut,
J. G. Kittle,
J. B. Thomas,
J. G. Bray,
Asa T. Lawton,
J. Whitney, Jr.,
Edward Martin,
L. B. Benchly,
A. Seligman,
Wm. Sherman,
Wm. Alvord,
Charles Mayne,
Erwin Davis,
P. L. Weaver,
Samuel C. Bigelow,
Herman Michels,
H. L Dodge,
H. L. Goldstein,
H. Hanssmann,
Morton Cheesman,
H. M. Newhall,
W. Norris,
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.
J. H Jewett, Marysville.
J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)
Lloyd Tevis,
H. F. Teschemacher,
Geo. H Howard,
A.B. Forbes,
A. L. Tubbs,
Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Newton,
John O. Earl,
S. J. Housley,
John Wightman,
L. Sachs,
Jas. DeFremery,
J. G. Kellogg,
G. W. Beaver,
Elie Lazard,
William Sharon,
Adam Grant,
Alpheus Bull,
A G. Stiles,
M. P. Jones,
D. Stern,
S. M. Wilson,
D. J. Oliver,
Jabez Howes,
F. W. Brooks,
I. Lohman, Sacramento.
T. R. Anthony, Stockton.
D. W. C. Rice, Marysville.
W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,
Of every description. Best quality of
MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
Together with a complete assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,

ju18 No. 528 Washington street.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost, ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,

my28 Proprietors.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED!

Peake Medical Institute,

Established by Experienced European Physicians for the certain, safe and permanent cure of all Special Diseases.

Consulting Surgeon, DR. PRATT, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE!

THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

OBSERVE THAT

The Peake Medical Institute will entirely remedy this great evil, by enabling sufferers from various special diseases which are so common on this coast to obtain, with as much certainty as if they were in London or Paris,

SPEEDY, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURES,

from educated, experienced and skilful European Physicians whose knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases is unsurpassed.

Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

MENTAL OR BODILY DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS

Arising from youthful excesses and indiscretions or from neglected and badly treated disease, will be heated at

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

In the most certain and successful manner and in a very short time, by a Surgeon who possesses unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the care of these harassing complaints having been associated with Ricord and other most celebrated surgeons for years, in the largest hospitals of Paris.

Persons who imagine that they are not well or whose strength and vigor is not what it should be, would do well by calling at the Peake Medical Institute (consultations being gratuitous) and getting the opinion and advice of the Surgeon, as in many of these cases the malady is entirely mental, aggravated perhaps, by some disorder of the general health, and a little skilful and kind treatment is all that is wanted to make the patient hearty, robust and happy.

All the after ill effects of special diseases, caused by neglect, had treatment and mercury, will be speedily and permanently cured at the

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

The sufferer being restored to hearty, strong and robust health.

RHEUMATISM, ULCERS AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

Address:

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Bel Demonio!

Will be the
AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23d, 1864,

Second representation in California, of John Brougham's Spectacular Drama in 5 acts, entitled

BEL DEMONIO;

A LOVE STORY.

With new scenery, costumes, furniture, and all the original music, and mechanical effects

CARDINAL MONTALTO -	MR. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH
Angel Bracciofortc - - - - -	Frank Mayo
Ramerio- - - - - - -	C R Thorne, Jr
Count Comparcali - - - - -	D C Anderson
Lena Comparcali - - - -	Mrs Sophie Edwin
Countess Comparcali - - - -	Mrs C R Saunders
Marguerite - - - - - -	Miss Lulu Sweet

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. jy23

HEALTH

AND AMUSEMENT,
COMBINED!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.
jy26 1m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of THOMAS W. LYLES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of the above-named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, Thomas W. Lyles, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at office No. 6, up stairs, northwest corner Clay and Front streets.

MARCUS A. BRALY,
E. I. WEEKS,
CHAS. A. BRENHAM,
Executors of the estate of Thomas W. Lyles, deceased.
Dated July 22d, A. D. 1864. jy23 5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOHN GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOHN GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPTHALY, Deputy Clerk.
Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. jy23 5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN HOGAN, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, JOHN HOGAN, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1864.

Seal and stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPTHALY, Deputy Clerk.
R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner. jy23 5t

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my23 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Sole Owner
Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - Manager

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,
AT 2 O'CLOCK,

PAUL JULIEN,

WILL GIVE HIS SEVENTH

Grand Matinee,

Upon which occasion the following distinguished artists will appear:

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS.
MR. EDWARD SEGUIN, Baritone,
MR. W. J. HILL, Tenor,
MR. H. C. PEAKES, Basso.

PROGRAMME.

Andante et Rondo Russe (Beriot); Souvenir di Donizetti (Alard); Fantasie sur Massaniello, (Hauman)
By PAUL JULIEN.

Grand Aria from Betly (Donizetti); Comm' through the Rye; Variations from the Enchantress (Balfe,)
By Miss C. RICHINGS.

Ballad—Take me to thy heart again (Balfe) - Mr. Seguin
Song—Dearest, I love thee more (Glover) - - Mr. Hill
Ballad—I'm lonely to-night - - - - Mr. Peakes

Two overtures by the Orchestra.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, JULY 23D,
The last representation by the
RICHINGS'

English Opera Troupe,

Of Donizetti's

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

To-morrow (Sunday) Evening, July 17th, 1864.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL!

MISS JENNY KEMPTON, the popular Contralto, having arrived, will shortly appear as "Pierotto" in Linda di Chamounix.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. jy23

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—OF THE

Willows,

On Sunday and Monday, the 3d and 4th of July.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds for visitors, on SUNDAY, the 3d, and MONDAY,

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

And to be kept permanently open thereafter. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

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MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;
MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
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JULY 23D.

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Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
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SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
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Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, can supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the country for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are unable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employment Office. jul1

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 10. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 30, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, July 30th, 1864.

SOME one—Tupper probably, it sounds like him—says:

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given,

and I don't know but what he's about half right.

Had he said that it isn't much of a show after all, and that the only private box to be desired in it is a pine one, of oblong make, perhaps he would come still nearer the truth. For sometimes the plot of the play becomes intolerably stupid, the performers are so illy up in their parts and make such prodigious guys and fools of themselves generally, that I think the performance has lasted about long enough, and the sooner the curtain is run down and the gas turned off the better.

The curtain will be rung down some day, and about our ears, too, unless these earthquakes let up on us. This game of "shaking props" has been going on for a good while, and some day, I fancy, we'll discover there's a limit to it. Earthquakes are becoming lamentably frequent of late and extraordinary violent. There was a time when they rocked us so gently that we could pat them, the agitation of Telegraph Hill reminding us of the tremulous and pleased wag of a poodle's tail, but it is different now. The growl is that of a mastiff and an angry light looks out from the fissures in the earth. A little larger charge of powder some day, and there'll be a fall in real estate about here that will surprise people. The base of Telegraph Hill is loosened already, and it rocks in the wind like a tall elm. Those who own houses up there had better move, or some day they'll find the bottom dropping out. I don't go much on Telegraph Hill now-a-days; there was a time when I'd have chanced considerable on it, but the conviction has gradually grown in my mind that it is as shaky as the rest of the population, and so last week I gave orders to have all my property there put under the hammer.

As I intend to take a trip through the country with the proceeds of the sale, I suppose they'll put it under a trip-hammer.

I should have preferred to dispose of my property at private sale, but it is so difficult to point it out and show it, and so vexatious to be bothered by questions about title and all that, that I determined upon the public method. For the benefit, however, of parties wishing to buy, I'll describe my lot, and then if they like, I'm ready for a trade:

'Tis an up-hill lot, this lot of mine. How many varas it may contain I don't know, but it certainly is very varied. To say that it is a pleasant lot, and that the prospect is fine would be to say what is false; but to say that it is susceptible of improvement, would be to state the exact truth. At present it produces nothing to speak of except a few wild oats, and these are of use to nobody but the owner. There is no Lot's wife in the business—not even a wife with a lot. It is hard, rugged and barren; there are stones at every turn and corner, and a flower in it is as rare as reason in a woman or modesty in a man—but for all that I don't know that I'd care to trade with many people on this coast. For it is my own, and I intend to make something of it yet. . . .

There is very little going on in town at present. Theatres are comparatively unattended, the opera figuratively languishes, and merchants lean their unoccupied elbows listlessly upon their idle counters. The only shop that is doing a thriving business at present is Alcatraz. That thrives.

It is doing well; indeed, we might say it is doing Weller.

Some people are afraid of Alcatraz. I am not. It is a pleasant place enough, and one could pass the summer there very comfortably, if he had the right kind of company. I can't exactly say that I'd like to be locked up in the same cell with a Secessionist, or even in an adjoining one; but it they took to confining female prisoners I do think it would be hard to keep people out.

One thing about Alcatraz, it offers a charming asylum to one who is tired of the excitement of San Francisco life and desires a little change.

Understand me—I do not complain of San Francisco, for it is a charming place to live in. It offers the stranger two of the most delightful sensations in life. One of these is the pleasure of coming here, and this only equalled by the other—the ecstatic joy of going away.

In fact, the sojourner in San Francisco always has something to look forward to from the time he first places his feet on these shores. The period of his departure is a bright light in the future, and to this he can always turn with hope when everything else looks dark. Do not misunderstand me: I intend to say nothing derogatory to the country or the climate. Both, in their way, are beyond criticism. I do not deny that this coast is an excellent place to come to. I only claim that it is the best place to go away from that can be found in the known world. . . .

We have had a season of English opera at the Academy lately; a new contralto making her appearance in *Linda di Chamounix*. I wish, by the way, that in pronouncing the name of that opera, people would remember that it furnishes one of the cases in which they should never say *die*—the Italian i being the equivalent in sound of our English e.

It is not my intention to criticise the opera and the contralto further than to remark that I think all operas stupid, and all blondes charming. The charm of the *début* to me was the opportunity it offered of seeing a woman experimenting in trowsers for the first time. To me it was philosophically funny. "Pierotto" placed evident distrust in the male habiliments, and mutely deprecated being obliged to appear without the accustomed feminine drapery, managing her guitar as though it were a fig-leaf thrown in to the costume by the considerate composer for her especial benefit. I sympathized with the little lady. For the exigencies of life may at some future period compel me to appear in petticoats, and unless I fainted away, under those circumstances it is tolerably certain that some of the audience would. . . .

I had an idle hour the other day, and hence the following verses to

OUR IDOLS.

Poor idols! how they fade and fall
Our temple hearts within,
And but the niches in the wall
Tell where their forms have been.

Alas! you cry, is Love then naught,
And Faith all lifeless grown?
Not so—the ruin is not wrought
By fickle change alone.

We love not what our idols are—
We worshipped what they seemed,
And had we bowed us from afar,
We still had loved and dreamed.

A star perhaps were not a star
If one could reach the skies—
A touch tells what our idols are,
And then devotion dies.

We near the shrine, but woe the day
That tempts the tender trust!
We find their feet are made of clay,
And hurl them to the dust.

So from their stems the ruthless blast
Snaps fair but fragile flowers—
The sin of the Iconoclast
Is ever, ever ours!

It will be seen that the sin of the Iconoclast is ours, if the enemy is not.

I like to write verse, it is so easy; and one little idea can be made to go such a great ways. If I were the editor of a newspaper I think I'd write all my leading articles in anapestic lines and my financial articles in the Iambic or heroic measure.

The telegraphic news should be in little short lines, tingling like wires, and well adapted for a Lyre.

In short there are several other improvements in journalism which I intend to adopt when I become editor of a paper. An acquaintance with the rules of grammar and a slight knowledge of the classics will not be regarded as a serious disqualification on the part of any one applying for a situation, and an indiscriminate disregard for truth and decency will not ensure the person applying a position. If in some respects like these I did not effect a change you might call me anything else than

INIGO.

TWO COMRADES IN ARMS.

"COMRADE! I hear the beating of a drum,
Have reinforcements come?"
"There is no sound, save a lost whippoorwill
Crying from yonder hill."

"Comrade! I see a spacious mansion stand,
Built by my grandsire's hand."
"No honored ancestry have left a stone
That I may call my own."

"Beside its hearth my gentle lady warms
The sweet child in her arms."
"No tender wife upon her loving breast
Lulls babe of mine to rest."

"See! how her bright hair falls in golden showers,
Twined with autumnal flowers."
"No waving hair, by fragant flowerets pressed,
Has my rough hand caressed."

"On what enchanted wings the swift time flies
Charmed by those heavenly eyes."
"How dreary, and how long the sad hours seem!
Alas! *I* cannot dream."

"Again I hear the beating of a drum:
Comrade, has the foe come?
"Yes, that great foe—or friend—we all must meet,
Who never knows defeat."

* * * * * * * *

On the battle-ground, at the break of day,
Two lifeless soldiers lay;
One face looked pitiful with yearning pain,
As one who prays in vain;

The other wore a look divinely blest,
And, from his pulseless breast,
The picture of a lady and a child
Looked up to him and smiled.

DEATH OF GEN. MCPHERSON.—Gen. James B. McPherson was killed before Atlanta in the battle of July 22d. According to the brief telegraphic account, he got separated from his staff and was picked off by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. Gen. McPherson was well known to our citizens, having been for some time stationed at Alcatraz. While among us he won friends by his courteous bearing and attractive social qualities, and during his period of active service at the East he secured admiration for his gallantry on several fields. He was a single man, though engaged to be married, we believe, and about 40 years old.

THE *Alta* says that Commodore Poor, of the *Saranac*, with his suite, returned a visit from Gen. Wright by calling upon him in full military costume. Probably the Commodore and his suite put off their naval uniform and wore the military on the occasion, in compliment to the General, who is unfortunately in the land service. So far as taste is concerned, however, the naval uniform is much the prettier of the two.

A FOREIGN PAPER tells us that a woman lately died in the department of Gironde, France, who prolonged her life to one hundred and six years by living principally on garlic and shalots. She must have been the original "Lady of Shalott."

THE greatest part of mankind use their first years to make their last miserable.

MEMORY.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che recordarsi del tempo felici,
Nella miseria.—*Dante.*

I.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee,
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

II.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow—
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

III.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower.
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power:
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

IV.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever:
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one,
"'Tis pleasant to remember!"

—*W. M. Praed.*

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XVII.

I WAS as if blinded by this evidence; but still could not bring myself to believe this shameful treachery of my guardian. I still wished only to accuse Placide; but how could it be supposed that he would have risked so much without the consent of M. de Maufert? Was not complicity manifest? He sided with his steward, and permitted them to declare me mad.

All night I argued in my mind the most extreme measures. All illusion was vain, the danger unveiled before me; I was lost if I allowed myself to be thus degraded, without some protestation. It was necessary to combat it—but then, victorious or vanquished, I must quit the chateau and Diana—all that I loved! At this terrible idea my heart ceased to beat, and I asked myself if it would not be better to submit to this abasement by which I was menaced and continue near her. A prey to the most cruel suffering, I tried next day to dissimulate the agitation which oppressed me. Diana questioned me anxiously, and her anxiety added to my distress. In order to reassure her, I made pretext of a fit of melancholy.

"What!" said she to me, "are you so devoid of energy that you cannot throw off an attack of spleen? You, a man—you, who are twenty years old—who can go forward in life upheld by a large fortune and a great name. Ah, my friend, leave these puerile sorrows to us poor women. What would you do before real trouble if you cannot protect yourself from an imaginary one? Oh, if I were a man!"

There was in her voice such an accent of pride that I felt ashamed of my cowardly hesitations. I felt that to desert my cause was to degrade myself in her eyes. The same evening I wrote a note to my lawyer, making an appointment, and on the morning of the day after I went to Monthermé.

M. Granger was one of those old-style country lawyers who are still to be found in the provinces, who live and die between two walls; he drew up my mother's marriage certificate, he was a member of the family council, and I was certain of finding a friend in him, as he did not like M. de Maufert at all. At eight in the morning I found him in his study; he welcomed me with a sort of pleasantness, at the same time respectful and protecting.

"Ah, Baron," said he, "what good wind blows you here? A serious affair you wrote me. What new freak, eh? At any rate, I am delighted that you take me for confessor; that gives me at least the pleasure of seeing you."

"My dear Granger," replied I, "you have said the word which best characterizes my proceeding: it is a confessor as well as a friend and counsellor that I need, for the subject that brings me here is of the most serious nature."

"*Diable*! what do you mean? Speak, Baron, you know that I am with you."

I commenced the recital, detailed the circumstances which revealed to me those strange reports, supposed by me at first to have been provoked by the hatred that the harshness of M. de Maufert had excited. At last I spoke of my quarrel with Placide, and all that followed, from the warnings of Father Abraham, to my altercation with my guardian. Granger listened to me with an air full of care, and it was easy for me to see that he was not at all surprised at such a communication, when I had related the facts without any commentaries.

"Now, my dear Granger," added I, "be the judge; perhaps in all this I have been too much hurt not to have yielded somewhat to passion. It concerns my future, and I leave it in your hands."

He stopped a moment without replying, shaking his head with the air of a man who reflects.

"Baron, this is very serious," said he, at last; "very serious!"

"So you yourself believe these infamous accusations?"

"No, no!" he replied quickly; "you do not understand me. It is a serious thing to bring up such questions. Remember that if your suspicions were correct, M. de Maufert would be dishonored by the justifiable withdrawal of your guardianship—an extreme measure, which the tribunal rarely permits."

"Your advice is, then, that I ought to allow myself to be annihilated without protestation?"

"It is very serious," continued the lawyer, "to directly attack M. de Maufert; it may be very dangerous for you."

"Why dangerous, if he is false to his duties of guardian and relations?"

"This is what we must prove. You are in a difficult situation; your age and your enormous fortune—"

He hesitated; I understood him.

"Speak without fear, my friend," said I coolly; "and to aid you I will finish your thought. Yes, you fear, in fact, that I am threatened with madness."

He made a gesture of surprise at hearing me open this subject.

"No, no!" added he, quickly; "that was not what I was thinking of, I assure you."

"Then a single word," replied I, resolved to drive him into his entrenchments. "Give me your word that you do not believe in the culpable intentions of my guardian, and I will feel secure."

"That is precisely what embarrasses me, Baron, and you press me hard. It is not a small thing to be the security of M. de Maufert in such a case. Certainly, one cannot suspect him of a wish to appropriate your fortune. That would be impossible for him; he knows it. What would he first do? He already has a surplus revenue. Avarice, truly, has strange mysteries. The Count manages your fortune very well—too well, sometimes; he can surely gratify his passion. He piles up; he accumulates; he tyrannizes; he reigns over fifteen millions. What does it matter to a Regent if he does not wear the crown? He holds the power in his hands. He governs. Your majority will oblige him to restore the treasure which is life to him. In short—what more should I say? No, I will not be security for him; and I fear, like you, that, profiting by your situation, exceptional as it is, he will be tempted to commit an open iniquity with the inclination which I know in him. This is why I hesitate to advise. An outbreak might save everything, but it might also lose all."

"Well, be it so," replied I, "at least I will know my fate. I will shake off these anxieties which make me doubt myself. I believe I will lose my reason if this thing goes on. Just think of being obliged to rest six months, with the knowledge that the moment I come of age I will be robbed of my rights, and that to the end of my life I will be obliged to submit to guardianship; that, isolated from my fellows, I can neither speak, act, think nor live. I am decided. I know to what I expose myself. I have no father to defend me. I come to you, my friend—save me. Look at me. You see me—you hear me. Is it an idiot that speaks to you? Is it a fool that you see?"

"You reassure me," replied he, at last, "but it is my duty to tell you that we are undertaking a difficult job. Promise me not to proceed at all without consulting me."

"I promise."

"Then, Baron, it shall be done according to your wishes. At present it is necessary to come to an understanding. In this case we have nothing to argue against M. de Maufert. Everything tends to make us believe that Placide would not dare to commit such offenses against you without the consent of his master; and, perhaps, according to his orders. But we have no proof of this; and it will be necessary to have overwhelming proofs to induce the tribunal to oblige him to renounce his guardianship, as in six months his power expires. It is necessary for us to circumvent the difficulty, and outmanœuvre a formidable enemy. The only way to solve the question is to show a desire to take a long trip; or, better still, to pretend that you want to be a soldier. We will reflect on it. In this case we will call a meeting of your family council, and there having exposed your projects, you will conclude by a demand for your freedom."

"That they cannot refuse me, it seems to me," said I.

"Ah, there it is! Under any other circumstances success would not be doubtful when scarcely a half year separates you from your majority. But we must foresee the objections of M. de Maufert, and that will be easy, if his evil intentions have ripened in his malicious spirit."

"He will say that I am threatened with hereditary madness—perhaps, that I am already mad."

"I will be there to prove the contrary, and it will be finished."

"Unluckily, Baron, all will not be finished; and it is on this sensible point that the debate will turn. When we have got there, as you have resolved to fight, we will fight. After all, perhaps, it is better to face the danger and force the Count to unmask his designs."

It was then decided that Granger would apply to the Justice of the Peace, and desire a meeting of the family council as soon as possible; and after deciding as to our future conduct, we parted.

XVIII.

CONFIDENT in the justice of my cause, I would not doubt the issue of a debate where my weapons were reason, sustained by will and love. But, alas! what a price I was to pay for my liberty—to leave Diana! What would life be when no longer animated by her dear presence. However, if I faltered in this duel, where my social existence was at stake, I would become in the eyes of all—of her eyes—perhaps an object of pity.

Nevertheless, I was sufficiently master of myself to hide my trouble. A note from my lawyer acquainted me that the family council was convened for the middle of the month. I had still two weeks' respite, and I relished like a miser the supreme happiness of the present hour. My guardian had put himself, like me, upon a war footing. When he spoke to me I detected in his accents that cold politeness which is always employed between two declared enemies.

"Granger has convoked the family council," said he to me, one day. "It is at your wish, I imagine."

"Yes, sir," replied I.

"It is very well," said he, coldly, and passed on. I was thankful that he did not ask me this question before my godmother, for our quarrels had already much disquieted her. Love was always the great tranquilizer, and I was inspired by this sweet solitude. One morning I went into the mountains with Diana, to visit one of those poor families to whom she carried relief every week, and we were returning to the chateau, when, half way down the hill, Diana, feeling a little tired, sat down on a rock covered with moss.

"See, away down there," said she, "above the Wild Boar's Glen, the beautiful rainbows formed by the spray of the cascade."

She looked, and remained silent, as if some thought saddened her.

"You are pensive this morning, my dear godmother," said I, after a while.

"It is true, my friend," replied she; "pardon me for being so taciturn a companion."

"Pardon you! ah, what an idea! Would it not be better to share with me your sorrows?"

"Yes, I should do it, André; but it is precisely because I do not know how to broach the subject that you see me so thoughtful. Yet it is necessary that I nerve myself up to the attempt."

"You frighten me! Do you no longer believe in my devoted affection? Could you suffer a sorrow which I also would not feel."

"Ah," said she, in giving me her hand, "to admit such a thought would be to calumniate our friendship. Our pains and sorrows and joys have so long been mutual. You are my brother by choice, and I am your sister."

"Well, then, what makes you hesitate?"

"For fear of grieving you."

"All affliction is sweet to me if it comes from you. Remember that to hide from me the sorrow which I see is to shut me out of your confidence."

"André, my friend," continued she, in a trembling voice, "you alone bring life into this solitude, where I have but you to love. You know I would suffer if you were no longer here."

"*Mon Dieu!* what are you going to say to me?"

"My friend, I have wanted courage for some time to pronounce the cruel words. You must go away."

At this cruel decision which fell from her lips I forgot that I had already prepared myself for my exile.

"Oh, I am very unhappy," cried I. "You have read my heart, and now you send me away."

"André, what do you say? I send you away, when I would give half my happiness in this world that you might be happy!"

"Diana!" cried I, supplicatingly, "have pity on me: to leave you is to die."

In my excitement I threw myself on my knees, seized her hand and bathed it with tears.

"Be quiet!" said she, determinedly; "do not rob me of my self-respect;" and she melted in tears.

At the sight of this sorrow, I paused in shame. I was on the point of betraying myself. Already the sacrilegious confession was on my lips. One word more, and a gulf would have opened between us forever.

"Pardon! pardon!" murmured I.

Overcome by sobs, she veiled her hands, and I saw the tears glistening through her fingers.

"I will go away; I swear it to you," said I, sorrowfully.

We paused for an instant. She at last became calm.

"I thank you for your courage," said she, in a broken voice, turning away her eyes; "I will try to be as strong as you. Only stay a few days longer, until I prepare myself for this cruel separation."

We returned in silence. An unspeakable trouble agitated me; I was afraid of myself. As we re-entered Maufert the unexpected visit of some neighbors separated us, and I went to my own apartment.

Diana no longer doubted my love. All showed it to me; her hesitation, her trouble. She did not curse me, and when I nearly betrayed myself it was with a supplicating voice that she arrested the cry of my heart. "Do not rob me of my self-esteem," said she, in tears. I lost myself in foolish reveries. Her clemency opened before me an enchanting horizon which dazzled me. Good heaven! said I to myself; she returns my love. If she should, like me, be agitated by a senti-

ment of love, which duty obliges her to smother! All this went through my mind like a flash of lightning. I recalled the sudden embarrassments so frequent to her since the night when in the delirium of fever I revealed the secret of my soul, and that gleam of joy I detected on her face when the doctor declared against my going to England. I recalled that morning in the spring time, when riding near her I felt my heart awake; that day also when she spoke to me of going away. What a change since then!

Fascinated by the hope and by these remembrances, I did not dare to either believe or to doubt. My joy wounded me like sorrow, and my sorrow intoxicated me. My eyes tried to look into the future, and as in an enchanted vision, I saw our two souls joined in one of those mysterious unions which God reserves for such hearts. Both of them pure, we remained worthy of ourselves; never would a confession soil our lips. The consciousness of our love rendered us strong, and we would walk through life assured, confident, inaccessible to human miseries.

I passed a part of the day in contemplation before this new Aurora which dawned for me; my existence had thenceforth an object. Strengthened by faith, I threaded with a sure step the shoals of the world where timid spirits are lost. For her I would preserve intact those aspirations towards ideal beauty that seemed like a remembrance of Heaven. For her I would seek glory. All of a sudden my attention was riveted on a letter which my lawyer sent me that morning. Alas! what a fall. Unhappy me! I dreamed of Diana's love at a time when I was obliged to plead to establish myself as a reasonable creature.

When I saw her that evening I approached her trembling and confused. Happily her duties as chatelainé absorbed her. Withdrawn into a corner of the room, I allowed myself to be occupied by an old friend of my father's, who delighted to tell me stories of the chase, which relieved me from the trouble of talking. While listening to his stories I anxiously watched my godmother, to see if I could not discover on her face a reflection of the stories which agitated me. Her face was calm and impenetrable. I thought I divined an effort under her assumed cheerfulness. Once her eyes encountered mine; she blushed. They brought in tea; she came to me with a cup in her hand. By chance we were alone.

"André, you are angry with me," she said, with an anxious and disturbed air.

"What did you say?"

"I feel remorse for the pain I caused you this morning."

Angels of heaven! She seemed to implore my pardon. Then my importunate hunter came and separated us; but I had time to throw Diana a tender look, which spoke so plainly the devotion of my soul that she left me almost smiling.

The next day when she came into the garden, by my reception of her, she divined my resignation. I comprehended that I ought to spare her the pain of leave-taking.

"You are very good," said she, "and you wish to spare me even the regret of being obliged to appear cruel. André, you know that anxiety for your happiness alone could influence me to cause you pain."

"Yes, I know it," replied I, "and I thank you for having estimated my affection as equal to yours. I wish to be worthy of you, so that you may be proud of me."

"I love you thus, my friend; thank you for your generosity. This fearful word of separation has cost me much."

"Dear godmother, if you had not pronounced it I should have been obliged to."

"You thought, then, of going away?" said she astonished.

"Yes, I had resolved on it; but not without severe struggles. And since you have brought up the question of my future, in my turn I will confide in you. No matter what sorrow it may cost you."

"*Mon Dieu!* André, you frighten me."

"Oh, reassure yourself; it only concerns a debate between M. de Maufert and myself."

"That is precisely what causes me dreadful agonies. I am afraid of him for you; and that is also why I wanted him to go away."

"Is it for this reason?"

"How could I have otherwise acquired so much courage if it were not to save you?" said she, with an emotion that touched me to the bottom of my soul. "Speak, I beg of you," continued she; "for some time things have passed between you and M. de Maufert which I know nothing about. He knows how dear you are to me, and when I question him his ironical silence makes me fear all. Tell me what has happened."

I forgot my unhappiness, my love, and saw only her anxiety, and I did not hesitate to reveal the fatal conflict which she could not fail to learn hereafter. I lessened the wrongs put upon me, that she might not have occasion to blush for the name she bore.

"Struggle, struggle," said she, "avarice renders him capable of anything. Do not hesitate; defend your honor, save your life," and in the impetuosity of her indignation she siezed my hands. Her soft eyes flashed fire. I never saw her so beautiful.

"What does Granger say?" she continued.

"He hopes."

"Rely on his experience, write for him to come, I will meet him in one of our walks; it is necessary that I should speak with him."

I was obliged to affect perfect confidence in order to quiet her fears. Besides, how could I thenceforth doubt my success? Diana was with me. I could not be conquered.

We decided that I should not leave the chateau before the family council. Thanks to the subterfuge imagined by Granger, I did not declare open war against my guardian, since my demand for emancipation was explained by my desire to travel. A sudden rupture would have announced hostile views on my part, and changed my reasonable request into a formal accusation. Armed by a respite, we forgot our sorrows and by a tacit agreement the word separation was no longer mentioned.

Several interviews with Granger, at which my godmother begged me not to be present, so that he might speak freely, and of which she reported to me the smallest word, had enlightened me on the risks I was going to incur. Each day we conferred together, armed with a code, and discussed in advance the imaginary objections of my avaricious guardian. I was amazed at the rapidity and correctness of Diana's observations. She instinctively suggested arguments of which a lawyer need not have been ashamed.

One morning we received a note from my notary which gave me a rendezvous at a place in the forest.

"The family council will meet on Thursday," said he to us.

"Thursday," said Diana; "so soon!"

"We are not masters of the day, madam; the Justice of the Peace has jurisdiction."

"Do you think," continued she, "that all will be decided at one sitting?"

"I do not dare to hope it," replied the old lawyer, "for I am sure now that an objection which I have foreseen will be raised which will engage us in a long lawsuit. It is precisely to discuss this point that I had the honor of assembling you here to-day. Yesterday, I received a visit from the Count; he questioned me on the subject of our meeting. I believe he knows as much about it as I do. Anyway, it was merely a question of form, and my position obliged me to reply to him in order that he could prepare necessary documents. He made no remarks on his design; he knows that I will be his opponent in this dispute. Nevertheless, I have had sufficient experience with men to be able to understand at once that he will oppose your demand. Are you decided, Baron, to follow up this affair?"

"More than ever."

"It must be," said my godmother. "To cease now would betray fears which later would be taken advantage of."

"The Countess comprehends the danger perfectly," said the lawyer. "The affair once commenced, we shall have to continue it to the end, even if we have to bring it before the tribunal."

After a long discussion on our chances of success, we separated. It was decided that the pretext of my emancipation should be my departure for India with my cousin Clareney, and a project of a company for grubbing the grounds of the Punjaub, which voyage being supposed to last several years, necessitated an anticipated settlement of my affairs with my guardian.

Hardly an hour had passed after our return to Maufert when I saw Bastien coming towards me. I had pointed out this faithful fellow to Granger as a reliable intermedium in whom we could confide, and it was through him that all our correspondence passed, which it would not have done to give over to the doubtful discretion of the servants of the house. Bastien brought me these lines, written hastily with pencil on a leaf torn from a memorandum book:

"As I left the rocks I met an ugly little fellow about 15 years old, who looked like a goatherd from Maufert, and who seemed to be watching me. He followed me on the road as far as Thilay to find out my name at the inn, where I left my carriage. While they are harnessing, I send this by Bastien. Be on your guard, and remember that your proceedings are watched.—G."

"It must be that good-for-nothing boy, Lazarus, the son of old Letourneux the sorcerer," said Bastien. "I will run and watch their return. They are friends of Placide's."

Bastien was not deceived. It was Lazarus who followed the notary after his meeting with us in the forest. The smuggler had very little trouble in assuring himself of this. He promised to watch the boy; "I will have my eye on him," said he; "but be on your guard all the same."

How to Jump Safely from the Railroad Cars.—We often see persons make a bungling jump from cars while in motion, and often see them thrown down. This arises from a want of reflection, as they could jump safely, (if they only knew how,) though it is better and safer to wait till the cars stop than to run any risk. Now, there is a way that all persons should know, by which one can jump safely, even though the ears are going at great speed. Take care to have sure foothold when you are about to jump, then jump easily forward, at a little angle from the cars the same way they move, and continue your pace easily when you strike the earth, and you will not feel any more sensation than in an ordinary run. If the cars are at a very great speed, and necessity requires you to jump to save your life, then give all your vigor and strength, and jump with the ears, yet at a slight angle from them, and jump as high as possible in the air—the higher the better—for the body will soon lose its momentum and you will descend and light upon your feet without injury. This can be seen by sending an apple or a rocket into the air; when its strength upward is gone it falls to the ground in a direct line, so persons that jump in this way, without fear, are safe. Any other way is always dangerous to life.

SOMETHING ABOUT BANK-NOTES.

In a recent number of an English paper we find some interesting facts respecting the notes of the Bank of England. The paper on which the notes are printed is all made from the best rags by a single firm. It is made in sheets 16 inches long by 5 inches wide, on each of which two notes are to be printed. The sheets are then cut in two, when each note has three rough edges and one smooth one. The peculiar quality of the paper has been found the best protection against counterfeiting. The engraving of the notes has been imitated, but the paper never. Even the paper that was stolen a few months ago had to be sized by the thieves, and the work was so badly done that the counterfeits could be distinguished from the genuine by this defect alone.

A quantity of paper, enough for making 990,000 notes, is forwarded to London once a month; it is delivered to the bank-note paper office, where it is counted, and then handed to the printing office. After passing through a machine which prints all but the numbers, dates and signatures, it is returned to the paper office. In this transition state it is kept in store. As notes are required it is again passed through a machine for completion; each sheet is then cut in half, making two notes; the notes are counted and carefully examined by cashiers, whose duty it is to reject those which are indistinctly printed or are imperfect, tied up in bundles of 100 notes each, and five of these bundles in one, making a large bundle of 500 notes. The average daily manufacture is about 37,000 notes, or 74 bundles of 500 notes, each bundle weighing one and a half pounds. The number of notes made in a year will be over 11,500,000, the paper weighing more than 15 tons. Books are printed at the bank with a record of every note issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment is marked off these ledgers on the day following, the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. Should a forged note chance to be passed it would be detected the next day in posting the ledger.

About 37,000 notes are presented daily for payment. They are cancelled by tearing off the signature and punching, and then laid away in boxes, to be kept ten years. If reference to any of these notes is required, by furnishing the number, date and amount, it can be produced in ten minutes. Once a month the notes which have completed their ten years of rest are taken out and burnt.

Bank-notes are subject to many mishaps; they are buried, burned, drowned, washed to pieces and eaten.

Not many years since a laborer, in taking down a hedgerow came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents they were found to be bank-notes, the proceeds of a robbery which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the thieves, being hard pressed by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps taken and hanged for some other crime, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste paper and burned. They are sometimes, too, used to light pipes, candles, gas, etc.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

> For a guinea it will sink,
> But a one pound note will float,

a five pound note will not.

Notes sometimes are left in pockets and washed into a complete wad. But the bank will redeem them, provided they remain so nearly legible that it is possible to identify them.

A story is told of a grazier who, having returned from market, was counting his money. The wind took one of the notes out of the window, and it was swallowed by a pet lamb. The animal was killed directly, and the note taken from its stomach and sent to London, with a statement of the circumstances. It was of course much discolored, but being all there, the grazier got his £20.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under £100—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But with notes of £100 and upwards, a sum equal to the amount lost is invested in consols, in the names of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser, and at the end of the term the stock is transferred into his name.

Divorce and Revenge among Birds.—The Shields (England) *Gazette* has the following curious story of animal life: "In the interior of the Tyne Dock wagon shops, the attention of the workmen was attracted to the movements of two sparrows, engaged in constructing a nest in the hollow where two girders met for the support of the iron roof. For several days they labored assiduously in preparing their abode, when, by some sudden freak, the progress of the tiny fabric was suspended. A few mornings afterwards the ears of the men were saluted by loud chirruping and fluttering of wings, and from what transpired subsequently it was evident that the female bird had severed the connubial knot, and enlisted the affections of another, who vigorously contended with the rejected bird for the possession of the nest. For several hours the conflict continued, until the usurper proved the strongest. The rejected bird shortly afterward returned and hovered about the spot, apparently watching an opportunity for revenge. This speedily occurred, for in the course of a short time the newly joined pair left for a brief period. In their absence, the defeated sparrow approached the nest, and, placing his back beneath the feathery mass, raised it from its resting place and sent it to the ground. The surprise of the other birds on their return, at beholding the demolition of their dwelling, appeared to be great, and was amusing to observe; notwithstanding this disaster, however they commenced to build a second nest, in the same place, the rejected mate watching their proceedings with apparent interest. After two days of incessant labor they again left for a short time, and, taking advantage of their absence, the disappointed bird again demolished their feathery residence.

Thorns.—There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

WHAT IS MY LOVE LIKE?

WHAT is my love like? She is fair—
Fair as a tender autumn star,
Twinkling through the woodland air.
A cloven cherry is her mouth,
Her breath a breeze that wanders far
Through camphire hills in the sweet South.

And fine, and delicate, and slim
Is her rich, purple-boddiced waist,
Set round with fringes, quaint and prim.
O'er her cool neck, a rosary
Of fragrant pearls, white-serried and chaste,
In one close-linked measure lie.

O wondrous, wondrous is her hair—
A twisted wealth of golden brown,
That droops above her temples bare.
A milky shoulder, gleaming shy,
Peeps coy and blanched above her gown,
As from a pleasant nunnery.

Her hand so oft doth kiss her lips,
That half the cherry blood has flown
In ruby to her finger tips.
I will not swear me for her eyes,
For, when we meet, my lids are prone—
Supine before their witcheries.

She hath a voice, like a low brook
That crystals through a bed of gold,
By saddest lilies sun-forsook.
And her sweet laugh is soft and slow,
And wise in meanings manifold—
A viol that the spring gusts blow.

Such is my love—a phantom bright,
The vision of a summer brain
Seen half between the dark and light.
She lives within a palace fine,
And sees the moons of fancy wane,
The image and the dream are mine.

"OUR TRIP TO WASHOE."

[BY THE "CALIFORNIAN'S" LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NUMBER FOUR—"PIGEON WING" VISITS THE MINES—IS FEASTED BY THE SUPERINTENDENTS AND TELLS ABOUT THE WASHOEITES.

I WAS awakened from my reverie to find myself standing upon a narrow platform suspended over the shaft of the Savage mine, grasping convulsively a very large rope, and doing my best to swallow a very large lump that kept constantly coming up into my throat in spite of all my efforts to keep it down.

The sensation of a sudden descent into the blackness and mystery of unknown depths, not knowing where you may land, nor when, nor how, is by no means pleasant—at all events I did not enjoy it, although others of the party declared that it was delightful. It seemed to me as if the bottom of my heart had suddenly dropped out—or as if I had found myself in deep water unprovided with fins, and without knowing how to swim, or high up in the air without wings. In short I found myself in a most unnatural and disagreeable position, and breathed a silent prayer of thankfulness when I found myself safely at the bottom of the shaft, more than 300 feet below the surface of the earth. Our descent had been accomplished so rapidly, that it was some moments before we could distinguish surrounding objects. At length we discovered that we were in the midst of subterranean passages running, it seemed to us, in many directions. Lights twinkled thickly amid the gloom, revealing many nooks and corners where busy workmen with picks and shovels were wresting the glittering treasures from the hard bosom of the reluctant earth. The temperature was pleasant, and the ventillation so perfect that there was an absence of all sultriness and closeness; we found it less difficult to breathe below the earth than above it. We explored galleries, descended ladders, and walked along dark passages, and looked down into shafts, and examined quartz veins and clay seams, and we saw a party of miners taking their lunch, and we wondered how they kept the course of time in a place where day and night are the same. Then we descended other ladders, narrower and longer and darker, until we thought that we should never get to the bottom, carrying candles in our hands all the while, like the seven wise virgins, and scalding ourselves with hot grease, and doing violence to our shins until finally we found ourselves in the famous Gould and Curry mine. It all looked alike to us, and we should never have known the difference between that and the Savage if we had not been told. There were endless beams and rafters overhead, and such vast galleries, long and narrow, upheld by framework, and so many timbers of all sorts and dimensions, that it looked more like a wood mine than a silver mine, and we felt as if we were walking over innumerable covered railroad bridges, or between the decks of some monster merchant ship. We expected to have found miners at work, but we were not prepared to see so many trades represented. There were carpenters and blacksmiths, and engineers and managers, and men who were pumping out the water, and others who were hoisting ore and still others who were running the cars and attending to dozens of things which we did not understand. It gradually dawned upon us that it was rather a difficult matter, and rather an expensive one to carry on a mine. We began to understand what became of the stockholders' investments, and what was wanted with assessments, and we finished our investigations with the wonder that any dividends were ever declared. Mines which only a few hours ago had seemed to our imaginations like great natural treasuries in which lucky stockholders had immense fortunes stored away, now looked like huge graves in which their money was buried forever from their view—vast bournes from whence no dividends could ever return. All around us lay great heaps of rich ore which workmen were breaking in pieces convenient for transportation. We could see the rich metal glittering through it, but we did not find it in bars or bricks, and we began to comprehend how hard it is to get hold of silver in any tangible shape, (we had already discovered how hard it is to keep hold of it,) and to feel a greater reverence for it than we had ever had before. We felt ourselves clutching the half-dollars in our pocket, with a sudden appreciation of their value.

The sensation produced by ascending a shaft is decidedly more pleasant than that accompanying the descent; and when I stood once more on the surface of the earth, and looked up at the blue sky and the broad expanse of earth and air, I mentally resolved that I would never willingly exchange them for any underground wonders again. Other members of our party pursued their investigations in various other mines, descending in buckets to wonderful depths, (which Mr. Lent spoke slightingly of as only a drop in the bucket,) going down inclines of dangerous steepness, and dropping on platforms with the quickness of thought. Of course their knowledge was greatly increased by their various experiences. They brought away with them a vast fund of information, a great many specimens of ore, and a wonderful conceit of themselves. They evidently thought that what they did not know about mining was not worth knowing. We lunched and dined that day with the Superintendent of the Gould and Curry, by whom we were most hospitably and elegantly entertained. We have never before seen an establishment presided over with so much grace and dignified elegance by a bachelor; but we could not help feeling all the while that it was a sort of rebuke on matrimony. What right has a bachelor to be so comfortable, and to have every thing so well ordered, without the assistance of a woman? Men have no right to demonstrate to the world the possibility of their getting along as well without a helpmate as with one. It is establishing a dangerous precedent. It will be a fatal thing for women, when men discover that they can do without them; from that moment will date their downfall from the altars whereon they are now enshrined as idols. And so, while we enjoyed our bachelor host's hospitality, we resented its elegance and ease as an insult to the gentle sex. After dinner we drove to the Gould and Curry mill. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the landscape lay before us distinct and clear as in the open day. The hills looked soft and billowy, and lights gleamed from a hundred little houses nestled among them. Sometimes they shone in clusters, sometimes they twinkled singly and alone; but we felt as we gazed at them that each one glowed upon the altar of home.

We went all through the mill, the Superintendent kindly explaining to our dull comprehension the whole process by which the broken, worthless-looking rock is transmuted into the enchanter's wand which has created a city in the midst of a desolation. If we had been previously astonished at the number and variety of trades necessary to the management of a mine, we were still more surprised when we saw the multitude of heads and hands which it requires to manage a mill. We kept thinking what a circumlocution office a silver mine is! We have never seen people spending their silver since that time without longing to tell them that if they only knew how much trouble it cost originally to make it they would hoard it up like misers, and never be spendthrifts again.

We wandered through all the mysteries of machinery, looking at everything with a silent, uncomprehending wonder. It seemed to us that they had in operation in that one mill every machine ever patented, except a sewing-machine; and I immediately recommended the purchase of one, to sew up their law-suit with the North Potosi.

In this gigantic establishment the work goes on by day and by night alike—the clang of the hammer, the whirr of the machinry, never ceases—the fires never die. As we stood on the embankment by the duck-pond, we turned and looked back upon the huge pile—the red fire-light gleamed athwart the landscape the lights shone from innumerable windows, the tall chimney puffed out its black volumes, thickening the moonlit air and casting dark shadows upon the hills, the thick, labored breathing of the engine filled the little valley with its hoarse, discordant sound, the red fires glowed with a lurid light, the men who fed them, as they opened the iron doors and raked out the ashes, looked like demons in Pandemonium, heaping red-hot coals upon the wicked—we instinctively thought of some great monster which could only be appeased by feeding it continually upon silver. We thought of the vacant chambers of the Gould and Curry mine, and in fancy we beheld their glittering contents poured into the devouring jaws of this fiery demon. It looked huge enough and wicked enough to swallow up, one by one, every mine in the Territory.

Virginia City is the most hospitable place I ever saw. We went there almost strangers, we took no letters of introduction, we expected no special courtesies: yet from the time of our arrival we were the recipients of the most cordial hospitalities, and of innumerable civilities which we can never forget. We were invited to dinners and lunches and pic-nics and parties, besides walks, drives and visits.

We were struck with the determined energy with which the ladies pursued their pleasures under difficulties. They think nothing of driving a dozen miles to a pic-nic, over rough roads, narrow and dangerous, in open carriages, with the wind blowing cold and sharp with a forty-San-Francisco power, and the dust flying through the air in fine impalpable alkaline powder, that covers everything with a gray ashen hue. We spent a charming day in a little valley on the Carson river. The ladies amused themselves in fishing, and rowing, and see-sawing. They sate idly chatting in the pleasant sunshine, or walking by the riverside until dinner was announced, and then the fun began. After the ladies were seated, it was suggested that the gentlemen should wait upon them. Never was a table more spleudidly served! Between every course the waiters took a drink. There was a flow of wine, and a flow of wit, a popping of corks and a cracking of jokes, that kept the table in a roar. Everybody was so jolly, and so grateful to the hospitable entertainer (another bachelor) for making them so, that they kept drinking his health, and calling him up to respond to their toasts, notwithstanding his blushes and his entreaties to be let alone. What a merry party it was!

But the drive home was fearful—everybody wanted to be first—or rather, nobody wanted to be last—and the horses were urged to the top of their speed, and we all went flying along the dusty road as if we were pursued by some mortal enemy or our houses were on fire at home. On another occasion, when we were about visiting Steamboat Springs, the snow began to fall; but the party went on all the same. One of the horses fell lame, another "interfered," and a third fainted on the very edge of a dangerous grade; but, nothing daunted, they kept on their course—they were in for fun, and they were bound to have it. After visiting the Geysers we drove half-a-dozen miles further to the beautiful valley of Washoe, green as an emerald set in an encircling ring of mountains—one of Nature's gems. What a contrast its green meadows and wooded hills and lovely little lake offered to the bare hills and sandy slopes of Virginia! It has its busy village, with stage-coaches, and wagons hauling ore to the mills, and the usual throng of idlers sauntering around the public places. There were comfortable homesteads at the foot of the hills overlooking the valley, and orchards, and fields of grain, and gardens, and fat cattle standing up to their sides in waving grass. Altogether, it looked a little Eden. We dined with the hospitable Superintendent, Mr. Palmer, and his charming family; and after walking through the famous Ophir mill, and seeing a great many things which in our ignorance we did not comprehend, we drove back in the clear moonlight.

A few nights afterwards, another large party of ladies and gentlemen thought it no hardship to drive a dozen miles to a ball at the Mexican mill, near Carson City, and, after dancing all night till broad daylight, to drive back again in the morning. We can safely say of our friends in Virginia City that the ladies can stand more fun and the gentlemen more champagne than any other people we ever knew. In their kindness and unsuspecting frankness they reminded us of the early society of San Francisco, before Mrs. Grundy came here to live, and made all her neighbors miserable.

It was with a feeling of sincere regret that we took our last look of Virginia by the early light of 4 o'clock on a Friday morning. It had a dissipated, slovenly look, as if it had sat up too late the night before, and had not yet been to the barber's. The streets were unswept, the sidewalks untidy, and, altogether, it looked as if it had been made in a hurry of such materials as were at hand, and had to be used before it was finished. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful place, and is destined perhaps for a great history.

We chose a new route home, through the Henness Pass. For miles after leaving Virginia it is barren and desolate; but still we began to see signs of other vegetation besides the everlasting sage brush. Spikes of wild mignonette thrust themselves up between clusters of a dwarf azalia—very poor and forlorn, it is true, but still it showed that Nature was at work within the soil. On beds of utterly-barren sand the warmth-loving portulacca spread its tender fibres, its delicate pink blossoms literally making the desert blossom as the rose. We passed through the broad meadows of the Truckee river, where Nature has spread out her green apron and filled it full of buttercups and daisies; and we drove through groves of magnificent trees, which narrowly escaped being giants worthy of Calaveras and Mariposa. How it grieved us to see the prostrate monarch, dethroned and crownless, cut down in the mere wantonness of destruction, and left to decay in silence and uselessness—all the honors with which centuries had crowned them withered by one stroke of some Vandal ax. Truckee Lake is a pretty little sheet of water, but after Lake Bigler it disappointed us.

We passed through several little mining towns, and saw several others at a distance; and we remember the seamed and scarred faces of the hills around them, wounded by a hydraulic something, (I forget what,) in which the very brooks and fountains which they had nourished in their bosoms were turned against them to rob and deform them. It was a new form of ingratitude. And we saw the great flume—the father of all flumes—high enough to have conveyed water to the Tower of Babel; and we saw the Yuba. We must not forget the Yuba, for the ascent of its mountain affords a great many glimpses of wild scenery, picturesque and not unmixed with sublimity. Looking down into the narrow ravine, with the river rushing madly through it, we saw the tops of tall trees waving far below us on the precipitous sides. We saw, what interested us far more, a simple white flower, the wild syringa, a native of the South. We had never seen it before on the Pacific Coast—and it bore us far away on its white wings to friends and home, by the banks of our native river. We found the roads narrower and rougher than by the Pincer-

ville route; and the journey fatigued us far more. We were delighted when, at 5 o'clock in the evening, we reached the pretty little mountain village of Nevada, and the charming new hotel of Mr. Ira Eaton. How cool and clean and fresh every thing appeared after our dusty drive! How soft the beds were; how easy the chairs! A little river ran through the town, making it musical. Orchards surrounded villa-like houses, and roses and honeysuckles embowered them. We slept as sweetly in our spring beds that night as the bees did in the flowers, and arose quite as early. After a delicious breakfast we took our places for our last day's journey in the coach, and started for the terminus of the railroad. When we went to Virginia we thought we made extraordinary speed, but it was nothing to our drive from Nevada to Newcastle. Our driver gave whip and reins to our six fresh horses, and in the cool morning air and over a smooth road we fairly flew. We passed through Grass Valley, a pretty straggling little village, famous for having been at one time the centre of an immensely rich mining district, and for (what interested us more) having been the residence of Lola Montez. What a train of thought the sight of that little cottage awakened! I wonder what her thoughts used to be, when she stood at her threshold and looked over the wild, strange scenes that surrounded her—she who had been the favorite of a monarch, the inmate of a palace, the centre of a brilliant court, the ruling power of a kingdom. What solace did she find in this solitude for all that she had left behind her—what was the charm that drew her hither while still in the prime of womanhood, still brilliant, still beautiful. After a life of so much adventure, so much *eclat*, so much folly, and so much sin, to fold her wings in such an eyrie as this at last! I wondered how she spent the long summer days and the long winter nights. Did she never see in her dreams the fair city of Munich, with its palaces, and galleries and works of art, and parks and fountains, where she once reigned an uncrowned queen—and did she never recall in her visions a certain chamber of beauties in the royal palace, and the vacant panel, where her own sweet face once smiled upon a kingly adorer! And then I thought of her death-bed, when poor and penitent she laid down to die in a foreign land, and strange hands closed those beauteous eyes through which a great but lost soul had flashed out its signal fires of distress amid the pauses of that wild storm of passion by which it was tossed, and wrecked at last.

PIGEON WING.

BRIEF MENTION.

C. L. WELLER has been arrested and carried to Alcatraz by an order emanating from the Military Department. The cause is found in a speech before a Democratic meeting a few evenings since. The editor of the Merced *Democrat* has gone the same road.

Bishop Kavanaugh has been released from military arrest, his skirts cleared of the charge of being a secessionist and a traitor.

The actress, Miss Virginia Howard, was severely injured at Virginia City, lately, by the upsetting of a carriage.

There is a great dearth of news in town, as well as of money. People are beginning to clamor for something to break the monotony, even if it come in the shape of an "inflated currency."

Gen. Scott is at Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, and is understood to be busily engaged on his "Life," which is drawing to a completion. He spends most of the morning in the Military Library consulting its stores for material. He is in his 78th year.

The Quakers are establishing a college in Pennsylvania. It has been incorporated by the name of Swathmore College; and about $40,000 have been paid toward the enterprise.

There are now in this country sixty officers of European navies who are especially detached to watch and report our progress in ship-building.

Brignoli, whose career of late has been rather unfortunate, has been engaged by Max Strakosch to go on a parlor-operatic tour with Adelaide Phillips as *prima donna*.

The Rev. R. L. Dabney, a professor in the Theological Seminary at Hampden, Virginia, is preparing a *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, at the request of Jackson's widow and General Ewell. It is to be published simultaneously in England and at Richmond, should Richmond be in the possession of the Confederates when the work is finished. It will be in two volumes.

There is a rat-eater giving exhibitions near Carlisle, England. The man is a tall Kaffir, only wears a head-dress and an apron, and eats thirty to forty rats a day, first biting off the heads of the vermin. The police permit these disgusting exhibitions, and the people go to see them.

A French jury recently gave in a verdict the benefit of "extenuating circumstances" to a horrible wretch who murdered his own mother by holding her head down in a dung-heap until she was dead.

Miss Bateman has made more than a theatrical success in London. It is said that she is to be married to an army officer, and will temporarily retire from the stage for that purpose. This is playing Rebecca as well as Leah.

It is reported that General McClellan has fallen heir to a large fortune, through the death of Miss Alicia Campbell or McIver, a sister of Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde). Gen. McClellan's father is said to have been cousin to Lord Clyde.

THE brevity of human life is generally recognised in the abstract by all men: and yet nearly all of them act as if it would endure forever.

THE ORIGIN OF LYNCH LAW.

LYNCH Law, as Californians and residents of other remote States well know, is a very summary method of bringing culprits to justice, and those among our earlier pioneers who were disposed to be dishonest were held in wholesome restraint by the fear of "Judge Lynch." Some who will read this may possibly have made his personal acquaintance, but we think there are few who are posted in regard to who he originally was or whence he came. These we propose to enlighten by the following quotation:

In an essay on the English language in America, Charles A. Bristed says: "If there was ever a phrase deemed particularly transatlantic in origin, it is that of Lynch law, for summary and informal justice; yet there appear good reasons for doubting its western paternity. It is usually explained as having been derived from the emphatic practice of a certain Judge Lynch who lived somewhere in the 'far West.' But no authentic or consistent account of this functionary exists; no tangible grounds for supposing him to be anything more than a mythical personage, while a very probable solution of the phrase presents itself in the parent tongue. Linch, in several of the northern county dialects, means to beat or maltreat. Lynch law, then, would be simply equivalent to club law, and the change of a letter may be easily accounted for by the fact that the name of Lynch is as common in some parts of America as in Ireland."

Says "Claverhouse," Mr. Bristed's theory is very ingenious, but it is not correct. In America, the term "Lynch law" was first used in Piedmont, on the western frontier of Virginia. There was no Court within the district, and controversies were referred to the arbitrament of prominent citizens. Among these was a man by the name of Lynch, whose decisions were so impartial that he was known as Judge Lynch, and the system was called "Lynch law," and was adopted in our pioneer settlements as an inexpensive and speedy way of obtaining justice.

Long after the death of the good old Judge, when the manners and customs had changed, and wicked men usurped the prerogatives of the Courts and set the laws at defiance "Lynch law" came to be regarded as a reproach. The system has of course passed into disuse in Virginia, and is only revived occasionally in California or on our western borders.

The origin of the expression, however, is British, and dates from the early part of the fifteenth century.

Prince Puckler Muskau, in his *Tour in England*, etc., gives the following account of the tragedy from which it derives its name:

In the fifteenth century James Lynch was chosen Mayor of Galway for life, an office then nearly equal to that of the sovereign in power and influence. His son Edward became attached to Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, but found it difficult to interest her. During the courtship, Mr. Lynch went on a journey to Cadiz and brought back with him the son of a wealthy Spanish merchant named Gomez. The young Gomez married the daughter of Mr. Lynch and became very intimate with his brother-in-law, Edward.

The latter, however, suspected that he was carrying on an intrigue with Anna Blake, and one night, having concealed himself behind a pillar, he saw young Gomez, wrapped in a mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a side door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartment. As the horrible certainty flashed upon him, he darted like a tiger upon his rival, and buried his dagger a hundred times in his quivering body. He then fled to the woods. On the morrow he was found, and confessed his guilt.

His father condemned him to death. The people interposed and demanded his release. Even the soldiers went over to the mob and cried aloud for his pardon. The prison was about to be stormed, when James Lynch appeared at an upper window, his son standing by his side with a halter round his neck. "I have sworn," said the inflexible magistrate, "that the murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it."

As he said these words, he pushed his son out of the window, and completed the dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

The Mayor resigned all his dignities, and never left his house till carried from it to the grave. Anna Blake is said to have died in a convent, and the rumor goes that both families disappeared from the earth, but a skull and cross-bones sculptured over the door of an ancient house in Galway still marks the site of this fearful tragedy.

A WOMAN-HUSBAND.—In 1733, a woman went courting a woman, dressed as a man, and was very favorably received. The lady to whom these not very delicate attentions were paid, was much older than the lover; but she was possessed of about a hundred pounds; and this was the attraction to her adventurous friend. But the intended treachery was discovered; and, as the original chronicler of the story says, "the old lady proved too knowing." A more extraordinary case than this was that of two women who lived together by mutual consent as man and wife for six-and-thirty years. They kept a public house at Poplar; and the "wife," when on her death-bed, for the first time told her relatives the fact concerning her marriage. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (1776,) who records the circumstances, states that "both had been crossed in love when young, and had chosen this method to avoid further importunities." It seems, however, that the truth was suspected; for the "husband" subsequently charged a man with extorting money from her under the threat of disclosing the secret, and for this offence he was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to undergo four years' imprisonment.

TAN-TAMOUNT TO FAME.—A celebrated Cambridge scholar an admirer of the Greek poets, has ordered in his will, that after death his body shall be dissected, and his skin taken off and *tanned* in such a manner as to convert it into a parchment, on which the *Iliad* of Homer shall then be copied, the singular MS. to be deposited in the British Museum!

A DROVE OF BULLS.

WHEN an Irishman heard some one speaking of the fine echo at the Lakes of Killarney, which repeats a sound forty times, he said: "Faith that's nothing to the echo in my father's garden. If you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you.'"

A GENTLEMAN, while writing a letter, was disturbed by a stranger who looked over his shoulder; and he quietly wrote: "I would say more, but an impertinent fellow is looking over my shoulder, and reading every word I write."

As soon as the sentence was finished, the stranger exclaimed: "You lie, you scoundrel!"

EXTRACT FROM A HANDBILL AT AN IRISH RACE.—"No gentleman will be allowed to ride on the track save the horses that are to run."

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—"The land is fenced in by impenetrable furze ditches made of quarried stone."

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH INDICTMENT.—"The defendant beat the said Smith with a wooden instrument called an iron pestle."

AN Irish commentator on the *Pentateuch* says: "The ten commandments were written on tables of stone, made of shittim wood."

Englishman (to Irishman).—"That man resembles you; is he your brother?"

Irishman.—"No, I am an only son; I have no brothers but myself."

THIS famous saying, being but little known, I will repeat it.—*Irish Orator.*

INSCRIPTION ON AN IRISH FINGER-POST.—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your eyes and bless roadmaster Wade.

AN Irishman asked a bookseller for a history of the world before the creation.

Sheriff (to Irishman at a Fair).—"You are selling things after the hour, and you know the hour, for I told it to you at the last Fair."

Irishman.—"No, you didn't; it was my brother, for I was by him at the time."

FRENCH OFFICERS AT OSTEND (to besiegers).—"We have resolved never to surrender this place to you till we are buried in its ruins."

DURING the Irish rebellion the populace became so excited against a certain banker, that they hunted up all his outstanding notes and burned them.

VOLTAIRE, in his *Œdipus*, makes Jocasta say: "Everything speaks against us, even our silence."

MILTON, in *Samson Agonistes*, says: "The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer."

IN *Paradise Lost*, Milton says:

God and His Son except,
Created thing not valued he nor shunned.

And again:

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,
His sons; the fairest of his daughter's Eve.

IRISHMAN.—This house will stand as long as the world and longer.

IRISH SHOPKEEPER.—Madam, this dress will wear for ever and make you a petticoat afterward.

TURN from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Englishman.—"Why do the Irishmen make so many bulls?"

Steele.—"It is the effect of the climate, sir; if an Englishman were born in Ireland he would make as many."

DR. JOHNSON says of Shakspeare: "He has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in situations to which it can not be exposed.

Irishman (to portrait painter.)—"I want you to introduce my likeness in that picture; paint me standing behind that big tree in the foreground."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, after making a hole in his door for his cat to come into his room, made a small one for her kitten.

Irishman.—"That is an excellent portrait; it is more like than the original."

Irishman.—"Can you see at all with your eye that's knocked out?"

Irishman.—"I hate cats; if I had had the making of our laws I would have laid the dog-tax on the cats."

Irishman (speaking of a rich army contractor, who illuminated at the general rejoicing for peace.)—"If this contractor had illuminated according to his own taste, it would have been with dark lanterns."

A FRENCH Marshal having some important secrets to communicate to the Government said: "Don't be astonished that I employ my secretary to write this; he is so stupid that he does not know that I am talking of him now."

Question.—"How old is your elder brother?"
Irishman.—"In two years he and I will be of the same age."

A Son (to his father.)—"I am under no obligations to you; you have always been in my way; if you had not been born I would now be the heir of my grandfather."

Irishman (to a young lady whose father had just married the second time.)—"Miss, I am delighted to hear that your father has just married your mother."

RACINE, a great courtier, was buried in a place which Louis XIV. disliked. M. de Boissy was indignant, and said Racine would never have been buried there if he hadn't died.

IRISHMAN'S POSTSCRIPT.—If you don't receive this letter, let me know, and I will see the postmaster.

LIMITATION.

EACH is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION II.

1. *Memorandum of Mr. Henderson.*

WE now come to that portion of Mrs. Anderton's history which embraces the period between her marriage and the commencement of her last illness. For this I have been compelled to have recourse to various quarters. The information thus afforded is very complete, and taken in conjunction with what we have already seen in Miss B——'s correspondence of the previous life of this unfortunate lady, throws considerable light upon two important points to be hereafter noticed. The depositions, however, unavoidably run to a greater length than at this stage of the proceedings, their bearing on the main points of the case would render necessary, and I have therefore condensed them for your use in the following memorandum. Any portion, not sufficiently clear, may be elucidated by a reference to the originals enclosed.

Mr. Anderton was a gentleman of good origin, closely connected with some of the first families in Yorkshire, where he had formed the acquaintance of Miss Boleton, while staying at the house of her great aunt, Miss B——. He appears to have been of a most gentle and amiable disposition, though unfortunately so shy and retiring as to have formed comparatively very few intimacies. All, however, who could be numbered among his acquaintances seem to have been equally astonished at the charge brought against him on the death of his wife, with whom he was always supposed, though from his retired habits little was positively known, to have lived upon terms of the most perfect felicity. As the event proved, the case would in effect never have come on for trial; but, had it done so, the defence would have brought forward overwhelming evidence of the incredibility of such a crime on the part of one of so gentle and affectionate a disposition.

During the four years and a half of their married life there does not appear to have been a cloud upon their happiness. Mrs. Anderton's letters to her great aunt, Miss B——, (to whom I am indebted for almost the whole of the important information I have been able to collect respecting the family,) are full of expressions of attachment to her husband and instances of his devotion to her. Copies of several of these letters are enclosed, and from these it will be seen how unvarying was their attachment to each other. Throughout the entire series, extending over the whole period of her married life, there is not a single expression which could lead to any other conclusion.

It is, however, evident that the delicate health with which Mrs. Anderton had been afflicted from her birth, still continued, and in two instances we have indications of the same mysterious attacks noticed in the letter of Mrs. Vansittart, before quoted. These, however, appear to have been but very slight. They had for some years been of more and more rare occurrence, and from this date, (October, 1852,) we have no further record of anything of the kind. Still Mrs. Anderton's general health continued very unsatisfactory, and almost everything seems to have been tried by her for its improvement. Among the enclosed correspondence are letters dated from Baden, Ems, Lucca, Cairo, and other places to which the Andertons had, at different times, gone for the health of one or other, Mr. Anderton being also, as stated in Mrs. Ward's letter of the 14th June, 1851, extremely delicate.

Of this gentleman all accounts agree in stating that the chief ailment was a constitutional nervousness, mental as well as physical. The latter showed itself in the facility with which, though by no means deficient in courage, he could be startled by any sudden occurrence however simple; the former, in his extreme sensitiveness to the opinions of those about him, and his dread of the slightest shadow of reproach on the name of which he was so justly proud. In the accompanying documents you will find instances of both these idiosyncrasies.

In the summer of 1854 Mr. Anderton's attention seems to have been drawn to the subject of mesmerism. They had been spending some weeks at Malvern, where this science seems particularly in vogue, and had there made acquaintance with several of the patients at the different water-cure establishments, by some of whom Mr. Anderton was strongly urged to have recourse to mesmeric treatment both for Mrs. Anderton and himself.

The constant solicitations of these enthusiastic friends seem at length to have produced their effect, and the favorite operator of the neighborhood was requested to try his skill on these new patients. On Mr. Anderton the only result seems to have been the inducing of such a state of irritation as might not unreasonably have been expected from so nervously excitable a temperament, in presence of the "manipulations" to which the votaries of mesmerism are subjected. In the case of Mrs. Anderton, however, the result was, or was supposed to be, different. Whether from some natural cause that, at the time, escaped attention, or whether solely from that force of imagination from which such surprising results are often found to arise, I cannot of course say; but it is certain that some short time after the mesmeric *séances* had commenced, a decided though slight improvement was perceptible. This continued until the departure of the operator for Germany, which country he had only recently left on a short visit to England.

Notwithstanding the worse than failure in his own case, the certainly curious coincidence of his wife's recovery seems to have entirely imposed on Mr. Anderton, whose susceptibility of disposition appears indeed to have laid him especially open to the practices of quacks of every kind. So great was now his faith in this new remedy that he actually proposed to accompany the Professor to Germany rather than that his wife should lose the benefit of the accustomed "manipulations." He had proceeded to London, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations, when he was induced to pause by the remonstrances of several of his friends, who represented to him that a winter in the severe climate of Dresden—the place to which the Professor was bound—would probably be fatal to [illegible] of Mrs. Anderton's delicate constitution.

[illegible] medical adviser also, though himself professing belief in [illegible]ation, gave a similar opinion, while at the same time he [illegible] difficulty respecting the mesmeric treatment of [illegible]derton, by offering an introduction to "one of the [illegible]erful mesmerists in Europe," who had recently [illegible] London, and who eventually proved to be the so-[illegible]erton R.

This introduction appears to have finally decided Mr. Anderton against the Dresden expedition; and, after a brief experience of his manipulations, Mrs. Anderton herself seems to have derived, in imagination at least, more benefit from them than even from those of her late attendant. So thoroughly were they both impressed with the beneficial results of the Baron's "passes," etc., that Mr. Anderton, who had now resolved to settle in London for the autumn and winter, went so far as to take a ready furnished house at Notting Hill, for the express purpose of having his new professor in his immediate neighborhood. Here *séances* were continued often twice or three times a day, and though, of course, no one in his senses could really attribute such a result to the exercises of the Baron, it is certain that, from some cause or other, the health of Mrs. Anderton continued steadily to improve.

Matters had continued in this position for some weeks, when objections were raised by some of Mr. Anderton's relations to what they not unnaturally considered the very questionable propriety of the proceeding. There seems to have been a good deal of discussion on this point in which, however, Mr. Anderton's constitutional susceptibility finally carried the day against his newly conceived predilections with respect to a practice so obviously calculated to expose him to unpleasant comment. The Baron, however, was not disposed so easily to relinquish a patient from whom he derived such large and regular profits. On being made acquainted with the decision respecting the cessation of his visits, he at once declared that his own direct manipulations were unnecessary, and that, if considered improper for one of the opposite sex, they could easily be made available at second-hand.

Having once swallowed the original imposition, any additional absurdity was of course easily disposed of, and it was now determined to avoid all occasion for offence; Mrs. Anderton should henceforth be operated upon through the medium of a certain Mlle. Rosalie, a *clairvoyante* in the employment of the Baron, who, after being placed "*en rapport*" with the patient, was to convey to her the benefit of the manipulations to which she was herself subjected by the operator.

Into the precise *modus operandi* I need not now enter, but will only remark upon the fresh instance of the extraordinary powers of imagination displayed in the still more rapid improvement of Mrs. Anderton under this new form of treatment, and the marvellous "sympathy" so rapidly induced between her and the Baron's "medium."

Mlle. Rosalie was a brunette rather below the medium height, with a slight but beautifully proportioned and active figure, sallow complexion, and dark hair and eyes. The only fault a *connoisseur* would probably find with her person would be the extreme breadth of her feet, though this perhaps might be accounted for by her former occupation, to be noticed later on. It is necessary for our purpose that this peculiarity should be kept in mind. In appearance she was at that time about thirty years old, but might very possible have been younger, as the nature of her profession would probably entail a prematnre appearance of age. Altogether she formed a remarkable contrast to Mrs. Anderton, who was slight but tall, and very fair, with remarkably small feet, and notwithstanding her ill-health still looking a year or two less than her age. Between these very different persons, however, if we are to credit the enclosed letters, such a "sympathy" sprang up as would, on all ordinary hypothesis, be perfectly unaccountable. Mrs. Anderton could feel—or imagined that she felt—the approach of Mlle. Rosalie even before she entered the room; the mere touch of her hand seemed to afford immediate benefit, and within a few weeks she became perfectly convalescent, and stronger than she had ever been before.

At this point I must again refer you to the depositions themselves, that of Mr. Morton, which here follows, being of too much importance to admit of condensation.

2. *Statement of Frederick Morton, Esq., late Lieutenant, R. A.*

My name is Frederick George Morton. In 1854, I was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery and was slightly wounded at the battle of Inkermann, on the 5th of November of that year, the day after my arrival in the Crimea. It was before joining the battery to which I was appointed. I have since quitted the service, on the death of my father, and am now residing with my mother at Leeds. I was an old school friend of the late Mr. William Anderton, and knew him intimately for nearly fifteen years. I was present at his marriage with Miss Boleton in August, 1851, and have since frequently visited at their house. During the time I was at Woolwich Academy, I spent every leave-out day with them, and frequently a good portion of the vacations. My father encouraged the intimacy, and I was as much at home in their house as in our own. My father was junior partner in one of the large manufacturing firms in Leeds. The Andertons generally lived in London, when they were not abroad; and on one occasion I went with them to Wiesbaden. I saw very little of them in 1854, as they were away the earlier part of the year, first at Ilfracombe and then at Malvern, but I spent the 13th of October with them. I particularly remember the date, as I was on my way to the Crimea, where I was afterwards wounded, and the order had come very suddenly. When it came I had just gone to a friend's house for some pheasant-shooting, and I remember I was obliged to leave the second morning, and I spent the night at Anderton's and embarked the next morning. I was to have gone for the first, but could not get away, and I lost the shooting altogether. It was on a Saturday that I embarked, because I remember we had church parade next day. That was the last time I saw Andertou. I was in Italy all that winter with my wound and rheumatic fever; and in the summer of 1855 I was sent for by my father, who was ill for several months before he died, and after that I could not leave my mother. We only took in a weekly paper, and I did not hear of his having been taken up till three or four days after. I started to see him directly but was too late. It was not on account of any quarrel that we had not met. Quite the reverse. We were as good friends as ever to the last, and I would have given my life to serve him. I was on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Anderton. He was dotingly fond of her. I used to laugh and say I was jealous of her, and they used to laugh too. I never saw two people so fond of one another. He was the best and kindest-hearted fellow I ever knew, only awfully nervons, and very sensitive about his family and his name. The only time we ever quarrelled was once at school, when I tried to chaff him by pretending to doubt something he had said: it made him quite ill. He often said he would rather die than have any stain upon his name, which he was very proud of. On the day I speak of—13th October, 1854—I telegraphed to them that I would dine and sleep there on my way out. I found Mrs. Anderton better than I had ever seen her before. She said it was all Baron R's doing, and that since Rosalie came she had got well faster than ever. She wanted to put off the Baron for that night, that we might have a quiet talk, but I would not let her; and besides, I wanted to see him and Rosalie. They came at about 9 o'clock, and Mrs. Anderton lay on the sofa, and Rosalie sat on a chair by her side, and held her hand while the Baron sent her to sleep. It was Rosalie he put to sleep, not Mrs. Anderton. The latter did not go to sleep, but lay quite still on the sofa, while Anderton and I sat together at the farther end of the room, because he said we might "cross the mesmeric fluid." I don't know what he meant. Of course I know that it was all nonsense; but I don't think Rosalie was shamming. I should go to sleep myself, if a man went on that way. When it was over, Mrs. Anderton said she felt much better, and I couldn't help laughing; then Anderton sent her up to bed, and he and I and the Baron sat talking for an hour and more. I never saw Mrs. Anderton again, for I went away before she was up, but I used to hear of her from Anderton. What we talked of after she was gone was mesmerism. Of course I did not believe in it, and Anderton and the Baron tried to persuade me it was true. We were smoking, but Rosalie was there and said she did not mind it. She always seemed to say whatever the Baron wanted, but I don't think she liked him. She did not join in the conversation. She said—or at least the Baron said—she could not speak English, but I am quite sure she must have understood it, or at all events a good deal. I have learned German and sometimes I said something to her, and she answered; and once I saw her look up so quickly when Anderton said something about "Julie," and the Baron said directly, in German, "not your Julie, child." I asked her, as she was going away, who Julie was, and she had just told me she was her great friend, and a dancing girl, when the Baron gave her a look, and she stopped. That was as they were leaving. Before that, Rosalie was doing crotchet, and we three were talking about mesmerism. They tried to make me believe it, and the Baron was telling all sorts of stories about a wonderful *clairvoyante*. That was his Julie, not Rosalie's. Of course I laughed at it all, and then they got talking about sympathies, and what a wonderful sympathy there was between twins, and the Baron told some more extraordinary stories. And when I wouldn't believe it Anderton got quite vexed, and reminded me about the twin sister his wife had had, and who had been stolen by gypsies. And then the Baron asked him about it, and he told him the whole story, only making him promise not to tell it again, because they were afraid of her being reminded of it, and that was why it was never spoken of. The Baron seemed quite interested, and drew his chair close in between us. We were speaking low, that Rosalie might not hear. I remember the Baron said it was so curious he must take a note of it, and he wrote it all down in his pocket-book. He took down the dates, and all about it. He was very particular about the dates. I am sure Rosalie could have heard nothing of all this; not even if she had understood English. We had gone to the window, and were too far off. Besides we spoke low. Afterwards the Baron seemed thoughtful, and did not speak for some time. Anderton and I got to mesmerism again, and he got a number of some magazine—the *Zoist*, or something of that sort—to prove to me something. He read me some wonderful story about eating by deputy, and when I would not believe it, he called the Baron and asked if it was not true, and he said perfectly, he had known it himself. He started when Anderton spoke to him, as if he had been thinking of something else, and he had to repeat it again. I know it was something about eating by deputy, because afterwards, when I was wounded and had the fever, I used to think of it and wish I could take physic that way. You will find it in the *Zoist* for that month—October, 1854.* I remember saying at the time that it was lucky for the young woman that the fellow didn't eat anything unwholesome, and Anderton laughed at it. The Baron did not laugh. He stood for ever so long without saying a word, and looking quite odd. I thought that I had offended him by laughing. Anderton spoke to him, and he jumped again, and I saw this time he had let his cigar ont. I remember that, because he tried to light it again by mine, and his hand shook so he put mine out instead. He said he was cold, and shut the window. He would not have another cigar, but said he must go away for it was late. Anderton and I sat smoking for some time. I tried to persuade him to give up mesmerism, and he said Mrs. Anderton was so well now he thought she could do without it, and that she would give it up in a few weeks. I heard from him afterwards, in November, that the Baron had left town for some weeks. When I was ill at Scutari, after my wound, I wrote to ask him to meet me at Naples, and he started with Mrs. Anderton in December, but was stopped at Dover by Mrs. Anderton's illness. I have had several letters from him since, and am quite ready to give copies of them; all but the bits that are private. I have read over this statement, and it is all quite true. I am quite ready to swear to it in a court of justice, if required. I wish to add that I am quite certain poor Anderton had nothing to do with his poor wife's death. I will swear to that.

Statement of Julie.

"MANCHESTER, August 3d, 1857.

"DEAR SIR.—In compliance with your instructions of the 11th ult., I forward deposition of Julia Clark, *alias* Julie, *alias* Miss Montgomery, &c., at present of the Theatre Royal, duly attested. "Dear sir, yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM SMITH."

"I am a dancer, and my name is Julia Clark: I have performed under the name of Julie, and other names. I am at present called Miss Montgomery. I knew the girl called Rosalie. She was my particular friend. We were for several years together in Signor Leopoldo's company. I forget how many. She did the tight-rope business, and had ten shillings a week and her keep. In our company she was called the 'Little Wonder.' Her real name was Charlotte Brown. She was about ten years old when I joined the company. I don't know her history. She did not know it herself. She often told me so. She would have told me if she did. She passed as the niece of old Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was the money-taker. She took Lotty's money and found her in clothes. Lotty is Rosalie. Some of our ladies said she had been bought from a tramp. Of course I did not believe it. They said it out of spite. Lotty did the tight-rope business for about five years after I knew her. She was a beautiful figure, only her feet were very broad. All tight-rope dancers are.

*An extract from the magazine here quoted will be given later on in the case.

The rope spreads them. Otherwise her figure was perfect. She was not very nervous, but rather. She used to tremble before she went on. It was not from fear. She was ill sometimes. But not often. Sometimes she caught cold from sitting on the damp ground to undress when she was hot with dancing. She got stronger as she grew up. Sometimes she felt ill, and did not know why. She had bad headaches. When she was in that way physic was no good, only brandy. Brandy took away the headaches. She used to drink brandy sometimes, but not like some of our ladies. I never saw her the worse for liquor. Her headaches were not from drinking. Certainly not. They came and went away again. Brandy took them away. I only know of once that she has been ill since she left the company. She wrote and told me of it. I have the letter still. It is not dated, but there was an extract from a newspaper about her which is dated some time in October, 1852. The day of the month is cut off. She gave up the tight-rope business because of a fall. That was from being nervous. She was not drunk. She had not been drinking. She was nervous. A glass drop fell from the chandelier and frightened her. That was all. She was very much hurt. One foot was sprained, and the doctors at the hospital said she must never go on the wire again. She was two months there. When she came out the circus was shut up. The company was all dispersed except her and me and Rogers and the gentleman who did the comic business. Mr. Rogers was the Signor Leopoldo. He took a music-hall. I think it was in Liverpool. He got another singing lady and gentleman, and we gave entertainments. Every evening Rogers gave a short lecture on mesmerism, and Lotty was his subject. She was very clever at that. Of course she was not really asleep. One night she stopped in the middle. The manager was very angry. She tried to go on, but she fainted and had to be carried off. She said some gentleman in the stalls had done it. Next morning the gentleman called and took her away. He gave the Signor 50*l*. He was the Baron R. I knew it from Lotty. She has written to me several times. These are her letters. They are rubbed at the edges. It is from keeping them in my pocket. I do not think she ever left the Baron, but I do not know. The last letter I ever had from her was from his house. It was in the first week of November, 1854. I got it in Plymouth. It was the only week I was there before I went to Dublin for the pantomime. She said she was going to be married, but must not tell me who to just yet. I never heard from her since. I have written several times, but my letters have been returned. I have no idea who she married. It could not have been the Baron. She disliked him too much. She stayed with him because he paid her well. Partly that, and partly because she said she couldn't help doing what he told her. She said he really did mesmerise her, and that she could see in her sleep. She did not live with the Baron as his wife. Only as his medium. If she had she would have told me. I am quite sure she would. I am quite certain there never was any connection between her and the Baron except what I have said. Of course I cannot swear she did not marry him, but I should think it very unlikely. Why should she when she disliked him so much? All this is true. I believe Signor Leopoldo is now somewhere abroad.

(Signed) "JULIA CLARK, *alias* JULIE."

Read over to the deponent, and signed by her in the presence of William Burton, J. P.

2nd August, 1857.

4. *Statement of Leopoldo.*

N. B.—This statement was obtained with some difficulty, and only on an express promise of immunity from any legal procceding, in respect of the deponent's relations with the girl Rosalie, *alias* Angelina Fitz Eustace, *alias* the "Little Wonder," *alias* Charlotte Brown. The statement was enclosed in the following note:

"Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, etc., etc., etc., presents his compliments to R. Henderson, Esq., and in consideration of the assurance that 'what is done cannot be now amended,' I have the honor to forward the required information, in confidence that you will not keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, and thus 'my simple truth shall be abused.' "Sir, your most humble servant,

(Signed) "THOMAS ROGERS."

Deposition of Signor Leopoldo, Tragedian; Professor of Fencing and Elocution; Equestrian, Gymnastic, and Funambulistic Artiste; Sole Proprietor and Manager of the Great Olympian Circus, etc., etc., etc.

"I, Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, etc., etc., etc., do hereby depose and declare that the girl, Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated 'Little Wonder,' was transferred by me to my celebrated Olympian Company in the month of July, 1837, at Lewes, in the county of Sussex, where the celebrated Olympian Circus was at that time performing with great success and crowded houses. And this deponent further maketh oath and saith that I, the said Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, etc., etc., etc., did in consideration of the services of the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated 'Little Wonder,' pay to a certain person or persons claiming to be the parent or parents of the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated 'Little Wonder,' the sum of five pounds, (£5,) which person or persons were of the tribe or tribes commonly known as gypsies or Egyptians. And this deponent furthermore maketh oath and saith that I, Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, etc., etc., etc., cannot tell whether the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the 'Little Wonder,' was really the child of the person or persons, gypsy or gypsies aforesaid, or that her name was Charlotte Brown, or any other of the particulars hereinbefore stated and deposed, but only that her linen was marked 'C. B.,' which initials do set forth and represent the name of Charlotte Brown.

"Witness our hand and seal this 4th day of January, in the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

(Signed) "THOMAS ROGERS."

5. *Statement of Edward Morris, Clerk in the Will Office. Doctors' Commons.*

"My name is Edward Morris. I am a clerk in the Will Office at Doctors' Commons, and my duty is to assist those who wish to search wills deposited in our office. On the 14th October, 1854, Baron R. came to the office and searched in several wills. One was the will of a Mr. Wilson, copy of which is herewith enclosed. I remember this will particularly, because I had an altercation with the Baron respecting his wish to copy parts of it. He wished to make extracts, and I told him it was not allowed; only the date and the names of the executors. He persisted, and I said I must report it. He then laughed and said it did not matter, and he tapped his forehead and said he could make a note of it there. He read parts of the will over two or three times and gave it back to me. He then said: 'You shall see, my friend,' and laughed again, and he made me follow him while he repeated several pages of the will by rote. He laughed again when he had done, and asked if he might copy it now. I said no; and he laughed again, and wrote for some time in his note-book, looking up at me every now and then and laughing. I was angry, partly because he laughed, and partly because he kept me there when I wanted to get away. I had leave for a week to go to the Isle of Wight and see my aunt. I wanted to get there that night because the next day was my birthday. He made me miss the train, and as the next day was Sunday, I did not get there till late. That is how I remember the date. I am sure of the year because my aunt only went to the Isle of Wight the November previously, and died in the spring of 1855. I am quite sure it was the Baron. I should recognize him anywhere. He is a short, stout man, with a rather florid complexion and reddish hair, rather light. He has large fat hands, white and well kept, and an immense head. He dresses all in black, and wears large spectacles of light blue. I don't think it is because his eyes are weak. I am sure it is not; for when he takes off his spectacles I never saw such extraordinary eyes. I can't describe them, only that they are very large and bright. I never could look at them long enough to make out the color, but they are very dark, I think black, and they put one out to look at them, otherwise there is nothing very remarkable about him. I recognized him that day from having seen him before at a mesmeric lecture, when I asked his name.

6. *Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

I enclose the will, of which the following is an abstract:

"Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Price & Wilson, Calcutta, who died in 1825, leaves the sum of £25,375 three per cent. consols, to his niece, Gertrude Wilson, (afterwards Lady Boleton,) and to her children, if any, or their heirs in regular succession, whether male or female. In default of any such heirs, the money to be made over to trustees selected by the Governor General of India for the time being, from among the leading merchants of Calcutta, for the purpose of founding, under certain restrictions, an institution among the hills for the children of those who could not afford to send them home to England.

The will also provides that should any female taking under it die during her coverture, the husband shall retain a life interest in the property.

OUR POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IT is long since Sir Thomas Brown penned his erudite treatise on "Vulgar Errors," but the subject is not yet exhausted. Notwithstanding we Americans have cut loose from the scenes that bind to darker eras, own no traditions, and may be said to take as our motto that of the conqueror of Mexico:

"Adelante, mi sobrino,
Y no creo en agueros,"

there still lurks many a reminiscence of mediæval superstition among us, especially in the lower strata of our social life. We have thought it worth the pains to collect some of these, and we wish to state at the outset that we shall speak only of those that have come to our personal knowledge in some section of our own country.

In certain parts of the South one hears marvellous tales of a fabulous monster known as the hoop-snake, which is armed with a horn on its head the length of one's finger, and derives its name from its original and convenient method of locomotion, which is by taking its tail in its mouth, stiffening its body, and revolving like a wheel or hoop. It is said to be of venom so concentrated that when it strikes its poisonous horn into a tree, the tree straightway withers and dies. This myth, which we have heard told with full credence by natives of Maryland, belongs alike to Grecian, to Roman, and to Indian mythology, and is supposed in these to be symbolical of the lightning, or fire-snake, and may be a remnant of the dark traditions of the Obi worship. The fact is, we have not forgotten that the devil once entered a serpent's skin to deceive our grandmother, and cherish a hope that we may sometime catch him again in his favorite disguise. Once in a while, his gloomy majesty also appears as a black dog, which neither barks nor bites, but whose touch induces an incurable palsy. This was his favorite shape while wandering up and down and to and fro in the middle ages, as witness the famous poodles of Dr. Faustus and Cornelius Agrippa. This notion is a relic of the paganism of ancient Rome, and sprang from the sacrifice of dogs to Hecate, but we have heard it in our young days narrated with the freshness of novelty and implicit faith in the interior of Pennsylvania. It is from the deeply-rooted belief that such animals were the peculiar instruments of Satan, that we are to explain a curious law, in operation in Saxony down to a quite recent date, by which criminals convicted of certain heinous and unnatural crimes were sewed in a sack with a snake and a dog and tossed in a river, thus both figuratively and literally consigning them to the devil.

We no longer burn witches, neither do we feel altogether safe from their malign influence. No one can have travelled far in our country without having noticed the horseshoe nailed over the mantel-piece as a protection from their nefarious practices. It may be seen, for instance, over the door of the cloakroom in one of the first-class hotels in Louisville, Ky. The horse-shoe is probably the modern representative of the *rostrum lupi* that the ancient Romans were wont to place in the same position for the same purpose. By discreet inquiry we have found in certain sections lingering traditions of those mysterious nocturnal gatherings of the witches that play such an important part in the old witch trials, and that in the sixteenth century, under the name of *le Sabbat*, gained such an infamous notoriety in France, at which the adoration of the devil by profane and obscene observances was the main feature.

It is very natural to suppose that the evil spirit can be propitiated by proper respect. "The devil is good to his own," is an old proverb, and the belief that he will assist those who call upon him is not yet wholly extirpated. Doubtless many of our readers can recall a benevolent method of curing a hordeolum or sty, not mentioned in surgical works, namely, by going alone to a cross-roads and pronouncing the following doggerel distich:

"Sty, sty,
Go out of my eye,
And go on the one who next passes by."

Now, this is nothing less than an appeal to the devil, who in the middle ages was usually invoked at cross-roads. Here suicides were buried without bell or candle and with a stake through their hearts, and here the Lombards impaled and buried alive those wretched mothers who destroyed their own offspring, all of which, in the opinion of the French academician Maury *(Magie de l'Astrologie au Moyen Age,)* looks back to the time when Hecate had her altars in these sites, and was called *Triodites* by the Greeks, and *Trivia* by the Romans. We are almost afraid that our veracity may be questioned when we add that, in a State adjoining New York, once during a great drought, we knew the leaf from the Common-Prayer book which contains the prayer for rain to be torn out and nailed up at the cross-roads, in order to hasten the wished-for showers!

We no longer hold that epileptics are possessed by evil spirits, and have dropped the practice of exorcising diseases, but many a one still regard impure thoughts and impulses as "crafts and assaults of the devil," and various events in them as temptations. We have found few, however, in the course of our researches, who earnestly prayed to be delivered from the temptation of riches. The prayer-book of the English and Episcopal Churches expressly recognizes sickness as a punishment of sin, and the power of evil spirits to work us injury. Based on this view, the vulgar retain to-day a sovereign respect for charms, tokens, and lucky pieces. An army surgeon of experience, who is curious on such subjects, tells us he very frequently finds soldiers whom he induces to confess to the possession of some such protection against inimical bullets, ready perhaps to laugh at the idea, but nowise willing to give up the amulet. The belief in charmed bullets used to be as prevalent in the West and South as in the native forests of *Der Freischutz*, and we well recollect being informed in all seriousness by an old hunter in Florida that a white deer could only be killed by a silver ball.

A horse-chestnut kept in the pocket is said to prevent the rheumatism, and doubtless it is quite as efficient as the "galvanized rings" extensively sold for the same purpose some years ago. For the benefit of those troubled by those unsightly excrescences—warts—we suggest several methods of excellent repute whereby they can get rid of them. They may tie as many knots in a string as they have warts, then burn the string, and the warts will disappear; or they must pluck from the tail of a white horse as many hairs as they have warts, hang them on the chimney-crane, and the warts will straightway wither; or, again, they should steal a piece of meat, cut it into pieces corresponding in number with the warts, then bury them, and as the pieces decay the warts will disappear.

What is known as the "eye-stone" is in great repute in many parts of our country as a facile method of removing foreign bodies from the eye. In color, size and shape, it closely resembles the half of a small pea, and is said to be obtained from marine animals. It is supposed to be alive, and in employing it the custom is to "freshen" it in vinegar diluted with water, when it will "breathe out its air" and move slowly round and round the bottom of the vessel; then, when it is sufficiently restored by this process, to insert it under the eyelid, where it will move in a similar manner, until it expels the foreign substances. It is clear from this description that it is one of those calcareous animal secretions allied to what anatomists call "sesamoid bones," and in its action precisely resembles a flaxseed, which by virtue of its form is a favorite domestic remedy for foreign bodies under the eyelids.

We are not so ready with an explanation of the "mad-stone" used to obviate ill effects from the bites of rabid animals. This is a light, porous stone of extreme rarity and uncertain origin, resembling lava or tufa. It is placed upon the fresh wound, where it clings like a dry sponge, gradually absorbing the poison till filled, when it is allowed to drop off. It is then placed in milk till the virus rises to the surface, in appearance a thin greenish fluid, when the stone is applied again to the wound, and the process repeated as long as it will cling. These "mad-stoues" enjoy a great reputation in the West, and are sought for far and wide. There is one of distinguished efficacy in the town of Lincoln, Indiana, and a second of much renown in Jersey county, Illinois. By the Quincy *Herald* of May 29, this year, it appears that the former was lately applied in a case of rabies, and much to the chagrin and disappointment of its admirers proved of no efficacy whatever, the patient dying with symptoms of hydrophobia.

The sale of "love charms," though incredible, is a most lucrative business. We know an energetic individual in a certain Eastern city who purchased at a bargain two barrels of canary seed, and being at a loss what to do with such an amount, was suddenly struck with the brilliant idea to have it ground and put up in neat little packages, and to advertise it extensively as an infallible "love-powder." The result of his venture proved most conclusively not only his discretion but the ignorance of our population, for he shortly sold out the whole at a most handsome percentage. Let us, however, throw the veil of charity over these facts, for have we not all, like Polonius, in our youth suffered much extremity for love? Can we not ourselves look back to that happy hour, when, alone with our first love 'neath melodious trees, we broke the piece of silver, and each treasured a fragment to render our flames immortal? Would that our innocent faith had been well founded! But, alas! alas! *varium et mutabile semper!*

The *baculus divinatorius*, or divining-rod, is much in vogue in some parts of the West in digging wells and prospecting for metals. Some years ago its revelations became the subject of scientific investigations, and several curious articles on its power appeared in *Silliman's Journal* and other periodicals. Such doings were evidently not in good odor with our ancestors, for we read in the early annals of Pennsylvania that in 1693 one Robert Romans was fined five pounds and charges "for practicing Geomancy according to Hidon, and Divining with a Stick." *(Hazard's Register*, V., 150.) We may add, for the benefit of *les bibliophiles*, that the Hidon here referred to was the author of a popular work on divination, entitled *The Temple of Wisdom.*

We might with facility extend this enumeration of our superstitions, and doubtless the greater part has never come to our notice, but we refrain. To the antiquarian and to the student of national character the subject is full of interest; but what we have already said will probably satisfy the general reader, and convince him that we are not so enlightened a people as he had fondly flattered himself.—*Round Table.*

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of* "THE CALIFORNIAN," *728 Mantgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

"THE NEWS."

THE heading of this article is mainly monopolized by the daily press; the news is something with which a weekly journal scarcely dare to venture. So many stories come over the wires during the seven days which intervene between each issue, and a report of victory treads so closely on the heels of annonncements ambiguous at least, and details which can only be construed to read defeat, that an article written in the middle of the week would scarcely do for the day of publication; and to attempt to follow "the situation," as told by the correspondents at the other end of the wires, would leave onr army withont a situation at all, at the critical moment of going to press.

The exaggerations and contradictions of the telegraph, to call them by no harsher name, must be excessively puzzling to those who are ignorant of the source whence they emanate, and they are certainly calculated to lessen the popular respect for the Government with the great mass who think that everything that travels over the wires is official, coming directly from the Bureau at Washington. A word of explanation will perhaps correct an erroneous impression on the part of the multitude, and do away with the idea that our nation through its head is given to mendacity.

The telegrams which come to California are compiled from the reports of the associated press and the special letters to newspapers at the East. Each of these newspapers has at least one correspondent at the various theatres of war, some have more. By the rules of the associated press no journal connected with it can receive a special telegram from any point except Washington, consequently all telegrams from the army are nsed for the common benefit of the association. With letters it is different; special correspondence is premitted. Those who have ever beeu on a battle-field will recognize the utter impossibility of one man's giving an idea of the battle or attempting to tell amid the smoke, confusion and excitement of the moment how it has gone. Frank Pixley has been to the front aud will probably make affidavit to the trnth of this statement. A battle-field when an hundred thousand men or more are engaged on a side occupies a somewhat larger area than one of the skirmish drills which were in vogue on training days when the old-fashioned militia system prevailed. It extends for miles; the rear ranks are almost out from sight of the advance columns, and correspondents are not in the habit of riding with the van. They are paid for writing the obituaries of others, and not for themselves, furnishing subjects for mortuary notices. They get their ideas of what is going on, and what has been done, from what others tell them, rather than from personal observation. The correspondent feels that he is there for a purpose, and that purpose he is anxious to accomplish; but the obstacles in his way are manifold. A furious cannonading and an incessaut rattle of musketry are going on, and his position is somewhat like that of a fly in a thunderstorm. Geuerals are too busy to talk to him, and could not much enlighten him if they did. And the word of the rank and file is not much to be relied on. If he buttonholes a corporal running to the rear, the corporal will tell him, nine times in ten, that his whole regiment has been cut to pieces, and that he, the sole survivor, only escaped by the exercise of prodigious valor. The only thing that he can do is to watch and wait and guess, collating as many accounts as he can, reconciling them as best he may, telegraphing them on as speedily as possible, and trusting to Providence and the result to bear him out. Of conrse he has his friends to reward; the general officer or colonel who has dined him and wined him must have favorable mention; the engagement must have been brilliantly conducted and hotly contested on the part of the Federal forces; if a retreat has been necessitated, it must be a withdrawal for purely strategic reasons, and in any event our loss in killed and wounded must be nominal merely—the enemy's much greater. All the news or reports he gathers and guesses are strung together as straightly and consistently as possible, and bundled off to the journal in whose employ he is, to be telegraphed to California almost simnltaneously with their appearance in New York. The War Department receives a tolerably truthful estimate of the progress of the battle from the General in command, but the Government doesn't gabble, and its news is always allowed to cool before being communicated to the public. And even the General, if he is not whipped, is very apt to claim a victory, and thus it is that we hear of simultaneous rejoicings in Richmond and Washington when in reality no postive advantage has been gained by either side. The fact of the matter is, that we must school ourselves to receive the reports from the seat of war with a great many grains of allowance, and never huzza very enthusiastically over the first blush of a result as transmitted by the wires. Indeed, this lesson has already been pretty well learned, and impromptn bonfires and extempore rejoicings are no longer in order on this coast. When tangible results come, aud official statements of losses and gains, it is time enough to burn the powder of triumph. One thing must always be borne in mind—that a defeat is slow to be acknowledged, and that the most trifling advantage is never underestimated.

The latest report which last evening bronght about the discovery of an armed association at the North of five hundred thousand men in the enemy's interest may be true, but it has the look of a *canard*. Certainly, if true, it reflects little credit on the vigilance and faithfulness of the authorities who permitted such a thing to ripen to a head under their very eyes, to only discover it at this late moment. The thing is possible, bnt it is scarcely probable. In any event, we shall not give the report credence until further news and the result of deliberate investigation confirms it. We are loth to believe that five hundred thousand traitors of such a stamp could be found among the population of the North. It is a libel on the nation which we are slow to credit.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, STOCKS, ETC.

OUR latest advices from the East received by the Overland mail are under date of the 8th inst. At that date, and for a week previously, financial affairs in Wall street were exciting much interest. The appointment of Mr. Fessenden as the successor of Mr. Chase appears to have been received with satisfaction. Little was known of the policy of the new Secretary of the Treasury, but it was thought his former conservatism as Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate would still be adhered to. His views have been severely criticised and opposed by certain Senators, but it must be conceded that many of their efforts to legislate unwisely for the country have been thwarted by the statesmanship and enlightened judgment of Mr. Fesseuden. He is not a radical in any sense of the term, and the finances of the country are likely in future to be administered on a more conservative basis. If proper liberty of action is allowed him in his new sphere, important and much-needed reforms will take place in the Treasury Department. The former war upon the State Banks will probably now cease. No further incorporations under the National Bank Act will take place, and a better feeling will at once ensue between the real capitalists of the country and the Secretary of the Treasury.

The money market in New York at the date above mentioned was very much disturbed, and a want of harmony among the leading banks in regard to their settlements with each other still existed. These troubles were growing more serious, and greatly embarrassed the daily transactions at the Clearing House. The most pressing borrowers at the bank and in the open market were from the Corn Exchange, where speculators were willing to pay excessive rates to enable them to facilitate their operations. Another demand came from the holders of foreign merchandise, who had marked up their goods and were attempting to sell or carry them at the prices corresponding to the rise in gold. A large amount of greenbacks were also required for transmission to the country for the purchase of wool in Northern New York, Ohio, Michigan and Vermont. The unnsual demand from the Stock Brokers was also pressing, many of whom were sellers of United States, on account of parties in Philadelphia and Boston, indicating a stringency in those quarters.

Legal Tender notes in this market have been freely offered during the week, and declined from 42 to 39. Government officials in this city are now disbursing large sums; and it is thought that nearly $1,000,000 will be paid out during the enrrent month. Our latest Eastern advices, under date of the 27th inst., quote Gold at 250.

The Money market is unchanged, and the same plethora exists, owing to causes frequently alluded to in these columns. The projected establishmeut of a humber of new banking institutions in this city, is likely to assume no definite shape at present, unless a more inviting field should be offered for the employment of additional capital.

The Stock market continues exceedingly depressed, and with scarce au exception, all shares have still further declined. At no former period was the stagnation so universal as now. It is difficult at present to sell anything, and the least pressure appears to force down prices from day to day—no sustaining power being visible. If the decline should continue much longer, it would be safe to conclude that a settling point had been reached. Utter demoralization at the moment rules the Stock Exchange; and those who can weather the storm, and hold on to stocks that are now almost valueless, will, in the end, reap a harvest. A reaction will surely come.

Gould and Curry steadily declined from $1,565 to $1,200, and closes at $965. Some 60 feet have been sold this week.

Ophir fell from $530 to $425, and is held to-day at about $430. 28 feet have changed hands within this range.

Potosi has been well maintained at from $950 to $985, and considerable sales were made at these rates.

Yellow Jacket fell from $500 to $425, rallied slightly to $435, and was held yesterday afternoon at $425.

Imperial declined from $150 to $142, then rose to $144. 85 shares changing hands.

Burning Moscow has been weak and inactive at about $13¼, $13 and $12.

North American rose from $37 to $44, and then fell to $32½.

Bullion declined from $55 to $40.

Golden Age and Empire has declined from $16 to $13.

Lady Bryan has been largely dealt in at from $3¼ and 3¼. 720 shares changing hands.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

FULL honses and unabated success have attended the second week of English opera at the Academy of Music. On Monday evening *Linda di Chamounix* was given. It was a modified version, with much of the recitative turned into dialogue—the plums retained, without too much pudding, which is apt to be heavy. Alone, it would have been quite enough to draw a fine house, but the "occasion" of the evening was the *début* of Miss Jennie Kempton as "Pierotto." The new contralto has a voice of considerable power and pathos—rich, full and sympathetic; a pnre style, and, what is rare enough for commendation, sings recitative remarkably well. She also enunciates her words clearly and distinctly. Her further attractions are those of a good-looking blonde with a fine figure, but her movements were somewhat constrained by the habiliments of the ruder sex. On subsequent nights she seemed more at ease in her boys'-clothes, and could she have been induced to have regarded her guitar more as a musical instrument than an article of clothing she would have done better. Yet for her first operatic performance—as we are told it was—she acted fairly enough. Her Savoyard song—the first strain of which is continually recurring throngh the opera with an inexpressibly tender and touching effect—was very beautifully given, as was also her duet with "Linda" (Miss Richings) in the second act.

The part of "Linda" is written high, and Miss Richings' voice in this *role* was subjected to a severe trial for a *mezzo soprano*, although her success in the *Daughter of the Regiment* was a sufficient justification for the attempt. It was more than an attempt, however, and proved to be a success; she sustained the difficult *role* very effectively, and with wonderful power, considering the tax upon her voice by the steady performances of the past week. But in spite of these exceptional efforts and her fine low notes, we think the middle register of her voice the most charming, as well as the most enduring basis for her musical reputation. Her acting throughout the piece was capital. Nothing seemed to us to be more unaffected and natural than her madness in the second act. It is true that this criticism of her assumed insanity has the disadvantage of being *ex parte*, and written from a sane view point, but the extreme simplicity and naturalness of Miss Richings' acting, her freedom from stage-trickery and mannerisms, under all circumstances, is something so patent that it is only when denied in one point we think it worthy of reiteration.

Mr. Hill sustained the part of "Carlo" to the extent of his sweet, though undeveloped, voice. He seems to be gaining confidence and strength; and the same may be said of Mr. Seguin, although this gentleman's style and cultivation as yet exceeds the qualities of his voice. Mr. Peakes (the "Prefect") had a somewhat prominent *role*, and fully kept up the reputation of his voice, although he exhibited its lack of cultivation more on this occasion than any other. His duet with the baritone was continually marred by crudities, and his blunder of sometimes taking breath in the middle of a word was intolerable. Mr. Richings as the "Marquis" was a fine old beau, who took snuff, cracked sly jokes, and paid high-flown compliments as Marquises of the old and moral *regime* very probably were in the habit of doing. The choruses are entitled to great praise, not only on this occasion bnt others, for their uniform ability, which is remarkable for California. The prayer in the third act would have had a better effect if it had been not so *forte* as to mar the religious expression and sentiment of the music. The opera was exceedingly well dressed and appointed, and the parlor scene in the second act was a model of good taste and ingenuity. Last evening *The Daughter of the Regiment* was performed to a fair house. This evening and to-morrow evening *The Doctor of Alcantara*, a new comic opera, purchased by Miss Richings of the composer, Julius Eichberg, will be produced.

At Maguire's Opera House *Bel Demonio* has ruled during the week. The play is founded, like the *Pope of Rome*, upon the historical story of the Cardinal who shammed illness and decrepitude in order to secure his election to the Papal chair. Mr. Wheatleigh is the Cardinal, but the part does not offer him a very advantageous field for the display of his best talent—in fact the Cardinal is not at all cardinal to the success of the piece, other than as the mechanical frame upon which the plot of the play and its scenery may be built. Great pains have been taken with the scenery, and some very remarkable effects have been produced. We understand for the first time in life what is meant by "rolling waves" when we see three spiral columns, horizontally laid, boring aimlessly away like three huge gimlets propelled by the nervous hands of some unseen carpenter. The play opens livelily and well, and the first scene is particularly good, the dialogue being very well managed. Towards the middle, however, it drags, and might be cut down without detriment to the piece or dissatisfaction to the audience. The principal parts fall to the lot of Messrs. Mayo and Thorne, and are very well sustained by those gentlemen. The plot may be briefly summed up by stating that "Angelo Braccioforte" (Mayo) falls in love—in the repertoire of the lobbies they would say, "gets stuck"—with "Lena Campireali;" (Mrs. Edwin;) her parents are wealthy, and object; but he goes in, fights everybody, rolls off a precipice, and finally gets her. "Ranunncio" (Thorne) is his friend, and stands by him staunch and true all the while. It is usually Mr. Thorne's luck to be the villain of the piece,

and to be cast in any other *role* was such a novelty to him that he entered into the spirit of the character, and played it with commendable vigor. *Bel Demonio* will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

The Wilson circus troupe is heard from at a variety of points, and always in the same eulogistic terms. A Hippotheatron is a novelty in the interior; the majority don't exactly know what it is; but they think it is something good to eat, and go ont to see it in a body. The times, of course, tighten the receipts of the company a little, but still they are eminently encouraging. On Monday night next the troupe will exhibit at Sonora; on Tuesday at Columbia, on Wednesday at Murphy's; and from this latter place the circus train takes its way to the Washoe country, by the Big Tree route, passing through Silver Mountain and Markleeville. If Zoyara's sex is not made apparent in Washoe, it will probably remain for ever a mystery.

A BOYS' DOG.

AS I lift my eyes from the paper, I observe a dog lying on the steps of the opposite house. His attitude might induce passers-by and casual observers to believe him to belong to the people who live there, and to accord to him a certain standing and position. I have seen visitors pat him, under the impression that they were doing an act of courtesy to his master—he lending himself to the fraud by hypocritical contortions of the body. But his attitude is one of deceit and simulation. He has neither master nor habitation. He is a very Pariah and outcast; in brief, "A Boys' Dog."

There is a degree of hopcless and irreclaimable vagabondage expressed in this epithet, which may not be generally understood. Only those who are familiar with the roving nature and predatory instincts of boys in large cities will appreciate its strength. It is the lowest step in the social scale to which a respectable canine can descend. A blind man's dog, or the companion of a knife-grinder, is comparatively elevated. He at least owes allegiance to but one master. But the Boys' dog is the thrall of an entire juvenile community, obedient to the beck and call of the smallest imp in the neighborhood, attached to and serving not the individual boy so much as the boy element and principle. In their active sports—in small thefts, raids into back-yards, window-breaking and other minor juvenile recreations—he is a full participant. In this way he is the reflection of the wickedness of many masters, without possessing the virtues or peculiarities of any particular one.

If leading a "dog's life" be considered a peculiar phase of human misery, the life of a Boys' dog is still more infelicitous. He is associated in all schemes of wrong-doing, and unless he be a dog of experience, is always the scape-goat. He never shares the booty of his associates. In the absence of legitimate amusement, he is considered fair game for his companions; and I have seen him reduced to the ignominy of having a tin kettle tied to his tail. His ears and tail have generally been docked to suit the caprice of the unholy band of which he is a member; and if he has any spunk, he is invariably pitted against larger dogs in mortal combat. He is poorly fed, and hourly abused; the reputation of his associates debars him from outside sympathies; and once a Boys' dog, he cannot change his condition. He is not unfrequently sold into slavery by his inhuman companions. I remember once to have been accosted on my own doorsteps by a couple of precocious youths, who offered to sell me a dog which they were then leading by a rope. The price was extremely moderate, being, if I remember rightly, but fifty cents. Imagining the unfortunate animal to have lately fallen into their wicked hands, and anxious to reclaim him from the degradation of becoming a Boys' dog, I was about to conclude the bargain, when I saw a look of intelligence pass between the dog and his two masters. I promptly stopped all negotiation, and drove the youthful swindlers and their four-footed accomplice from my presence. The whole thing was perfectly plain. The dog was an old, experienced, and hardened Boys' dog, and I was perfectly satisfied that he would run away and rejoin his old companions at the first opportunity. This I afterwards learned he did, on the occasion of a kind-hearted but unsophisticated neighbor buying him; and a few days ago I saw him exposed for sale by those two Arcadians, in another neighborhood, having been bought and paid for half-a-dozen times in this.

But, it will be asked, if the life of a Boys' dog is so unhappy, why do they enter upon such an unenviable situation, and why do they not dissolve the partnership when it becomes unpleasant? I will confess that I have been often puzzled by this question. For some time I could not make up my mind whether their unholy alliance was the result of the influence of the dog on the boy, or *vice versa*, and which was the weakest and most impressible nature. I am satisfied now that, at first, the dog is undoubtedly influenced by the boy, and as it were, is led while yet a puppy, from the paths of canine rectitude by artful and designing boys. As he grows older and more experienced in the ways of his Bohemian friends, he becomes a willing decoy, and takes delight in luring boyish innocence astray—in beguiling children to play truant, and thus revenges his own degradation on the Boy nature generally. It is in this relation, and in regard to certain unhallowed practices I have detected him in, that I deem it proper to expose to parents and guardians the danger to which their offspring is exposed by the Boys' dog

The Boys' dog lays his plans artfully. He begins to influence the youthful mind by suggestions of unrestrained freedom and frolic which he offers in his own person. He will lie in wait at the garden gate for a very small boy, and endeavor to lure him outside its sacred precincts, by gambolling and jumping a little beyond the enclosure. He will set off on an imaginary chase and run round the block in a perfectly frantic manner, and then return, breathless, to his former position with a look as of one who would say, "There, you see how perfectly easy it's done!" Should the unhappy infant find it difficult to resist the effect which this glimpse of the area of freedom produces, and step beyond the gate, from that moment he is utterly demoralized. The Boys' dog owns him body and soul. Straightway is he led by the deceitful brute into the unhallowed circle of his Bohemian masters. Sometimes the unfortunate boy, if he be very small, turns up eventually at the station-house as a lost child. Whenever I meet a stray boy in the street looking utterly bewildered and astonished, I generally find a Boy's dog lurking on the corner. When I read the advertisements of lost children, I always add mentally to the description, "was last seen in company with a Boy's dog." Nor is his influence wholly confined to small boys. I have seen him waiting patiently for larger boys on the way to school, and by artful and sophistical practices inducing them to play truant. I have seen him lying at the school-house door, with the intention of enticing the children on their way home to distant and remote localities. He has led many an unsuspecting boy to the wharves and quays by assuming the character of a water-dog, which he was not, and again has induced others to go with him on a gunning excursion by pretending to be a sporting dog, in which quality he was knowingly deficient. Unscrupulous, hypocritical and deceitful, he has won many children's hearts by answering to any name they might call him, attaching himself to their persons until they got into trouble, and deserting them at the very moment they most needed his assistance. I have seen him rob small school-boys of their dinners by pretending to knock them down by accident; and have seen larger boys in turn dispossess him of his ill-gotten booty, for their own private gratification. From being a tool, he has grown to be an accomplice—through much imposition he has learned to impose on others—in his best character he is simply a vagabond's vagabond.

I could find it in my heart to pity him, as he lies there through the long summer afternoon, enjoying brief intervals of tranquillity and rest which he surreptitiously snatches from a stranger's doorstep. For a shrill whistle is heard in the streets, the boys are coming home from school, and he is startled from his dreams by a deftly-thrown potato which hits him on the head, and awakens him to the stern reality that he is now and forever—a Boy's dog.

BULLION RECEIPTS AT THE MINT.—The following are the receipts of treasure at the Branch Mint during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1864: California, 805,299.39 ozs.; Oregon, 122,246.07 ozs.; Idaho Territory, 71,857.77 ozs.; British Columbia, 24,697.13 ozs.; Washington Territory, 706.24 ozs.; Nevada Territory, 696.42 ozs.; Arizona, 413.25 ozs.; Mexico, 326.36 ozs., and foreign coin, 2,319.43 ozs.

"Manhattan," the New York correspondent of the London *Standard*, is dead. His real name was Joseph Scoville, and he wrote the reminiscences of old merchants which, for some time past, have formed a feature of the New York *Leader*, over the signature of "Walter Barrett, Clerk." His novel, *Marion*, lately published in London, was a reprint, with the name changed, of a tale called *Vigor*, which a respectable New York publisher, some years since, sent out with his own imprint, but immediately withdrew from circulation and his list as soon as he discovered its very gross character. Mudie forbade *Marion* access to his circulating library, and the London press generally denounces the book as prurient and immoral, as well as badly written.

An editor of a Celtic paper published in this city committed the mistake lately of making an "impression" on the wrong "sheets." His wife read the "proof;" and there was a "chase," or rather a "pair of chases"—both offenders were "distributed." Altogether it is the most decided case of "wrong font" that has occurred in a newspaper office for centuries. Of course the blame belongs to the "devil."

Miss Jean Ingelow, the poetess, has contributed $100 to the fund of the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, as a token of her "sympathy with the soldiers and the cause they fight for." As an instance of what fame is worth, we notice that a poem by this charming poetess is going the rounds of the interior press credited to "John Bingelow."

THE card of Dr. George F. Woodward, surgeon to the United States Pension Bureau of San Francisco, will be found in another column. Dr. Woodward brings excellent endorsement of his skill from his Eastern field of practice. The New York *Herald*, in a notice of his departure, says: "The doctor stands high in this community as one of our most eminent surgeons and medical practitioners, and leaves a large and valuable field of practice to locate himself in future in the Golden State of California, where higher honors than those now conferred, we trust, await him."

Show may easily be purchased; but happiness is always a home-made article.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

THE ultimate reliance of a human being is, and must be, his own mind. To confide in God, we must first confide in the faculties by which he is apprehended, and by which the proofs of his existence are weighed. A trust in our ability to distinguish between truth and falsehood is implied in every act of belief; for to question this ability would of necessity unsettle all belief. We cannot take a step in reasoning, or action, without a secret reliance on our own minds. Religion, in particular, implies that we have understandings endowed and qualified for the highest employments of intellect. In affirming the existence and perfections of God, we suppose and affirm the existence in ourselves of faculties which correspond to these sublime objects, and which are fitted to discern them. Religion is a conviction and an act of the human soul; so that in denying confidence to the one we subvert the truth and claims of the other. Nothing is gained to piety by degrading human nature; for in the competency of this nature to know and judge of God, all piety has its foundation. Our proneness to evil instructs us indeed to use our powers with great caution, but not to contemn and neglect them. The occasional abuse of our faculties, be it ever so enormous, does not prove them unfit for their highest end, which is to form clear and consistent views of God. Because our eyes sometimes fail or deceive us, would a wise man pluck them out, or cover them with a bandage, and choose to walk and work in the dark? or because they cannot distinguish distant objects, can they discern nothing clearly in their proper sphere, and is sight to be pronounced a fallacious guide? Men who, to support a creed, would shake our trust in the calm, deliberate and distinct decisions of our national and moral powers, endanger religion more than its open foes, and forge the deadliest weapon for the infidel.—*Channing against Calvinism.*

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THEMISTOCLES, after the victory in that war which took place with the Persians, said in the Assembly that he had a plan salutary for the State, but that it was necessary that it should not be publicly known. He demanded that the people should appoint some one with whom he might communicate. Aristides was appointed. To him he disclosed that the fleet of the Lacedemonians, which was in the dock at Gytheum, could secretly be burned, of which act the necessary consequence would be that the power of the Lacedemonians would be broken; which, when Aristides had heard, he came into the Assembly, amidst great expectations of the people, and said that the plan which Themistocles proposed was very expedient, but by no means honorable. Therefore, the Athenians were of the opinion that what was not upright was not even expedient, and on the authority of Aristides rejected that entire matter, which they had not even heard.—*Ibid, chap. xiii.*

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AN error cannot be sufficiently confuted without discovering the cause of the mistake.—*Cudworth.*

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To every form of being is assigned
An active principle howe'er removed
From sense and observation; it subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, and every pebbly stone,
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists has properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
It circulates the soul of all the worlds.—*Wordsworth.*

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THEODORE attended lectures on the doctrine of morals by a Kantian philosopher, whereby a whole new world was opened to him. The thought of the self dependence of the reason in its utterance of laws; of the freedom of the will, by which it is lifted above nature and fate; of the disinterestedness of virtue, sufficient for itself and needing no reward; of pure respect for a self-imposed moral law—these new ideas seized his mind with a mighty power, and filled him with lofty consciousness of his personal dignity.—*De Wette.*

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WHILST no human character in the history of the world can be brought to mind which, in proportion as it could be closely examined, did not present some defects disqualifying it from being the emblem of moral perfection, we can rest with least check or sense of incongruity on the *imperfectly known* character of Jesus of Nazareth. If a representative be sought of human virtue, enough is still seen of his benevolent doctrine, attractive character and elevated designs, to direct our eyes to the Prophet and Martyr of Galilee.—*Hennell—Orig. Christ.*, xvi.

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I AM for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing, that truth may be transparent and unadulterated, and may have a free course.—*Luther.*

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A WOMAN, by the bye, must be very insensible, who is not moved to come upon a higher plane of being, herself, by seeing how undoubtingly she is insphered in the heart of a good and noble man. A good man's faith in you, fair lady, if you have it, will make you better and nobler even before you know it.—*Minister's Wooing.*

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AFTER all that is said about independent thought, is n't the fact that a good and just soul has thus or thus believed, a more respectable argument than many that are often adduced? If it be not, more's the pity; since two-thirds of the faith in the world is built on no better foundation.—*Ib.*

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WHETHER she washed, ironed, moulded biscuit or conserved plums, her gentle beauty seemed to turn to poetry all the prose of life.—*Ib.*

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A WOMAN it was that was destined to awaken in him all that consciousness which music, painting, poetry, awakes in more evenly-developed minds.—*Ib.*

A REMARKABLE TRIAL.

THE CROWN *versus* RICHARD BEECROFT AND OTHERS.

THIS trial took place in the assize court, Lincoln city, on Wednesday, July 16th, 1699. Richard Beecroft, attorney-at-law, John Edwards, gardener, and William Earle, gentleman, were indicted for the murder of Ellen Gay, a young and very attractive gentlewoman, "though, it may be, of a flighty, incontinent temper," possessed of considerable landed property in her own right, bequeathed by a paternal maiden aunt. The presiding judge was Mr. Baron Hatsell.

The indictment, stripped of its surplusage, charged the prisoners that they, not having God before their eyes, and being moved and seduced of the devil, did, on the 13th day of March, in the 11th year of the king's reign, commit a felonious assault upon one Ellen Gay, "and afterwards binding a rope of no value about her neck, did strangle, smother her, and afterwards throw her body into a mill-dam river."

Mr. Serjeant Burt was counsel for the Crown. The first portion of the speech I shall give in the first person, and pretty nearly in his own words, affording as it does a striking illustration of the state of medical science in those days.

"The prisoner Beecroft," said the learned gentleman, "had been long previously acquainted with Ellen Gay. He is a gentleman having a good practice in Boston. Being about to accompany the assize court on circuit, he sent a letter to the deceased, penned in the handwriting of his wife, which stated that he would call upon the young lady's mother. He did so, and stayed to sup, intending, as he said, to remain during the night. And at 11 o'clock, gentlemen," continued Mr. Serjeant, "he having been sitting privately with the young lady for several hours, an order was given, *in his hearing*, to warm a bed for him. One of the servants did accordingly warm his bed, expecting he would follow. Instead of that, whilst she was warming the bed, she heard the street door opened and shut. Now the nature of that door is such, that upon its clapping to, all the house would hear the noise. There can be no possible mistake about this, that the door was opened and shut only once. Now, excepting the prisoner Beecroft and Ellen Gay, no one had left the house. A fair presumption, then, is that they left together. The servant, at hearing the door slam, and finding Mr. Beecroft did not come to his room, became, after a while, uneasy in her mind. She went downstairs and roused the mother, Mrs Gay. These sat up together all night, much distressed, and wondering at the absence of Beecroft and the young mistress. They sat up in vain expectation of the return of the absent ones, and the next morning the first news of the young lady was that she lay drowned, but floating, in the river not far from the mill-dam. Upon that many persons assembled, for it was a surprise how it should come to pass. Now this made a great noise, which was natural. There she lay floating with her petticoats and apron, but her night-rail (*sic*) and morning gown were off. It must, indeed, be held very extraordinary, that from the time the servant left Mr. Beecroft and her young mistress together she was not seen or heard of till next morning, and then found in such a condition, with her eyes wide open, floating on the water. It will also be proved that a mortgage deed, executed by the young lady about two months before her death, has been produced by Mr. Mason, a wealthy person residing at Boston, upon which the prisoner Beecroft raised £3,500. At this the relatives of Miss Gay were greatly amazed. What possible reason could she have for so obtaining such a large sum? More than all, what use had she put the money to? There were but fifteen guineas and a few pieces of silver found in her desk, and no one ever saw or heard of any considerable sum of money. The prisoner Beecroft has declared he paid the amount over in gold spade guineas, chiefly to the deceased herself, and that the young lady, having no maid with her, carried such a heavy charge away. With respect to that circumstance, credible witnesses will have pertinent things to relate. Another important circumstance, which I had almost forgotten, is, that the lady's purse was in her pocket, but a very valuable diamond brooch could not be found. That might, however, have slipped into the stream."

Unquestionably this, so far, was a formidable opening of the case against the prisoner Beecroft; but the learned Serjeant, in his zeal to convict, made the mistake of endeavoring to prove too much. With special earnestness he urged the alleged fact, in anticipated reply to the defence, which it was known would be set up.

"When the body came to be viewed," said Serjeant Burt, "it was much wondered at; because it is contrary to nature that persons who have drowned themselves should float upon the water. We have sufficient evidence that it is a thing that never was. If persons fall alive into the water, then they sink; if dead, then they swim. At first it was thought such a thing might have happened, though no one could imagine why this young gentlewoman should have incurred the crime of felo-de-se. And upon closer examination it did appear there had been violence used to the deceased. There was a crease round her neck. She was bruised about the ear; so that it did seem certain she had been strangled by hands or a rope. No question this matter is dark and blind, as all wicked actions are—done in secret, to be kept from the knowledge of men as much as possible."

Here Mr. Serjeant was stopped by Baron Hatsell, who told him "not to flourish so much."

After some further observations, the counsel for the Crown proceeded to establish his case by evidence. The medical testimony, intended to prove, beyond all doubt, that only persons already dead ever float upon the water, was weak and contradictory. With respect to that the prosecution had broken, or, at least, had not to the satisfaction of the court or jury established the alleged fact.

The evidence against the prisoner was sufficiently damning without it. The woman-servant who warmed the bed swore distinctly that not only was the street door only opened once, but that she heard the tread of two pairs of feet along the passage, and the deceased talking more loudly than usual with her to Mr. Beecroft. Then the door slammed to with a loud noise. In cross-examination she admitted that the deceased had been melancholy at times of late. She was of rather a passionate temper, but good-hearted, generous. The last time she saw Beecroft and her together they appeared to be as good friends as ever. She sat up with Mrs. Gay all night, and had offered to go in search of the absent young lady; but her mother refused, as it would make a talk in the town. It was about 11 o'clock when she went up stairs, to warm the bed.

William Roberts, landlord of the "Golden Fleece," deposed, that towards 11 o'clock on the night of the 15th of March, Mr. William Earle, a gentleman of family, though it was reported considerably reduced in means, and whom he had seen in former days walking with the deceased Miss Gay, came into the "Golden Fleece," and asked if he could have beds for the night for himself and another person. Being told he could, he ordered a fire to be lit; and though then the worse for wine, ordered a jug of mulled claret, with which he was served. He was very pale—ghastly white, indeed—though flustered with drink, and appeared to be very moody-minded, sitting with his hands on his knees, staring at the fire. At near 12, John Edwards, formerly gardener in Mr. Earle's employ, but who had been some months out of work, came in with a small bundle in his hand. He asked for his former master, and was shown into the room where Mr. Earle sat. More wine was ordered, and both drank together as if equals in station, at which he, Roberts, was surprised. Edwards looked almost as white and agitated as did Mr. Earle. Edwards had once been a man well-to-do, but had fallen in the in world. He was said to be a man of good education, and there was a report that Mr. Earle meant to get him a nursery garden, and set him going again. Twice when he, Roberts, entered, the words Miss Ellen Gay, or Ellen May, were twice spoken, both times by Edwards. They were uttered in a low tone, but the witness caught them distinctly. He was quite sure of that. In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Beecroft knocked at the outer door, and asked if Mr. Earle was there. Witness did not, to the best of his recollection, mention Edwards, who, when he entered the room to ask Mr. Earle if he would see Mr. Beecroft, jumped up from his chair, his face flushed to the color of flame, seized Mr. Earle roughly by the arm, and whispered hurriedly in his ear. The witness thought that strange, but of course made no remark. Mr. Earle said he would see Mr. Beecroft. The attorney did not stay very long. Witness, whose curiosity was strongly excited, he hardly knew why, listening outside, heard through the thin panelling the name of Miss Gay repeated at least a dozen times; but in so quiet a tone was the conversation—in which Edwards freely joined—carried on, that he could only make out that it related to Miss Gay and a large sum of money, the division of which seemed to be in dispute.

Nothing was elicited from this witness in favor of the prisoner, except that he had known Mr. Beecroft many years, and always believed him to be a most worthy gentleman. Did not know for certain, but had lately heard he had become embarrassed in his circumstances. Mr. Earle and Edwards, who slept in a double-bedded room, rose early, and left without taking breakfast.

Mrs. Gay said her deceased daughter was an intimate friend of Mr. Beecroft's wife, and was himself much respected by her. She had understood he was employed to get back a number of letters from Mr. Earle, to whom her daughter had been engaged. She could not speak positively, as Ellen was very close and reserved. "As soon as the news of my daughter's death reached him, Mr. Beecroft rushed to our house. He appeared to be greatly distressed in mind, and presently said that certain letters, which had been returned to my unfortunate daughter through his agency, ought to be at once sought out and destroyed. I, having great confidence in Mr. Beecroft, consented. My daughter's secretaire was opened, but only two letters could be found. These I knew, by the hand-writing of the address, were from Beecroft himself. He seized them eagerly and threw them on the fire, remarking that they were of no value or consequence. I did not quite like that, and ultimately placed the whole business in the hands of Mr. Treherne, an attorney, who is now in court. A gentleman of this city was at the time of my daughter's decease paying his addresses to her. I hope it will not be insisted upon that I mention his name."

Baron Hatsell: "So far as the case has gone, you will be excused as to that. We may have clearer insight by-and-by, when it may be necessary to do so. Mistress Gay, was it customary with your daughter to wander out alone at unseemly hours of the night, unattended by servant or friend?"

"Never, my lord, that I know of. But she was of a fearless temper."

Baron Hatsell: "You are quite sure that the letters hastily tossed upon the fire by the prisoner Beecroft were in his handwriting?"

"Positive, my lord."

The prisoner Beecroft: "I have never denied that they were, my lord; but they were of no significance—had no bearing on this case."

Baron Hatsell: "So you say, which may be true, but the act itself looks strangely, coupled with other things."

Beecroft: "My lord, I am an innocent man."

Judge: "So you said before, by your plea of Not Guilty. Call the next witness, brother Burt."

Mr. Treherne was called, sworn, and examined by Serjeant Burt.

"You are an attorney, and have practiced many years in Lincoln city?"

"Upwards of thirty years."

"You have not been during that period the attorney of the Gay family?"

"No; Mr. Beecroft has been their legal agent, except upon one occasion."

"What occasion?"

"A day or two after the deceased Ellen Gay attained her majority—now about four years since—coming into the full enjoyment of her property, she instructed me—Mr. Beecroft not being at hand—to draw up a lease for seven years of the mill, near which the body was found, in favor of John Proby, miller, a worthy man, and great favorite of hers."

"The relatives of the deceased have commissioned you to investigate this terrible affair?"

"Yes. The facts that the prisoner Beecroft was the last person seen with the deceased, that he left the house with her, his bed, as he knew, being warmed for him at the time, and did not return, seemed to have, closely looked at, an ugly look. Still, no conceivable motive for the commission of such a crime could be imputed to Beecroft. This circumstance staggered me; suspicions as was the burning of the letters—"

Baron Hatsell, interrupting: "Give us the facts, Mr. Treherne; such as lie within your own knowledge; the interpretation, the just inference to be drawn from these facts, is in the province of the Court and jury. A capital felony is charged upon these men. We must be careful."

"My lord and gentlemen," continued Treherne, "a letter arrived from Mr. Mason, a highly respectable gentleman residing at Boston, which occasioned great wonder in the Gay family."

Mr. Serjeant Burt: "Have you that letter here?"

"Yes; I produce it. A claim is made therein for interest due on a mortgage bond for £3,500, which moneys, it is stated, were paid over to the prisoner Beecroft, with exception of something above £700, the amount of a long-standing debt due by Beecroft to Mason."

"Did you at once proceed to Boston to make inquiries?"

"I did; waited upon Mr. Mason, was shown the deed, and felt not the slightest doubt that the document was genuine."

"Whom did you next see and speak with in this matter?"

"The prisoner Beecroft. I was asked into the library, where I found him alone. I at once went to business. I am here, said I, to inquire of you, on behalf of the relatives of the late Miss Gay, of Lincoln, for what purpose or purposes that young lady raised £3,500 upon a mortgage deed, prepared and witnessed by yourself and two of your clerks, and which deed is now in the possession of Mr. Mason."

"What answer did the prisoner Beecroft make?"

"With much confusion and hesitancy of speech and manner he said—more correctly stammered—that he did not know. 'Do not know, Mr. Beecroft?' I exclaimed. 'That reply will not pass. You at least know that you paid a large debt of your own out of the proceeds—payment of which you had been legally pressed for?' 'Yes,' faintly replied the prisoner, rising from his chair in much agitation, and supporting himself by leaning his elbow upon the mantelpiece. 'Where was the money paid to the young lady?' I asked. 'Here in this room, to the young lady herself.' The prisoner further stated, but with the same hesitancy, that the young lady, who he admitted was alone, had carried the money in gold away with her. To this I said that something like half a hundredweight avoirdupois was a heavy burden for a delicate young lady. 'Of course you have the young lady's written acknowledgment that she received the money, and no doubt you gave her a memorandum that you had borrowed at interest, I must suppose, £700 of her?' 'No,' said the prisoner Beecroft, 'those formalities were omitted; we had confidence in each other.' Greatly provoked, and my temper getting the mastery, I said, in a heat, 'Perhaps the letters you seized and threw into the fire might have thrown a light upon the subject?' To that no reply was made. There was a pause of some length—I considering how to act; he, being a lawyer, knew he was not bound to criminate himself, but that if he chose voluntarily to answer any question I put, he was at liberty to do so. 'Now, be careful,' I said, 'Mr. Beecroft, before you answer. Did you, or did you not, keep back, retain in your hands—I do not say against the young lady's consent—more, much more, than the £700 spoken of?' 'I have told you,' said he, but with trembling tongue, 'that the deceased young lady took the moneys away with her, with the exception of the £700, against which sum there is an offset in my bill of costs.' 'You persist in that answer?' queried I. 'Yes.' 'And that you do not know the purposes for which the bulk of the money was raised—you, her legal adviser?' 'That is so.' Immediately on leaving I made notes of this conversation," added Mr. Treherne, "and can with a safe conscience say, my lord and gentlemen, that I have added nothing that might prejudice the prisoner, nor omitted anything which might tell in his favor."

"My lord," here exclaimed Beecroft, "I must have meant that I could not professionally explain or divulge the affairs of my client to a third person."

"Baron Hatsell: "Tillyfally, man!—But go on with your evidence, brother Burt."

"Serjeant Burt: "What else took place during this interview?"

"Nothing, except that when going out I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Beecroft, who must, concealed by a high screen, have been an auditor of what had been said. She, I suppose, came in unawares, even to her husband. I heard her say, with sobs and tears, 'Richard, you,' or we—I am not sure which—'are ruined—lost—!' Then there was a heavy fall on the floor—I believe the lady swooned, but cannot say with certainty."

"You afterwards saw a Mr. Holcroft?"

"Yes. He lives at Old Hall, about six miles out of Boston. From certain hints dropped by Mr. Mason, I believed the prisoner Beecroft had paid him a heavy debt, amounting to about £1,200, in gold. Mr. Beecroft had borrowed that money upon a judgment bond, and Mr. Holcroft called it up—"

Jones, counsel for Beecroft, objected. It could not be received as evidence, unless the prisoner was present when the words were spoken.

Baron Hatsell: "Certainly not. If the matter be of importance in the issue, let Holcroft himself be called."

Holcroft *was* called, and proved that two days after the date of the mortgage deed, Richard Beecroft paid him, under pressure, close upon £1,200 in guineas.

William Beatson, carpenter, proved that on the night of the 13th of March he met the deceased Ellen Gay. She was arm-in-arm with the prisoner Beecroft, walking in the path leading towards the mill-dam. Beatson saw no one else near the place.

This was the case for the prosecution, and a terrific, unanswerable one it must have been against Beecroft, if not the others; and as regarded them the presumptive evidence seemed strong. Counsel were not privileged to address the court in behalf of prisoners arraigned for felony. Had it been otherwise it would have tasked the talents of the ablest men at the bar to have successfully set up the following unsupported statement spoken by Richard Beecroft himself, as an answer to the case for the Crown:

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury—I deeply feel the degradation of my position, standing here accused of one of the foulest, basest crimes of which a man could be guilty. And this not so much that I am in peril of life, though a great terror, as from knowing that I have brought that peril upon myself. I am not, my lord and gentlemen, guilty of murder; my hands are clean as those of any in this court in that regard. But I am guilty of an intention—being pressed by terrible

necessities, sharpened by the absolute dependence upon me of a wife and eight children—of a fraudulent intention to deprive the natural heirs—for some years to come, at all events—of the possession of a large sum of money. I lied grossly, stupidly, to carry out that fraud, and have my reward in heaped-up measure. My sin has found me out. My lord and gentlemen, I have nothing to except to the evidence offered against me. It has been truthful, candid, throughout. But the witnesses are necessarily ignorant of all the circumstances—of the whole case. As the learned counsel for the Crown remarked, 'This matter is dark and blind, as all wicked actions are—done in secret, to be kept from the knowledge of men.' These are wise words, and it is in seeing that darkness and blindness that my danger lies.

"My lord and gentlemen, I will relate all the circumstances, without straining or disguising one, of this terrible mystery, so far as they are known to me; and I regret that, in doing so, some of the facts I must state may bear unfavorably upon Mr. Earle, he being, like myself, in mortal peril.

"My lord and gentlemen, the deceased young lady and Mr. Earle were not very long ago on terms of great intimacy; many letters passed between them, and I believe matters went so far that the marriage day was fixed—"

Mr. Earle, interrupting: "That was not so."

Mr. Beecroft: "I may err upon that point. It is quite immaterial. A disagreement took place. The engagement was broken off."

Mr. Earle: "The young lady had found a wealthier suitor—"

"That remark," exclaimed Baron Hatsell, "is indecent. If true, it could not help you. Pray do not interrupt the order of the proceedings."

Mr. Beecroft: "I was saying, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that a disagreement took place, that the match was broken off. The deceased Ellen Gay was very anxious to get back her letters: she placed the matter in my hands. I treated on her behalf with Mr. Earle, who insisted on being paid 2,000 guineas as the price of delivering them up. Finally he agreed to take 1,500, and, upon his honor as a gentleman, to keep the matter secret. Miss Gay agreed to the terms, and I paid him over the money for the twenty-seven letters—or, more correctly, as to many of them, notes—billets-doux, as they are called. Mr. Earle signed a paper drawn up by me, which set forth that he had no other letters, notes, papers of any kind, which had been sent him by the deceased, except those delivered up. Miss Gay requested me to raise the money privately by mortgage; and as the business went on, and she being great friends with my wife, it came to be understood and agreed to, that £3,500 should be raised, and after paying over to Mr. Earle the required sum, Miss Gay should allow the balance to be left in my hands on my personal security at five per cent. The deed was then executed, and Miss Gay left for Lincoln. Mr. Mason, from whom I knew I could obtain the money, would not be in Boston till late that night; and this, with the hurry of the business, must have been the reason I did not give a written acknowledgment for the money. I did, however, on the morrow write to her stating I had received the money, which is legal proof that at the time of obtaining it there was no *animus furandi* on my part."

Baron Hatsell: "Which proof, if a proof, you, as I take it, destroyed by casting it on the fire. Go on."

"That is so, my lord. I also wrote by the same post to Mr. Earle, requesting him to bring the letters, as endorsed, to Boston, and receive the money agreed to be paid. He came. I counted the letters, and then said, 'Before handing you this large sum of money, which ought never to have been demanded for the doing of a simple act of courtesy, you must sign this paper.' 'What is that paper?' he demanded, in an angry, surly tone. 'It is merely,' I said, 'a formal undertaking that, if these letters should prove to be not all of those sent you by Miss Gay, that you have wilfully or carelessly withheld any, and refuse prompt amends, the money you now are to receive shall be a legal charge upon your estate.' Mr. Earle signed the memorandum with a *dash*, as one may say, received the money and left. I, being at the time greatly busied, sealed up the letters without close scrutiny, and put them away.

"It was not, my lord, till the 8th or 9th of March that I found leisure to closely examine the letters. That examination proved to me that several were not genuine—copies, in fact, if not fabrications. This threw me into a storm of rage. I wrote immediately to Mr. Earle, saying that I should be in Lincoln on the 13th, and if not then fully satisfied, should at once proceed against him—either civilly, to obtain restitution of the money; or criminally, for felony in the procurement thereof. I wrote in the same sense to Miss Gay. Those were the letters I found in the deceased's desk and threw on the fire. Coming to Lincoln on the 13th, I before seeing my unfortunate client, rode to Mr. Earle's place, saw and spoke with the prisoner Edwards, who said Mr. Earle was out, and would not be home till 10 in the evening at earliest. I said that I would call at about that hour, my business being urgent. I then rode to the dwelling of the Gays; had a long private conversation with the deceased, who was much disturbed, and not, I frankly own, well pleased with me. The five letters I had my suspicion of she at once declared to be forgeries, and would herself go with me to see herself righted in the matter. I agreed that she might. We set out together; but when at no great distance from the river where the unfortunate young lady's body was found, Miss Gay changed her mind. 'I had better first see him, hear what he has to say to-morrow. It would be unseemly,' she added, 'that she herself should visit Mr. Earle, especially at night.' She then shook hands with me, turned back to go home, and I never saw her again except as a corpse. Mr. Earle was not at home, would not be that night, I was told, which greatly annoyed me, as I had a press of business to get through with on the next and following days. I did not go back to the Gays, but to the inn where I was stopping. There it chanced that having made some inquiries concerning Mr. Earle, I heard that he had been seen not very long before to go into the *Golden Fleece*. I determined to seek him there. We had, as deposed to, an interview. He denied that the letters referred to were forgeries, and said he should stand by his right and the law. We did not part good friends, though, knowing how desirous Miss Gay still was to settle the business quietly, I was not violent in word or manner. Hearing next day of the young lady's death, I, after the first shock had somewhat passed, bethought me that the two letters I had written to Miss Gay were the only evidence existing that I owed that young lady aught. The devil tempted me with that, in my actual condition, glittering prize, and I fell. All the letters received of Earle I afterwards burned. This is all, my lord and gentlemen, I have to say. I have acted as a villain touching the money, of which base deed I heartily repent; but of murder, or the thought of murder, I am as innocent as an unborn babe. This I solemnly declare, as I shall answer to the all-seeing God at the last great day. And may He send me a good deliverance."

Beecroft said he had no witnesses to call. Earle merely said that, as far as his own knowledge went, Beecroft's story was true, except his averment that some of Miss Gay's letters were forgeries. Edwards could only say that all his concernment in the matter was, that being in Mr. Earle's confidence, that gentleman had consulted him as to how he should best deal with Beecroft's charge against him.

Baron Hatsell: "I think, gentlemen of the jury, you will agree with me, that there is no evidence before us worth a straw connecting the prisoners Earle and Edwards with this foul murder, for that murder was done upon the deceased I have no doubt."

The jury agreed with his lordship, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned as regarded those two prisoners, and they left the dock.

The judge then summed up the evidence, in a very unfavorable sense to Beecroft. The jury, without hesitation, found him "Guilty." Proclamation was made, Baron Hatsell put on the black cap, and passed sentence of death upon the convicted man—the sentence to be carried into effect, as the custom then was, within forty-eight hours—"And may the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul."

"A soul innocent of murder, my lord!" exclaimed Beecroft in a loud voice. "I am unjustly doomed to death. Sooner or later the truth will be discovered—"

A loud, piercing scream interrupted him, which was found to proceed from Charles Proby, the son of John Proby, the miller. The lad, who might be about eighteen, and was very intelligent for his years and station in life, had been observed by several persons to watch the progress of the trial with restless interest. Having uttered that piercing cry the lad swooned and was borne out into the air. He had been a favorite with Miss Ellen Gay, it was said, which accounted, it was thought, for his great emotion. Not a very logical conclusion that, it seems to me. The incident was soon forgotten.

Five months have passed away since Richard Beecroft, protesting his innocence to the last, was executed; and now the solemn scene which ends this strange eventful history is passing in John Proby's mill. That man's wife is dying—not of age, she can scarcely be forty, but of a broken spirit. No one is in with her but a neighbor woman and a servant. Proby himself is many miles away on business, and Charles Proby, who went out early in the morning, has not returned, though it is growing late. When he left he was not aware of his mother's imminent danger, nor was she herself. Now her anxiety to see him is intense, and messengers have been despatched to hurry his return.

Charles Proby arrives not one minute too soon; the room is cleared, and, strained in his mother's feeble embrace, looked upon with a world of love, of sorrow, remorse, repentance, in her darkening eyes, he hears her say: "Weep not for me, beloved son; rather rejoice that the weary strife for your unhappy mother—unhappy save in your love—will soon be over. Listen, Charles, for I feel my minutes are but few. That cruel man, my wicked husband, specious, godly as he appears before the world, is not your father. Start not—calm yourself; I have been compelled, partly by a sense of shame, partly by *his* menaces, to conceal this from you. I was sinful in youth—you were not born in wedlock—some money was left me, and I married John Proby. The Clarks, of High street, Leicester, will give you proof of what I say. You can escape the marble-hearted man's thraldom, and—and it—it may be your duty to—I know not. He has said: 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay.' How cold and dark it grows!" she added, in a scarcely audible voice. "The Clarks of Leicester: Write—no, better go." There was a rattle in the throat, a quivering of the white lips, the flame of an inexhaustible love leaped from the parting soul through the mother's eyes, and with "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," the world-wearied woman sank to rest.

The chief facts concerning Mrs. Proby's death, the manner thereof, and her last words, are extracted from a letter written during the night of his mother's death, to Mr. Ephraim Clark, of Leicester, and a deposition made by Charles Proby, so called. An answer was requested, addressed to the writer, and left to be called for at a friend of the lad's in Lincoln. Charles Proby resolved, during the watches of that solemn night, upon the course he was bound to pursue, but he would first satisfy himself that his mother's words were not the wandering of delirium.

John Proby returned home on the following even, and appeared surprised and affected, in a certain way, by his wife's death; and having heard from the servant of her overpowering anxiety to see and speak with her son, that he arrived in time, and that she insisted on being left alone with him, he became much excited. He insisted upon hearing from the young man what his mother had said, and, not being satisfied with his answers, burst into a violent rage, threatening his son with instant and terrible punishment should he do, or offer to do, anything to displease him. "You know me," he added, "and that my vengeance would be swift and deadly; therefore beware."

Two days after the funeral, Proby was obliged to go to a village, more than twenty miles off, upon business which could not be neglected. Mrs. Proby's son, who had felt himself to be closely watched both by John Proby and his foreman, gave the latter the slip, sped off to Lincoln, found a letter at his mother's friend, a Mr. Rowton, confirming Mrs. Proby's assertion that he was not John Proby's son; and after earnest consultation with Mr. Rowton, and fully comprehending that the accomplice in a murder after the fact, the "aiding and comforting" a murderer, especially when by that "aiding and comforting" an innocent man had met his death at the gallows, was a heinous crime in the eye of the law, he, in company with Mr. Rowton, sought the residence of Mr. Bailey, a county magistrate.

The young man had a terrible tale to tell. Miss Ellen Gay had been murdered, strangled by John Proby. Being so near, she had called at the mill on the night of the 13th of March, no doubt to demand her rent, of which a large sum was due. Everybody, except John Proby himself, had gone, or were going, to bed: he, the deponent, was partially undressed. The men and servant slept in a distant part of the mill. He thought he heard a stifled scream, and partly unclosing the door of his bedroom, which opened upon the room where the miller had been sitting, he was spell-bound with horror at seeing John Proby kneeling by the dead body of Miss Ellen Gay, and detaching her diamond brooch. That he put away in a secret drawer of his bureau, where the young man believed it was still. He then thought for a while, looking on the body, muttering, "It will sink if I strip her of her upper garments," which he did. Then dragging the corpse near a door opening upon the river, he opened it, looked keenly forth, pushed the body into the stream, softly shut the door, returned, and tearing the murdered lady's garments into small strips, burned them one by one. Fearing to be discovered, and believing that if he were, he too should be murdered, the lad, trembling with terror, crept silently back to bed. His face must, next morning, have exhibited signs of the horrors he endured that night, for Proby, eyeing him with suspicion and a stern aspect, asked if he had seen a ghost; and he, deponent, was sure in his own mind that he was always haunted by the fear that his reputed son had witnessed the dreadful deed. He took an opportunity of informing his mother of what he had seen, which threw her into convulsions. In fact, it was her death. She pined away, and was never well afterwards. She, however, as well as her son, lived in such dread of Proby, that she prayed her son to keep the secret close. "He would kill thee, Charles," she said, "he would kill thee too, were he sure thou knowest his crime." After the conviction and sentence of Beecroft, Proby kept saying it was certain his life would be spared, though he would no doubt be heavily punished for the robbery he confessed to; and on the very morning of the execution, returned from Lincoln with, to deponent, the joyful news that the judge, before leaving, had respited the sentence for a month, in order that there might be time to obtain the royal mercy. This was no doubt done to prevent the deponent trampling upon bonds of relationship, and denouncing even his own father, if thereby he might save the life of an innocent man.

Five stout constables, with the reputed son, quietly proceeded to the mill, took the men and servant into temporary custody, in order that nothing should be done, no signal given of the fate which awaited their master, should he return to the mill. Charles Proby, as we may continue to call him, pointed out where he had seen the brooch hidden away; it was found there. One of the constables then marched the lad off to prison, to which he had been committed upon his own confession, as an accessory to the murder after the fact.

John Proby, suspecting nothing, came home in excellent spirits—as the singing, in a louder key than usual, the fag end of a favorite loyal Orange song testified—threw himself off his horse, shouted for the boy to unsaddle and stable him, entered the mill whistling, and in the very room where he had murdered Ellen Gay, was, after a fierce struggle—during which, in his foaming rage, he let fall more than one self-betraying sentence—overpowered, handcuffed, ironed, and safely lodged in jail.

He was tried at the next assizes, where Mrs. Proby's illegitimate son was admitted king's evidence. That evidence, clearly given—corroborated by the finding of the brooch, and the words he let fall in the struggle with the constables—leaving no doubt of his guilt, John Proby was convicted, sentenced to death, and duly hanged. He left the dock, pouring forth awful curses upon the bastard who had wrought his ruin, and died blaspheming.

W. Russell, LL.D.

Ancient Intercourse between England and Iceland.—Before the discovery of Newfoundland, British merchants resorted to ports on the west coast of Iceland, to exchange commodities and procure dried stock-fish. Icelandic ships also visited English ports. This intercommunication can be distinctly traced back to the time of Henry III.; but by the beginning of the fifteenth century it had become regular, and had risen to importance. It was matter of treaty between Norway and England; but, with or without special licenses, or in spite of prohibitions—sometimes with the connivance and permission of the local authorities, and at other times notwithstanding the active opposition of one or both governments—the trade being mutually profitable to those engaged in it, continued to be prosecuted. English tapestry and linen are mentioned in old Icelandic writings, and subsequently we learn that English strong ale was held in high estimation by the Northmen. Edward III. granted certain privileges and exemptions to the fishermen of Blacknie and Lyne, in Norfolk, on account of their Icelandic commerce. In favorable weather the distance could be run in about a fortnight. From Icelandic records we learn that in the year 1412, "thirty ships engaged in fishing were seen off the coast at one time." "In A. D. 1415 there were no fewer than six English merchant ships in the harbor of Hafna Fiord alone." Notwithstanding the proclamations and prohibitions both of Eric and Henry V., the traffic still continued to increase; and we incidentally learn that in the year 1419, "twenty-five English ships were wrecked on this coast in a dreadful snow storm." Goods supplied to the natives then, as in later times, were both cheaper and better than could be obtained from the Danish monopolists. It will be remembered by the reader, that when Columbus visited Iceland he sailed in a bark from the port of Bristol.—"*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faroe and Iceland.*"

Suicides.—At the recent funeral of a suicide at Scone, Scotland, some forty women endeavored, by persuasion and threats, to cause the body to be lifted over the graveyard wall instead of being carried through the gate. The reason for this is supposed to be, that in the event of the body being allowed to pass through the gate, the first bride "kirked" thereafter will commit suicide within a very short period after her marriage; and that the first child carried to church to be christened will commit suicide before it reaches the age of eight years.

He who is satisfied to travel upon his feet may be able to keep his carriage; but he who is content with only riding may not long be able to keep his feet.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolliug,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now:
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

And as for those who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturn of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

—*Charles Dibdin.*

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SONDERBORG.

"NO, no; it may not be, Rolf. This is no time for marrying or feasting."

"And why not, my good mother? We have waited heaven knows long enough. And did you not promise that on my return from my last voyage from New York that Margaret should be mine?"

"True, my son, I did promise, but all human promises you know are conditional. Then I did not forsee—indeed, how should I?—that old Denmark should be engaged in a life and death struggle. Wait, my son—wait until the Germans are driven back beyond the Eider; an event, if it pleases Heaven and every Dane does his duty, which will not be long in coming to pass."

"I hope so, mother; but I cannot see how my marriage with your daughter can have the effect of prolonging the stay of the Germans; and I have yet to learn that a man who has a beautiful true-hearted wife to protect, cannot fight the enemies of his country as stoutly as the bachelor, who has no such sweet incentive to his valor."

"All very well, my son; but you see it is quite out of the question that the wedding should take place at preseut. There the Germans are pounding away at Duppel, whicb may be taken at any moment. And then, you see, there is but a few yards of sea between them and Sonderborg, which, as Frederick tells me, may, at any moment, be bombarded and burnt from the Prussian position."

"Oh, nonsense, mother! Duppel is not so easily taken; and as for tbe bombardment of Sonderborg, here is Frederick and he will tell you that such a thing is never done without some forty-eight hours' notice—plenty of time to get tbrough a much more ceremonious wedding than Margaret's and mine is destined to be."

The foregoing conversation took place between Dame Aagard the honest and well-to-do widow of Simon Aagard, and the mother of the buxom, blue-eyed, golden-haired Margaret, the betrothed for many years of the brave and hardy seaman, Rolf Molbech.

Frederick, the widow's only son, and Margaret's brother, who had just returned from doing duty in the trenches, on being appealed to, confirmed Rolf's statement, declaring that it was quite out of the question that Sonderborg should be bombarded witbout forty-eight hours' notice; that the Prussians, though decidedly wrong in making war on old Denmark, were a highly philosophical and civilized people, and never would be guilty of raining shot and shell upon a town filled with women and children, aged and bedridden, until notice had been given and ample time allowed for the removal of all the helpless and non-fighting portion of the inhabitants. Besides, Frederick could not see of what earthly use the bombardment and destruction of Sonderborg would be to the Germans so long as Duppel remained untaken; for with that position in their possession, the Danes would still be masters of the strait separating the Island of Alsen from the mainland; and though Sonderborg should be reduced to ashes, Alsen would still have numerous positions which could be occupied by the Danes, and defended for months against any force which the Germans could bring against the island. Tbe end of it was, that what with the assurances of her son backing the importunity of her would-be son-in-law, the old lady was prevailed upon to consent to the immediate marriage of her fair danghter Margaret to the gallant and ardent Rolf.

The clergyman, on due representation made, agrees to tie the nuptial knot, a few select friends are invited, and the fair Margaret and the brave Rolf are declared to be husband and wife.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight on the 2d of April. The small, nnfortified town of Sonderborg was steeped in almost perfect repose. Tbe sentries had been posted for the night. There was a complete cessation of hostilities of several hours' duration. The fierce bombardment and repeated assaults to which Duppel had been for the last three days subjected had failed, and the two antagonists. as if by mutnal though a tacit agreement, had rested from the work of slaughter. No hostile missive, unless it might be a stray shot from the Prussian batteries, had hitherto crossed the narrow strait of the Alsensund. Sleep had sealed the eyelids of the peaceable and industrious inhabitants of Sonderborg.

But an instantaneous shock awakes the slumberers from their repose. Windows are lifted and doors are opened, and men and women hastily clothed—many of them in their night dresses—are pouring out and rushing into the streets. The whole town is in a state of sudden commotion. Troops are marching, artillery and amuunition wagons are rattling along the streets. The thunder of cannon is reverberating within the vault of heaven, and the blackness of night is furrowed and flicked with the fiery trail of red-hot sbells, which with lightning's speed come hissiug and screaming across the strait, throngh the murky sky over the city. There is no mistaking the cause and meaning of this terrible scene. Sonderborg is being bombarded. Yes, and witbout the warning which among all civilized nations it is customary to give for the removal of the infirm and the aged, the women and the children.

For the first few minutes it was obvious that the Prussian batteries had not taken correct aim at the city, for their missiles passed over the place. But this error was soon rectified, and shot and shell descended like an infernal hailstorm on the roofs of the houses, and in the streets, squares, and courts of the devoted town. Thicker and faster fall the remorseless messengers of murder. The midnigbt sky is seamed by the red track of innumerable shells, and the strait and harbor catch a lurid illumination from the fiery storm which rages above. Terror seizes the inhabitants. Short shrieks and agonizing cries are heard, but the prevailing characteristic of those bewildered people is a deep and dreadful silence. Half-naked mothers rushed forth with their babes clinging to their breasts. Old and bedriddeu mothers and fathers, were borne in the pious arms of sons and daughters from burning houses to places of supposed, or rather hoped for, safety. Every man and woman who can render help of any kind is bent on some humane deed. No one has time or inclination to bestow upon another's work, each having his or her own self-allotted task to perform.

But all at once the general attention is diverted by a heart-piercing shriek which issued from an unroofed and burning tenement. Before the cause of this cry of anguish could be ascertained. a partially dressed young man, bearing a snow-white burden in his arms, is seen emerging from the flaming honse. It was Rolf Molbech, husband of a few hours, bearing the mangled form of his beauteous bride. A shell had fallen upon and pierced the roof, and exploded in the nuptial chamber. A fragment of the infernal missile had entered the left side of the happy bride as she slept in the arms of her husband. The shriek which had startled the street was her awaking and her expiring cry. Over her snowy bridal robes the warm heart's blood now streamed forth a crimson tide. Such is but one of the horrors of a town bombarded without notice; such is but one of the results of a crime as black as ever was perpetrated—a crime which will inevitably consign its authors to the everlasting execration of the whole human race. We thus see that in ferocious and fiendish cruelty hordes of enfrenzied savages may be excelled by a nation of phlegmatic philosophers, and the lowest and blackest barbarian has, in the hellish art of devilish malignity, something to learn from the most developed and advanced form of so-called "Christian" civilization.

PARISIAN AUTHORS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular* gossips pleasantly about some noted Parisian authors. Edmnnd About, it seems, is to be married to a lady both wealthy and noble—a daughter of Baron de Guillerville, of the Chateau de Roucherolles, near Rouen. His companions are yellow with envy at his good fortune. The correspondent says:

M. About, despite his marriage, is busy, as nsual, with his pen. He contributes an article every month to the *Nouvelle Revue de Paris*, he writes the criticism on the Exhibition of Paintings in *Le Petit Journal*, and. it is whispered, he is one of the weekly contributors to *La Vie Parisienne*. His last work, *Le Progrés*, is selling better now than it promised at first to do. Since I mention *Le Petit Journal*, let me mention its success. It is a small sheet, printed on four sides without advertisements; (at least with very few advertisements;) it does not touch on politics; it is sold for one sou; 120,000 copies are sold daily, and the newsmen or newswomen (for the other sex very properly supplies us with the gossip of the world) tell me that, let them lay in ever so great a number, their stock is exhausted before noon. I am amused wheu I remain on the Boulevard, (where they do triple duty—as shelter to the newswomen, as wall for bills, and as lanterns—they are made of glass—to light the thoroughfare,) looking over the publications of the day, to see the incessant calls for this diminutive sheet. Hackmen, marketwomen, policemen, soldiers, even the sewersmen, lay down their sou as they call for the paper which gives them full particulars of the last calf heard of as having three heads, and the last drunkard who fell from a sixth-story window without so much as an abrasion of skin, and the last exploit of the lightning, together with the omnipresent *feuilleton*, which seems to be the salt necessary to give savor to the periodical porridge. This sheet belongs to M. Millaud, the once famous partner of M. Mires, aud it is raising him to affluence again. He employs the best pens to contribute to his *feuilleton* and *varieties*. I told you M. About writes the criticism on the Art Exhibition, M. Leo Lespes (under the pseudonym "Timothée Trim") writes the review of the day; M. Louis Jourdain, of *Le Siecle*, aud M. Alexandre Dumas are among its contributors. His rate of compensation is one centime and a quarter each letter. A centime is two of your mills; there are five centimes in a sou, which is equivalent to your cent. In old times the custom in the press was to pay so much a line. But M. Alexandre Dumas introduced into his novel, *Les Mousquetaires*, which first appeared in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse*, a character whose whole conversation consisted of "Yes," "No," "Well," "Ah," "But," and "What;" and the public found Grimaud, the valet of Athos, a very amusing personage. At that time poor Dujarrier (who was killed in the famous Dujarrier and Beauvallon's duel) was the manager of *La Presse*, and it irked him to pay twelve sous a line for lines which contained only one monosyllable. One day he went to M. Dumas, and said: "My dear Dumas, your Grimaud is too silent by half. Make him more loquacious or consent to change our agreement, for it is not fair that his monosyllables be paid at the rate of a whole line. Let us divide the column into two equal spaces, and every line which does not exceed the centre shall pass for nothing." M. Dumas replied: "My dear fellow, if you insist upon it that half lines shall not pay so much as whole lines, I shall make no objection. But. then, you can't expect me t make you a present of the half lines. There are two letters in 'No,' and four letters in 'What;' I cannot give them to you." "My dear Dumas, your observation is just; therefore, let us cancel our old agreement and pay so much each letter." M. Alexandre Dumas accepted, and henceforth the rule was established to pay by the letter instead of by the line. Grimaud, having ceased to earn twelve sous by a mere stroke of the pen, disappeared from the scene until the day the author sentenced him to death. Before I quit this subject, which was fertile in angry discussions between those Mr. and Mrs. Caudle authors and publishers, I must relate an anecdote of Charles Nodier. He, even more than most authors, was always hard pressed for money, and was fond of resorting to all sorts of expedients to make his page contain as few words as possible. One day he had a dispute with the editor of *La Revue de Paris*, who paid by the line, and who fonnd Nodier's lines excessively short. Failing to make any impression on Nodier, he at last said: "Well, I agree to pay you the spaces, but I'll be switched if I'll pay you your signature for a whole line." "Agreed!" exclaimed Nodier, drawing a pen through his signature as he spoke. "What are you doing?" "You said you would not pay my signature; that it was not worth a whole line. I efface it. I don't care to see my signature at the foot of the article." This, as you may easily imagine, did not suit the editor, and he ever afterwards found Charles Nodier's signature cheap at the price of a single line. A new newspaper has just been published with a *feuilleton* of twelve hundred lines. The editor annonnces that he will give twenty sous a line for first-rate works. He says he has 90,000 subscribers already, and consequently this rate of remuneration he can easily afford, as it would not cost him above one centime a copy of the paper.

M. Alex. Dumas has definitively adopted the swallow's habits. He makes Paris his home only during the summer months. When winter comes he hies to warmer regions. He has leased a palace at Sorrento, which will be his future winter home. M. Alex. Dumas' (Jr.) play has disappeared from the bills of the Gymnase; but the manager is not altogether dissatisfied with the harvest. It is said that some $25,000 or $30,000 were taken at the doors. The author received $5,000 or $6,000 from the theatre, and he is receiving a good copyright from his publisher, who is selliug the printed piece as fast as he conld desire The public prefer it as a closet piece. The court went to see it played, and the Emperor expressed his satisfaetion with it, saying, "It is prodigiously full of talents." All this ought to be efficacious balm for the wounds the critics and the short rnn of the play gave its author. Nevertheless, he talks of abandoning tbe stage. He has embarked on a steam vessel-of-war, commanded by one of his friends, intending to spend the next few—or many (he does not know which)—months, cruising about the Mediterranean, wherever his friend's duties may call him. He said, to excuse his flight: "I am tired to death of the sympathy of the people who condole with me for the miscarriage of my last piece. It seems to me every man, woman and child in Paris have said to me: 'I really cannot nnderstand why your last play had not the success of its predecessors; it is brilliant as can be.'" The play has already reached a third edition, although it has been withdrawn from the play-bills. I meutioned, in a recent letter, the conjugal troubles of his sister. She has sent a pieture, signed Marie Alexandre Dumas, to the Exhibition of Paintings now open, which all the critics are praising. I have not yet been able to discover it.

M. Ch. Brainne died a few days since in the insane asylnm where he had been confined. He was a professor in the college at Orleans, but upon being ordered to proceed to the college at Alençon, he resigned, came up to Paris, and took service in the press. It is said that his letter of resignation was brief and a pun: "Point d'Alençon," he wrote to the Minister of Public Instruction. M. Jules Lecomte is dead. He was for many years the chief Paris correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, and was for the last seven years the writer of the *Courier de Paris* in *Le Monde Illustrée*. He was the author of some sixty or seventy volumes of novels, travels or plays. Murray commends in his *Handbook to Northern Italy*, the deceased's work on Venice, but his books are unreadable; they lack style, information, and animation; they are disfigured by the most disagreeable *concetti*, by want of delicacy, and by ridiculous air. His life, fully and impartially written, would be a stinging satire upon French society, and upon a class of literary men here. The early part of his career lies under thick clouds. His whole life was tainted by grievous faults. Although he was a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society and of the Literary Men's Society, no deputation from either of them appeared at his funeral, and no farewell speech—an honor denied not to the humblest comrade—was made by either of them over his remains. Just indignation has been raised by this their contumely. Were he an unworthy brother of the literary fraternity he should have been treated as such at the balloting, when he was alive and might have defended himself, not at the grave when he was helpless. He was repeatedly engaged in duels. He was fond of announcing that he had for the last fifteen or twenty years daily kept a journal of all he heard and saw in the drawing-rooms of Paris. It will not immediately be published, or. if it does appear, it will be curtailed of all those anecdotes which are unpardonably indiscreet while the hero of them still lives. How short-lived are writers for the Press! MM. Emile de Girardin, Eugene Guinot, A. Peyrat, Ch. Leymarie, H. Rigault, Paul d'Ivoi, Ch. Brainne, Jules Lecomte, and many another in France, Dr. Phillips (the literary critic of the *Times*,) Bayle St. John, Thackeray. and others in England avouch the heavy draughts made by the press upon them who minister at its ephemeral altars.

DR. WATT'S DAUGHTER.—Miss Watt, the only surviving child of the greatest British bibliographer, Dr. Watt, died lately at Glasgow in a workhouse. Last year a petition was presented to Lord Palmerston for a grant of £100 a year for her benefit. It was signed by Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, George Grote, Sir Frederick Madden, Holman Hunt, Mrs. Gaskell and many another name of note. An answer to it was promised in February, but none came till last week, some days after the death of the poor lady had been announced to one of the Premier's secretaries. Then a fellow-secretary wrote to ask if Miss Watt could be supported on £50 a year; if so. that sum might probably be given to her. It was well, perhaps, that the offer came to a corpse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Horological Thought.—You can stop a clock, at any moment, but you cannot stop a watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping the talk of a man, and of a woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jeweled thing—but she will run on until she stops of herself.

Impatience:—In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be nvoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

Pleasure.—Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom of the cup which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

Manuscripts are occasionally to be met with printed on human skin—they are either Mexican or Peruvian. One of the former is to be met with in the library of Vienna, beautifully executed in colored figures, and a second in the library at Dresden, containing a fragmentary history of the Incas of Peru.

A bill for legalizing the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, has been read a third time and passed in the Legislative Council of South Australia.

Sewing-Machines.—Of the many inventions and improvements of sewing-machines, none have so satisfactorily stood the test of time and service as Grover & Baker's. They have taken the highest premiums at the recent State Fairs of fifteen States; they have, moreover, received the warmest encomiums from all persons who have ever used the machines, and those who have had opportunities to compare the different styles of machines, generally prefer Grover & Baker's to any other. They do the work neatly and well, do not get out of order, and are readily adapted to any kind of sewing. We would advise our lady readers, who are in want of a sewing-machine, to call at Grover & Baker's.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are the notices which appear in our city cotemporaries:

The Californian.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the Californian is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The Californian is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

The Californian.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call. June 19th.*

The Californian.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The Californian impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the Californian it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

The Californian, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

The Californian.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

The Californian.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

The New Weekly Review.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The Californian (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the Californian. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the Californian every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

The Californian.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

The Californian.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the Californian—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the Californian. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the Californian will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

California literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the Californian, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

The Californian.—We have been favored with a copy of the Californian, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

The Californian.—This new Saturday newspaper, owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

The first number of the Californian, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The Californian contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

And the following we clip from the exchanges which have reached us:

The Californian.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

The Californian.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the Californian acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

The Californian is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

The Californian.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the Californian will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

The Californian.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

The Californian.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the Californian appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

The Californian.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

The Californian.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of The Californian, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

The Californian is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

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With the view of giving to the business of the corporation all the efficiency and promptitude of a private banking firm, together with that confidential seclusion of private business matters so generally desired, the immediate management of its affairs is committed exclusively to D. O. Mills and William C. Ralston, as President and Cashier, respectively, to whom, or either of them, the customers of the Bank will apply in all business matters. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees will take place monthly.

The undersigned deem it advisable to call particular attention to the following peculiarities of their organization, which are positively binding on all its members:

First—Sales of its capital stock can be effected only after due appraisement by stockholders selected for that special purpose; and the Trustees of the corporation have, in all cases, the right to become purchasers of the stock appraised at the appraisement, for the benefit of the remaining stockholders. This restriction is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Second—Loans cannot be made to stockholders, except upon collaterals other than their shares in the capital stock of this bank.

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J. B. Thomas,
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WANTED—The Dashaway Employment Office, 513 Kearney street, near California, can supply families, hotels, restaurants, farmers, ships, steamers and coasters with every description of male and female help, free of charge. Orders from the country for women must be accompanied with their passage money, as hundreds of poor girls are unable to pay their own passage. Orders promptly filled at the Dashaway Employment Office. ju11

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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

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AND THE

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But also as being

The Equal of any on this Continent!

Imperial paper, of a quality and weight never before brought to this market, is ordered from the East

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

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Is employed upon the Californian, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Terms of the Californian are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to

C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor Californian,
728 Montgomery street.

UNION STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT SACRAMENTO, on the *30th day of August, A. D.* 1864, *a Union State Convention*, for the purpose of nominating *Presidential Electors* to be supported by the Union Party at the ensuing Presidential Election, to appoint a State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

There will be held also at *Sacramento*, immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, *Congressional District Conventions* for the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, for the purpose of nominating *Candidates for Congress* for their respective Districts, and to appoint District Committees.

Each county will elect delegates in pursuance of notice of its Union County Committee, according to the following apportionment:

Alameda	8	Plumas	8
Amador	13	Sacramento	21
Alpine	6	San Bernardino	3
Butte	11	San Diego	2
Calaveras	13	San Francisco	52
Colusa	3	San Joaquin	12
Contra Costa	6	San Luis Obispo	2
Coso	5	San Mateo	5
Del Norte	2	Santa Barbara	3
El Dorado	19	Santa Clara	11
Fresno	1	Santa Cruz	6
Humboldt	4	Shasta	6
Klamath	3	Sierra	13
Lake	2	Siskiyou	7
Lassen	3	Solano	9
Los Angeles	5	Stanislaus	3
Marin	4	Sutter	5
Mariposa	6	Sonoma	10
Mendocino	4	Tehama	4
Merced	1	Trinity	6
Mono	6	Tulare	4
Monterey	4	Tuolumne	12
Napa	6	Yolo	5
Nevada	16	Yuba	11
Placer	13		

In any County where the Union County Committee shall not order an Election of Delegates specially for its Congressional District Convention, or where Delegates from such District may not have been elected pursuant to notice of such County Committee, then the Delegates from such County to the State Convention shall be Delegates to the District Congressional Convention for the District in which such County may be; and when such District Conventions shall have met in Sacramento as aforesaid, each Convention will determine when and where the Convention will make its Congressional nomination. All citizens who are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war to the final success of the Federal Government—who endorse the platform of the Union National Convention, and who will pledge themselves to support the National, State and Congressional Nominees of the Union Party will be entitled to vote for such Delegates.

It is recommended that no Delegate be elected, unless he be a legal resident of the county whence he is chosen, and that no proxies be given by Delegates to any except citizens of the county which they shall be elected to represent.

NATHANIEL HOLLAND,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.
J. T. Hoyt, Secretary. ju25

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED!

Peake Medical Institute,

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THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

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Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

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The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

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Registers containing full particulars as to the course of study, terms, regulations, etc., can be obtained upon application by mail, or to the Principal personally, at the Seminary. jy16-tf

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GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of THOMAS W. LYLES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of the above-named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, Thomas W. Lyles, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at office No. 6, up stairs, northwest corner Clay and Front streets.

MARCUS A. BRALY,
E. I. WEEKS,
CHAS. A. BRENHAM,
Executors of the estate of Thomas W. Lyles, deceased.

Dated July 22d, A. D. 1864. jy23-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOHN GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOHN GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. jy23-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN HOGAN, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, JOHN HOGAN, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1864.

Seal and stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner. jy23-5t

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of FREDERICK WILKE, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Frederick Wilke, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Taylor & Hastings, Petitioner's Attorneys. jy16-5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUStice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township,
City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of WILLIAM WALTERS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, William Walters, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Attorney for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JAMES H. DOWNEY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said Insolvent, James H. Downey, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Stamp and Seal.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Petitioner's Attorney. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF SAN FRANcisco county, of the State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of DANIEL NORCROSS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Daniel Norcross, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the city and county of San Francisco, on the 16th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate he made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Stanley & Hayes, Attorneys for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of D. J. McCARTHY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, D. J. McCarthy, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 8th day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1864.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPTHALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner, Metropolitan Block, No. 35. jy9-4t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN DEWAR, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, County Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, John Dewar, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the first day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of June, A. D., 1864.

Seal and Revenue stamp. WM. LOWEY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, attorneys for Petitioner, office 634 Clay street, Rooms 20 and 22. jy2-5t

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will roccivo deposits. attead to the Collection of Paper, and

DRAW EXCHANGE BY TELEGRAPH,

OR OTHERWISE.

—ON—

NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

Oa the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashior.

San Fraacisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6-tf

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., Sau Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, Jnne 15, 1864. jul8

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN aad responsible Companies, haviag complied with the law eaacted at the last session of the Legislature, aad deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holdors, will continue to iasure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon aad Nevada Territory, agaiast Loss or Damago hy Firo, upoa the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
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Insure against loss or damago hy fire, on Buildings, Merchaadise, Wares, aad other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at prescat to he taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payahle ia United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The followiag List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Compaay :

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A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

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jy9

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This valuahlo compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies iu the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestivo orgaas, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in uso. In the preparatioa of

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Great caro is taken to have none hut select Root, and to maaufacture it ia air-tight vessels, thus prcventing the evaporation of its delicate esseatial oil, and preserviag the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contaias ia its concentrated form all the valuahle properties of the Jamaica Giager, aad is guaranteed to bo free from any impurities whatever.

It is a grateful stimulaat and carminative, giving warmth aad toae to the stomach equal to Braady, without aay of its iajurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused hy ridiag in railroad cars, or from sea-sickaess, or other causes.

Miaers aad others who are exposed to the heat of the Sua often whilst workiag ia cold water, should never he without

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ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As hy takiag it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preveative to Chills and Fever ; and to those who are farmiag the rich bottom lands of Califoraia it is likewise iavalaahle as a toaic, aad should invariably he taken ia the early moraing before goiag to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at aight.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliahle article.

An excelleat exteraal application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT kaown on the Stomach, Blood, Laags aad Bowels of

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All diseased Stock SPEEDILY aad CERTAINLY CURED ; healthy Stock will he brought iato the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION hy giving thom a SPOONFULL, wee

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WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speakiag of the death of Washingtoa Irviag, asks the above question, and adds : "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not heen for advico kindly iatended, no douht, hut given in thoughtlessnoss and reckless ignoranco.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which hy some injudicious prescription had heen converted iato an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, tho world never saw a better remedy, aad never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't he afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from naturo's own laboratory—the samo today as they were a thousaad years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest iudicatiou of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself maay days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so iaseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

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THERE IS BUT ONE

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The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has heea awarded Tweaty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Tweaty-oue at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

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PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much covetod hy all men, hut the bleeding, hliad, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured hy the use of

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It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and oftea fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not douht this assertion, nor delay testiug the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not he deceived in it.

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A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo hy Messrs. Byraes & Ames, who will furnish horses aad carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can eagage them hy telegraph, *via* Saa Mateo.

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Listen all ye that deal ia feet aad are barefooted :

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, hut Dividends Secured at Once!

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We have ia store and arriviag, upwards of

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From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.
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The Blannerhasset Papers. By Safford;
Phantom Flowers; a Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Illustrated;
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Hotspur; a Novel. By Walworth;
Denise; by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 2 vols.
Patriotism, and other Papers. By T. Starr King;
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As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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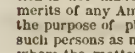

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Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

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jy23-1m

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On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
my28 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

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VOL. I.--NO. 11. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 6, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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The Morals of the Age.
Hard Times.
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Fasting *versus* Feasting.
Of One who Fell in Battle, Implora Pace, } Poetry.

THE COUNTESS DIANA—A Translation.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.
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ITEMS OF ARMY AND NAVY INTEREST.

BRIEF MENTION:
News in Nutshells.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:
A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPLORA PACE.

DO you hear the church-bell ring,
Till it thrills the slender grasses?
Do you see the church-door swing,
As a gay train slowly passes?
In its daisy-planted yard,
Where many a grave-stone glistens
Can you see her sobbing hard,
As she turns—and looks—and listens?
She was young, and fond, and fair,
He had made her sad life sunny;
But he spread the spoiler's snare,
Mingling poison with the honey.

He is in a costly pew,
By a robe of satin kneeling;
She is underneath the yew,
In an agony of feeling—
Praying peace for her poor soul,
Craving pity for her weakness.
Hark! is that the organ's roll?
She is praying now for meekness,
For the stately figures pass—
His, so haughty and unheeding—
While she crouches in the grass
With her lone heart torn and bleeding.

Now she hears the loitering crowd
Gossip of the wealthy marriage,
Sees the judge—resplendent—proud,
Hand his rich bride to her carriage;
Oh, the odorous orange flowers!
And the white veil all a-flutter;
Oh, the golden, golden hours!
Sweet with words that he can utter;
But, alas! the bitter past,
Change, and woe, neglect—unkindness,
And the waking at the last,
From the fearful, fatal blindness.

Wearily the day goes out,
Like a faintly flickering taper;
Shadowy figures glide about,
Ghost-like, in the thickening vapor;
Great fogs spread their spectral damps;
Hoarse waves bellow through the narrows;
From afar the city's lamps
Shoot their light like silver arrows;
Wolfish storm-winds snarl and prowl,
Filling her sick heart with terror,
For their dismal voices howl
Ever, ever of her error.

Do you hear the angry bay
As the eerie twilight darkens?
What its mad waves seem to say,
As she bends her ear and hearkens?
"Thou shalt find a peaceful rest
On the dark sea's heaving bosom,
As upon thy grief-torn breast,
Went to rest thy baby-blossom;
And God's angels never ask
Of a sin, or frailty human,
Ere they do their holy task,
Is it man? or is it woman?"

EMILIE LAWSON.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, August 6th, 1864.

I OBSERVE by late despatches that mines have been bringing people to grief in Virginia as well as in this State. That mining operation of Graut's before Petersburg was very well planned, but the suddenness of the rise and fall in things must have puzzled even those who were conversant with the movement.

There has been nothing in this market to equal it.

At first accounts, I was prepared to sing the pæan of victory and rejoice; but subsequent details lead me to doubt the complete success of the movement. I thought, in the first blush of news, that Grant could improve on the old despatch: "We have met the enemy, and he is ours," by writing laconically to the Department at Washington: I have met the enemy, and he is Mine; but, alas, no! As has been my own experience, this mine of ours hoisted its friends quite as high as it did its enemies.

If I had known that Grant contemplated any operation of the kind I could have been of material assistance to him. For I know of a mine or two that would have made the gay and festive rebels tremble in their shoes. Supposing he had tucked a little Lady Bryan under them, or introduced a few shares of Santiago into the bill, does any one imagine that the whole rebel command would not have gone up on that warm July morning?

They would have been cleaned out of houses and homes and all their estate, real and personal. In their poverty and shame they would have had to become corner-brokers, perhaps.

Will they supersede Grant now because he has proven less successful at the East as a Miner-General than he did at the West as a Major one? It wouldn't surprise me much if they did, for such is the fate of all popular heroes. One moment the multitude are swinging their greasy caps in the air in honor of a man, and the next moment he is himself swinging in the air a victim to their caprice. Popular fame may very well be defined by a couplet which comes to my mind—it is from De Caux, I think:

C'est un verre qui luit
Qu'un souffle peut detruire et qu'un souffle a produit.

It is a great mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the matter of the Flood—it was a comfortable thing to be in the minority then—and they've been wrong several times since.

Ah, my friends, there was terrible work before Petersburg! One can write very flippantly of the war, seated here some thousands of miles away from it, but it is a very different thing to be charging on works that blaze with a fire which cuts down your ranks as the reaper's blade does the nodding grain. It is little wonder that the poor negroes wilted and withered and crept coweringly under cover. Why was not white valor put in the front on an occasion like that?

The question has been repeatedly asked: What shall be done with the negro? We will be spared its solution if there are many repetitions of that programme.

Early, they say, is in the Shenandoah Valley with his command, harvesting the wheat and threshing it out. Some way, these rebels seem to be around where they have no business to be, both early and late, and I much wish the stout yeomen of the Pennsylvania border would leave off looking for petroleum oil and go down and thresh them out from the valley. The only way that I can account for the rebel raiders getting away from Pennsylvania before is by supposing that they slipped through the oily fingers of the farmers.

Never mind; we may be hare-pie yet, as the rabbits said. The same Providence that shapes our ends will perhaps shape and end to the war, soon. I shall travel on that shape when it comes.

In the meanwhile I try to turn my attention to the pleasant pursuits of peace. I know a Bank whereon the terrapin grows, and I go there occasionally, and seat myself on a terrapin-cushion, and show the boys how the game of nine-pins, or nine terrapins, is played.

"Deal gently with the erring one," is the kindly sentiment inculcated by the song; but I'm not an erring one, it seems—at least I never won yet. Apropos: I trust the authorities at Alcatraz will not be seduced into any little game where proils count, but fulls beat them, with the gentleman who is now visiting them. For if they are, he will capture the Fort, certain.

People must do something for amusement, though, and the town is dull enough at best. My principal fun of late has consisted in seeing the charming little comic operas that the English troupe are now producing at the Academy of Music. *The Doctor of Alcantara* pleased me more than anything that has been produced here for some time. The plot is nothing to speak of; but I'm tired of plots—the world is too full of them already. The music is delicious, the acting excellent. I had some curiosity to see that "wonderful organ" of Peakes', which the critic of THE CALIFORNIAN has so often mentioned, leading the public erroneously to suppose that he traveled around the stage like an itinerant Italian. This Peakes, by the way, must not be confounded with the proprietor of the Peakes' Medical Institute, for he is quite another man, comes from a totally different family, and the two are in no wise related. But if he has no organ he has a splendid bass voice, which reminds us of one.

I am glad the Opera troupe has changed its Base, for I had got rather tired of Gregg, and don't care how soon his bark is on the sea. It is great pity that he, with that fine voice of his, cannot disabuse himself of the idea that every musical note is a rat, and that his special mission on the lyric stage is that of a terrier.

I saw Miss Julia Gould and wondered if she was concerned in the Gould and Curry mine, finally concluding that she was not, since the notes she offered were all legal tender ones—notes, however, which I am willing to endorse.

Criticism is not my department in this paper, but yet I shall take the liberty of saying that I liked everybody in that charming little opera, with the exception of an ugly girl in the chorus who winked at me. It was a case of mistaken identity, I suppose. Probably she thought I was her long lost brother, but I ain't, and she shouldn't do such things. If asked who I liked the most of all in the piece, I should reply, Miss Richings and Miss Kempton. One is a brunette, the other a blonde. My beauty is of the blonde style, what there is of it, but it scarcely produces the effect that Miss Kempton's does. I'm glad of it, for it would be mightily unpleasant to have young men falling in love with me and singing under my window at night.

One thing provoked me about the opera, however, and that was the fact that so few went out to see it. Is San Francisco utterly incapable of appreciating anything, or are its people dead to the truth that they have a duty to perform? If we had no opera there'd be a whine for one, and a wonder why managers didn't bring one out. A manager makes the venture, and here is the result: people stay at home and play dummy-whist, and the manager loses money every night.

Such things provoke me so that if it were possible I'd hand in my checks to-morrow and move to Washington. But *Quid Romæ faciam? mentire nescio.* What should I do in Washington? I cannot lie; and they don't want any more Major-Generals in the field at present—at least I suppose so from the fact that they have commenced shipping them out here.

I might go to Washoe and get elected Judge, perhaps; according to the newspapers published up there, the office is a lucrative one. They are all finding fault with Judge North. Poor Judge; it is hard to please everybody and get rich at the same time. If he takes my advice he'll get rich first before he tries the other thing. I recollect a phrase in one of the newspapers to this effect: "He has soiled the purity of his ermine." Ermine is probably some cheap cloth that people wear up in the Territory. Or do Judges up there wear ermine to indicate that they are liable to err when mines are concerned in their decisions?

If I were not very tired I'd whisper a few words in the Judge's ear, and tell him how he can shove up a few points on the chaps he's playing with, even at the risk of having it thought that I took an undue interest in the game. But the labors of the week have been exhaustive, and I have only strength to murmur:

May no ghost your slumbers mar,
Good night, Señor Balthazar!

before I turn off the gas and seek that couch where innocence slumbers—but where I generally lie awake all night.

Be virtuous my friends, and perhaps you'll be happy; but if the experiment doesn't work to your satisfaction, be happy anyway, and virtue will follow as a thing of course. This has been the experience of

INIGO.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XIX.

THE Thursday morning which was to be the dawning or the twilight of my life I ordered my horse saddled, so as to arrive at Monthermé before my guardian, to receive the last instructions of Granger. At taking leave of Diana I was much moved:

"Courage!" said she; "I have prayed for you. Let us trust in God."

"Alas!" replied I; "I fear success to-day, for it would oblige me to leave you."

"André, what do you mean? Would you accept happiness at the expense of your dignity? Remember that your fall would touch me in my dearest affection. Be calm and strong, for it concerns your life and my dearest pride."

"But when I shall be far away, what will become of you?"

"I will live on *souvenirs*," replied she, with a proud melancholy; "and now, my friend, go! and God be with you."

And as I held my hand out to her she drew me towards her and imprinted a kiss on my forehead. I went away quickly, blinded with tears. It seemed to me that the last link with the sweet past was broken. I was doomed to meet sorrow; victory would separate me from her; defeat would lower me even in her eyes, and would reduce me forever to shameful servitude. I flew along, and arrived at Granger's in an hour. I found him occupied as with the approach of serious business. I was not to be present at the family council; my old defender, however, wished to present me to the friends or distant relatives on whom my fate depended. I divined his thought.

"You wish to show them that I am not mad," said I, with a bitter laugh.

A servant came to announce the arrival of several members of the council. We went into the drawing-room. At the silence which followed my entrance I nearly lost countenance. It was easy for me to see that doubts of my sanity had already filled the minds of my judges, and astonishment was visible on each face when I greeted them. I felt their looks weigh on me. They troubled me, and it was necessary to make an extraordinary effort in order to overcome my fear. A word, a gesture, which would have seemed strange in their eyes, and I was lost. By good luck, Granger made a diversion. I became reassured, and spoke of my journey with a freedom of thought which soon overcame all their doubts as to my sanity.

The arrival of M. de Maufert, followed by the Justice of the Peace, completed the council, so I retired. My guardian conducted me to the drawing-room door with every mark of attention, and as if we were the best friends in the world.

Alone in Granger's study, I could not bear the anxiety of waiting. I went out. A short distance from the house I found Bastien:

"The Countess sent me," said he; "she commanded me to wait about here, so as to be ready to serve you, if you had need of any one."

I blessed Diana from the bottom of my heart; she foresaw the sorrow of this hour of loneliness.

"Follow me," said I to him, "and thank you for coming."

And we walked on, without any destination, to kill time.

Bastien tried to divert my thoughts, he chatted at random about everything which surrounded us; but I did not listen. I thought of the dangers of the present hour, I recalled to my mind even the slightest word which I had uttered before these judges, on whom my life depended. Was I at all incoherent? I was frightened.

"Bastien! Bastien!" cried I, "speak to me of Diana!"

He seemed alarmed at this.

"See here, M. André, do not be so much affected by this. All will be well. The Countess told me so in sending me here. She loves you too much for them to dare to harm you."

The cruellest anxieties filled my brain; I began to doubt myself, I searched in the eyes of the passers-by indications of pity; at the corner of the street a young girl turned round and looked at me. I turned pale and felt my courage fail me.

"It seems you have pleased her," said Bastien laughingly; "she is very pretty."

I do not know how long it was that we wandered about, nor what road we went. As we turned into the street where my lawyer lived, I saw M. de Maufert and the other members of the council come out and enter their carraiges. A moment afterwards, I joined Granger.

"Ah, here you are!" said he to me. "I feared you had gone off."

By his tone, I divined a failure.

"Am I condemned!" said I to him.

"No, no" he quickly replied. "How fast you go, Baron! They do not execute people in this way. Your case is neither gained nor lost, it is only adjourned. But sit down there and listen to me."

"I must first tell you," continued he, "that you worked a miracle with those gentlemen. Not having seen you for a year, they were influenced by the calumnies that you know of. Your presence suddenly gained them for you. Your simplicity and calmness were admirable. After your departure, however, the debate was very lively. It was necessary to fire the train and place M. de Maufert in the position either of acquiescing in your request or of refusing it. The Court finished by demanding a medical examination."

At these unexpected words a tremor convulsed me.

"A medical examination!" cried I.

"You must not dissimulate, Baron; but in six months from to-day you will be called to submit to the same ordeal."

"So he has dared to declare me mad!"

"But the council is far from being convinced, as they have rejected the application of your guardian until more ample inquiry has been made."

"And when will I be obliged to submit to this humiliation?"

"The day is not yet fixed. But do not be frightened. It will be sufficient merely to appear before the council who will interrogate you. Two doctors will be present—that is all; and you will have no more trouble to triumph than you had this morning."

I took leave of the notary and rejoined Bastien. I was saddened by the decision of my judges.

"I sent away your horse," said he to me. "The Countess thought you would bring me back, and she sent a carriage."

I returned to Maufert a prey to the most horrible sadness. Half a league from the chateau I saw Diana, who awaited me. I descended precipitately from the carriage, and told the coachman to return without me.

"What has happened?" said she to me, as soon as we were alone.

"He has declared me mad," replied I, with bitter agitation, "and an assemblage of doctors will be called to decide my fate."

"In Heaven's name, calm yourself," cried she to me. "You become despondent when it only depends on you to gain your case."

Hearing her speak, I felt ashamed of myself. The elasticity of my mind was then exhausted in the beginning of the combat! I appealed to my courage to be at least worthy of Diana. I related to her minutely the occurrences of the day. She discussed them, and commented on them with such cheerful confidence, that she alleviated my sorrow. I loved her——

Alas! that my last days of joy should shine in the midst of storm. My sad heart died there. Even the tenderness of Diana was powerless to restore my faith; and a frightful preoccupation, about which I did not dare to speak to her, laid siege to me. How were they going to decide about my life? I could no longer deceive myself; this calumny that I had despised suddenly raised itself before me at my first step, as if to bar me from the world. It was believed by those whom the law charged to protect me. Was I no longer under the protection of common law, that they dared subject me to such a humiliating trial? And this cruel decision of my judges, who feared to declare me insane without a legal trial. Did not this already prove my degradation? If I were vanquished in this terrible fight what would be my fate? If fear should paralyze my mind! Every hour in the day I imagined this very tribunal scrutinizing my face, spying out my thoughts, and penetrating my agony. Was I myself sure of my reason? I who was abandoned to a foolish if not an unholy passion! Even my love became suspicious. Diana divined my sorrow. She interrogated me broken-heartedly. How could I reveal to her such sad struggles? I tried in vain to overcome my cowardly weakness, but these sinister presentiments came every day with more violence. The presence of my guardian was a torture to me. Sour and implacable, one would have said that he saw on my forehead the outline of the terrors which pursued me. I now suspected, by his aggressive humor, that he hoped to force me into some deplorable scene before his servants, and he came very nigh succeeding. But I read in the eyes of Diana such a poignant supplication, that I contained myself. I then remarked with great astonishment a marked change in the demeanor of my godmother. That calm and dignified pride with which she held sway over the Count seemed to have left her. She no longer dared to defend me; and sometimes I fancied I saw her look at her unworthy husband as though she feared he had penetrated the heart of her soul. I then understood I had dragged her down in my fall. From all sides we saw the dark net close around us. If we went into the Park we saw at our heels the little ragged goatherd who once followed Granger to Thilay; and whom Bastien had pointed out to us under the name of Lazarus. In the Park it always happened that we saw Placide rise up before us as though he had been watching us under cover of the bushes, to hear what we were talking about. At first I despised this vile *espionage;* but soon I began to fear still blacker perfidies. The obsequious smile of the steward betrayed a low irony which I dare not divine. One would have thought he had penetrated the sad secret so deeply hidden in the folds of my heart. So we lived in the midst of ever-recurring terrors, when one morning a letter from Granger, brought by Bastien, informed us that the dreaded day was fixed for the following Monday. I turned so pale at this news that Diana rushed towards me to support me.

"André," said she to me, "do you love nothing in the world that you can thus despair of yourself and of your life?"

I tried to hide my weakness. "Ah," said I, "pardon me for being a coward. But I am terrified at the thought of the exile to which I am condemned, and I ask myself what will I do with my existence separated from you?"

"Separated, André! it is no longer your heart which speaks, —that heart which in the interchange of our brotherly and sisterly affection understands so well the eternity of such affection."

"Only Love works such miracles," said I, sadly.

At this word which escaped my lips Diana made a terrified gesture. I saw her tremble.

"Well," replied she immediately; "let love save you."

"What do you mean?"

"Three months ago," continued she, in a tremulous voice, "you loved, André. I know it, as Madeleine and I drew this avowal from you. You suffered then; are you cured now?"

"No; but she whom I love will never know it."

Her eyes rested on mine with an undefinable expression which troubled me to the bottom of my soul.

"What does it matter if she knows it?" said she. "There are for such loves higher regions where sufferings are blessed by God, who alone sees them."

"That is martyrdom," said I, bitterly.

"Well, be a martyr," said she, with exultation; "but if your hand withers in the tortures of life, let your hand still hold this sacred branch; may your idol remain upright, and may the image invoked in your dreams never turn away from you with contempt!"

"Ah," replied I, "I will be worthy of her. I swear it, and worthy of you."

A cry of joy was her sole reply to this remark. My eyes met hers, and in my vision she seemed transfigured. But suddenly, as if broken down by the effort she tottered, and disengaging herself from my grasp, she covered her face, and, as when she on the mountain spoke of my departure, she burst into tears.

"My dear godmother," said I, "do not weep." In the tumult of my emotion I found no other word to comfort her. I was anguished at the sight of her tears, and at the same time felt proud to have been the object of a friendship so profound that it borrowed from Love all its superb eloquence, its disdains, and its modesty.

"Diana, forget this hour of cowardice," exclaimed I. "Ah, your grief saddens me more than my own distress. For your sake I will vanquish these humiliations and insults; for your sake I will live free and esteemed."

"Yes, it is for me that I pray you," replied she; "for me, who has only your affection."

She implored me, and I felt again awakened in my soul those radiant visions which had already once enshrouded me. "Great God! what blessed name must be given to this harmony of our souls? Is there then above the terrestrial passions a holy tenderness—an unnamed intoxication which the angels alone feel?"

Plunged again in the holy springs of love and faith, I was sincere, and I thought I had regained my strength; but, alas! it was but a flash of lightning through the night. The next day the dim visions which disturbed my dreams came back more furiously than ever. In the disorder of my sleep I lost the little energy I gathered in the daytime, and I noted with terror the discouragement which filled me. My will alone I knew could defend me against the fatal heritage by which I was menaced, and I felt this horrible thought gradually grow in my mind: "Perhaps I am already mad." Then I recalled the numerous cases of madness engendered by tortures of the mind and persecutions, and "They will succeed! they will succeed!" said I to myself.

A nervous fever consumed me. I no longer dared to go out of the chateau; I became savage. A word, a smile, irritated me, and as I had already felt at Montherme some days before, it seemed to me that I was the subject of all the conversation and gossip. One morning as I walked near a spring, the public fountain of the village, some peasants assembled there began to look at me. They suddenly ceased talking at my approach, and I thought they were talking of me. I was intimidated at seeing their curious faces, and hesitated to continue on my way. I do not know whether or not they saw my embarrassment; the old women whispered together.

"What a pity!" said a young girl aloud. I turned back. I was afraid that some peculiarity in my walk would cause remark. Hardly had I gone two steps when I heard a burst of laughter. Indignant at my own pusillanimity I wished to go back, but it seemed to me I heard the touching voice which said, "What a pity!" This word echoed in my ear like a wail and in spite of myself I mechanically repeated, "What a pity, What a pity!"

Until night I was overcome by the horrible thought that all the world knew I was already mad. What a pity! What a pity! Several times Diana was astonished by this phrase which fell involuntarily from my lips, and which to her had no signification. I did not dare to reveal to her my torments, and I tried to appear happy.

"André," said she to me, with a supplicating gesture, "cease, I beg of you. You suffer. I see it; and your gayety saddens me."

At the cost of my life I would have spared her pain. But the fatal mania resisted even my love; the shirt of Nessus burned me. At every hour, at every moment, I said to myself: I am not mad; no, I am not mad. This incessant refrain resounded for ever in my mind, beating upon my brain like a wave on the strand; and the fair image of Diana, which I always carried within me, wept at my martyrdom.

THE greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

THE OLD STORY.

MY heart is chilled and my pulse is slow,
But often and often will memory go,
Like the blind child lost in a waste of snow—
Back to the days when I loved you so,
The beautiful long ago.

I sit here, dreaming them through and through,
The blissful moments I shared with you—
The sweet, sweet days when our love was new,
When I was trustful and you were true—
Beautiful days, but few.

Blest or wretched, fettered or free,
Why should I care how your life may be,
Or whether you wander by land or sea?
I only know you are dead to me,
Ever and hopelessly.

O, how often at day's decline,
I pushed from my window the curtaining vine,
The gracious sunshine, the patient rain,
Type of a message, that half divine,
Flashed from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silvering all—
The roses sleep by the garden wall—
The nightbird warbles his madrigal—
And I hear again through the sweet air fall
The evening-bugle call.

But summers will vanish and years will wane,
And bring no light to your window-pane—
Nor gracious sunshine nor patient rain,
Can bring dead love back to life again—
I call up the past in vain.

My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch no longer your curtain's fold,
The window is dark and the night is cold,
And the story forever told!

THE GOLDEN DONKEY.

THE Rothschilds of Paris, London, Vienna and Naples joined, in the year 1827, in offering a birthday present to the fifth brother, Baron Amschel von Rothschild, who was established at Frankfort, the headquarters of the family. This present was a group of figures, from the atelier of the most renowned goldsmith of the day, and represented a donkey tied at the door of an inn, and laden with a sack. The donkey-driver, who stands close by, is holding up another sack, out of the mouth of which a number of stones are tumbling on the ground. Donkey, sack, driver and stones, are chiselled out of a large block of the purest virgin gold.

An may be supposed, this curious group became the object of many a witticism amongst the laughter-loving Frankforters; but its proprietor seemed to care but little for the numerous jokes which were circulated on the subject, and for a long time the group stood on a marble mantel-piece in one of his splendid saloons. Baron Rothschild ever seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in relating its history, which was nearly this:

Once upon a time, before the discovery of steam-packets, and long before railroads were ever dreamt of, nay, when even those machines miscalled diligences were quite unknown, and carriers' wagons were still in their infancy; in those days, which, be it remarked, are not so far distant from our time of never-ceasing locomotion, the only regular and quick means of communication between Italy and Holland was supplied by a company of frugal and industrious Italians, stationed at intervals along the road, and each of whom kept constantly travelling backwards and forwards with a donkey, for the purpose of transmitting the packages that arrived from one point to another of the route. One of the donkey-drivers, "the subject of the present memoirs," as the phrase is, did a little independent trade on his own account, buying silk stuffs in Strasburg, and transporting them into Westphalia for sale.

In those days of primitive innocence, or ignorance, as the encyclopedists of this generation will probably think them, people knew nothing of either sliding-scales or balances, whether financial or political: indeed, as will be seen by the sequel, the common mechanical doctrines of weight and counterpoise seem not to have been generally understood; at least our donkey-driver must have been perfectly ignorant of it for in loading his beast with a sack of silk goods, which formed his stock in trade, he had recourse to a somewhat unusual expedient for establishing a counterpoise. This was neither more nor less than balancing the silk goods on one side by a sack of stones on the other; thereby procuring for the donkey an equal amount of pressure on both his sides. So long as this process of equilibrizing could be performed at home in the donkey's own stable, and free from the intrusive presence, the chat, and the unasked counsels of officious bystanders, all went well and smoothly, and a proper balance was effected in a short time.

The donkey-driver, on one particular occasion, felt all the unpleasantness of a public performance of this intricate task; he had been obliged to reload his donkey in the open street of a small town on the Lower Rhine, and was soon surrounded by a crowd of idlers, who talked so incessantly, gave so much contradictory good advice, and offered so many opinions on the progress of his work, that at length the poor fellow quite lost his head, and, forgetting what he was about, packed and unpacked, loaded and unloaded, pulled the bag of stones one way, and the bag of silk the other, quite mechanically, and just as he was desired by the lookers-on. At length perceiving the fruitlessness of his endeavors, he sat down on a big stone and burst into a flood of tears to the no small delight of the crowd of idle gamins, who evinced their satisfaction by shouting and dancing round him like a party of American Indians round a prisoner of war. The confusion and noise had just reached its climax, when a respectable-looking man forced his way through the crowd, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. This person understanding the language of the poor Italian, soon ascertained the true state of the case, and took his measures accordingly. He first ordered the stones to be emptied out of the one sack; he then counted the number of parcels in the other, and leaving one half of them just where they were he, transferred the other moiety to the sack which had been previously filled with stones, and then hung one on each side of the pack saddle.

The problem was thus solved, and the burden equally divided to the perfect contentment of the Italian, and the no less satisfaction of the donkey. The farmer took leave of his benefactor with many expressions of gratitude, and proceeded on his journey. On thinking the matter over, it at length struck him that his unknown friend had not only helped him out of his present difficulties, but put him in the way of packing on his donkey, for the future, exactly twice the usual quantity of wares he had hitherto been enabled to carry, and having once arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, he was not slow in drawing the deduction that his profits would be thereby increased in the same ratio. Having once perceived the feasibility of this plan, his Italian love of gain induced him to put it into immediate execution on his subsequent journeys, and he found that it succeeded perfectly to his expectations, and to the realization of a considerable sum of money.

Many months afterwards, the Italian happened to be passing through the same town, and he felt an invincible desire to offer his most grateful thanks to the person whose good advice had brought him so much good luck. He had frequently seen his benefactor at a distance, when passing through the town on previous occasions: he appeared indeed to form no inconsiderable portion of the public. He spent his entire day in lounging up and down the streets, sometimes watching the girls drawing water at the fountain, at others looking at the soldiers at drill in the square before the barracks; sometimes helping the driver of a sulky horse out of a scrape, or picking up some little child that had been upset by a strong pig, or its own scarcely less rude and filthy companions; in fact, always busy, either in observing and treasuring up in his own mind anything interesting that presented itself to his notice, or in helping his neighbors out of their little difficulties.

Now, by good fortune, it so happened on the day in question, that this man was roving about as usual, and the Italian was thereby spared the trouble of seeking him out for the purpose of lightening his conscience by the payment of at least this one debt of gratitude. The donkey-driver, therefore, went up to his benefactor, and, taking off his hat, began in a long and elaborate speech to return thanks, and express his great obligations to the man to whose good advice he was indebted for his present prosperity, protesting all the while, with great fluency, his eternal gratitude. The man replied with much modesty, and expressed his gratification at having been able to serve the Italian; by degrees they got into a long talk together, towards the conclusion of which the donkey-man, encouraged by the kind manners and condescension of his benefactor, plucked up courage, and thought he too would give a piece of good advice in return.

"How comes it," said he, with an expression of astonishment, "that so clever and well-educated a man as you are, to whom, no doubt, many other people besides myself have been indebted for success in their undertakings—how comes it that you do not deign to use your talents and knowledge in your own behalf, and that you do nothing but idle about the streets the whole live-long day, instead of exercising an honorable industry in your own behalf?"

"Yes," replied the man, "true enough, a great deal might be said on that score, and you are not the first person who has put that question to me; indeed, I often wonder at my own idleness myself. But," added he, with a heavy sigh, "I have tried everything, perhaps, in more different ways than most people, but nothing that I ever undertook would prosper with me, be it what it might, The fruits of bitter experience have taught me that it is better for me to put my hands in my pockets and do nothing at all, rather than to continue thus struggling on from bad to worse. In a word, *I hav one luck!*"

With all the innate delicacy and *gentilezza* of his countrymen, who possess this in a high degree, the Italian endeavored to soothe the feelings of his benefactor as well as he could; he apparently succeeded in so doing, for the stranger listened to his expressions of sympathy with a kind and grateful smile, and after a while they parted from one another with many mutual protestations of friendship and regard.

The itinerant silk merchant drove his donkey out of the gate of the town in what may be called a brown study. Poets, historians, and novelists possess an admirable faculty of guessing other people's thoughts, and they can tell with wonderful precision the exact idea that sat on the pineal gland of their hero at the very moment that the deadly bullet came whizzing through his brain and destroyed its delicate organization. I do not pretend to belong to either of these distinguished human categories, and I confess myself to be utterly incapable of divining anybody's thoughts; indeed my own are sometimes so unintelligible as to puzzle myself; furthermore, I am by no means desirous of imposing on your credulity, gentlemen, and I have confined myself in this narrative to a statement of the facts as I have been told them myself. Nevertheless, I am enabled to tell you accurately, or very nearly so, what the Italian thought to himself, while he made his exit from the gates of the town, immersed in the above-recited brown study; simply because he subsequently recounted to a friend of his, not only his entire train of thought on the occasion, but also the whole course of action which resulted from it.

"I found myself," said he, on the one hand, penetrated with the liveliest sentiments of regard and affection for my benefactor, whilst, on the other hand, his confession 'that he had no luck,' sounded in my ears like the ill-omened screech-owl. 'Thou hast no luck,' said I, 'then thou canst not give advice that will bring luck!' With this reflection I ended my soliloquy, and immediately retraced my way to the little town I had just left."

Our hero had a mercantile acquaintance in that town, to whom he immediatly went, offering him for sale the contents of one bag of silk goods. The merchant purchased it from him at a tolerably fair rate, and within a quarter of an hour afterwards he was on his road to Westphalia again, with but one bag of silk, which he supported on the donkey's pack-saddle with his hand as well as he could. He soon after came to a large quarry on the roadside, into which he turned to fill his empty sack with broken fragments, according to his old practice. It was towards evening and the quarry men had left off work, so that, having the whole quarry to himself, and no one either to look or to give him advice, he contrived within a reasonable time to establish a little equilibrium on the donkey's back. He then proceeded on his journey, and arrived at Munster without meeting any further adventure.

Now, it so happened that the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle arrived at Munster a day or two before our itinerant silk merchant. But you will ask what the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had to do with so humble an individual? Much, my friends, as you will presently see; for the silk trade through Holland was thereby re-opened, and the price of silk goods fell exactly one half in consequence; in fact, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was as fatal to the donkey-driving, itinerant Italian silk-merchant, as was Vasco de Gama's discovery of the Cape of Good Hope to the Seignoria of Venice; much more so, for its fatal operation was much more rapid. What was he to do—warehouse his goods for a while, and try whether the market might not improve again? This was beyond his means; and, besides, it was very doubtful whether there might not in the meantime be a further decline in prices. He therefore said to himself:

"The first loss is always the best; and I will sell my silks for whatever they may bring; it is fortunate that I have only half the usual quantity."

Seeing, under all the circumstances of the case, no probability of ever being able to carry on his trade, with any chance of realizing reasonable profits, and thereby recover his present losses, he determined on getting rid of his entire travelling equipage, and turning himself to some other means of gaining a livelihood. He began, first of all, with the bag of stones, which he proceeded to empty out on the ground, not expecting to realize any great profit from that part of his traps. As he turned it up and let its contents roll out on the pavement, some of the passers-by stopped to see what he was doing.

"Where did you get those pieces of marble?" said one. "I will give you five dollars for them."

The Italian was on the point of saying "done," but being a slow speaker, he fortunately had no time to edge in that monosyllable, before another shouted out—

"I'll give ten dollars."

"And I forty," said a third.

At length, the last bidder bought the lot for a hundred dollars. This was about the amount of the poor fellow's loss on his bag of silk goods, whereas he would have lost double that sum without having the slightest chance of making it good again, if he had not known the right moment for acting against the advice of "*the clever man who had no luck.*"

Old Rothschild used often to tell this story to his five sons, and say: "Take warning by this example, and when you come hereafter to do business on your own account, avoid those who have talents without luck."

The sons remembered this saying, and when they had thriven well in the world, they resolved on typifying the adage that "luck rules the world," by the above-mentioned "golden donkey."

TURNING THE TABLES NICELY.

WOMEN, like loaded firearms, are dangerous things to trifle with. A French paper furnishes us with an additional instance of the uselessness of attempting to distance one of them, so far as practical advantages are concerned:

Mons. P——, an old soldier of stern and unyielding disposition, decided to marry his son to the daughter of a companion-in-arms. The young man had conceived other projects, and contracted another engagement. But, through excessive timidity, poor Arthur did not dare openly to resist the commands of his father, whose first words had been so brutally overwhelming, that he passed all the time between the engagement and the wedding doing nothing but sighing deeply. Mlle. Emma L. took his melancholy for classic symptoms of love, and began to adore him more than ever. On the morning of the wedding, they repaired to the home of the magistrate; Arthur was sad, reserved, and seemed to have formed some desperate resolution. Emma was in raptures.

Monsieur, the Mayor of C——, the preliminaries being over, addressed the bridegroom the customary question:

"Arthur P., do you consent to take Emma D. for your wife?"

Arthur slowly raised his head, and in a voice choked by emotion, but full and resolute, replied:

"No!"

General excitement, scandal and scenes of confusion prevailed. They separated in disorder, the indignant parents demanded an explanation from M. P., the father, who seemed struck with apoplexy. As for Arthur, he escaped and left for Paris.

Some days after, a young lady ascended the stairs of a furnished hotel, in the Rue St. Honoré. She had inquired of the porter for M. Arthur P., who had arrived the evening previous. It was Emma come to Paris with her father and M. P., in search of her affianced who had so shamefully insulted her; but she was alone now. She rapped at the door of No. 17, and entered without waiting for an answer. The young man was lying down reading a newspaper. Emma walked directly to the bed, and drawing from under her shawl an enormous horse-pistol, which doubtless she had stolen from her father:

"Sir," said she, to Arthur, her eyes flashing fire, "you have insulted me; I demand satisfaction; that satisfaction I exact, pistol in hand. Let us return to the Mayor of C——, both in wedding attire; he will put to you the usual question; you will say '*yes*,' I will say '*no*.'"

Emma brandished her pistols in both hands. It was an argument. But, after all, it was only her right, or nearly so; at least, such was Arthur's opinion. He consented, and left the same evening with his father, who gnashed his teeth all the way. They appeared again before the Mayor—the same magistrate. Arthur boldly answered "yes," and prepared his countenance, always bashful enough, in order to hear the reply of his betrothed.

The Mayor continued: "Emma L., do you consent?" Emma answered "YES," in the most natural tone imaginable.

M. P., the father, is delighted, and feels assured that a union commenced under such circumstances will end in a fairy tale!

Our lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods temples, and bliss—and alas! that so often Goths and Vandals stalk through and strip them with their talons.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

OF ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

H. A. G., JUNE 30, 1864.

By smoke-encumbered field and tangled lane,
Down roads whose dust was laid with scarlet dew,
Past guns dismounted, ragged heaps of slain,
Dark moving files, and bright blades glancing through,
All day the waves of battle swept the plain
Up to the ramparts, where they broke and cast
Thy young life quivering down, like foam before the blast.

Then sank the tumult. Like an angel's wing,
Soft fingers swept thy pulses. The west wind
Whispered fond voices, mingling with the ring
Of Sabbath bells of Peace—such peace as brave men find,
And only look for—till the months shall bring
Surcease of Wrong, and fail from out the land
Bondage and shame, and Freedom's altars stand.

LOYALTY OF THE "ALTA" AND "BULLETIN."

IT has been repeatedly asserted that the *Alta* and *Bulletin* are not loyal, but that on the contrary they worked in the rebel interest at the first, and are still at heart in sympathy with the rebellion. This charge has been so pertinaciously made that some persons believe it true, while others think it at least leaves room for suspicion. The charge is a serious one, and worthy of serious consideration. For if true, these journals are unworthy the support of a loyal community, and the sooner it is withdrawn from them the better. If, on the other hand, the charge be false, it should not be entertained to their discredit. The purpose of the present article is to consider the accusation and examine it in the light of facts and the records of the journals themselves.

To commence with the *Alta:* In November, 1860, when it was probable that South Carolina might stand alone in secessionism, when it was known that Buchanan's Administration would not resort to coercion, and supposed that Lincoln's would not—in that month, and not later, the *Alta* published several editorial articles in favor of letting the seceders go in peace. The following from the leader of the 27th of that month is one of the most pointed passages of this kind:

If the Cotton States desire to secede, let them do so. Under our form of government the right of secession is sovereign and complete. It is nothing more than the right of the partner to retire from the firm when things are not going on to his satisfaction. Let them go, then, we say, in peace.

The New York *Tribune*, the San Francisco *Times*, and many other leading Republican journals, expressed similar ideas at that time, and even Lincoln appears to have had similar opinions as late as the time of his inauguration. The *Alta* did not endeavor to justify secession. It was no friend of slavery. It never worked for the chivalry. It did not advocate the cause of Breckinridge. During the Kansas struggle it was zealous in anti-Lecomptonism; during the campaign of '60 it was zealous for Douglas. On the morning after the news of Lincoln's election arrived, it declared its satisfaction with the result. It never hinted that the rights of the South were endangered by the victory of the Republican party. From the first it opposed the idea of a Pacific Republic, and after November, 1860, never said a word in favor of permitting secession. Whenever occasion presented, it was a warm Union paper. It heartily advocated the great Union demonstration in San Francisco on the 22d of May, 1861—a demonstration which had a vast influence in settling the loyalty of the State. During the State campaign of '61, it was the leading advocate of the election of Stanford, and it was the author of the "political panic" which gave 20,000 plurality to the Republicans. During all that summer, and the next winter and spring, the *Alta* and the Marysville *Appeal* worked hard to induce the Republicans to invite the Union Democrats to unite in a Union organization, and partly with their influence the union was effected in '62. Since that time, the *Alta* has always stood by the State party during campaigns. There is not a Southern man, a Copperhead, or a man who leans to Copperheadism, among either the editors or proprietors.

The leaders of the *Bulletin* in the latter part of 1860 and the beginning of '61 were written by Julian Bartlett, a Southern man, and some of his articles leaned a little too much to the South. He argued against coercion until May '61, and on the 25th April, '61, used the following language, quoting and evidently approving some unnamed authority:

In time of rebellion, insurrection, or invasion, the President of the United States has the power to call out the militia of such States as he may deem expedient, and keep them under arms six months; but the call must be made through the several Governors of States, who are to judge whether it is justified by the condition of affairs, and who may refuse to sanction it, if they think proper.

But Mr. Bartlett left the paper in May, '61, and died soon afterwards. During the last three years the editorial articles have been written by old Republicans. The paper has stood a firm friend and advocate of the Union party on every important question since the beginning of the war. There is not a Southern man, a Copperhead, or a man leaning towards Copperheadism, among the editors or proprietors.

We have thus given the records of the two leading journals of San Francisco, in regard to their loyalty. We have stated the full force of all that can truly be said against them; but we have gone further than their assailants, for we have told the whole truth, and stated the facts in their favor also. The charges against them are made, not for any love of truth or from any devotion to country, but because business competition and the opposition of clique have led to personal hatred, and that has been followed consecutively by malice, meanness, malignity, persistent falsehood and concealment of material truth.

Even if they had been Breckinridge organs in '60—even if they had been friends to slavery, even if they had urged secession and the formation of a Pacific Republic—still there is a limitation in politics. And if their consistency were a proper matter of unfavorable comment, that comment certainly should not come from Union men. Senator F. M. Smith was a Breckinridge man until late in 1861; but would it therefore be proper to deny his Unionism now? The same question might be asked in regard to S. W. Sanderson, elected by the Union party to the Supreme Bench, though he was a member of the Convention which nominated McConnell; and the same question might be asked with still more pertinence of Thompson Campbell, who was a Breckinridge elector in 1860, and who did not announce his change of politics until the summer of 1863. If we deny the limitation law we should turn out Butler, Dix, and a host of the best Union men in the country; if we recognize the limitation, the *Alta* and *Bulletin* are as much entitled to its benefit as any body in the wide world.

And, if there were any justice in the charge of disloyalty against the *Alta* and *Bulletin*, it would apply with equal force to the entire business community of the city. These journals are the representatives of San Francisco, the recipients of its patronage, the sharers of its prosperity, the organs of its dominant party, the standards of its public opinion, the voices of its unionism, and the leading laborers in laying the foundation of its loyalty. And it follows from all this as clearly as effect can follow cause, that any charge of secessionism against the *Alta* and *Bulletin* applies with equal force to people of San Francisco generally, and is an insult to their sense as well as to their patriotism. Certainly these journals are open to criticism on other points, but their loyalty is above suspicion.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE past week at the Academy of Music has been mainly devoted to comic opera. This is a pleasant change for most opera goers who have "supped full of horrors" in the poisoning, suicide and madness which constitute the *denouement* of four-fifths of the grand operas. *The Doctor of Alcantara* was given on Saturday evening to a good house. The music by Eichberg is light, but rippling and easy, and without being strongly marked, has some touches of Spanish quaintness to give it nationality. It was very well adapted to the story, which is exceedingly farcical and amusing. The acting of Miss Richings as "Inez" the *soubrette* heroine of the piece, was enough, independent of her lyric efforts, to stamp her as an artist. In the *role* of "Carlos," a kind of sentimental Spanish Dundreary, in love with Dr. Paracelsus' daughter, Mr. Hill was originally comical and clever, and repeatedly brought down the house. The music of his part was unimportant; he had little else to do but be funny, and the aching sides of his auditors was a proof of how well it was done. Mr. Hill made a decided hit in this character, and seemed to enjoy it. Perhaps, as there is a perilous edge to all highly-drawn sentiment, and the legitimate *role* of a tenor often borders on the limits of the burlesque, the audience were rather pleased to have an opportunity to laugh consistently and in perfect propriety at the hero of their old romances. Miss Kempton's voice did not strike us as favorably in this piece as in her previous *role* of "Pierotto," in *Linda di Chamounix*, although there was a manifest improvement in her acting. In fact, the uniform excellence of the playing in this piece was a matter of general comment. Mr. Seguin as the "Doctor," never before appeared to such advantage—the interest of the piece mainly resting on the joint efforts and excellent acting of himself and Miss Richings. Miss Julia Gould was very happy in her personation of the *passée* and conceited mother, and rendered her principal solo with good conception and spirit—qualities which have long made her a favorite with the public. Mr. Richings as "Señor Balthazar" (father of "Carlos") was clever and natural. Mr. Peakes, as "Don Pomposo," would have done better in his solos had his voice been more cultivated. The choruses were very well sung: one, that of the Night-Watch—in movement very suggestive of the well-known caravan march in *The Desert*—was very effectively rendered, as also was the *finale*. The lugubrious Good-Night quartette by the Doctor's household was very formal, Spanish and mirth-provoking. The costumes and properties were all in perfect keeping.

Adams' *Postilion du Lonjumeau* was performed for the first time in this city, on Monday evening. Although much of the music is familiar to the public, few are acquainted with the opera and its striking plot. The first act opens at Lonjumeau with the marraige of "Chapelau," (Mr. Hill,) a famous postilion, favorite tenor of the village choir, and provincial beau, with "Madelaine," mistress of the village inn, and niece of a remote but wealthy aunt, who is a coffee and sugar proprietress in the Isle of France. A pretty duet follows between the bride and groom, from which a quarrel springs up concerning the future aspects of their union as told them by two fortune-telling friends, whom they separately confess to have consulted, and who it appeared shadowed forth, like a prologue, what really occurs to them in the rest of the opera. Good humor, however, is soon restored, but the festivities following are interrupted by the inopportune arrival of the Chamberlain of the King and Director of his Majesty's Opera, who is travelling in search of a new tenor, to take the place of the regular artiste who has been taken ill. The Marquis's carriage breaks down at the village. By a regulation governing postilions in France, they are obliged to accompany any traveller who may demand their service at any moment, and there being no other postilion in the village, the Marquis calls on the newly-made bridegroom to go with him. Two circumstances tend to bring about the unfortunate *denouement*. The willingness of a jealous rival, the village blacksmith, (Seguin,) to repair the broken vehicle at once, and the effect of the Postilion's voice upon the Marquis, who having heard him sing at the festivities, discovers in the Postilion the tenor voice he is seeking, and resolves upon taking him back to Fontainebleau. The Marquis declares his purpose to the Postilion after the bride has retired, and paints a brilliant future for the ambitious bridegroom. Fired by personal vanity, and remembering the story of the fortune-teller, who promised him some such good fortune, the Postilion accepts, and deserts his wife for his new position the very night of their wedding. The blacksmith, who is in the secret, maliciously informs her of her husband's perfidy, and the act-drop falls on a sympathizing chorus, a fainting bride, and an exultant rival. Act second presupposes a lapse of ten years, in which the Postilion has become famous as a tenor of the Grand Opera and a Court favorite, under an assumed name. His old rival, the blacksmith, who has attached himself to his fortunes, now flourishes as baritone on the operatic boards of Fontainebleau. "Madelaine," in the interval, has gone over to her aunt at the Isle of France, who dying, leaves her niece her name and property. Under the title of "Madame de la Tour," she also turns up at Fontainebleau as a Court lady, beloved by the new tenor, (of whose personality as her faithless husband she is fully aware,) but whose gallantry she accepts, and whom she still loves. Vexed at his faithlessness, and yet experiencing a certain feminine pleasure in being the rival even of her former self, she resolves on a final test of his baseness, by putting the alternative of bigamy before him, and offers to accept him as her husband. To her horror he eagerly seizes the chance, and her marriage is set for the same day. The Marquis, however, overhears a conversation between her lover and his accomplice, the blacksmith, in which the crime of bigamy is proposed to be evaded by a mock-marriage—one of the opera chorus to personate the priest. This plot the Marquis discovers to Madelaine, who counterplots by cleverly substituting her own confessor in place of the chorus-singer, having first secured the assistance of the Marquis, by an ambiguous acceptance of his attentions. She forsakes him at the critical moment, however, and the *ci-devant* postilion and "Madelaine" are once more married. The Marquis, to revenge himself, gives information to the officers of justice of the supposed bigamist. An extremely affecting scene occurs, in which "Madame de la Tour," after the marriage, personates in the darkened *salon* alternately, the former and present bride, until *gend'armes*, lights and explanations arrive; and the curtain falls on forgiveness, repentance and promises of future amendment. Miss Richings' acting in this final scene was a histrionic triumph. The music of the opera was generally well sung—if we except the lack of strength in the tenor's voice, whose rendition of the postilion song would hardly have justified his engagement at the Grand Opera even at that remote period.

At Maguire's Opera House *Bel Demonio*, ruled until last Tuesday evening, when it was supplanted by *Masks and Faces*, a dramatization of Charles Reade's popular novel, *Peg Woffington*. The plot of the play will be remembered by all who have read the book. "Ernest Vane," a country gentleman, comes down to London and falls in love with the popular actress and beauty, "Peg Woffington," (Mrs. Perry.) He is a poet, and has a habit of blushing; the novelty pleases her, and she rather returns the passion and all that. Everything is going on swimmingly, and a nice little party is in progress at Vane's house, Mrs. Woffington and a number of her set being of course the guests, when "Mabel," Mr. Vane's wife suddenly drops in. Mrs. Woffington doesn't like the idea of having been deceived, and comes to the conclusion that even men who write poetry and blush are not to be relied on. Mrs. Vane (Lulu Sweet) isn't much better pleased when she comes to learn the true state of things, which she does through the officiousness of "Sir Charles Pomander," (Mr. Thorne,) who has designs upon the country beauty. In the meanwhile Triplet,) Mr. Wheatleigh,) a poor artist and author, has been brought into play. Mrs. Woffington has befriended him and his family, and his gratitude invests the actress with the beatific attributes of an angel. The grand point of the piece is made when Mrs. Woffington's friends come to the artist's room to see a picture he is painting of that lady, she having posted herself there previously and thrust her face through a hole which she cuts in the canvas. They criticize and find fault with the picture at their leisure, until Woffington suddenly confounds them by stepping from behind the canvas and showing them that it is her own face which they have been branding as a lamentably bad imitation of itself. The play goes on, and in the end Mabel gets back her husband, Triplet has a piece accepted by a manager, and everyone is happy except Wollington, who is left without a poet—a blushing one at that. Of course, much of the interest which

pervades the novel is sacrificed in its dramatization, but it makes a very pretty and effective piece.

As "Triplet" Mr. Wheatleigh is excellent. We have seldom seen the best qualities of his acting displayed to better advantage. He never overdoes his part and he never suffers it to drop below the standard. From first to last his performance is a finished and even one; quiet and natural, correct in even the smallest details. Extravagance of praise is always to be avoided, but Mr. Wheatleigh in some of his characters is about as good an actor as we often see. And it is a sin and a shame that his houses are not better filled. It is useless to talk of the "hard times," because a calf with two heads or a hybrid without one at this very time would draw for three months and fill the house nightly to overflowing. For Mrs. Perry's "Peg Woffington," we can say a hearty word of praise, It can be said of this lady's acting, always, that she is natural, and happily free from that staginess and affectation which is the bane of the profession, the sad rock whereon so many otherwise excellent performers are wrecked and wretched. In *soubrette* parts, Mrs. Perry attracts attention by her vivacity, sprightliness and abounding good humor—adjuncts which she carries with her into the heavier business of the theatre. Her Peg Woffington was well dressed and well done, almost without exception. There was a broadness of burlesque in casting Barry for "Colley Cibber" that could only be equaled, not exceeded, by putting him in for a Hamlet or a Romeo. Cibber was a wit, and a beau, and a man about town—clever as wicked, and bright as a briar. As Sir Charles Pomander—of course the villain of the piece—Mr. Thorne was tolerable. One thing may be said of him: he generally dresses his parts well, and is never awkward. The main drawback to his success is the sepulchral tone in which he indulges, and his too rigid adherence to the traditions of the stage, instead of trusting to the dictates of nature. In *Bel Demonio* he was excellent. Of course, Lulu Sweet looked pretty as "Mabel;" for who has ever known her to look otherwise. She might borrow some hints, however, in regard to dress; and a little attention to the harmony of colors would add to the advantages with which nature has favored her. This afternoon and evening we are to have *The Duke's Motto*, as originally written, and played with such success abroad, Mr. Wheatleigh having bought the right to act it of John Brougham. We are somewhat anxious to see Mr. Wheatleigh's "Lagerdere," after the exaggerated burlesque which Mr. Allen gave of that character. The play should draw.

"Topsy Turvy," the entertaining *feuilletoniste* of the *Sunday Mercury*, is to have a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre on Monday evening, and we do hope that for once that house will be filled. A comedy of her own writing, *The Twin Roses*, will be produced on the occasion, and an excellent entertainment is promised. Let the generous public go out for once and give a deserving woman and writer a benefit—just for once, to see how it would feel.

Lovers of art may see at Roman's a superb French edition of Don Quixote, illustrated by Gustave Doré—an artist whose name suggests an "apple of gold," if not "a picture of silver." Doré spent nearly two years in that part of Spain where the scenes of Don Quixote's adventures are laid by Cervantes, for the express purpose of being able faithfully to illustrate the book. He has succeeded to a charm. We have always had an admiration for Doré, viewing him as the Thackeray of the pencil; and now this admiration has deepened into affection. Such a Sancho, and such a Knight of the Rueful Countenance as he has given us! The work is magnificently printed, and bound in two quarto volumes; and its price places it within the means of all—only ninety dollars.

It must be very amusing to the personal friends of Gen. Grant, and to his companions of the mess, to read the stories which the newspapers are telling as indications of his character. To those who are privileged to know him as the genial, generous, candid friend, who, if he has secrets, hides them under the pleasant guise of entire freedom of conversation, it can but be surprising to hear that the Lieutenant-General clothes himself in mystery, and admits no partners of his thoughts. Yet it is undoubtedly true that Grant does seem a miracle of reticence to the inquisitive newsmongers and politicians—indeed we imagine most any gentleman would so seem to them.

Active preparations are being made for the opening of the Industrial Fair under the direction of the Mechanics' Institute, on the 30th of the present month. They are now raising the dome of the Fair building in Union Square. Appearances indicate that in this Fair we will have one of the best exhibitions ever known on the coast.

The advertisement of John Carrington will be found among our advertising columns. Mr. Carrington is so well known in the city where his business is located, that it is but faint praise to say that he is clever in his vocation—that of general agent for everybody and everything. He advertises to fill all orders from abroad or at home for anything from a tooth-brush to a steam engine. There is nothing too old or too new, too scarce or too difficult, for him to obtain. In saying that he can fill an order for anything, and deliver it in any part of the world, we only say what many of our citizens who have tried him are willing to swear to. The only thing that he has notably failed to furnish is a shower, which an eminent agriculturist of this coast ordered some time since. Mr. Carrington is also publisher of the *Commissionaire* a clever little paper, from which we take the prospectus of the "Hardshell and Hydraulic Clam Mining Company," which will be found in another column.

OF ARMY AND NAVY INTEREST.

A Once Californian in Command at West Point.—Brig.-Gen. Z. B. Tower, U. S. Volunteers, and Major of Engineers, has been ordered to relieve Col. A. H. Bowman, U. S. Corps of Engineers, as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. Gen. Tower, the newly-appointed Superintendent, is an officer of long and distinguished service in the Engineer corps. All who know him will readily recognize his eminent fitness for the responsible position to which he has been assigned. He was graduated at the Academy in 1841, leading his class. in which were such men as Horatio G. Wright, who stood next to him, Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed in the early days of the war. Samuel Jones, the rebel general, how lamented John F. Reynolds, Don Carlos Buell, William T. H. Brooks, I. B. Richardson, Richard B. Garnett, and other well known officers of the Union and rebel armies. Soon after his graduation he served as an acting and afterwards as a full Assistant Professor of Engineering in the Academy (1842-3,) with whose traditions and system of instruction he is thoroughly familiar. During the Mexican War, he distinguished himself in the battle of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Cherubusco, and at Chapultepec he was wounded, and won a brevet rank as Major of Engineers for gallant and meritorious services. In 1850 he, with Gen. (then Maj.) Barnard was engaged in the work of constructing the fortifications of San Francisco; and when Maj. Barnard was ordered to West Point in 1855, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, Maj. Tower remained in California and took charge of engineering operations. He came East at the outbreak of the rebellion, and in November, 1861, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and at the same time brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in his corps. During the present war he has added to his previous reputation, while to his Chapultepec wound he adds a wound received in the second Bull Run battle. Col. Bowman retires from the Academy after having held the position of Superintendent for a little more than three years. It will be remembered that in January, 1841, Maj. Delafield, who had twice held the command at West Point was relieved by Captain and Brevet-Major P. G. T. Beauregard, who, five days afterwards, was ordered to transfer the command back to Maj. Delafield, who on the first of March of the same year was in turn succeeded by Maj. Bowman. Gen. Tower will be the fifteenth Superintendent of the Academy, and will enter upon his labors under the happiest auspices. He will find the institution in a condition of great prosperity, more than ever before honored among the people, and the pride of the army.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Samuel S. Smoot, a contractor for supplies for the army, having failed to comply with articles of agreement entered with Capt. James A. Elkin, Chief Quartermaster, Cavalry Bureau, has been tried by a court-martial held in Washington, upon the charge of "wilful neglect of duty, in violation of the act of Congress, approved July 17, 1862." The court have found the accused guilty; he has been directed to pay to the United States a fine of $10,000, and be confined at Fort Delaware until such fine is paid, provided such imprisonment shall not exceed three years.

Lieut. Perry, of the 1st regular Cavalry, who is now on duty at Camp Stoneman, was fired at five times by a private of the 18th Pennsylvania cavalry, who was intoxicated and on provost duty at the time. He served for some time in the rebel army, but becoming incensed against his captain, shot him and deserted, after which he enlisted in our army. He is now in confinement.

Brig.-Gen. Birge has been relieved from the command of the Baton Rouge military district, Department of the Gulf, and is succeeded by Brig.-Gen. Benton, of the Thirteenth army corps. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren has succeeded Gen. Benton in the same command. Gen. Birge resumes command in the Nineteenth corps, and Gen. Benton will take command of the Thirteenth corps at Carrolton.

Brig.-Gen. Kilpatrick has lately received the degree of A. M. from Rutgers College, at Brunswick, N. J. Gen. Kilpatrick was present during the commencement exercises, and his appearance so excited the venerable trustees of the institution that they voted him the degree, and the President conferred it upon him on the spot.

James M. Hobby is the name of the engineer of the United States steamer *Sassacus*. This officer stuck to his post amid the most trying circumstances. Even after he had been severely scalded by steam escaping from a shot-hole in the boiler, he stood by and worked the ship out of the reach of the enemy.

By a circular to Navy Paymasters, the Secretary has ordered that in all cases, officers attached to a squadron by order of a Department, are entitled to sea pay while on duty under such order, though the commander of the squadron may occasionally employ them on shore duty or assign to duty on board store or receiving ships, or in hospitals.

From the 9th May, 1864, to June 10th, the Medical Department sent to Belle Plain, Fredericksburg, Port Royal and White House, surgeons, (volunteer, contract and regimental,) nurses, medical students and attendants, to the number of one thousand.

Brig.-Gen. Wm. Birney, ordered to the command of the District of Florida, Department of the South, has proceeded to Jacksonville. Brig.-Gen. Gordon, relieved by Gen. Birney, was ordered to report at Washington.

The President has accepted the resignations of the following officers of Gen. Fremont's staff: Col. Anselme Albert, Col. John T. Fiala, Col. Charles Zagonyi, Lieut.-Col. John G. Pilsen, Maj. Leonidas Haskell.

A board of officers, has been organized, to assemble in Washington on the 15th inst., to examine into and report upon Professor E. N. Horsford's memorial on the army rations.

The report that the Veteran Reserve corps is to be reorganized is incorrect. No changes of its present organization are contemplated.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

I hate hypocrisy! It obscures from view the measure of truth we really possess. Men put forth profession instead of belief till they do not themselves distinguish between the two. They shuffle and confuse their own best faiths amongst articles of creed to which they give a mere verbal assent. Many a man who is thought by others to be a greater believer than he really is, thinks himself a greater *disbeliever* than he really is. He almost loses sight of some of the highest truths of his reason, because he has habitually mixed them up with detested or suspected superstrictions. Besides, it is by open and candid speech, man to man, that each one of us comes fully to understand what he does believe in. Shut up my mouth and you will soon shut up my thought too. If I must practice a dishonest speech, I lose the habit of thinking honestly.—*Thorndale*, 289.

In all ages and nations, in all periods of life—even in childhood—the idea of right and wrong is manifested, and the great elements of moral being may be shown to exist, however perverted or imperfectly developed. Those who regard morality as something acquired and invented, would perhaps also say that man first learned to breathe from his mother; that the tears of the eye, the sighs of the heart, are inventions of the actor upon the theatre of the earth, in order to deceive the spectator and win his favor. They would perchance also regard the mother's joy in her smiling suckling, and her tears over the fresh hillock, which contains the fallen blossom of her happiness, as an acquired manner. Against these skeptical slaves of tradition and utility, the teachers of philosophy now come forth, and maintain that eternal laws of justice and virtue lie in human nature, which need only to be attentively observed and reduced to their ultimate foundation in order to produce a moral system complete, and in itself necessary.—*De Wette. Ethics.*

If the divine favor be inseparably connected with the belief of certain speculative opinions, and not with the practice of certain moral and religious duties, it is doubtless a proof of the highest regard for the true interests of our fellow-creatures to take every possible method of diffusing the knowledge and belief of those tenets, and by deterring by wholesome severities any attempts to innovate upon that system, an entire and implicit acquiescence in which is pronounced by infallible authority to be the sole means of attaining to happiness in a future state. All virtue is founded on the basis of utility. If, then, the torture, or even the destruction of the body be necessary to the salvation of the soul, this discipline, though sharp and rigorous, is just and laudable; and the rack, the stake and the wheel are all converted into the benign instruments of christian compassion.—*Belsham.*

There can be no doubt that the present tendency of scientific investigation, is to show a much more intimate relation than has been commonly supposed to exist between the *vital* and *physical* agencies; and to prove that whilst the former are of a nature altogether peculiar, they are yet dependent on conditions supplied by the latter. And the more closely these phenomena are investigated, the more intimate and uniform does that dependence appear; so that we seem to have the general conclusion almost forced upon us, that the vital forces of different kinds have the same relation to the several physical forces of the inorganic world that they have to each other.—*Dr. Carpenter on the Mental Relations of Vital and Physical Force.*

Germany is the most fruitful soil of Pantheism, which is the religion of our greatest thinkers, our best artists; and Deism, as I shall hereafter relate, is there long since overthrown in theory. People do not say it, but every body knows it. Pantheism is the open secret of Germany. Indeed, we have outgrown Deism. We are free, and want no thundering tyrant. We have attained our majority and want no paternal care. We are not the machines of a great mechanic. Deism is a religion for slaves, for children, for Genevese, for watchmakers. Pantheism is the secret religion of Germany.—*Heine (while Pantheist).—German Philosophy.*

Indeed, neither a vision, nor a seraphic excitement, nor a voice from heaven, nor any wonderful dreams, or other miraculous influence, led me to the road of salvation; and I owe my enlightenment entirely and simply to the reading of one book—a book? Yes, and it is an old and plain book, modest as nature and as true; a book which has an every-day and unpretending look, like the sun which warms us; like the bread which nourishes us; a book which looks upon us as friendly, as kindly, as an old grandmother, who reads daily in the book, with the dear trembling lips, and with spectacles on nose; and this book is called in brief the book—the Bible. It is properly called the Holy Scripture. He who has lost his God can find them again in this Book; and he who has never known Him, will be refreshed here by the breath of the Divine Word.—*Heinrich Heine (after becoming Christian).—Ger. Phil. Int.*

A rapid and succinct view of human affairs and events, as far back as the dimmest light of history extends, shows that the diversified aspects of civilization have been successively elaborated through different people and at different eras. It demonstrates that the civilizing impulses have been inherent, inborn in man, of almost all historical races and nations, and in various regions and climates.—*Gurowski—America and Europe—Preface.*

The history of philosophy presents the spectacle of thousands of intellects—some the greatest that have made our race illustrious—steadily concentrated on problems believed to be of vital importance, yet producing no other result than a conviction of the extreme facility of error, and the remoteness of any probability that truth can be reached.—*G. H. Lewis' History of Philosophy—Introduction.*

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION III.

1. *Extracts from Mrs. Anderton's Journal.*

AUGUST 13, 1854.—Here we are, then, finally established at Notting Hill. Jane laughs at us for coming to town just as every one else is leaving it; but in my eyes, and I am sure in dear William's too, that is the pleasantest time for us. Poor Willie, he grows more and more sensitive to blame from any one, and has been sadly worried by this discussion about our Dresden trip. The new professor to-morrow. I wonder what he will be like.

Aug. 14.—And so *that* is the new professor! I do not think I was ever so astonished in my life. That little stout squab man, the most powerful mesmerist in Europe! And yet he certainly is powerful, for he had scarcely made a pass over me before I felt a glow through my whole frame. There is something about him, too, when one comes to look at him more closely, which puzzles me very much. He certainly is not the commonplace man he appears, though it would be difficult just now to say what makes me so sure of it.

Aug. 25.—Quite satisfied now. How could I have ever thought the Baron commonplace! And yet, at first sight, his appearance is certainly against him. He is not a man with whom I should like to quarrel. I don't think he would have much compunction in killing any one who offended him, or who stood in his way. How quietly he talks of those horrid experiments in the medical schools, and the tortures they inflict on the poor hospital patients. Willie says it is all nonsense, and says all doctors talk so; but I can't help feeling that there is something different about him. And yet he is certainly doing me good.

Sept. 1.—Better and better, and yet I cannot conquer the strange feeling which is growing upon me about the Baron. He is certainly an extraordinary man. What a grasp he takes of anything on which he rests his hand even for a moment; and how perfectly he seems to disregard anything that stands in his way. This morning I was at the window when he came, and I was quite frightened when I saw him, as I thought, so nearly run over. But I might have spared my anxiety, for my gentleman just walked quietly on, while the poor horse started almost across the road. Had it caught sight of those wonderful green eyes of his, that it seemed so frightened? What eyes they are! You can hardly ever see them; but when you do!—And yet the man is certainly doing me good.

Sept. 11.—So it is settled that the Baron is not to mesmerise me himself any more. Am I sorry or glad? At all events, I hope they will not now worry poor William. . . .

Sept. 13.—First day of Mademoiselle Rosalie. Seems a nice person enough; but it feels very odd to lie there on the sofa while some one else is being mesmerised for one.

Sept. 15.—This new plan is beginning to answer. I think I feel the mesmerism even more than when I was mesmerised myself, and this way one gets all the pleasures and none of the disagreeables. It *is* so delicious. Looked back to-day at my Malvern journals. So odd to see how I disliked the idea at first, and now I could hardly live without it.

Sept. 29.—I think we shall soon be able to do without the Baron altogether. I am sure Rosalie and I could manage very well by ourselves. What a wonderful thing this mesmerism is! To think that the mere touch of another person's hand should soothe away pain, and fill one with health and strength. Really, if I had not always kept a journal, I should feel bound to keep one now, as a record of the wonderful effects of this extraordinary cure. Got up this morning with a nasty headache. No appetite for breakfast. Eyes heavy, and pulse low. Poor William in terrible tribulation, when lo! in comes little Mademoiselle Rosalie and the Baron. The gentleman makes a pass or two—the lady pops her little, dry, monkey-looking paw upon my forehead, and, *presto!* the headache has vanished, and I'm calling for chocolate and toast!

Sept. 30.—A blank day. Headache again this morning, and looking out anxiously for my little brown "good angel," when in comes the Baron, with the news that she cannot come. Up all night with a dying lady, and so fagged this morning that he is afraid she would do me more harm than good. I am sure she cannot feel more fagged than I do, poor girl. But, after all, in spite of the delight of doing so much good, what a life it must be!

Oct. 1.—Rosalie here again. Headache vanished. Everything bright as the October sun outside. I am getting quite fond of that girl. How I wish she could speak something besides German. . . .

Oct. 4.—It is quite extraordinary what a hold that poor girl, Rosalie, is taking upon me. I am even beginning to dream of her at night. . . .

Oct. 6.—Headache again this morning, and a message that Rosalie cannot come. How provoking that it is on the same day. . . .

Oct. 12.—I think I shall really soon begin to know when poor Rosalie has been over-worked. Headache again to-day, and I had a presentiment that she would not be able to come. . . .

Oct. 20.*—So now the Baron is going to leave us. Well, I am indeed thankful that he can now so well be spared. Jane Morgan here to-day, and of course laughing at the idea of mesmerism doing any good. She could not deny, though, how wonderfully better I am, and indeed, but for those tiresome headaches, which always seem to come just when poor Rosalie is too tired to take them away, I am really quite well and strong.

Oct. 31.—Something evidently wrong between poor Rosalie and the Baron. She has evidently been crying, and I suppose it must be from sympathy, but I feel exactly as if I had been crying too. Very little satisfaction from the mesmerism to-day. It seems rather as if it had given me some of poor Rosalie's depression. How I wish she could speak English, or that I could speak German, and then I would find out what is the matter. Perhaps she is to lose her work when the Baron goes. Mem.: To ask him to-morrow.

Nov. 1.—No. He says he shall certainly take her with him to Germany, and "he hopes that may have a beneficial effect." What can he mean? He says she is quite well, but throws out mysterious insinuations as to something being wrong with her. How I do wish I could speak German.

Nov. 3.—Still that uncomfortableness between the Baron and Rosalie. I am sure there is something wrong, and that she wants to speak to me about it, but is afraid of him. It certainly is strange that he should never leave us alone. Mem.: To ask William to get him out of the way for a little while to-morrow, though what good that will be when she and I cannot understand each other, I hardly know after all. . . .

Nov. 4.—What a day this has been! I feel quite tired out with the excitement, and yet I cannot make up my mind to go to bed until I have written it all down. In the first place, this is to be my last visit from Rosalie, at all events till they come back from the continent. I cannot help perceiving that William is not altogether sorry that she is going. Dear fellow! I do really believe that he is more than half jealous of the extraordinary feeling for her. And certainly it is extraordinary that a woman quite in another class of life, of whom one knows nothing, should have taken such a hold upon me. I suppose it must be the mesmerism, which certainly is a very mysterious thing. If it is so, it is at all events very fortunate it did not take that turn with the Baron himself. Ugh! I can really begin to understand now all the objections I thought so foolish and so tiresome three or four months ago, before Rosalie first came. And yet, after all, I don't think—in spite of mesmerism or anything else—one need ever have been afraid of liking the Baron too much. I could quite understand being afraid of him. Rosalie evidently is, and to own the truth so am I a little, or I should not have been beaten in that way to-day. To-day was my last *séance* with Rosalie, and I had made up my mind to get the Baron out of the way, and try and get something out of Rosalie. They came at 2 o'clock as usual, and as I thought I would not lose a chance, I got dear William to lie in wait in his study, and call to the Baron as he passed, in hopes that Rosalie would come up alone. That was no use, however for the Baron kept his stout little self perseveringly between her and the staircase, and when I went—thinking to be very clever—to the top of the staircase and called to her to come up, it only gave him an excuse for breaking away from poor William altogether, and coming straight up to me before her. I *was* so provoked, I could hardly be civil. Well, of course the Baron was in a great hurry, and we went to work at once with the mesmerising. When that was done, we both tried to keep them talking, and I made signs to William to get the Baron out of the way. I was really begining to get quite anxious about it, and kept on repeating to myself the two German words I had learned on purpose from Jane Morgan this morning. It was of no use, however, and I began to grow quite nervous; and I am quite sure Rosalie saw what I was wauting, for she seemed to get fidgety too, and then that made me more nervous still. At last the Baron declared he must go, and they both got up to leave. William would have given it up, but he says I looked so imploringly at him he could not resist, so I make one more effort by asking the Baron to come into his study for a short private consultation. This he refused, saying he had not time but could say anything needful where we were. Then William told me to take Rosalie into the next room, but the Baron would not have that either, though he laughed when he said he could not trust to a lady's punctuality in this case, but if I would leave Rosalie she would not understand anything that was said. Of course this would not do, and at last William with more presence of mind and determination than I should have thought him capable of, took him by the buttonhole and fairly drew him away into the further window, where he began whispering eagerly to him to draw off his attention. I suppose it was the consciousness of a sort of stratagem, but my heart beat quite fast as I brought out my two words, "*Gibst' was?*" and I could see that hers was so too. She seemed surprised at my speaking to her in German, and certainly I was no less so to hear her answer in English, with a slight accent certainly, but still in quite plain English, "Don't seem to listen. I am . . ." and then she stopped suddenly and turned quite pale, and I could feel all my own blood rush back to my heart with such a throb! I looked up, and there were the Baron's eyes fixed upon us. Poor Rosalie seemed quite frightened, and I declare I felt so too. At all events, we neither of us ventured on another word, and the next minute the Baron succeeded in fairly shaking off poor William and taking his leave. So there is an end of my little romance about Rosalie. I am *sure* there was something in it. Why, if she had nothing particular to say, should she have taken the trouble of learning that little bit of English? and why—but I must not sit here all night speculating about this, which after all is, I daresay, nothing at all. It is positively just 12 o'clock.

Nov. 6.—How strange! There is certainly some mystery about Rosalie and the Baron. I am quite certain I saw them in a cab together this morning, and yet they were to cross on Saturday night and be in Paris yesterday. I wonder whether they were late after all, and yet an hour and a half is surely time enough to London Bridge, and if he had missed the train I should think he would have come to us yesterday At all events he might have gone early this morning. It is very odd. . . .

Nov. 7.—I wonder whether any one ever had such a husband as I have got. Yesterday he must needs worry himself with the idea that I am fretting about the loss of my mesmerism—as if I could possibly think a moment about the loss of anything when I had got him with me. So nothing would satisfy him but that we must go to the Haymarket to see *Paul Pry* and the Spanish Dancers. I have not laughed so much for many a long day. I don't like all that violent dancing, so we came away directly after the absurd little farce—*How to Pay the Rent.* How we did laugh at it to be sure, and the absurdities of that little monkey, Clark. Wright, too, in *Paul Pry*, is quite inimitable. Dear William, how good it was of him! . . .

Dec. 5.—Just going to the theatre again when news came of Poor Harry Morton's illness. My own dear William, how good he is to every one. And so prompt, too. Touch his heart or his honor, and the Duke himself could not be more quick and decided. The news only came as we were dressing, and to-morrow we are off to Naples to meet poor Mr. Morton, and nurse him.

Dec. 6.—There is no one like Willie. After all the scramble we have had to get ready, he would not take me across when it was so rough. So we have taken two dear little rooms, from day to day, because Willie cannot bear the publicity of an hotel, and I am sure I hate it too, and we are to wait till it is fine enough to cross.

Dec. 9.—Still here; but the wind has gone down almost suddenly within the last three hours, and to-morrow morning I hope we really shall cross. Dear William getting quite worried; I persuaded him to take me to a lecture that was going on, and while we were there the wind went down, and we have been packing up ever since. Twelve o'clock! and William calling to me. I *must* just put down about Mr. . . . Good Heaven! What is the matter? I feel so ill—quite—

2. *Statement of Dr. Watson.*

My name is James Watson, and I am a physician of about thirty years' standing. In 1854, I was practicing at Dover. On the night of the 9th of December in that year, I was sent for hurriedly to see a lady of the name of Anderton, who had been taken suddenly ill immediately after her return from a lecture at the Town-hall, which she had attended with her husband. The message was brought by the servant from the lodgings where they were living. On our way to the house she told me that "the lady was dying, and the poor gentleman quite distracted." On arriving at the house I found Mr. Anderton supporting his wife in his arms. He seemed greatly agitated, and cried, "For God's sake be quick—I think she has got the cholera!" Mrs. Anderton was on the couch in her dressing-room, partially undressed, but with two or three blankets thrown over her, as she seemed shivering with the cold. There was a good fire in the room, but notwithstanding this and the blankets, her hands and feet were both quite chilly.* I asked Mr. Anderton why she had not been got to bed, to which he replied that she had been vomiting, until within a very few moments, so violently that they had been unable to move her. Almost immediately on my arrival the vomiting recommenced, though there appeared to be now hardly anything left in the stomach to come away. The retching continued with unabating violence for more than an hour after the stomach had been evidently completely emptied, and was accompanied with great purging and severe cramps both in the stomach and the extremities. I at once sent to my house for a portable bath I happened to have hired for my own wife's use, and on its arrival placed Mrs. Anderton in it at a temperature of 98 deg., having previously added three-quarters of a pound of mustard. While waiting for the bath, I administered thirty drops of laudanum in a wine-glassful of hot brandy and water, but without in any degree checking the purging, which continued almost incessantly, and was of a most watery character. It was accompanied also by violent pains and great swelling of the epigastrium. A fresh dose of opium was equally unsuccessful, nor was any amelioration of symptoms produced by the exhibition of prussic acid and creosote. On removing the patient from the warm bath, I had her carefully placed in bed, shortly after which she began to perspire profusely, but without any relief to the other symptoms. . . . I now began to fear that some deleterious substance had been unconsciously swallowed, the more especially as the patient had, up to the very moment of her seizure, been in unusually good health. I therefore made careful examinations with the view to detecting the presence of arsenic; and instituted, by the aid of Mr. Anderton, the strictest inquiries as to whether there was in the house any preparation containing this or any other irritant poison. Nothing of the kind could, however, be found, nor were such tests, as I was at the time in a position to apply, able to detect anything of the kind to which my suspicions were directed. Deliberate poisoning proved, moreover, on consideration, entirely out of the question, as there could be no doubt of Mr. Anderton's devoted attachment to his wife, and the people of the house were entire strangers to her. Moreover, the length of time since any food had been taken was almost conclusive against such a supposition. Mrs. Anderton, I was informed, had dined at 6 o'clock, and between that hour and midnight, when the attack came on, had eaten nothing but a biscuit and part of a glass of sherry-and-water the remainder of which was in the glass upon the dressing-room table when I arrived. Since then I have removed portions of all the matters tested, as well as the remaining wine and water, and have had them thoroughly examined by a scientific chemist, but equally without result. I am compelled, therefore, to believe that the symptoms arose from some natural though undiscovered cause. Possibly from a sudden chill in coming from the heated rooms into the night air, though this seems hardly compatible with the fact that she never complained of cold during the long drive home, and that she was seated comfortably in her dressing-room, making her customary entries in her journal, when the attack came on. Another very suspicious circumstance was that, afterwards mentioned by her, of a strong metallic taste in her mouth, a symptom sometimes occasioned, and in conjunction likewise with the others noticed in her case, by the exhibition of excessive doses of antimony in the form of emetic tartar. This medicine, however, had never been prescribed for her, nor was there any possibility of her ever having had access to any in mistake. At Mr. Anderton's request, however, I exhibited the remedies used in such a case, as port wine, infusion of oak bark, etc., but with as little effect as the other medicines. Indeed, the remedies of whatever kind were precluded from exercising their full action by the extreme irritability of the stomach, by which they were ejected almost as soon as swallowed. This being the case, I abandoned any further attempt at the exhibition of the heavy doses I had hitherto employed, or indeed of drugs of any kind, and confined myself, until the irritation of the epigastrium should have been in some measure allayed, to a treatment I have occasionally found successful in somewhat similar cases—the administration, that is to say, of simple soda-water in repeated doses of a tea-spoonful at a time. I have often found this to remain with good effect upon the stomach when everything else was at once rejected, nor was I disappointed in the present case. About an hour after commencing this treatment, the first violence of the symptoms began to subside, and by the next afternoon the case had resolved itself into an ordinary one of severe *gastroenteritis*, which I then proceeded to treat in the regular manner. After quite as short a period as I could possibly have expected, this also was subdued, leaving the patient, however, in a state of great prostration, and subject to night perspirations of a most lowering character. I now began to throw in tonics, and to resort, though very cautiously, to more invigorating diet. Under this treatment she continued steadily to improve, through

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* Compare Section II., 2 and 5.

* This portion of Dr. Watson's statement, relating entirely to the symptoms of Mrs. Anderton's case, though some details are excluded, necessarily contains much that must be interesting only to the medical profession and disagreeable to the general reader. The following paragraph may therefore be passed over, merely noting that the symptoms were such as would be compatible with antimonial poisoning

the perspirations still continued, and her constitution cannot be said to have at all recovered the severe shock it had sustained by the month of April, 1855, when they left Dover, by my recommendation, for change of air. Since that time I have not seen her. I am quite unable to account for the seizure from any cause but that of a chill; an hypothesis which, I must admit, rests its authority almost solely on the fact that no other can be found.

3. *Extracts from Mrs. Anderton's Journal—Continued.*

Jan. 20, 1855.—At last I get back once more to my old brown friend.* Dear old thing, how pleasant its old face seems! Very little to-day, though; only a word or two, just to say it is done. Oh, how it tries one!

Jan. 25.—My own dear husband's birthday; and, thank Heaven! I am once more able to sit with him. Oh! how kind he has been through all these weary weeks, when I have been so fretful and impatient. Why should suffering make one cross? God knows, I *have* suffered. I never thought to live through that terrible night. It makes me shudder to think of it. And then, that horrid, deathlike, leaden taste—that was worst of all. Well, thank God! I am better now, but *so* weak. I am quite tired with writing even these few lines. . . .

Feb. 12.—How weak I still am! Walked out to-day with dear William for the first time upon the pier, but had scarcely got to the end of it, when I felt so tired I was obliged to sit down while poor William went to fetch a chair to fetch me home.

Feb. 13.—I have been quite startled to-day. I was talking to Dr. Watson about my being so tired yesterday, and about how very weak I still was, and how ill I had been—and at last he let slip that, at the time, he thought I had been poisoned. It gave me quite a turn, and then he tried to make us talk of something else, but I could not get it out of my head, and kept coming back and back to it, and woudering who could have had any possible interest in poisoning poor me. And so we went on talking; and, at last, Dr. Watson said something which let out that at first he had suspected—William! my own William! my precious, precious husband! Oh! I thought I should have choked on the spot. I don't know what I said, but I do know I could not have said too much, and poor William tried to laugh it off, and said: "Who else would have gained anything by it? Would he not have had that miserable £25,000? and besides him there was no one but the Charities in India, and they could not have done it, because they would not exist till they were gone;" but I could see how he winced at the idea, and I felt as though my blood were really boiling in my veins. And then that man—oh! how thankful I shall be when we can get away from him—tried to persuade me that he had not really thought it. I should think not, indeed! and that he soon saw it was impossible, and all that; and at last, I fairly burst out crying with passion, and ran out of the room. And—and—I could cry now to think of my poor dear Willie being—and I shall, too, if I go on thinking about it any longer, so I will write no more to-night.

Feb. 15.—No journal yesterday, I really could not trust myself to write. And poor Willie, though he tried to laugh at it, I could see how bitterly he felt the imputation. Good Heaven! think if that wretched man had really charged him with it. It would have killed him. I know it would, and he would rather have died a thousand times. Well, I must not think of it any more. Only once more, thank Heaven! we shall soon be going away.

April 7.—Back once more at home, thank Heaven! But how slow, how very slow this convalescence, as they call it, is. Oh! shall I ever be well again, as I was last year before that horrid day at Dover!

May 3.—So we are to leave England for a time, and try the German baths. I am almost thankful for it. I have grown very fond, too, of this dear little luxurious house, though I could hardly say why. It is like my wonderful fancy for Rosalie. Ah, poor Rosalie! I wonder where she is now, and when they will return. I cannot help thinking she might do me some good. But, as I was saying: fond as I am of this dear little house, I shall be really glad to leave it for a time, and see what change of air will do for me. If I could only get rid of those terrible night perspirations. It is they that pull me down so, and make me so weak and miserable. Oh! what would I not give to be well once more, if it were only to get rid of the memory of that time.

July 7.—Safe at Baden Baden; and too early as yet for the majority of the English pleasure-seekers. What a delicious place this is! I declare I quite feel myself better already. . . .

Sept. 11.—Really almost well again. Quite a comfortable talk to-day with dear Willie about that foolish Dr. Watson; the first time the subject has been mentioned between us, since that day when I got into such a passion about it. Poor man, he was hardly worth going into a rage about. We heard to-day of his having made some terrible blunder in the new place he has gone to, and lost all his practice by killing some poor old woman through it. It was this made us talk of his poisoning notion, and oh! how glad I was to see that dear Willie had quite got over his nervousness about it. We had quite a long talk; and, at last, he promised me faithfully never to say a word more about it to any one.

Oct. 10.—Home again at last, and in our own dear little house. And really I feel once more as well and strong as this time last year. Dear William, too, how happy he is; the shadow seems to have passed away. God grant it may not return.

Oct. 30.—An eventful day. All the morning at the Crystal Palace, and just as we returned who should walk in but the Baron R.! It was just a year since he left us, but he had not altered in the very least. I do not think that short, square figure, with the impenetrable rosy face, and the large white hands, and those wonderful great green eyes that you can so rarely catch, and when you had caught, so invariably wish you had let alone, can ever change. I am afraid I was not very cordial to him. I ought to be, for he has done great things for me; and yet somehow when I saw him, I felt quite a cold shudder run all through me. Dear William saw it, and asked if I was ill, and when I laughed and said, "No, it was only some one walking over my grave," I could not help fancying that for a moment the Baron's lips seemed to turn quite white, and I just caught one glance from those awful eyes that seemed as if it would read me through and through. And yet after all it may have been only fancy, for the next moment he was talking in his rich, quiet voice as though nothing could ever disturb him. So Rosalie is gone. That is clear at all events, though what has exactly become of her I cannot quite so well understand. From all I can make out, she seems, poor girl, to have married very foolishly, and it was that that was the matter between them when they went away last year. The Baron seemed indeed to hint at something even worse, but he would not speak out plainly, and I would defy any one to make that man say one word more than he may choose. Poor Rosalie, I hope she has not come to any harm.

Nov. 1.—Another visit from the Baron, to say good-bye before his return to—his wife! How strange that we should never have heard of her before, and even now I cannot make out whether he has married since he left us or whether he was always so. Certainly that man is a mystery, and just now it pleases him to talk especially in enigmas. He does not seem disposed, however, to put up with vague information on our part. I thought he never would have done questioning poor William and me about my illness, and at last he drew it out of me—not out of William, dear fellow—what that foolish Dr. Watson had said. After all I am not sorry I told him, for it was quite a relief to hear him speak so strongly of the absurdity of such an idea, and I am sure it was a comfort to poor William. He (the Baron) spoke very strongly too about the danger of setting such ideas about, and particularly cautioned dear Willie not to mention it to any one. I knew he would not have done so any way, but this will make him more comfortable.

April 3.—Such a delightful day and so tired. I never saw Richmond look so lovely, and how dear Willie and I did enjoy ourselves in that lovely park. But oh! I am so sleepy. Not a word more.

April 5.—Another lovely day—strolling about Lord Holland's Park all the morning, and this evening some music in our own dear little drawing-room. How happy—how very happy—good Heaven, what is this? That old horrible leaden taste; and, oh, so deadly sick. . . .

April 6.—Thank Heaven, the attack seems to have passed away. Oh, how it frightened me. Thank Heaven, too, I was able to keep the worst from dear Wiiliam, and he did not know how like it was to that other dreadful time.

April 20.—Again that horrible sickness, and worse—oh, far worse—still, that awful deadly leaden taste. Worse this time. In bed all day yesterday. Poor Willie terribly anxious. Pray Heaven it may not come again.

May 6.—Another attack. God help me! if this should go on, I do not know what will become of me. Already I am beginning to feel weaker and weaker. Poor Willie! these last three days have been terrible ones for him. However, the doctor says it will all pass off. Pray Heaven it may!

May 25.—More sickness, more derangement, more of that horrible leaden taste. The doctor himself is beginning to look uncomfortable, and I can see that poor Willie's mind is reverting to that terrible suggestion a year ago. Thank Heaven, I have as yet managed to conceal from him and from Dr. Dodsworth that horrid deadly taste which made such an impression on Dr. Watson. Oh, when will this end!

June 10.—A horrible suspicion is taking possession of me. What can this mean? I look back through my journal, and it is every fortnight that this fearful attack returns. The 5th and 18th of April—3d and 21st of May—and now again the 7th of this month. And that terrible leaden taste which is now almost constantly in my mouth; and with every attack my strength failing—failing—oh God, what can it be?

June 26.—Another fortnight, another attack. There *must* be foul play somewhere. And yet who could—who would do such a thing? Thank Heaven, I have still concealed from my poor William that worst symptom of all, the horrible leaden taste which is now never out of my mouth. My precious Willie, how kind, how good he is to me. . . .

July 12.—I cannot hold out much longer now. Each time the attack returns I lose something of the little, the very little strength that is left. God help me, I feel now that I must go. . . . . The Baron came to-day, and for a moment my poor boy's face lighted up with hope again. They had a long discussion before the doctor would consent to consult with him, but after that, they seemed to change the medicines. But something must have gone wrong, for I have never seen Dr. Dodsworth look so grave.

Aug. 1.—I think the end is drawing very near now. This last attack has weakened me more than ever, and I write this in my bed. I shall never rise from it again. My poor, poor Willie. . . . Three days I have been in bed now, but I have taken nothing from any hand but his.

Aug. 17.—This is, I think, almost the last entry I shall make. Another fortnight and I shall be too weak to hold the pen—if, indeed, I am still here.

Sept. 5.—Another attack. Strange how this weary body wears up against all this pain. Would that it were over; and yet my poor, poor boy . . . He, too, is almost worn out; night and day he never leaves me. . . . I take the things from his hand, but I cannot taste them now—nothing but lead . . . .

Sept. 27.*—Farewell my husband, my darling, my own precious Willie. Think of me; come soon to me. God bless you! God comfort you, my darling, my own.

In the hand of Mr. Anderton.

This day my darling died.
Oct. 12th, 1856. W. A.

* Written in pencil, the characters barely legible for weakness.

* Apparently the journal which is bound in brown Russian leather.

A Valuable Forest.—A traveller relates that, when passing through an Austrian town, his attention was directed to a forest on a slope near the road; and he was told that death was the penalty of cutting down one of those trees. He was incredulous until he was further informed that they were the protection of the city, breaking the force of the descending avalanche, which, without this natural barrier, would sweep over the quiet homes of thousands. When a Russian army was marching there, and began to cut away the defence for fuel, the inhabitants besought them to take their dwellings instead, which was done.

The more vigorous and elevated a man is, the higher tenderness he is capable of, as on high trees the fruit rounds itself into a milder and sweeter form than on low ones.

Man demands more that sorrow than that rapture should show its motive and its apology.

MIDNIGHT FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

SEVERAL years ago, when the south of Ireland was, as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, in a disturbed state, a gentleman advanced in years, lived in a retired country-house. He was a bachelor, and, whether trusting to his supposed popularity, or imagining that the general alarm among the gentry was groundless, he continued in his lonely mansion long after his neighbors had quitted theirs for a safer residence in town. He had been indisposed for several days, and, on the night he was attacked, had taken his supper in his bed room, which was on the ground floor, and inside a parlor with which it communicated. The servants went to bed, the house was shut up for the night, and the tea-tray, with its appurtenances, by a providential oversight, was left in the old man's chamber.

Some hours after he had retired to bed he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber door was ajar, and the moon shone brilliantly through the open casement, rendering objects in the parlor distinct and perceptible to any person in the inner room. Presently a man leaped in through the window and three others followed him in quick succession. The old man sprang from his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment. Recollecting, however, the forgotten supper-tray, he provided himself with a case-knife, and resolutely took his stand behind the open door. He had one advantage over his murderers—they were in the full moonlight and he shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to which of them should enter, for acquainted with the locality of the house, they knew well where the devoted victim slept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached, stood a moment in the doorway, hesitated and advanced a step—not a whisper was heard, a breathless silence reigned around, and the apartment before him was as dark as the grave itself.

"Go on, blast ye! What the deuce ye afeered of?" said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried in his heart! No second thrust was requisite; for, with a deep groan the robber sank dead upon the floor.

The obscurity of the chamber, and the sudden destruction caused by the deadly thrust, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. A second presented himself, crossed the threshold, stumbled against his dead associate and received the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound though mortal was not as fatal as the other, and the ruffian had time to ejaculate that he was a dead man!

Instantly, several shots were fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin then advanced, leveled a long fowling-piece through the door-way and actually rested the barrel against the old man's body. The direction, however, was a slanting one and with admirable self-possession, he remained steady till the murderer drew the trigger, and the ball passed him without injury; but the flash of the gun unfortunately disclosed the place of his ambush. Then commenced a desperate struggle—the robber, a powerful and athletic ruffian siezed his victim around the body—there was no equality between the combatants with regard to strength and although the old man struck often and furiously with his his knife, the blows were ineffectual, and he was thrown heavily on the floor with the ruffian above him. Even, at this moment, presence of mind saved this heroic gentleman. He found that the blade of the knife had turned, and he contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's hands were already upon his throat—the pressure became suffocating—a few moments more and the contest must have ended; but an accidental movement of his body exposed the murderer's side—the old man struck with all his remaining strength a deadly blow—the robber's grasp relaxed—and, with a yell of mortal agony he fell lifeless across his exhausted antagonist.

Horror-struck by the death-shriek of their comrades, the banditti wanted courage to enter that gloomy chamber which had been already fatal to so many. They poured an irregular volley in and leaping through the open window, ran off leaving their lifeless companions behind.

Lights and assistance came presently—the chamber was a pool of gore and the old man nearly in a state of insensibility was covered with blood and encumbered with the bodies of his intended murderers. He recovered, however, to enjoy for years his well-won reputation, and to receive from the Irish viceroy the honor of knighthood, which never was conferred upon a braver man.

Gottschalk's Hopes in a Future Life.—In the course of a letter to the *Home Journal*, the pianist comes forward and frankly says—what everybody else is always saying about his own particular business: "I delight to think that, beyond the tomb, concerts will exist only in memory, like the confused recollections we have in the morning of a nightmare which has disturbed our sleep. The Orientals people their paradise with houris; the red man fills his with verdant prairies and forests of game, where the chase is eternal; for my part, I like to imagine myself in a paradise where piano concerts are prohibited, and the 'Carnival of Venice,' with variations, a crime. On the other hand, I picture the Styx only as a grand depot of all kinds of pianos—upright, square, oblique, and whatnot—a kind of Botany Bay for hardened pianists, where a never-satisfied public insist upon hearing the 'Carnival of Venice,' with variations, forever!"

The Iron Egg.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was found a diamond marriage-ring. There is a moral to the story.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

THE MORALS OF THE AGE.

THAT the world always has been wicked and will always continue to be wicked, it is scarcely worth while to dispute. It was washed once pretty thoroughly, and a tolerable cleansing of its vilenesses and iniquities was effected; the only inconvenience the inhabitants suffered from the process being that most of them were drowned—the only drawback to the completeness of the cure being that any were left alive. For the survivors, according to the only record which is left us of the transaction, indulged in evil practices very soon after leaving the Ark.

The culmination of centuries of vileness seems to have been reached at the present day. Notwithstanding that with each successive age the arts and sciences have advanced with rapid step, that education has spread among the people, and the blazing torch of civilization been passed from hand to hand to be carried finally into the remotest wildernesses—notwithstanding all this, it seems that the world has made little improvement in morals. It is not necessary to turn to reeking Paris, or to refer to the abominations of London for illustrations of the truth of this position. Within sound of the surf that breaks on Plymouth Rock, and inside our own Golden Gate, there is ample material for argument, food for the saddest reflection. One cannot turn over the pages of a newspaper without finding a series of crimes recited at which the heart shudders and humanity sickens. The Sunday papers of the East have regular departments devoted to the literature which is thus furnished, and which the popular taste craves. The leading dailies of Eastern cities contain column after column of the advertisements of those who openly practice the most nefarious businesses. Even the sense of shame which once operated as a check, seems lost. As we have before said, no need to turn to over-populated England and France for arguments and instances. Brooklyn, the City of Churches, rearing spires to Heaven from every street corner, and boasting in half its families the blood of the early Puritans, has given a record to the world of a case which passes in profligacy and heartlessness anything the Old World ever furnished—a young woman seduced, murdered with the connivance of friends and physicians, the body sunk in the waters of an inland river at midnight, fished up again by parties who chartered the boat "to go a-goosing," and her father, with an outline of the damnable crime that had been committed before his eyes, compromising the affair for an hundred and seventy-five dollars—is it necessary to add—depreciated paper currency at that! But without looking beyond the mountains, here on the Pacific coast, surging over the threshold of the new homes and family altars that the past decade has built up in our midst, the wave of licentiousness dashes and breaks. Our Police Court has lately revealed facts at which fathers may well tremble, and mothers pray that Death reach their daughters in their cradles. Not only this, but in society, among those who walk with their eyes to the sun and their skirts carefully gathered lest in the streets they inadvertently brush against impurity, disclosures every day bubble to the surface, indicative of the muddiness of the waters beneath. These cases that come to light are the exceptions, the result of imprudences; deep down the horrible tide rolls, and few dream of the saddening truths and withering details that are there buried. The result, however, is plain to the eye of observation: Husbands without honor, wives without truth, the multitude without religion—a generation of girls growing up without modesty, a race of young men ripening into manhood without decency. At this point it is well to stop to inquire whither we are drifting, and debate the means of prevention—for cure is scarcely to be hoped for.

Free thinking, and a too eager desire to grapple with subjects which are best let alone, may be safely set down as the principal in the category of evils. The growing desire to disregard and set at naught what are termed the "conventionalities of society" is productive of more profligacy than all other causes summed together. Conventionalities, let innovators prate as they will, are the chief safeguards of society. Indifference to what "people choose to say" may do well enough in theory, but it fatally fails in practice—or, rather, it works its purpose too well. Let a woman or man once assert indifference to popular opinion and carry out the idea in conversation and conduct, and a wholesome restraint is gone. In some cases no harm may result, but these are the exceptions, and rather prove the rule than otherwise. In society—we use the word in its commonly-accepted sense—each individual is the censor of the other, and rightfully so. It looks very well on paper, and sounds brave in speech, to sneer at the voice of society and snap the fingers at its requirements; but woe to the one who fails to heed them. Society, for its own preservation, is pledged to the most rigid self-protection. It is wisely pronounced that if certain of its recognized and well-defined limits are overstepped the offender must be expelled. It is this understanding that bands it together. Certain observances of religion and morality are insisted upon, and an infraction of them is productive of a penalty. The cry of "harshness" and unchristian rigor when these are violated is misplaced. The right path is open to all—those who choose to step aside have but themselves to blame, for the result is plainly in view from the first. Society can only make concessions on these occasions to its own detriment and the encouragement of offenders. The system of rewards and punishments is of divine origin, and all attempts to improve on the plan of the Creator are worse than useless. It is better that individuals start out in life with a full and complete certainty of what their fate will be if they transgress rather than an assurance that their errors will find mercy with the Court.

In accordance with the tendencies of the age, religion may be called superstition, and argument may be piled on argument to sustain this nomenclature. But grant that the fact is established and what is gained? The teachings of religion are all of purity. Religion never made a man a drunkard or a woman a profligate. The want of it has plunged thousands into gulfs from which the angels could not raise them up. If religion be superstition, guard and preserve it. If free thinking untrammels the passions as well as the mind, avoid and crush it. Let us have peace and purity with superstition, if that be the term, rather than vice and degradation without it. Let the breakers of images be adjudged felons and banished from firesides, beyond a power to do harm. For:

> Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
> Tell love it is but lust,
> Tell life it is but motion,
> Tell flesh it is but dust,

and what have you gained? What good is accomplished? Better a race of fanatics, chanting hymns through their noses and trumpeting honest errors in inharmonious tones of conviction, rather than a godless race of enlightened wretches, who believe only in their own materiality and the pleasures and rewards which the baser passions furnish them. Give us Roundheads with their bigotry and honesty, rather than Cavaliers with their love-locks, guitars and ribaldry; Puritans with their psalms, and Covenanters with their canticles, rather than the class who sneer at superstition and prejudice and manifest their disbelief in a God, by giving themselves over to the service of the Devil. Give us any austerity that will elevate woman to the ideal in which she should be held, and the shrine where the worst man desires to place his mother; restore to us any trammels that will make men decent and teach a woman when to blush, and take all philosophy and enlightenment and other excuses for licentiousness to the Devil, where they belong. In short, restore the morals of the age to the purity which prevailed when the Pilgrims landed on shores that were too rugged and barren to encourage vice, and we will gladly give up all the poetry and romance and incontinence that has been blown to us from across the seas, and from loose-zoned tropics.

"HARD TIMES."

FOR a long while there was a great demand for a National hymn, and the brains of all the poets in the country were racked to produce one. If the present state of things continues we suggest that the good old song bearing for its refrain:

> "Go away, Hard Times, come again no more!"

be adopted. For it is certain that some millions of voices would swell the chorus, and that it would be given with the emphasis and earnestness of a prayer. The present hard times are not confined to our coast; the pressure is national, and our people are at least spared the evil of an inflated currency.

The population on the Atlantic coast are used to these little affairs. Crises come to them regularly; their recurrence can be calculated with more mathematical certainty than the return of a comet. Once in so often the banks suspend, the merchants shut up shop, nobody pays anybody, and everybody goes into liquidation. There are auctions in up-town domiciles: people sell their pianos and parlor furniture and go over to Europe to recuperate and save expenses. Debtors and creditors register their names together at Gunn's; go off, meet on the Boulevards amicably, and sit down side by side on the slant sides of the Pyramids, to talk over the financial condition of the boys they 've left behind them and settle accounts. The crisis by-and-by folds up its tents like the brokers and steals noiselessly away. Then people leave the cheap watering-places abroad and return to the magnificent cities and distances of America to live. They build larger houses than before and furnish them better; nothing is said about old debts, and everything goes on as merrily as a chime of marriage-bells until another crisis comes, when the same scenes are repeated. The fact of the matter is, crises are nothing when you are used to them. The French saying: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, may be liberally translated: It is only the first crisis that costs. Subsequent ones are rather amusing than otherwise, breaking the unpleasant monotony which an uninterrupted career of prosperity produces. Recovering from a crisis is only a simple question of how long it is possible to hold one's breath. Breathing is a mere matter of habit—acquired early in life it is true, but it can be overcome by stout resolution, and in the course of time one comes to look upon his lungs with a certain feeling of indifference, if not of positive contempt. In like manner one can learn to live without money, and then he wonders that he ever found a purse with money in it requisite to his happiness.

Crises have their uses: they are levellers—they restore things to their proper condition, and adjust all differences in society. The man who had nothing but money before, learns some very useful lessons with its loss; he finds that without it he is no better than anybody else—perhaps not quite so good. In the pride of purse he had thought himself respectable; he suddenly finds that he isn't. His money procured him admittance into circles from which, had his pecuniary condition been different, he would have been excluded: under the new dispensation of things he suddenly discovers that he has been flying considerably higher than he can roost, and has to come down. Brains that formerly were at a discount, immediately advance to a premium. The possessor of them finds to his delight that they are no longer a disadvantage in life, and that he can overcome all the obstacles which they have hitherto offered to his advancement. And the most charming effect is produced by a crisis on the young lady whose parents before were wealthy. She suddenly discovers that calico is a becoming thing for morning wear; that happiness does not consist in "this world's goods," and that she can live comfortably with Augustus, whom she had previously snubbed, in a cottage. The chances, however, are, that Augustus doesn't see it, and so the world is spared the perpetuation of a race that had better die out.

A good crisis is like a stout, stiff, nor'west breeze. Weak ones go under; but the man with a brain and a soul in his body stands up to it, buckles down to his work, and comes out as staunch and true as Lagerdere does in the play when he twiddles his fingers and says: "I am here!" He takes the gale square in his teeth, and makes a fair wind of it before he has done. Give up and let his ship go down, because the skies threaten?—not he, if there is any virtue in rigging, spars, and that tough whip of a flag-staff which his spine represents! *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo!* That is the motto of your true man when storm-clouds arch blackly above him, and Fate threatens. His bow was unbent when prosperity reigned, but with the occasion he strings it up and very soon you'll see the hickory telling. Hard times have their uses; they sift a community. And in this one respect of trying men, they are as blessed and as beneficial as battles.

FASTING *VERSUS* FEASTING.

THAT a nation should go hungry because things go wrongly, is one of those singular traditions which have been handed down to the present day, from a generation so remote that we are unable accurately to trace the date of the custom. Probably it originated in that predatory period when one half the then thinly-populated world was at war with the other half, and both sides depended on victory for a dinner—the losing one being obliged to go without and so keep a fast under compulsion. The army that didn't win, making a virtue of military necessity, and having nothing to eat, perhaps resolved that they wouldn't eat, and hence the system of fast days—observances which the many are slow to keep.

With all due deference, however, to what has the sanction of ages, we seriously doubt whether Heaven looks down with any gratification upon hunger; and it is by no means clear to our mind that eternal interests are to be furthered by temporal starvations. What can be gained to a righteous cause by breaking in upon hygienic habits, foregoing regular meals and tampering with the popular digestion? Dieting is occasionally beneficial; but to impose it upon a nation indiscriminately seems to us about as absurd as it would be to prescribe a universal dose of blue mass for the masses, or a simultaneous drenching of the whole population with senna. We do not see, looking at the thing in a philosophical light, how an empty stomach can be made conducive to Christianity, or how it can be considered pleasing to a Creator who endowed His creatures with appetites. The rebels indulge in the same fallacy; and as it is manifestly impossible for both sides to win, the result will prove that one party or the other has sacrificed its victuals in vain.

Flagellation and fasting used to go together. What was called "mortification of the body," under the old and austere system of religion which obtained when inquisitions and the burning of heretics were in fashion, was thought to be one of the first and principal elements of worship, and on the principle probably that a whipping, even when self-administered, must be one of the most mortifying things that a man could submit to, the devotee was accustomed to strip himself in a cell and apply the scourge to his own shrinking shoulders, though there is no reason to believe that the blows were given with that sound good will and vigor which a second party might have brought to their infliction. This system of "mortifying the flesh" was a slight letting-down from the practices of the more devout Hindoos, who lacerate their bodies with knives and suspend themselves in the air from iron hooks fastened into their flesh. Flagellation, as a religious discipline, is in a great measure done away with, though still kept up in some of the rigid Catholic countries; but the twin practice of fasting remains with us. Undoubtedly, however, as time wears on, this too will be permitted to drift into desuetude. And perhaps the day is not far distant when a counter custom will be inaugurated, of eating a good square meal after a defeat and then turning in with a serious purpose to flagellate our enemies.

Let none misunderstand the purport of these remarks. We simply present a common sense view of the case, which must be patent to every plain, practical mind. It is not our intention to deal lightly with a serious subject, and as for disrespect to religion, none more than we would be ready to resent anything that could be so coustrued. But we do claim that sin is not to be atoned for by starvation; and we do think that a revival of the old system of sacrifices which obtained under the Jewish dispensation would be quite as sensible as the present maintenance of fast days. Were the fast day rigorously observed, it would resolve itself into a sort of gala-day for cooks. But, to tell the plain truth, and take our last fast impelias an illustration, it becomes something worse. With the great multitude it was a day of idleness and dissipatiou. Nearly all the stores and other establishmeuts in towu were closed: and nearly all the young men employed in them were out at the Willows, or sporting it on the Cliff House road with fast horses. That one in a hundred of our populatiou fasted, is not the fact; and we would willingly bet that the authors of the long-winded editorials on the day and its purpose did not eat or drink one ounce or dram less than on any other day of the year—unless, indeed, the cheap restaurants refused them credit. The same difficulty is found in making men fast that is proverbially experienced in making a horse drink, though it is easy enough to lead the animal to the water. One man may appoint a fast-day, but unless every man iu the nation is muzzled for the day, how is an observance of it to be managed. We acknowledge the need of penitence and the efficacy of prayer. But that a nation can deliberately sit down on a given day and be penitent to order, we do not believe. For our nation to repent properly of its sins, would occupy the spare time of a whole generation, and to attempt to do the business up in a day is simply absurd. In its formality, the proceeding is analagous to the practice which prevails in another part of the world—in India, we believe—where the inhabitants have praying-machines along the roadside for the benefit of hurried travellers, redueing the act of devotion down to the simple turuing of a crauk. By devoting one day to the work the industrious Hindoo can grind out a sufficient quantity of prayers to last him a life-time. We do not like the idea of bringing penitenee and prayer down to the level of the mechanical arts-Penitence should clothe all on earth continually, and prayer should never be absent from our side. Both are the language of the heart, and not of the lips. Cromwell was wont to pray to a purpose, and Miles Standish and his men have left us a legaey of example in the art. Some hundreds of thousands of brave men are at this moment marching out to their devotions on the field of battle while cannon swell their loud bass through the blue aisles of Heaven like a million organ-pipes. Would it not be a good plan, if another fast day is appointed, to turn it to a practical good by making every man in the nation contribute his food for the day to be forwarded as rations to the men who fight while we fast? And before we attempt to keep auother holyday of our own making, especially on this coast, would it not be well to first see that the one in seven of God's appointing is observed with some show of decency?

Of all sanitary reformers. Dr. Winship will probably become the most popular. For he advocates nothing that goes against the grain of our humanity. In particular he takes stand against those two old dogmas which inculcate the hygienic necessity of rising from the table hungry, and from bed sleepy. He says, "Never rise from the table unsatisfied; never get out of bed so long as you have auy inclination to lie there." And the Doctor's prescription is not only pleasant but sensible. If one is to rise from eating, hungry, what use of sitting down at all? And in relatiou to early rising. our sympathies have always been with the boy who, when his father attempted to cut off his morning nap with that rusty old saw about the bird and the worm, replied that it served the worm right—he hadn't any business to get up so early. As regards the distinguished author of the saying that four honrs of sleep were enough for a man, five for a woman, six for a child, and seven for a fool—we have always inclined to think that he was entitled to avail himself of the latter clause and sleep a good seven, for which reason he felt no compunction in curtailing the sleep of others. Dr. Winship's teachings are much more agreeable, thongh he errs a little on the other extreme perhaps, as some people have an inclination to lie in bed all day.

The correspondent of a literary journal laments that the day of poetry is dead, and asks, "Why have we no more of the soul-strains which were once breathed by the old masters?" We will inform the gentleman. Soul strains don't pay. Poetry has become a mere question of bread and butter. Our bards do not strain themselves with "soul-strains," for the reason that they could not sell them for enough to keep their Pegasus in oats, or themselves in trowsers. Again, this is not a poetical age. The Real is asserting itself to the exclusion of the Ideal. And the music of the present day is condensed in two bars—iron rhymes—which stretch themselves from the Atlantic beyond the Missouri, and will soon reach the shores of the Pacific. People hurrying to their goal, the attainment of wealth, with the whistle of steam in their ears, have no time to listen to the pipings of a reed, or rhythmical discourses to the moon. And, after all, it is better to live poems than to write them.

THE "CALIFORNIAN"—ITS PROSPECTS—WHAT THE EASTERN PRESS SAYS.

THE steamer of June 3d carried to Eastern cities the first number of The Californian—the overland mail brings a few answering words, telliug us what people on the other side think of it. We must acknowledge that we felt somewhat anxious about the verdict of the critieal East. The press of this State and the adjacent Territories had been uniformly cordial in its receptiou, and kinder, heartier, or more appreciative words of greeting than were here spoken to The Californian could not have been asked for. But it occurred to us that perhaps our friends were not impartial in their judgements; that they praised the new paper because it was a Californian, moved by that fellow feeling, or free-masoury of sympathy, which makes all Californians kin. Now the East has spoken; notices from three of the Boston and one of the New York papers have reached us. So flattering are they that it was only by a complete sacrifice of that modesty which is proverbial as pertaining to the profession that we were brought to reproduce them upon the editorial page. But business is business, and blushes must never be permitted to interfere with it. Again, we wish to show the many on this coast who have already pronounced favorably upon the merits of The Californian that they are backed in their opinion by the verdict of an older civilization. Boston, especially, never speaks lightly or unmeaningly. Faneuil Hall appreciates the value of words and never wastes them in formal courtesy or polite acquiescence. Boston generally is nothing if not critical, and very often it is nothing if not hypercritical. For this reasou the annexed notices from the *Transcript*, *Post* and *Gazette* will have a special weight with those who know their meaning. The N. Y. *Evening Post* has a reputation in literature—owing perhaps to the fact that its editor, William Cullen Bryant, has written some very tolerable verses—and we accept its endorsement with a certain pleasureable pride. Theodore Tilton, editor of the N. Y. *Independent*, writes a private letter saying how pleased he is with The Californian, aud promising that the *Independent* shall reflect his opinion of its merits. We print the notices that have thus far been received from the East, and shall reproduce all others that may come. They certainly will prove eminently interesting to all friends of the paper, and others we do not care to please. The notices which the press of this coast have favored us with will be found in other columns, where they are kept regularly standing for the benefit of all who like good reading.

One word to our friends in this connection may not be out of place. The Californian is now an established fact. Though the enterprise was undertaken at a most unfortunate time, it has more than fulfilled the expectations of the originator. At the first its literary success was complete—more eomplete perhaps, that than of any weekly journal ever before started this side of the mountains. So far as a financial success—which after all is the only success worth mentioning—is concerned, it is generally calculated that newspapers must lose money for the first year. The Californian has already bridged over the fatal gap of first expenditures and is now very nearly paying its way. And this within the first two months of its publication! In the history of new journalistic enterprises this does not often occur. But we do not make this exhibit of prosperity for the sake of showing the public that we can do without their help for the future. On the contrary we want continued and extended patronage, and shall spare no endeavors to deserve it. Let no one be betrayed into the mistake of thinking that we are already so wealthy as to scorn further subscriptions and treat advertisements with contempt. Our rapidly-increasing subscription list, and the letters of encouragement that reach us from all parts of the State, prove that The Californian is already a popular favorite. Give us the right hand of patronage, good friends; not only take the paper yourselves, but also see that your neighbors take it; and in return we will endeavor to give you one of the best weekly journals published in America—a journal worthy of its name and of the State.

We have received the first nnmber of The Californian, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, The Californian, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which in these days seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Californian.—A new literary paper with this title comes to us from San Francisco. It is refreshing to the eyes of a printer to read its beautiful print upon clean white paper, and its contents are rich and varied, bearing mark of care and scholarship, enlivened with a vein of humor, that promises for it a position in the first rank of our native publications. It is edited by Charles Webb, Esq., formerly of the New York *Times*, and latterly the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, whose department of racy "Things" in that paper was read with delight by all this way on whom the *Era* dawned. "Things"—snappy and epigrammatic as ever—have a place in The Californian, and we would press upon our readers that they could do no better than send on and subscribe for it. The paper bears at its head the motto, appropriate for its own character, as well as for the State: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The Californian, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, is a remarkably handsome paper of sixteen pages, printed in a superior manner and made up of editorial and selected matter indicating ability and excellent judgment. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a well-known New York journalist, is the editor, and he seems to have entered upon his work with a vigor that, if continued, will render his paper inferior to no literary newspaper in America. Mr. Webb has gained a name for freshness, piquancy and spirit in his writings, and will undoubtedly make The Californian a household friend not in San Francisco only but in every Eastern city.—*Boston Post.*

The Californian is the title of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published in a handsome quarto form, and conducted by Mr. C. H. Webb, formerly one of the editors of the New York *Times*. Mr. Webb is a pleasant and versatile writer, and won an excellent reputation during his experience of journalism in this city. He went to California one or two years ago, but ventured for the first time upou an independent enterprise in May last, when the first number of the Californian appeared. The paper claims to be "devoted to live topics and the best interests of California," and inasmuch as it shows a disposition to redeem this promise, being very lively and honest, it deserves success.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Decidedly, the one who aspires to mount the ladder of Fame from the area of the Prize Ring, has to climb by many and very unpleasant "rounds." A detailed account of a late fight in *Bell's Life*, tells us that the combatants struck each other with mawleys and bunches of fives upon the head—the nut, the eone, the conk, the cannister, the noddle, the mug, the knowledge-box; the nose—the sneezer, the snorer, the snuffer, the snuff-tray, the nozzle, the mazzard, the bugle; the eyes—the ogles, the optics, the peepers; the mouth—the kisser, the whistler, the oration-trap, the potato-place; drawing the blood—the claret, the ruby, the crimson, the home-brewed, the gravy; and in several instances knocking the unfortunate knockee off his pins, his pegs, his stumps, and his foundations, to say nothing of boring, fibbing and sending each other to grass. Who wants the Belt?

From an old number of the Cologne *Gazette* we learn that the daughter of the Duchess of Montpensier, who was baptized in Spain some four years since, received the following names at the font: Maria de las Mercedes, Isabel, Francisca de Asis, Antonia, Luisa, Fernanda Felipa, Amalia, Christina, Francisca de Paula, Ramona de Rita, Cargetana, Manuela, Juana, Josepha, Joaquina, Aña, Rafaela, Santissima Trinidad, Gaspara, Melchora, Balthasnra, Filomena, Teresa, Todos les Santos. When that yonng lady grows to womanhood, she will be an invaluable acquisition to some one. He can woo her by a different title every day during the courtship, and can call her names all the year round after marraige without creating family disturbances.

We are indebted to that worthy man, manager and actor, Peter Richings, for two large lithographic photographs of himself and his daughter, the popular *prima donna*. The face of Mr. Richings looks out from the picture as smilingly and determinedly as that of the great origiual, and in the thoughtful and expressive countenance of Miss Caroline we see one well fitted to play the *role* of *The Enchantress*. Both pictures are those of artistes, neither of whom seems destined to ever "Peter" out, for their popularity rests upon a basis of actual worth.

The pedigree of John C. Breckinridge is traced by one of his admirers down quite a sinuous stream, starting with John Knox as the fountain head. If he and his troops fool away much more of their time in raiding through Pennsylvania, the line that began with John Knox will soon end with knocks, John.

The Board of Brokers have done away with their evening session, and now only hold one meeting a day. That one is sufficient, under the present condition of the mining share market, for all practical purposes. We fear that it will be many long months before the flush times of old will revive with that worthy Body—or with any other body.

A murder was committed at Black Point early on Thursday morning by a maniac soldier, Simon Kennedy. He had been confined in a guard house cell for safe-keeping, and murdered a fellow-soldier and prisoner named Fitzgerald, by stabbing him with a bayonet which had imprudently been left within his reach.

The editors in Washoe have beeu having a controversy over Judge North, which bade fair at one time to result in furnishing employment for a coroner. Perhaps, too, it was thought that by thinning out the fraternity a little the survivors would have a better chance.

Our Eastern friends sometimes ask queer conundrums. "The passengers by the train from Cincinnati," says an Illinois paper, "arrived last night; the mails did not. What is the reason?" A practical man would account for the circumstance by supposing they were not on the train.

California military stock is looking up at the East. It is rumored that Hooker is to succeed Meade in the command of the Army of the Potomac. Everything goes: we wonder who'll be Hooker's successor!

A movement has been set on foot in Virginia for redneing the wages of miners; and it has been suggested that Chinamen be employed in the mines. Both of these proposed innovations have been received with marked disfavor by the people.

A town in New Jersey complains of being troubled by a set of rowdies who call themselves "Hog Island Roughs." Rough Island Hogs would be a more appropriate name, if they really conduct themselves as described.

Fremont is out with a letter defining the position in which he stands. Just at present his position is a standing joke.

EXECUTION OF LA POMMERAIS.

THE MAN AND THE CRIME.

THE criminal, Couty de la Pommerais, was a young physician of Paris, descended from a fine family and educated beyoad the requirements of a French Faculty. He was handsome and manly, and gave evideaces of ambition at an early age. He was popularly called the Comte de la Pommerais, and at the time of his apprehension was expecting a decoration from the Papal Government with the rank he desired. Like all French students he was incontinent and had several mistresses. The last of these was a widow named Pauw, who appears to have loved him sincerely. She had some little fortune, which they coasumed together; and then la Pommerais married a rich young lady with whom he lived one year. Her mother died suddenly at the end of that tiae, and as la Pommerais was interested in getting certain moneys which she controlled, the manner of her death led to suspicions of poisoning. However the womaa was interred. But the son-in-law was not so fortunate as he supposed, aad he ceased to live with his wife, but returned to Madame Pauw, who still adored him. Upon this fond foolish woman he seems to have premeditated a deep and intricate crime; and it was for this that he suffered dcath. She must have been dishonest like himself for she consented to a scheme of swindling the insurance companies; but unlike himself, she lacked the wit to be silent, and was heard mysteriously that she should soon be grand and happy. La Pommerais persuaded her to have her life insured which was done for 515,000 francs, or upward of $100,000. When the matter had transpired some time, he persuaded her to feign sickuess. The simple woman asked why she should do so,

"The iasurance people," he replied, "will when they consider that you are dangerously ill, prefer to give you 100,000 francs, rather than pay the 515,000 francs in the certainty of your death. You caa give them up your policy, accept the compromise, get well again, and be rich."

Yet this counterfeited siekness was meant by the villain to prepare the neighbors of Mme. Pauw for the death which he intented to ensue. He was to make it known to all that she was dangerously ill; she was to uphold his testimony; and he was to kill her in due time, and take the whole of the insurance. At length the farce finished. La Pommerais gave to Mmc. Pauw a poison difficult to detect, called *digitalline*, the essential principle of our common fox-glove; she died unconscious of his deception, loving him to the last, and he claimed the 515,000 francs at the insurance office. On the contrary, he was suspected, accused, and tried. The old suspicions relative to his mother-in law were revived; the bodies were exhumed and examined; upon evidence entirely circumstantial and technical, he was convicted, and sentenced to be guillotined. His learning and standing made the trial a famous one; his bearing duriag the long proceedings was calm and collected; he was handsome, and had much sympathy; but the jury found him guilty, and the Emperor refused to extend his clemency to the ease. He was put in a strait-jacket and locked up in La Roquet, the prison for the condemned.

THE CROWD AT THE SCAFFOLD.

The prison of *La Roquette* (or the Rocket Prison) is situated in the eastern suburbs of Paris, a mile beyond the Bastile. It does not look unlike our American jails. A high exterior wall of rough stone, over the top of which one gets a glimpse of the prison gables; with a huge gate in the arched portal, guarded forever by sentiuels. Before this gate is a small open plot of ground, planted with trees. Rue de la Roquette passes between it and a seeoad prison, immediately facing the first, called the *Prison des Jeunes Détenus*, or as we would say in America, the "House of Refuge." Standing between the two jails aud looking away from Paris, one will see the great metropolitan cemetery of Pere la Chaise. scarcely a stone's-throw distant, and behind him will be the great *abbetoir*, or public slaughter-house of Menilmontant, with the vast area of roofs and spires of Paris stretching beyond it to the horizon. It was to this region of vacant lots and lonesome, gloomy houses, that thousands of Parisians bent their steps the night before the execution. The news had gone abroad that La Pommerais would not be pardoned. It was also generally credited that this would be the last execution ever held in Paris, since there is a general desire for the abolition of capital punishment in France, and a conviction that the Legislature, at its next session, will substitute life-imprison ment. This, with the rarity of the event and that terrible allurement of blood which distinguishes all populaces, brought out all the excitable folk of the town; and at dusk, on the night before the expiation, the whole neighborhood of La Roquette was crowded with men and women. All classes of Parisians were there—the *blouses*, or workingmen, standing first in number; the students from the Latin Quartier being well represented, and idlers and well-dressed nondescripts without enumeration—distributing themselves among women, dogs, and babies. Vendors of *gateaux*, mussels, and fruit were out in force. The "Savage of Paris," clothed in his war plumes, paint, greaves, armlets, and moccasins, was selling razors by gaslight; here aud there ballad-mongers were singing the latest songs, and boys with chairs to let elbowed into the intricacies of the crowd, whieh amused itself all the night long by smoking, drinking and hallooing. At last the mass became formidable iu numbers, covering every inch of ground within sight of the prison, and many soldiers and *sergeants-de-ville*, mounted and on foot, pushed through the dense mass to restore order.

THE GUILLOTINE.

At midnight, a body of eavalry forced baek the people from the square of La Roquette. A number of workmen, issuing from the prison-gates, proceeded to set up the instrument of death by the light of blazing torches. The flames lit up the dark jail walls, and shone on the helmets and cuirasses of the sabremen, flared upon spots of the upturned faces, now bringing them into strong, ruddy relief, now plunging them into shadow. When the several pieces had been framed together, we had a real guillotine in view—the same spectre at which thousands of good and bad men had shuddered; and the folks around it, peering up so eagerly, were descendants of those who had stood on the Place de la Concorde to witness the head of a king roll into the commou basket. Imagine two tall, straight timbers, a foot apart, rising fifteen feet from the ground. They are grooved, and spring from a wide platform, approached by a flight of steps. At the bases rests a spring-plaak or *bascule*, to which leather thongs are attached to buckle down the victim, and a basket or pannier, filled with saw dust, to receive the severed head. Between these, at their summit, hangs the shining knife in its appointed grooves, and a cord, which may be diseonnected by a jerk, holds it to its position. Two men will be required to work the instrument promptly—the one to bind the condemned, the other to drop the axe. The *bascule* is so arranged that the whole weight and length of the trunk will rest upon it, leaving the head and neck entirely free, and when prone it will reach to the grooves, leaving sufficient space for the knife to pass below it. The knife itself is short and wide, with a bright eoncave edge, and a rim of heavy steel ridges it at the top; it moves easily in the greased grooves, and may weigh forty pounds. It has a terrible fascination, hanging so high and so lightly in the blaze of the torches, whieh play and glitter upon it, and cast staias of red light along its keen blade, as if by its brilliancy all its past blood-marks had become visible again. A child may send it shimmering and crashing to the scaffold, but only God can fasten together the warm and throbbing parts which it shall soon dissever. And now that the terrible creature has been created, the workmen slink away, as if afraid of it, and a body of soldiers stand guard upon it, as if they feared it might grow thirsty and insatiate as in the days of its youth. The multitude press up again, reinforced every hour, and at last the pale day climbs over the jail walls, and waiting people see each other by its glimmer. The bells of Notre Dame peal out; a hundred towers fall into the march of the music; the early journals are shrieked by French newsboys, and folks begin to count the minutes on their watches. There are men on the ground who saw the first guillotine at work. They describe the click of the cleaver, the steady march of victims upon the scaffold-stairs. the rattle of the deathcart turning out of the Rue St. Honoré, the painted executioners, with their dripping hands, wiping away the jets of blood from the hard. rough faces; nay, the step of the young Queen, white-haired with care, but very beautiful, who bent her body as she had never bent her knee, and paid the peaalty of her pride with the neck which a kiag had fondled.

THE SCAFFOLD.

At four minutes to 6 o'clock on Thursday morning, the wicket in the prison gate swung open; the condemned appeared, with his hands tied behind his back, and his knees bound together. He walked with difficulty so fettered; but other than the artificial restraiuts, there was no hesitation nor terror in his movements. His hair, which had been long, dark, and wavy, was severed close to his scalp; his beard had likewise been clipped, and the fine moustache and goatee, which had set off his most interesting face, no longer appeared to enhance his romantic, expressive physiognomy. Yet his black eyes and the cleanly-cut mouth, nostrils, and eyebrows, demonstrated that Conty de la Pommerais' was not a beauty dependent upon small accessories. There was a dignity even in his painful gait; the coarse prison-shirt, scissored low in the neck, exhibited the straight columnar throat and swelling chest; for the rest, he wore only a pair of black pantaloons and his own shapely boots. As he emerged from the wicket, the chill morning air, laden with the dew of the truck gardens near at hand, blew across the open spaces of the suburbs, and smote him with a cold chill. He was plainly seen to tremble; but in an instant, as if by the mere force of his will, he stood motionless, and cast a first and oaly glanee at the guillotine straight before him. It was the glance of a man who meets an enemy's eye, not shrinkingly, but half defiant, as if even the bitter retribution could not abash his strong courage. The dramatic manuer which is characteristic of the most real and earnest incidents of French life had its fascination for La Pommerais, even at his death hour. Not Mr. Booth nor Mr. Forrest could have expressed the rallying, startling, almost thrilling recognition of an instrument of death better than this actual criminal whose last winkful of daylight was blackened by the guillotine. It reminded one of Damon, in the pitch of the tragedy:

"I stand upon the scaffold—I am standing on my throne!"

His dark eye was scintillant; his nostril grew full; his shoulders fell back as if to exhibit his broad, compact figure in manlier outline; he seemed to feel that 40,000 men and women and young children were looking upon him to see how he dared to die, and that for a generation his bearing should go into fireside descriptioas. Then he moved on between the files of soldiers at his shuffling pace, and before him went the *aumonier* or chaplain, swaying the crucifix, behind him the executioner of Versailles—a rough and bearded man—to assist in the final horror.

It was at this intense moment a most wonderful spectacle. As the prisoner had first appeared, a single great shout had shaken the multitude. It was the French word "*Voila!*" which means "Behold!" "See!" Then every spectator stood on tiptoe; the silence ol death succeeded; all the close street was undulant with human motion; a few house roofs near by were dizzy with folk who gazed down from the roofs; all the way up the heights of Pere la Chaise, among the pale chapels and monuments of the dead, the thousauds of stirred beings swung and shook like so many drowaed corpses floating on the sea. Every eye and mind turned to the little structure raised among the trees, on the space before La Roquette, and there they saw a dark, shaven, disrobed young maa, goiug quietly towards his grave.

He mounted the steps deliberately, looking toward his feet; the priest held up the crucifix, and he felt it was there, but did not see it: his lips one moment touched the image of Christ, but he did not look up nor speak; then. as he gained the last step, the *bascule* or swingboard sprang up before him; the executioner gave him a single push, and he fell prone upon the plank, with his face downward; it gave way before him, bearing him into the space between the upright beams, and he lay horizontally beneath the knife, presenting the back of his neck to it. Thus resting, he could look into the pannier or basket, into whose sawdust lining his head was to drop in a moment. And in that awful space, while all the people gazed with their fingers tingling, the legitimate Parisian executioner gave a jerk at the cord which held the fatal knife. With a quick, keen sound, the steel became detached; it fell hurtling through the grooves; it struck something with a dead, dumb thump; a jet of bright blood spurted into the light, and dyed the face of an attendant horribly red; and Couty de la Pommerais' head lay in the sawdust of the pannier, while every veiu in the lopped trunk trickled upon the scaffold floor! They threw a cloth upon the carcase and carried away the pannier; the guillotine disappeared beneath the surrounding heads; loud exclamations and acclaims burst from the multitude; the vendors of trash and edibles resumed their cheerful cries. and a hearse dashed through the mass carrying the warm body of the guillotined to the eemetery of Mt. Parnasse. In thirty minutes, newsboys were hawking the sceae of the execution upon all the quays and bridges. Iu every eafe of Paris some witness was telling the incidents of the show to breathless listeners, and the crowds which stopped to see the funeral procession of the great Marshal Pelissier, divided their attentit he between the warrior and the poisoner—the latter obtain the preponderance of fame.—*Paris Correspondence.*

SHADOWS.

TOGETHER, at home in the parlor,
We sat chatting gayly and free;
I know I was pleased with his nonsense,
And I guess he was pleased too with me;
You've seen, as you've sat in the lamplight,
How oddly the shadows oft fall;
Well—will you believe it?—his shadow
Was kissing mine then on the wall.

I think it was awful, but somehow,
It all appeared perfectly right;
You know, things don't look in the daytime
The same as they seem in the night;
I suppose it was horrible—very—
And scarcely dare tell you that when
I saw them once more there, his shadow
Was kissing my shadow again.

This, sure, was beyond all endurance,
And should have been stopped—it is true;
But when shadows set up to act so,
What can a poor little girl do?
It should, I acknowledge, have threatened,
And shaken its dear little fist—
Alas! for depraved human nature,
It just put up its mouth to be kissed!

STRAY JOKES.

THE hurricane smote the earth with a force and filled it with a terror beyond any previous conception. All nature seemed to be in convulsions; if the universe had been going to wreck the scene could scarcely have been more hightful. Houses were overturned and dashed to pieces; the largest trees were snapped off or torn up by the roots; men, cattle, and the limbs of trees were lifted up into the air and blown about like feathers; the waters of the river was thrown from its bed; the thunder roared with frequent peals, which began in deafening crashes and continued in prolonged echoes gradually growing fainter in echoes until they died in the distance; during the intervals the air was full of the shrieks and groans of the men and women buried in the ruins of buildings, or crushed by falling trees; the lightning flashed with dazzling brilliancy against a sky black as midnight; and although I was sheltered by a large rock, it was. with the greatest difficulty that I could hold my hat on.

A BAPTIST preacher known to be very fond of toddy was riding. one very cold day, past the house of a friend who had similar tastes, and who now cried out, "Hallo, brother, don't be in such haste. Won't you stop and chat awhile?"

"No, thank you, I have no time. John Smith is dying, and I must get to his house as soon as I can."

"But wouldn't you like a hot whisky toddy?"

"Well, I don't eare if I do," said the preacher, as he stopped his horse and commenced to dismount.

Before he had got to the ground, however, he was stopped by the friend's reply: "I thought so, and I have n't a drop in the house. I only asked for curiosity."

During the great Californian flood of 1862, the bridge over the Yuba river at Parks' Bar, though thirty feet above the usual level of the water, was carried away. An Irishman on the bank of the river a mile below, saw the fragments floating past, and a few minutes afterwards met the Nevada stage, which had crossed on the bridge a few minutes before it was swept away, and could not have crossed by any other means or at any other place. He asked anxiously "And sure, did ye cross the bridge before it was carried off?"

A WOMAN in Albany sued a neighbor to recover damages for breaking an iron kettle which the latter had borrowed. On trial, the attorney for the defendant proved the following points:

1. His client never borrowed the kettle.
2. It was broken when she borrowed it.
3. It was whole when she returned it.

A MAN took a piece of broadcloth to a tailor to have a coat made. He examined it and said there was not enough; another yard would be necessary. The man took his cloth away, got another tailor to make the coat, and wore it to show the first tailor that there was enough cloth. Snip asked who made it. "Jones," was the reply. "Ah, well! his boy is not so big as mine is!"

A BARBER, while shaving a man whose cheeks were so sunken that it was necessary for him to put his finger inside and press them out so that the razor would reach what was usually the hollow, suddenly withdrew his hand, exclaiming "A plague on your lantern jaw! I have cut my finger through them."

A BOY who got into a fight and was whipped, threatened the victor that he would send for his big brother, who would "cowhide him with a horsewhip."

AN old geography says that in 1750, Albany had 1,500 houses and 5,000 inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street.

AN ARTIFICIAL TONGUE.—A French surgeon deseribes how he removed from a patient the whole of a tongue afflicted with cancer, by means of what he terms *cauterization en flèches*. He perforated the tongue with eight of his cauterising arrows, *(flèches.)* so as to cause all the affected portion to slough off in one mass. His patient, after the removal of the tongue, could neither swallow nor speak, but performed both these functions on being supplied with a gutta-pereha tongue of the natural size.

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

MURDER PREVENTED BY A DREAM.

A FEW years ago, a gentleman, whose situation in life is rather distinguished, and whose character is such as to stamp with veracity whatever he may impart, dreamed that he went down into his kitchen in the middle of the night, and found his cook sitting there alone, dressed in white, but with a large spot of blood on her bosom.

The dream caused so powerful an emotion, that he awoke, but immediately after he fell asleep, and again dreamed the same dream. He a second time awoke, and, though not superstitiously inclined, he was so deeply impressed, that he felt impelled to go down and satisfy himself by ocular demonstration that there was no cause for uneasiness. He accordingly proceeded to the kitchen; but what was his horror, on softly opening the door, to perceive the cook seated by the fire, and in just such a dress as his sleeping vision had portrayed! He demanded somewhat sternly what could be her business there at such an hour. The woman appeared much agitated at this discovery, trembled, and faltered; but, on her master renewing the question in an authoritative tone, she acknowledged that she and the gardener had been long attached, and that he had promised to meet her at that early hour, in order to accompany her to a village some miles distant to be married. The circumstances were so odd, more especially connected with the dream, that this gentleman felt convinced all could not be right; and having first locked up the cook safely in the kitchen, he proceeded to a little detached building in which the gardener slept; but not finding him there, he went on to the garden, where he found him digging a pit.

He started, and turned most dreadfully pale at the sight of his master, who asked him how long he had been in the habit of rising at so early an hour, and for what he was digging the pit? He answered he was preparing a melon-bed. But his looks and voice confirmed the dreadful suspicion of the dark purpose for which it was destined, and in the most solemn manner his master charged him with the intended murder. Thrown off his guard by the suddenness of this visit, and the unexpectedness of his accusation, he fell down on his knees, and earnestly begging for pardon, acknowledged that he had powerful reasons for wishing the cook entirely out of the way, and that he had really prepared the pit for her reception.

THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

MLLE. CLAIRE CLARION was the great French *tragedienne* of the last century. She occupied in her day a position similar to that which Rachel has since filled.

Her beauty, her grace, and her genius won for her many enthusiastic admirers; some professing friendship, others love. Among the latter, in the year 1743, was a young man, M. de St. Elme, son of a merchant of Brittany, whose attachment appears to have been of the most devoted kind.

The circumstances connected with this young man's death, and the events which succeeded it, are of an extraordinary character; but they come to us from first hand, and remarkably well authenticated, being detailed by Mlle. Clarion herself, in her autobiography, from which we translate the essential part of the narrative, as follows:

"The language and manners of M. de St. Elme gave evidence of an excellent education, and of the habit of good society. His reserve, his timidity, which deterred all advances except by little attentions and by the language of the eyes, caused me to distinguish him from others. After having met him frequently in society, I at last permitted him to visit me at my own house, and did not conceal from him the friendship with which he inspired me. Seeing me at liberty, and well inclined towards him, he was content to be patient, hoping that time might create in me a warmer sentiment. But, when he came to reply candidly to the questions which my reason and curiosity prompted, he himself destroyed the chance he might have had. Ashamed of being a commoner only, he had converted his property into ready funds, and had come to Paris to spend his money, aping a rank above his own. This displeased me. He who blushes for himself, causes others to despise him. Besides this, his temperament was melancholy and misanthropic; he knew mankind too well, he said, not to contemn and to avoid them. His project was to see no one but myself, and to carry me off where I should see only him. That, as may be supposed, did not suit me at all. I was willing to be guided by a flowery band, but not to be fettered with chains. From that moment, I saw the necessity of destroying entirely the hopes he nourished, and of changing his assiduities of every day to occasional visits, few and far between. This caused him a severe illness, during which I nursed him with every possible care. But my constant refusal aggravated the case; and, unfortunately for the poor fellow, his brother-in-law, to whom he had entrusted the care of his funds, failed to make remittances, so that he was fain to accept the scanty supply of spare cash I had, to furnish him with food and medical assistance. Finally, he recovered his property, but not his health; and desiring for his own sake to keep him at a distance from me, I steadily refused both his letters and his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between the time of our first acquaintance and his death. He sent, in his last moments, to beg that I would grant him the happiness of seeing me once more; but my friends hindered me from doing so. He died, having no one near him but his servants and an old lady, who for some time had been his only society. His apartments were then on the Rempart, near the Chaussée d'Antin; mine, in the Rue de Bassy, near the monastery of Saint-Germain.

"That evening my mother and several other friends were supping with me. The supper was gay. I had just been singing to them, and they applauding me, when, as 11 o'clock struck, a piercing cry was heard. Its heart-rending tone and the length of time it continued struck every one with astonishment. I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally unconscious. When I recovered, I begged them to remain with me part of the night. We reasoned much in regard to this strange cry; and it was agreed to have spies set in the street, so that in case of its repetition, we might detect its cause and its author.

"Every succeeding night, always at the same hour, the same cry was repeated, sounding immediately beneath my windows, and appearing to issue from the vacant air. My people, my guests, my neighbors, the police, all heard it alike. I could not doubt that it was intended for me. I seldom supped from home, but when I did, nothing was heard there; and several times, when I returned later than 11, and inquired of my mother, or the servants, if anything had been heard of it, suddenly it burst forth in the midst of us. Then I remained several months without hearing any more; and I began to hope that the disturbance had ceased. I was mistaken.

"The theatre had been ordered to Versailles, on occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to remain there three days. We were insufficiently provided with apartments. Mme. Grandval had none. We waited half the night in hopes that one would be assigned to her. At 3 o'clock in the morning I offered her one of the two beds in my room, which was in the Avenue St. Cloud. She accepted it; I occupied the other bed; and as my maid was undressing to sleep beside me, I said to her, 'Here we are at the end of the world, and with such frightful weather! I think it would puzzle the ghost to find us here.' The same cry, on the instant! Mme. Grandval thought that hell itself was let loose in the room. In her night-dress she rushed down stairs, from the top to the bottom. Not a soul in the house slept another wink that night. This was, however, the last time I ever heard it."

Whether the sequel may be regarded as supplying a sufficient explanation or not, it is proper to give it, as furnished by Mlle. Clarion.

That lady desiring to change her residence, and the apartments she occupied being advertised to be let, several persons called to see them. Among the rest there was a lady announced advanced in years. She exhibited much emotion, which communicated itself to Mlle. Clarion. At last she confessed that it was not to look at the apartments she came, but to converse with their occupant. She thought of writing, she said, but had feared that her motives might be misinterpreted. Mlle. Clarion begged for an explanation; and the following conversation ensued:

"I was, Mlle.," said the lady, "the best friend of Monsieur de St. Elme; indeed, the only one he was willing to see during the last year of his life. The hours, the days of that year were spent by us in talking of you, sometimes setting you down as an angel, sometimes as a fiend. As for me, I urged him constantly to endeavor to forget you, while he protested that he would continue to love you even beyond the tomb. You weep," she continued, after a pause; "and perhaps you will allow me to ask you why you made him so unhappy, and why, with your affectionate character, you refused him, in his last moments, the consolation of seeing you once more?"

"Our affections," replied Mlle. Clarion, "are not within our control. Monsieur de St. Elme had many meritorious and estimable qualities; but his character was sombre, misanthropic, despotic, so that he caused me to fear alike his society, his friendship, and his love. To make him happy, I should have had to renounce all human intercourse, even the talent I exercise. I was poor and proud. It has been my wish and my hope to accept no favor—to owe everything to my own exertions. The friendship I entertained for him caused me to try every means to bring him back to sentiments more calm and reasonable. Failing in this, and convinced that his obstinate resolve was due less to the extremity of his passion than to the violence of his character, I adopted, and adhered to, the resolution to separate from him for ever. I refused to see him on his death bed, because the sight of his distress would have made me miserable, to no good end. These, madam, were the motives which actuated me. I trust you will not consider them deserving of censure."

"It would be unjust," she replied, "to condemn you. We can be reasonably called upon to make sacrifices only to fulfil our promises, or in discharge of our duty to relatives or to benefactors. I know that you owed him no gratitude; he himself felt that all obligation was on his part; but the state of his mind and the passion which ruled him were beyond his control; and your refusal to see him hastened his last moments. He counted the minutes until half-past ten, when his servant returned with the message that most certainly you would not come. After a moment of silence, he took my hand, and, in a state of despair which terrified me, he exclaimed: 'Barbarous creature! But she shall gain nothing by it. I will pursue her as long after my death as she has pursued me during my life.' * * * * I tried to calm him. He was already a corpse."

This is the story as Mlle. Clarion herself relates it. She adds: "I need not say what effect these last words produced on me. The coincidence between them and the disturbances that had haunted me filled me with terror. I do not know what chance really is; but I am very sure that what we are in the habit of calling so has a vast influence upon human affairs."

THE APPARITION WITHOUT A HEAD.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the family of Dr. Ferrier, an officer in the army, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the eighteenth century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the gift of second sight. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the old Chieftain (as he was called;) and it was moreover said that he had spoken to an apparition which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic vision excited surprise, which was favored by his retired habits. One day, whilst Dr. Ferrier's friend was reading a play to the ladies of this family, the Chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly and assumed the look of a seer; he rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse, to proceed immediatly to a seat in the neighborhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady Ross; if the account were favorable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named. Dr. Ferrier immediatly closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident they were produced by second sight. The Chief was very unwilling to explain himself, but at length he owned that the door had appeared to open and that a little woman, without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance, and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire.

A few hours afterwards, the servant returned with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit just about the time the vision appeared.

"DARK DEEDS" OF INDIA.

A RECENT writer gives the following account of something that fell under his personal notice in India:

Our conversation was here interrupted by a gardener, who presented the Rajah and myself, respectively, with a nosegay; and who volunteered the information that some workmen, in digging the foundation for a ventrellis, had come upon an old house under the earth, and in it had found several gold and silver coins.

"Where?" asked the Rajah.

"There!" said the gardener, pointing in the direction.

We hurried to the spot, and found that the workmen had gone; but, sure enough, there were the walls of an apartment, formed of red stone and white marble.

"This quarter of Agra," said the Rajah to me, "was formerly inhabited by persons of the highest rank. Where we are now standing was, no doubt, once the site of a palace; and these walls are those of the ty-khana—a vault beneath the dwelling from which the light is excluded. In these dark places are usually perpetrated what you English call "dark deeds."

I expressed a desire to explore this newly-discovered department of former days; but the Rajah told me it was then too late, as the workmen had gone; but he promised me that if I would come to him at daylight on the following morning, he would have great pleasure in gratifying my curiosity.

On the following morning, having spent a very dreamy night, I was carried in my palanquin to the Jatnee Bah. Such was the name of the Jooteepersad's garden-house, in which Lall Singh then resided. The Maharajah was dressing. I was confronted by a Seik with an enormous beard, whose hair was a yard long, and tied up in a peculiar knot on the top of his head, and who politely inquired if I would take coffee. Ere long the Rajah made his appearance, and we went together to the newly-discovered ty-khana, which was now guarded, since gold and silver had been found there. The workmen, some twenty in number, came and commenced their labor, that of clearing away the earth in all directions, in order to get to the bottom of the apartment in the ty-khana. This was accomplished in about two hours, and we then stood upon a stone floor in the centre of a room about sixteen feet square. In several of the niches were little lamps, such as are burnt on the tombs of the Moslems, and a hookah and a pair of marblo chairs were found in this subterraneous apartment. of which the sky was now the roof. Whilst examining the walls, I observed that, upon one side, there was a ledge about six feet high from the floor, (and carried up therefrom,) and about a foot in width. This ledge, which was of brick and plaster, resembled a huge mantelpiece, and was continued from one end of the apartment to the other. I asked the Rajah the reason of such a structure in the apartment. He replied that he did not know, nor could any of the workmen account for it; one of them, however, took a pick-axe and dug out a portion, when, to my surprise and horror, I discovered that in this wall a human being had been bricked up. The skin was still upon the bones, which were covered with a costly dress of white muslin, spangled all over with gold; around the neck was a string of pearls; on the wrists and ankles were gold bangles, and on the feet were a pair of slippers, embroidered all over with silver wire or thread; such slippers as only Mahommedan women of rank or wealth can afford to wear. The body resembled a well-preserved mummy. The features were very distinct, and were those of a woman whose age could not, at the time of her death, have exceeded eighteen or nineteen years. The head was partially covered with the white dress. Long black hair was still clinging to the scalp, and was parted across the forehead and carried behind the ears. It was the most horrid and ghastly figure that I ever beheld.

The workmen appeared to take this discovery as a matter of course; or rather to regard it only with regard to the gold and silver ornaments upon the skeleton, and it was with great difficulty that I could prevent their stripping it forthwith. As for the Rajah, he simply smiled, and coolly remarked:

"A case of jealonsy. Her husband was jealous of her, and thought her guilty, and punished her thus—bricked her up alive in this wall, with no room to move about, only standing room. Perhaps she deserved it—perhaps she was plotting against his life; perhaps she was innocent. Who can say? Hindoos as well as Mahommedans punish their wives in this way."

"You mean, they used to do so in former times, previous to British rule in India. But such a thing could not occur in our time?"

"It does not occur so often as it did; but it does occur, sometimes, even in these days. How do you know what happens in the establishment of a wealthy native? Let us look a little further into the wall. It strikes me that we shall find some more of them."

Orders were given accordingly to the workmen to remove with great care, the whole of the ledge; in short, to pull away its entire face. This was done; and how shall I describe the awful spectacle then presented? In that wall there was no less than five bodies—four besides that already alluded to. One of the number was a young man, who, from his dress and the jewels on his finger bones, must have been a person of high rank; perhaps the lover of one or both of the young women—for he had been bricked up between two of them. The others were evidently those of confidential servants—old women, for they had gray hair. They possibly had been cognizant, or were supposed to be cognizant, of whatever offence the others had been deemed guilty.

The sun was now shining brightly on these ghastly remains, covered with garments embroidered in gold and silver. The air had a speedy effect on them, and one by one they fell, each forming a heap of bones, hair, shrivelled skin, dust, jewels and finery. The latter were now gathered up, placed in a small basket, and sent to the Lallah. Their value, possibly, was upwards of £1,000. How many years had passed since that horrible sentence had been put into execution? Not less than one hundred and seventy or perhaps two hundred.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"A MOTHER" sends the following lines to THE CALIFORNIAN, with a request that we insert them in "The Mother's Corner," remarking: "If the poetry is old, the sentiment is not; and as long as the sun rises and sets there will be mothers whose hearts will respond to these touching and tender recollections. I take them from an old scrap-book." Truly, the verses are beautiful, exceedingly:

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And as they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day—
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small—
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
One man in his arms could have borne away
The casket frail, and its precious clay;
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that tiny coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
With folded arms by that corpse of clay;
I knew that burning tears were hid
"'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I knew her lip and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away—
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay—
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe—
The cap with its plumes, and tassels blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the precious dead.

'Tis a little grave, but oh, beware!
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!

CURIOSITIES OF THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

MR. GREEN, the famous diver, tells very singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti.

The banks of coral on which my divings were made, are about forty miles in length, and about ten or twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when he is submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymphs. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs, and plants, in every crevice of the corals, where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate on dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of an immense size and variegated colors, and the most brilliant hues. The fish which inhabit those "Silver Banks" I have found as different in kind as the scenery is varied. They were of all forms, colors, and sizes—from the symmetrical body of the globe-like sunfish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of the small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could be scarcely seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish beheld, while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, sawfish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, were often seen. There were often fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their positions as a shrub; the only powers they possessed was to open and shut when in danger.

Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds.

IMPOLITE THINGS.—We give a few of those impolite things in which young people render themselves disagreeable: 1. Loud and boisterous laughter. 2. Reading when others are talking. 3. Reading aloud in company without being asked. 4. Talking when others are reading. 5. Smoking about the house. 6. Cutting finger-nails in company. 7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed. 8. Whispering or laughing in church. 9. Gazing rudely at strangers. 10. Leaving a stranger without a seat. 11. A want of reverence and respect for seniors. 12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents. 13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude. 14. Making yourself the hero of your story. 15. Laughing at the mistakes of others. 16. Joking of others in company. 17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking. 18. Answering questions that have been put to others. 19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

A SOUR temper bites lines into one's face like aquafortis.

ANOTHER INCORPORATED COMPANY.

THE following clever burlesque of the joint-stock speculations and wildcat schemes recently coming into favor in New York was written for the latitude and longitude of that city; but we fancy that it admits of a broad application, and that San Francisco will understand the joke thoroughly and well. We copy it from Carrington's *Commissionaire*—a spicy little paper printed where the office of the Company referred to seems to be located:

N. B.—We call the attention of parties seeking a healthy and nutritious investment to the following circular:

Dum tacent clamant.

"While you're clamming keep your mouth shut."

PROSPECTUS
—OF—
THE HARDSHELL AND HYDRAULIC CLAM MINING CO.,
—OF—
HASHMOMMOCK.

Incorporated under the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

CAPITAL, - - - - - - - - - $000,050.00,

IN 5,000 SHARES OF $00.01 EACH.

The officers of the Company are:

President,	Bivalve Mollusca, Esq.
Treasurer,	Conk. Schell, "
Secretary,	Starr Fish, "
Counsel,	C. Robbin, "
General Superintendent,	Scallop Dredge, "
Mining Directors,	N. E. Hoe, "
	R. N. Rake, "
Digger-General and Clam-taster-in-Chief,	Jeems, Esq.

OFFICE, No. 40 NEW YORK.

The property of this Company is located at Digger's Beach, Quicksand county, State of Long Island. The Company holds 3,000 feet of the beach, and shafts have been sunk to the depth of 6, 10 and 12 inches, respectively.

The property formerly belonged to Messrs. Dedbroke & Hardup.

The Hardshell and Hydraulic Clam Mine is considered one of the best in the State. It has long been noted for its immense yield of the products which suggested its present title.

It is confidently believed that this lode will prove to be one of the heaviest loads ever undertaken. This opinion is deduced from the numerous wagon loads which have been already raised from it.

Assays, made by Professor Downing, Ostracean Operator, and Demonstrator of Bivalvular Anatomy at the Univers-eaty of Broad street, show that the products of this mine yield 60 per cent. of nutritive aliment.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to make a small estimate of what the stockholders of this Company may expect.

In a short time all the machinery will be in operation, including our new stamping process for converting hydraulic clams into chicken feed. This method will add a feature of profit, not originally contemplated in the working of this mine, and it is therefore first referred to in these estimates. The new stamps will crush forty tons per die'em, and it is calculated that in Quicksand county alone, there are constantly on hand 100,000 chickens, each of which, at a moderate allowance, will consume one hydraulic clam per day. This makes a grand yearly total of 36,500,000 clams, which at $500 per million, will produce a gross yearly result of $18,250. This alone would yield a handsome annual profit.

But the hydraulic, as well as the hardshell clam, forms a portion of that great necessary of human life—food, and it is estimated that there are at least 10,000 families in this country, each of which would be glad to have a mess of clams for breakfast once a week the year round.

Estimating a mess at an average of 50, this calculation would require annually about 2,500,000 clams of both kinds. These sell readily at an average rate of 25c. per hundred, amounting to $6,250.

A recapitulation of these data, therefore, shows a yearly business as follows:

Chicken feed, one year, 36,500,000, at $500 per million	$18,250 00
Human food, one year, 36,500,000, at 25c. per hundred	6,250 00
Gross amount for year	$24,500 00
Deduct estimated annual expenses of operating the mines, repairs and repainting of clam carts, renewal of tools, etc., etc	62 50
Net profit	$24,437 50

It is believed that few enterprises warrant better prospects for an exceedingly permanent investment. Gentlemen seeking investments are requested to examine the figures.

If they "don't see it," they may dig their own clams.

Any person remitting one dollar to this office, will be entitled to ONE HUNDRED SHARES in the "Hardshell and Hydraulic," *including* the COMMISSIONAIRE, postpaid for one year.

OLD BACHELORS.—In antiquity it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices, civil or military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led round the market place. Although, generally speaking, age was deeply respected, yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you," said a Spartan youth to a gray-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old?" The Romans pursued the same policy towards bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relatives.

IN prosperity, it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity, it is of all things, the most difficult.

HE is an admirable man who has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit.

A POEM BY PHŒNIX.

WE are indebted to a friend for the following poem, from the pen of the lamented Phœnix. It has already been published, if we rightly recollect, in Burton's book. Recollections of the author will come to many Californians as they read the quaint lines, which rare John entitle:

A OREGON LAY.

BY A SURVIVING SUFFERER OF THE WAR.

I.

AMONG them that come up to speckilate in stock and supplies
Was a fellow named Stuart, a man of enterprise;
He bought him a switch-tail sorrel, two years old, which had a white face,
And he hantered all Portland, O. T., for a three hundred yard race.

II.

Thar was a man hed a horse, which he thonght her pretty fair;
She was ginerally know'd as "Millard's Thousand dollar mare,"
He hadn't no idea, he said, of doing anything so rash,
But he took up Mister Stuart for two hundred dollars, cash.

III.

So every soul in Portland, O. T., went straight down to the course,
And every cent we horryed we bet on Millard's horse,
And thar was that speckilating Stuart, with his hand upon his hip,
And two men a following with a tinpailfull of dollars and a basketfull of scrip.

III.

Wall! they got measured off the gronnd and the 'orses they got a start,
And come running down right pretty about four foot apart;
And the Millard Mare had it all her own way—so everybody said—
Till, just as they got to the eend of the track, that ar sorrel shot suthin' like ten feet (10) ahead.

V.

Arter that we seen that there riz a most surprisin din,
And remarks like this here followed: "Dog my everlastin' skin,"
"I'll be dod-derned," and "dog-goned," and "ding-blamed, by Pike!"
And thar was such a awful howling, and swearing, *and* dancing, that many old people said they had never seed the like!!!!

V. ONE EYE.

And that ar speckilating Stuart, he made matters wuss,
He packed the money in a hand cart and didn't care a cuss;
And sweetly smiling pulled it off as though he didn't mind the heft,
And since then we havn't paid no taxes, nor bought nothin, nor sold nothin, for I do suppose that in all Portland, O. T., there aint a single red cent left.

A DROUTH MONODY.—The following very clever little poem in prose, anent the drouth, we take from the columns of that eminently sprightly, lively and loyal newspaper, the San Francisco *Morning Call*:

A farmer sits gloomy and sad beside his now waterless springs; dreary the prospect around him indeed, and this is the song that he sings: "All our green valleys are brown, all we poor farmers are blue, all our blue grass has turned red in the drouth, all our fields sigh for the dew. All our crops wilt in the sun, all our wet rivers are dry, all our fat cattle are hungry and lean, all our lean cattle will die. All our lands turn into dust, our cereals serious grown, and never a bushel of barley comes back for ten times the quantity sown. Who now shall furnish the grain for market, and 'still of Jim Dows? There's poverty lean in our houses and tales, aye, even the tails of our cows. Of water there's never a drop to moisten the lip or a crust, and even our tears ere they form into pearls, are sponged by the thirst of the dust. Even the clouds are a-dry, scorching the earth with their frown, pumping each vapor from valley and hill, but sending no recompense down. Vapors come in from the sea, but even the fog is aglow and dry as the skin of a fever-hot man when the "Yellow Jack" has him in tow. Even the dew is a myth, that is recreant, too, not even mud for the bills of our ducks, yet all our bills fast coming due. All our wheat turned into chaff, blighted and withered to stubble, never a bubble from fountain or spring, but each hope of harvest a bubble. So thirsty the glittering Sun, he suffers no skin to be wet, there's no perspiration for any through toil, unless through taxation we sweat. Oh, dreadful this siccative earth, so dry—the potato that lies within it would weep, had it moisture enough, hot tears from its pitiful eyes. All over the pitiless plains, the dashaway animals seek for water in vain, for not even a frog could moisten his tongue in a creek. Oh, terrible, terrible wind, oh, pitiless, pitiless sun, relax, and bring hither the clouds from the south, and bid our still rivulets run." Thus, sitting with features forlorn, and knocking his heels on a rail, the sad farmer railed at his luck as he sung or whistled this very dry wail.

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever on his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as the important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving the swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasp!" was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion!" and, taking the workman's swath he mowed but a step, when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

CONVERSATION.—Surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

A Succession of Triumphs.—At each and every Fair held in 1860, Grover & Baker were awarded the highest premiums for their sewing-machines and machiae work. In 1861 the same awards were made them; likewise in 1862; aud tbus far at every State, and numerous District Fairs held in 1863, they have received the *highest premiums* when exhibited in competitiou with other machiues. Amoug others, in 1863, we are apprised of first premiums at the Oregoa, New York, Vermoat, Iowa, Kentucky, Indinna, Illiaois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan State Fairs. Certainly no hetter evideuce of the superior merits of the "Grover & Baker" need be adduced than the fact that their "uew style" noiseless machine has *invariably* taken the palm, and borne off the highest honors in every instance, wben exhibited, since its introdnction iu 1860.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following are a few of the notices which have appeared in our city cotemporaries:

The Californian.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to condnct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, aud we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

The Californian.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertainiug than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that sbows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the Californian is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertainiug. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and appareutly without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not uecessary to mention the names of those who have become famous hy abusing our language, hut they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest pnblicution known to us. The Californian is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

The Californian.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The Californian impresses us as would a refined, well-hred man of the world. The style is thut of charming repose, easy address and delicuey of perception. There are many original tboughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of tbe paper lies not so much in this as in tbe thoroughly gruceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly jonrnal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reasou to doubt that hy the Californian it is supplied. If its success he equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of hy Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

The Californian.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call. June 19th.*

The Californian.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the Californian—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its geueral appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about tbe Californian. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the Californian will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

The New Weekly Review.—The weekly jonrnal we have alreudy announced made its appearance yesterday. The Californian (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after hy those of our compatriots who wish to hecome familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusiag and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the Californian. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, hut simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can he published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the Californian every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

The Californian.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best how on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearauce is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

The Californian.—Tbis new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-hred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely tbe kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with tbe exception of the "heud," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as heing more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numhers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

The Californian.—We have heen favored with a copy of the Californian, a new literary paper, whicb will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over tbe signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice tbat "Inigo" is one of the featnres of the new publication. That the new issue will he a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

The Californian.—This new Saturday newspaper owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, wbo has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

The first number of the Californian, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The Californian contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the couutry.—*Monitor, June 4th*

The Californian.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long heen felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

California literature has been enriched hy a new weekly puper, the Californian, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known bow to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

The Californian, a new literary jonrnal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He bas also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

Aad the following we clip from the couutry exebanges which have reached us:

The Californian.—Tbe first numher of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of tbis number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectnal resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the Californian acceptahle to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a geatlemau of considerahle journalistic experience, aud a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publicatioa.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

The Californian.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published hy C. H. Webb, a literary gentlemau of considerable ability. It is the best lookiag paper ever printed in tbe State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the ageut for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

The Californian.—This new weekly paper, published in Sau Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been hauded us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly bumorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emen.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

The Californian.—Tbis is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the Californian will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimentul, sickly order of publications, hut one which we hope Californians will he proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

The Californian is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the husiness affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

The Californian.—This is the title of the now literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentlemau of rare scholarly attainments and ripe jndgment in conducting a newspaper. Tbe journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the haadsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the Californian appears to he, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

The Californian.—We have received tbe second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under tbe above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of tbe State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The bigh literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgmeut displayed in its selections, and its neat typograpbical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

The Californian is tbe title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" tbe first number from our table before we had examined it; tbe second numher, however, is before us, and we find it filled with readiug matter, orginal and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first nnmber of The Californian, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat aad plain in typography, aad gives evidence of tbe hest of editorial taleut.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

Riches have Wings.—Nothing illustrates tbis more forcibly tban tbe recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
jy30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,
SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.
OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite ths Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.
jy30-tf

H. LUCKE,
BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER
—OF—
FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30 3m

MRS. HENDRICKS,
No. 629 MISSION STREET,
Devotes herself exclusively to
EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many otbers in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

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WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,
204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, Octobe 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1 3m

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,
ex Giscours, several extremely fine
FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,
WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasurs in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and
ELEGANT GLASS SETS,
FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,
Comprising some very fine pieces.
PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
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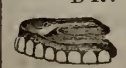
REMOVAL.
DR. JOHN HEALD,



DENTIST,
Office and Residence. STEVENSON HOUSE,
Montgomery street, cornsr of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable The Californian to appeal to the Public for support, not only as ths
BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as heing
The Equal of any on this Continent!

Paper, of a quality and weight not often brought to this market, is ordered from tbe East
EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,
THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE
Is employed upon The Californian, and arrangemants have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Terms of the Californian are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advancs; 50 cents per month served hy carriers.

All communications and correspondence must he addressed to
C. H. WEBB,
Editor aad Proprietor Californian,
728 Montgomery street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1864:
AUGUST 13th - - - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
AUGUST 23d - - - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA

Passengers will he conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
jy30 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

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METALLURGICAL WORKS,

We respectfully inform tbe Miniag commnnity in general, that having completed our
NEW SMELTING FURNACES,
We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.

Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.

LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-bearing Ores, as well as it can he done in Europe.

AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.

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Office—315 Montgomery street.
WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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R. L. Ogden, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will receive deposits, attend to the Collection of Paper, and

DRAW EXCHANGE BY TELEGRAPH,

OR OTHERWISE.

—ON—

NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

On the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6-tf

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donoboe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
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SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

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The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

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The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Company :

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No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

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jy9

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever ; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
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RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

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All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
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WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds : "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS

IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

FIRST

PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

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BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

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WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

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Three doors above Montgomery,
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DENTIST,

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Room No. 19, Second Floor,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STREETS

Four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

je4 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted :

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

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GOODWIN & CO.,

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Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

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Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
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LACES,
DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

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Together with a complete assortment of

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247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

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First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
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BOOKBINDERS, PAPER RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED!

Peake Medical Institute,

Established by Experienced European Physicians for the certain, safe and permanent cure of all Special Diseases.

Consulting Surgeon, DR. PRATT, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE!

THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

OBSERVE THAT

The Peake Medical Institute will entirely remedy this great evil, by enabling sufferers from various special diseases which are so common on this coast to obtain, with as much certainty as if they were in London or Paris,

SPEEDY, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURES,

from educated, experienced and skillful European Physicians whose knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases is unsurpassed.

Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

MENTAL OR BODILY DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS

Arising from youthful excesses and indiscretions or from neglected and badly treated disease, will be heated at

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

In the most certain and successful manner and in a very short time, by a Surgeon who possesses unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the care of these harassing complaints having been associated with Ricord and other most celebrated surgeons for years, in the largest hospitals of Paris.

Persons who imagine that they are not well or whose strength and vigor is not what it should be, would do well by calling at the Peake Medical Institute (consultations being gratuitous) and getting the opinion and advice of the Surgeon, as in many of these cases the malady is entirely mental, aggravated perhaps, by some disorder of the general health, and a little skilful and kind treatment is all that is wanted to make the patient hearty, robust and happy.

All the after ill effects of special diseases, caused by neglect, bad treatment and mercury, will be speedily and permanently cured at the

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

The sufferer being restored to hearty, strong and robust health.

RHEUMATISM, ULCERS AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

Address:

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 313 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE *INSTITUTE*,

FOR GIRLS,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 SILVER STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. B. SWEDENSTIERNA, PRINCIPAL.

TWELFTH SESSION,

Commencing August 8th, 1864.

THIS INSTITUTION IS DESIGNED TO AFFORD FACILities for the education of girls, fully equal to those furnished at the best Seminaries of the Atlantic States. The course of study is unusually comprehensive, embracing all the branches that the best modern authorities have thought could be advantageously incorporated in the most enlarged scheme of Female Education. In the Collegiate Department it includes the higher mathematics; a course of English Literature and Criticism, taught by a method not elsewhere pursued; Natural History; the Physical Geography of the Pacific Coast; Critical and Universal Grammar; Ecclesiastical History; and the modern applications of Physical Science.

The organization of the School into departments and graded classes, facilitates the pursuit of a regular and systematic *course of study.* No pupil is permitted to take up the higher branches until thoroughly grounded in the preparatory ones. In the advanced classes, the instruction is to a great extent independent of text-books; and in no case is "going through the book," considered equivalent to "finishing a study."

Calisthenics, consisting of the wand-exercise, etc., take place in the gymnasium daily, from 12 to 12 1-2 o'clock.

Parents, guardians, and others interested in the thorough education of girls, are invited to call and *witness for themselves* the methods of instruction pursued, the general organization of the school, and its daily workings, which furnish a more reliable test of the excellence of such institutions, than any public examination. No particular "visiting days" have been appointed, the Principal and teachers being gratified by the attendance of visitors, at their daily recitations, at any time and without unusual preparation. Such visits do not in any way interrupt or interfere with the regular routine.

Registers containing full particulars as to the course of study, terms, regulations, etc., can be obtained upon application by mail, or to the Principal personally, at the Seminary. jy16-tf

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,

Manufacturers for the Trade

OF

SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

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Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

☞ AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK ☜

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco. my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

☞ WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
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HASKELL & CO.,

CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,

515 Market street,

And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

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CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses,	20,500 Card Photographs,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	Photographic Albums,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	SCISSORS, in Cases,
Aneroid Barometers,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
	169 doz. Thermometers,
	25 doz. Hydrometers,
	Galvanic Batteries.

☞ COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞ CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

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LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

637 CLAY STREET,

my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of THOMAS W. LYLES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of the above-named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, Thomas W. Lyles, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at office No. 6, up stairs, northwest corner Clay and Front streets.

MARCUS A. BRALY,
E. I. WEEKS,
CHAS. A. BRENHAM,

Executors of the estate of Thomas W. Lyles, deceased.
Dated July 22d, A. D. 1864. jy23-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN HOGAN, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, JOHN HOGAN, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1864.

Seal and stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner. jy23-5t

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Fraacisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of FREDERICK WILKE, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Frederick Wilke, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Taylor & Hastings, Petitioner's Attorneys. jy16-5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUSTice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Fraacisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of WILLIAM WALTERS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, William Walters, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Attorney for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JAMES H. DOWNEY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said Insolvent, James H. Downey, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Petitioner's Attorney. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF SAN FRANcisco county, of the State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of DANIEL NORCROSS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Daniel Norcross, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the city and county of San Francisco, on the 16th day of AUGUST, A.D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Stanley & Hayes, Attorneys for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of D. J. McCARTHY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, D. J. McCarthy, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 8th day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1864.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner, Metropolitan Block, No. 35. jy9-4t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOHN GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOHN GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. jy23-5t

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.

Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.

English Potted Meats.

Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.

Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar, hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.

Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.

English, Stilton, Chism and Holland Cheese.

English Soups, assorted.

Pate de Foie Gras.

French Truffles and Mushrooms.

Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.

Spiced Oysters.

Dutch Herrings and Sardells.

English and American Blouters.

Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.

Mess Mackerel.

Cider Vinegar.

Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.

Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR

TO BE OPENED IN THE

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

ON THE 30TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1864.

Under the direction of the

Mechanics' Institute

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO this great display of our industry, skill and enterprise. To explain the objects and benefits of the Exhibition, of the preparations for holding it, and the regulations for its management, a circular has been published by the Institute in letter form and widely distributed. It may be seen at any office of Wells, Fargo & Co., at any Post Office, and at many of the country stores, throughout the Pacific States and Territories.

The various Transportation Companies will, with commendable liberality, transport all articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge; and Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

All articles forwarded should be labelled "For the Industrial Exhibition," and be directed to C. B. Porter, Agent, and all communications be addressed to

WILLIAM PATTON,

au6-tf Corresponding Secretary.

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture, in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Casbmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,

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REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

In John Brougham's original Romantic Drama of

The Duke's Motto!

For the first time in California.

Perfect Cast, Splendid New Scenery. Original Music, Magnificent Costumes, Novel Mechanical Effects, New Furniture and Appointments, Grand Corps de Ballet.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6th, 1864,

THE DUKE'S MOTTO,

HENRI DE LAGERDERE -	MR. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH
Carrickfergus - - - - -	Frank Mayo
Prince de Gonzagues - - - -	C R Thorne, Jr
Hector Peyrolles - - - - -	W Barry
The Regent Orleans - - - - -	H Clifton
The Duke de Nevers - - - - -	W Stephenson
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By order of the Board of Directors,

au6-2t W. H. DANIELL, Secretary.

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AT SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

Ladies and Gentlemen's Equestrian Exhibition!!

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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the

RED BLUFF BOAT

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

y16-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

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CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

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Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,

my28 General Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 12. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 13, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- New York Theatrical Gossip.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

A MORAL TALE FOR CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

THE OGRESS OF SILVER LAND;

OR,

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF PRINCE BADFELLAH AND PRINCE BULLEBOYE.

IN the second year of the reign of the renowned Caliph Lo there dwelt in SILVER LAND, adjoining his territory, a certain terrible ogress. She lived in the bowels of a dismal mountain, where she was in the habit of confining such unfortunate travellers as ventured within her domain. The country for miles around was sterile and barren. In some places it was covered with a white powder, which was called in the language of the country AL KA LI, and was supposed to be the pulverized bones of those who had perished miserably in her service.

In spite of this, every year, great numbers of young men devoted themselves to the service of the ogress, hoping to become her godsons, and to enjoy the good fortune which belonged to that privileged class. For these godsons had no work to perform, neither at the mountain nor elsewhere, but roamed about the world with credentials of their relationship in their pockets, which they called STOKH, which was stamped with the stamp and sealed with the seal of the ogress, and which enabled them at the end of each moon to draw large quantities of gold and silver from her treasury. And the wisest and most favored of those godsons were the Princes BADFELLAH and BULLEBOYE. They knew all the secrets of the ogress, and how to wheedle and coax her. They were also the favorites of SOOPAH INTENDENT, who was her Lord High Chamberlain and Prime Minister, and who dwelt in SILVER LAND.

One day, SOOPAH INTENDENT said to his servants, "What is that which travels the most surely, the most secretly, and the most swiftly?"

And they all answered as one man: "LIGHTNING, my Lord, travels the most surely, the most swiftly and the most secretly!"

Then said SOOPAH INTENDENT, "Let lightning carry this message secretly, swiftly and surely to my beloved friends the Princes BADFELLAH and BULLEBOYE, and tell them that their godmother is dying, and bid them seek some other godmother or sell their STOKH ere it become *badjee*—worthless."

"Bekhesm! On our heads be it!" answered the servants; and they ran to Lightning with the message, who flew with it to the City by the Sea, and delivered it, even at that moment, into the hands of the Princes BADFELLAH and BULLEBOYE.

Now the Prince BADFELLAH was a wicked young man, and when he had received this message he tore his beard and rent his garment and reviled his godmother, and his friend SOOPAH INTENDENT. But presently he arose, and dressed himself in his finest stuffs, and went forth into the bazaars and among the merchants, capering and dancing as he walked, and crying in a loud voice, "Oh, happy day—oh, day worthy to be marked with a white stone!"

This he said cunningly, thinking the merchants and men of the bazaars would gather about him, which they presently did, and began questioning him: "What news, O most worthy and serene Highness? Tell us, that we may make merry, too!"

Then replied the cunning prince, "Good news, O my brothers, for I have heard this day that my godmother in SILVER LAND is well." The merchants who were not aware of the substance of the real message, envied him greatly, and said one to another: "Surely our brother the Prince BADFELLAH is favored by Allah above all men;" and they were about to retire, when the prince cheeked them, saying: "Tarry for a moment. Here are my credentials or STOKH. The same I will sell you for fifty thousand sequins, for I have to give a feast to-day, and need much gold. Who will give fifty thousand." And he again fell to capering and dancing. But this time the merchants drew a little apart, and some of the oldest and wisest said: "What dirt is this which the prince would have us swallow. If his godmother were well, why should he sell his STOKH. Bismillah! The olives are old and the jar is broken!" When Prince BADFELLAH perceived them whispering, his countenance fell, and his knees smote against each other through fear; but dissembling again, he said: "Well, so be it! Lo, I have much more than shall abide with me, for my days are many and my wants are few. Say forty thousand sequins for my STOKH and let me depart in Allah's name. Who will give forty thousand sequins to become the godson of such a healthy mother?" And he again fell to capering and dancing, but not as gaily as before, for his heart was troubled. The merchants, however, only moved farther away. "Thirty thousand sequins," cried Prince BADFELLAH; but even as he spoke they fled before his face, crying: "His godmother is dead. Lo, the jackals are defiling her grave. Mashalla! he has no godmother." And they sought out PAN IK, the swift-footed messenger, and bade him shout through the bazaars that the godmother of PRINCE BADFELLAH was dead. When he heard this, the prince fell upon his face, and rent his garments, and covered himself with the dust of the market place. As he was sitting thus, a porter passed him with jars of wine on his shoulders, and the prince begged him to give him a jar, for he was exceeding thirsty and faint. But the porter said, "What will my lord give me first?" And the prince in very bitterness of spirit, said, "Take this," and handed him his STOKH, and so exchanged it for a jar of wine.

Now the Prince BULLEBOYE was of a very different disposition. When he received the message of SOOPAH INTENDENT he bowed his head, and said, "It is the will of God." Then he rose, and without speaking a word entered the gates of his palace. But his wife, the peerless MAREE JAHANN, perceiving the gravity of his countenance, said, "Why is my lord cast down and silent? Why are those rare and priceless pearls, his words, shut up so tightly between those gorgeous oyster shells, his lips?" But to this he made no reply. Thinking further to divert him, she brought her lute into the chamber and stood before him, and sung the song and danced the dance of BEN KOTTON which is called IBRAHIM'S DAUGHTER, but she could not lift the veil of sadness from his brow.

When she had ceased, the Prince BULLEBOYE arose and said, "Allah is great, and what am I, his servant, but the dust of the earth! Lo, this day has my godmother sickened unto death, and my STOKH became as a withered palm leaf. Call hither my servants and camel drivers, and the merchants who have furnished me with stuffs, and the beggars that have feasted at my table, and bid them take all that is here, for it is mine no longer!" With these words he buried his face in his mantle and wept aloud.

But MAREE JAHANN, his wife, plucked him by the sleeve: "Prithee, my lord," said she, "bethink thee of the BROKAH or scrivener, who besought thee but yesterday to share thy STOKH with him and gave thee his bond for fifty thousand sequins?" But the noble Prince BULLEBOYE, raising his head, said: "Shall I sell to him for fifty thousand sequins that which I know is not worth a Soo MARKEE. For is not all the BROKAH'S wealth—even his wife and children, pledged on that bond? Shall I ruin him to save myself? Allah forbid! Rather let me eat the salt fish of honest penury, than the kibobs of dishonorable affluence: rather let me wallow in the mire of virtuous oblivion, than repose on the divan of luxurious wickedness."

When the prince had given utterance to this beautiful and edifying sentiment a strain of gentle music was heard, and the rear wall of the apartment which had been ingeniously constructed like a flat, opened and discovered the Ogress of SILVER LAND in the glare of blue fire, seated on a triumphal car attached to two ropes which were connected with the flies, in the very act of blessing the unconscious prince. When the walls closed again without attracting his attention, Prince BULLEBOYE arose and dressed himself in his coarsest and cheapest stuffs, and sprinkled ashes on his head, and in this guise, having embraced his wife, went forth into the bazaars. In this it will be perceived how differently the good Prince BULLEBOYE acted from the wicked Prince BADFELLAH who put on his gayest garments to simulate and deceive.

Now, when Prince BULLEBOYE entered the chief bazaar, where the merchants of the city were gathered in council, he stood up in his accustomed place, and all that were there held their breath, for the noble Prince BULLEBOYE was much respected. "Let the BROKAH, whose bond I hold for fifty thousand sequins, stand forth!" said the prince. And the BROKAH stood forth from among the merchants. Then said the prince: "Here is thy bond for fifty thousand sequins, for which I was to deliver unto thee one-half of my STOKH. Know, then, O my brother—and thou, too, O Aga of the BROKAHS—that this my STOKH which I pledged to thee is worthless. For my godmother, the Ogress of SILVER LAND, is dying. Thus do I release thee from thy bond, and from the poverty which might overtake thee as it has even me, thy brother, the Prince BULLEBOYE." And with that the noble Prince BULLEBOYE tore the bond of the BROKAH into pieces and scattered it to the four winds.

Now when the prince had torn up the bond there was a great commotion, and some said: "Surely the Prince BULLEBOYE is drunken with wine;" and others: "He is possessed of an evil spirit;" and his friends expostulated with him, saying: "What thou hast done is not the custom of the bazaars—behold, it is not BIZ!" But to all the prince answered gravely: "It is right—on my own head be it!"

But the oldest and wisest of the merchants, they who had talked with Prince BADFELLAH the same morning, whispered together, and gathered around the BROKAH whose bond the Prince BULLEBOYE had torn up. "Hark ye," said they, "our brother the Prince BULLEBOYE is cunning as a jackal. What bosh is this about ruining himself to save thee? Such a thing was never heard before in the bazaars. It is a trick, O thou moonealf of a BROKAH! Dost thou not see that he has heard good news from his godmother, the same that was even now told us by the Prince BADFELLAH, his confederate, and that he would destroy thy bond for fifty thousand sequins because his STOKH is worth a hundred thousand! Be not deceived, O too credulous BROKAH! for this what our brother the prince doeth is not in the name of ALLAH, but of BIZ, the only god known in the bazaars of the city."

When the foolish BROKAH heard these things he cried: "Justice, O Aga of the BROKAHS—justice and the fulfillment of my bond! Let the prince deliver unto me the STOKH. Here are my fifty thousand sequins." But the prince said: "Have I not told that my godmother is dying, and that my STOKH is valueless?" At this the BROKAH only clamored the more for justice and the fulfillment of his bond. Then the Aga of the BROKAHS said: "Since the bond is destroyed, behold thou hast no claim. Go thy ways!" But the BROKAH again cried: "Justice, my lord Aga! Behold, I offer the prince seventy thousand sequins for his STOKH!" But the prince said: "It is not worth one sequin!" Then the Aga said: "Bismillah! I cannot understand this. Whether thy godmother be dead, or dying, or immortal, does not seem to signify. Therefore, O prince, by the laws of BIZ and of ALLAH, thou art released. Give the BROKAH thy STOKH for seventy thousand sequins and bid him depart in peace. On his own head be it!" When the prince heard this command, he handed his STOKH to the BROKAH, who counted out to him seventy thousand sequins. But the heart of the virtuous prince did not rejoice, nor did the BROKAH, when he found his STOKH was valueless; but the merchants lifted their hands in wonder at the sagacity and wisdom of the famous Prince BULLEBOYE. For none would believe that it was the law of ALLAH that the prince followed, and not the rules of BIZ.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held my lovely dear:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Do all within this circle move.

A narrow compass and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

—*Edmund Waller.*

MARIE; OR THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

TOWARD the close of October, on a fine day which I well remember, though so many years have elapsed, I was returning on foot from Orleans, to the ancient Chateau de Bardy, one of those relics of a former age which have always an interest from former associations. The road wound circuitously among the hills; the sun was shining brightly on the green fields and the little cottages half hidden in their trees; the air, soft and warm, was laden with the rich odor of fruit, and Nature all around me seemed to riot in the luxury of life. Some distance in advance, and on the same road, a regiment of the Garde Etrangere was marching leisurely along, the gay uniforms forming a brilliant contrast with the tranquil air which seemed to spread itself over the country. I pushed quickly on, for I wanted to listen to the music of their band, of which I could only catch a few distant notes; but as I drew nearer the music ceased, and the drum only beat from time to time, to mark the measured step of the soldiers. After half-an-hour I came up with them, and I was surprised and pleased to recognize in one of the officers a friend whom I had known in Paris. We saluted each other, and walked on together in conversation, when the regiment suddenly wheeled off the road and halted on a little common beside it, surrounded with fir-trees.

"You are about to manœuvre, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain, with a shrug of the shoulders, "we have a bad job here. They are about to try, and shoot, probably, a soldier of my company, for having robbed the peasant he was billeted on."

"What! judge him and condemn him and execute him, all in the same moment?"

"'Tis according to the articles," answered he.

The word, in his sense, was unanswerable; as if in these articles everything had been provided for—crime and chastisement, justice and humanity itself.

"Come," said the captain, "follow me, if you have any curiosity; it will soon be over."

Instinctively I followed him, for I was desirous of seeing the end of this strange drama.

The regiment was formed in a square: behind the second line, and at the edge of the wood, a few soldiers were digging a grave. A cold chill ran through me as I saw it. But still it was quite possible that the culprit might be declared innocent, and I consoled myself with the reflection.

In the centre of the square, eight officers were sitting upon drums, and a ninth, to the right of them and a little in advance, wrote from time to time a few words on a sheet of paper, which was spread out on his knees; but he seemed to do it negligently and as a mere matter of form.

The prisoner was summoned. He was a young man of fine appearance, and with a frank open look, which was in itself a recommendation; and with him a woman advanced, who was the only witness in the matter.

The colonel turned toward her, and was about to interrogate her, when the soldier stepped forward.

"'Tis useless," said he; I confess everything; it is I who have stolen the handkerchief of this woman."

"You, Titer," said the colouel, "you have always passed for and honest fellow."

"'Tis true, colonel, I have always tried to please my officers. 'Tis not for myself I stole it; 'tis for Marie."

"For what Marie?"

"For Marie who lives yonder, in the country; 'tis by Areneberg, by the great tree that— Shall I never see her again?"

"Explain yourself, Titer. I cannot comprehend you."

"My colonel, read, I pray, this letter." And he handed him the following letter, every word of which is living in my memory:

"TITER, DEAR FRIEND.—I avail myself of Arnold, the recruit, who is engaged in thy regiment, to send to thee this letter and a silk purse which I have made after thy wish. I hid myself from my father to make it; for he scolds me always for loving thee so much, and tells me thou wilt never come back. But thou wilt come back, Titer? Even if thou dost not, I shall still love thee. Did I not promise thee, on the day when thou broughtest me my blue kerchief at the dance at Areneberg? When shall I again see thee? It gives me pleasure to hear thou art esteemed by thy officers, loved by thy comrades. But thou hast still two years. Pass them quickly, and then we will marry at the last. Adieu, Titer, dear friend. "THY DEAR MARIE.

"P. S.—Try to send me something from France; not for fear that I forget thee, but that I may carry it with me. But thou must kiss what thou sendest, for I am sure I shall find at once the place of thy kiss."

When the letter had been read Titer again spoke. "Arnold," said he, "brought me that letter last night, when I received my billet. All night I had no sleep; for I was thinking of my country and of Marie. She had asked of me something from France; but I had no money, for I have engaged my pay for three months to set free my brother and cousin, who are returned to their country now a few days past. This morning I got up to leave, and I opened my window. A blue kerchief was hanging on a cord. It was like Marie's; it had the same color, the same white lines in it. I had the weakness to take it. I placed it in my haversack, and I descended to the street; but I repented, and I was returning to the house when the woman ran after me. The handkerchief was found on me. I have told the truth. The articles say I am to be shot. Shoot me, then, but do not despise me."

The judges could not hide their emotion. Who could. But when it was put to the vote he was condemned to death unanimously. He listened to the sentence with calmness, and then, approaching the captain, he prayed of him that he would lend him four francs. The captain handed them to him.

And then I saw him turn to the woman, to whom the handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words:

"Here, Madame, are four francs; I know not if the handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, I am giving my life for it as well. I pray, you, then, to let me take it."

The poor woman, trembling and horrified, let it drop from her hand, and Titer, taking it from the ground, walked back to the officer.

"My officer," said he, in a tone that it was suffocating to hear, and that brought tears into all eyes, "in two years you will return to our mountains; you will again see them. Ask for Marie, then, at Areneberg; all the village knows Marie—she is so good. My officer, give her this handkerchief from poor Titer; but ah! do not say at what price he bought it. You promise?"

"I promise," replied the other, the tears rolling down his swarthy cheeks.

And then Titer knelt down and began to recommend his soul to God. As for me, I could no longer bear this horrible spectacle—this martyrdom of an innocent whom Nature herself absolved. I crawled away, sick with horror, my limbs trembling under me, and a weight hanging heavily on my heart, and threw myself into the wood, that I might not see the cruel tragedy about to happen.

"Just Heaven!" I cried, as I leaned almost in weakness against the trunk of a tree; "of what impieties is not man guilty! Not even for an hour can he be good and kind. Tigers are more merciful. We are to each other wolves or divinities. God pardon this hapless one—"

The echo of the muskets rang through the wood; the very leaves seemed to tremble as it rolled from tree to tree. I fell upon my knees; I wept aloud.

By-and-by, when all was quiet, I stole out of the wood. They had all gone? All? Alas! I turned again to the road, and I shuddered to see, at a little distance, the short grass crimsoned with ghastly stains; close by was a mound of new-dug earth. I broke down a branch from one of the trees, and fashioned it into a rude cross; and I planted it on the unknown grave where poor Titer lies, forgotten by all the world save by me and perhaps by Marie.

HABITS OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

THE ladies of ancient Rome rose early, and immediately enjoyed the luxury of the bath, which was sometimes perfumed water; they then underwent the process of polishing with pumice-stone for the purpose of smoothing the skin, and after being anointed with rich perfumes, they threw around them a loose robe and retired to their dressing-rooms, where they received morning visits from their friends, and discussed the merits of the last eloquent speech delivered in the Senate, or the probable conqueror in the next gladiatorial combat. After the departure of their visitors commenced the business of the toilet, which occupied a considerable portion of time; the maids were summoned, to each of whom a different duty was assigned; some formed a kind of council, and only looked on to direct and assist the others by their advice and experience; one held the mirror before her mistress, while others there were to whom it was a

—— constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare,

With the exception of the looking-glass, the articles of the toilet were much the same as those in use at present. The glass, or more properly speaking, mirror, was composed of a highly-polished plate of metal, generally silver, richly chased around the edges, and adorned with precious stones; this was not fixed in a frame like the modern glass, but held by a slave. The combs were formed of ivory and rosewood. Curling-tongs, bodkins and hair-pins were also known; the former was a simple bar of iron heated in the fire, around which the hair was turned in order to produce a curl; the two latter were made of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls; it was probably with one of these bodkins that Cleopatra gave herself a death-wound, and not, as is commonly supposed, with an adder.

The use of perfumes, cosmetics and depilatories prevailed to a great extent among the Romans; the first were obtained at a considerable expense from India, Greece and Persia; there are still in existence a few recipes for making the cosmetics made two thousand years ago, and which will be found to have many ingredients in common with similar preparations of our own time. Ovid gives the following, and adds that those who use it will possess a complexion smoother than the surface of their polished mirrors: "Take two pounds of Lybian barley, free from straw and chaff, and an equal quantity of the pea of the wild vetch, mix these with ten eggs, let it harden, and pound it, add two ounces of hartshorn, and a dozen roots of the narcissus bruised in a mortar, two ounces of gum, and two ounces of meal; reduce the whole to a powder, sift it, and add nine times the quantity of honey." Some used poppy juice and water, and others a pap or poultice of bread and milk, with which they completely covered the face, and kept on in their own houses; this, when removed, left the skin smooth and fair. Depilatories were used to form and adorn the eyebrows, which it was considered elegant to have joined across the nose.

On one part of a Roman lady's dressing-table might be seen her small silver tooth-brush, which, with the assistance of a little pure water and occasionally a powder of mastic wood, formed her only dentifrice; near it stood a paper containing a black powder, which, when ignited, sent up a volume of thick smoke, and had the valuable property of restoring the eyes to their former brilliancy, if weakened by the gayety of the preceding evening or a sleepless night occasioned by the constant serenades of her lover beneath her window. Here was a bottle of the perfume of Pæsium, and there a box of rouge, and another of hair-dye; on another part lay a large coil or braid of false hair, made up by a male hair-dresser, and near it were the bodkins, the chains, the rings, and hard by the richly studded bands of white and purple which adorned the head; this braid was worn on the crown of the head, the hair from the nape of the neck being all pulled out by the roots. Continual changes were taking place in the fashion of wearing the hair; at first it was cut off as a votive offering to the gods, but the Roman ladies soon discovered that "a luxuriant head of hair was a powerful auxiliary of female beauty," and allowed it to grow; at one time it was worn high in bows with a range of curls in front; at another *a la grecque;* then allowed to float in the air in a disheveled state, and again *a la militaire*, in the form of a helmet. Light hair was generally worn over that of a naturally dark shade, auburn being the color most esteemed and admired by both sexes; those who had white or dark hair used saffron as a dye to give it an auburn tinge. Some ladies used gold dust as a hair powder, "which shed such a ray of glory round them as dazzled all beholders, and gave their heads an appearance of being on fire." When the ladies did not "wear the hair," they wore a kind of a veil and a turban or bonnet called mitra; this was like a bishop's mitre in shape but not so high, and with a lappet hanging over each cheek, something in fact like a modern mob-cap, which elegant head-dress owes its origin, no doubt, to the classical mitre; thus has the Roman female head-dress descended to our times, not only as one of the members of the right reverend bench, but also in the shape of a covering for the domestic matrons.

After having performed their ablutions, and gone through all the little delicate offices of making the complexion, perfuming the person, and endeavoring by art to excel nature, the Roman ladies were prepared to put on their costly garments, which were duly produced by the slave who had the honorable post of "mistress of the robes." In the earlier ages the under-garment—which in other respects differed little from the modern—was worn as high as the chin and down to the feet, so as to leave no part of the person visible except the face; in time, however, it was cut lower and shortened: over this was worn the *tunica*, a dress composed of many folds, open at the sides and with sleeves; these sleeves were left open from the shoulder to the wrist, and fastened with clasps of gold and silver; one end of the tunica was fixed to the left shoulder, while the other was carried across the breast and fell negligently over the right shoulder till it touched the ground; this train was generally carried over the arm when walking, so as to show the right ankle; but it was considered *negligé* and graceful to allow it to drag on the ground instead of holding it up, and consequently was a custom much in vogue among the *distingués* of ancient Rome. This was the dress worn during the republic, but it is difficult to obtain a correct description of it from the very vague accounts handed down to us; probably, as in most republics, little attention was paid to dress—at all events it was plain and simple. It was not until the time of the emperors that the goddess of Fashion reared her head in the capital of the world, when, though considerable alterations took place in dress, yet a few traits of the former style were retained. The number of garments worn varied according to the temperature of the wearer; they were generally three; the first was the simple vest; the second a kind of petticoat richly worked in front and surrounded at the waist by a belt, which answered the purpose of a corset and was formed in front like a stomacher, richly studded with jewels; then came the third garment, the *stola*, which entirely superceded the use of the ancient *tunica;* this was a robe with a small train, trimmed at the bottom with a deep border of purple and gold; it was confined at the waist by a belt, and the upper part thrown back so as to discover the embroidered front of the second garment or petticoat; on this front was worn the *laticlave*, an order or decoration of the empire granted to distinguished men, and sometimes assumed by females in right of their husbands. Over all these was worn the *pallia* or cloak, with a train of some yards in length, which fell from the shoulders, where it was fastened by two richly-ornamented *fibulæ* or clasps: this train was trimmed with gold and silver, and sometimes with precious stones, and was usually carried over the left shoulder in the manner of the ample *roquelaure* worn by gentlemen. It will be seen from the above description that there is a considerable resemblance between the ancient Roman dress and the modern court dress, the former perhaps exceeding the latter in gracefulness and elegance of appearance, from its numerous folds and flowing outline. The materials of which these dresses were composed were silk, cashmere and linen. Embroidery was procured from the Phœnicians and Assyrians; the former was most esteemed as it was raised, while the latter was smooth with the surface of the cloth. The only color used for robes was white trimmed with purple, colored clothes not being considered *comme il faut* among the higher orders at Rome.

The Roman stocking was of silk, generally pink or flesh-colored, over which was worn a shoe, or rather boot, reaching above the ankle, turned up at the point like a Chinese shoe, and laced up from the instep tight to the leg. This boot was made of white leather or the papyrus bark, ornamented with gold, silver and jewels. Sandals were also in use; they consisted of a simple sole with ribbon attached to it, and was laced up like a modern sandal, at the same time supplying the place of a garter by keeping the stocking up. We are informed that coquettes used cork-soles and false insteps of cork, but never disfigured their persons by the barbarian ornaments of necklace, ring, or ear-ring.

After the Roman lady had completed her toilet she sallied out, followed by a slave, for a promenade beneath the porticoes of the Forum, where she could not only cheapen goods, but also hear what was going on in the law courts. After continuing her walk up the gentle ascent of the gay and crowded Suburra street, she returned to her own house, the threshold of which (if she happened to be unmarried) was adorned with garlands of flowers, placed there by her young patrician admirers; some of these flowers her attendants collected to fill the splendid vase which stood in her chamber, and preceded her to draw aside the curtain which supplied the place of a door into the tapestried and perfumed apartment; here she enters, and sinking softly down into an ivory and gold-adorned chair, she is welcomed by the chirping notes of her favorite bird which hangs near in a gilded cage. By her side stands a beautiful page, who gently wafts a plume of peacocks' feathers around her head, while a slave presents a small stick wrapped around with, apparently, a roll of straw-colored ribbon, but in reality it is a letter from the young Emilius, who adopts this mode of writing in preference to the usual waxen tablet, not only because it is a fashion introduced from Greece, but because it preserves most inviolably those secrets which are only meant to meet the eye of his lovely mistress; far be it from us to pry into these secrets, so let us now bid adieu to the lair Lucretia, who begins anxiously to unroll the folds of her papyrean epistle.

MY SERVICE OF PLATE.

NOT long ago I was presented by a circle of admiring friends with a service of plate.

I use the term admiring in a figurative sense, mind; not that I am incapable of exciting admiration in the *opposite* sex, but because this particular circle of friends was composed entirely of men, with the weaknesses of men, including envy, jealousy, etc., and because I have been made painfully aware since that some of them entertained feelings toward me bordering on dislike, which necessarily precludes all sentiments of admiration.

I am what angry tax-payers call a public servant; an upper servant, however, being at the head of one of the bureaus in a certain department of the Federal Government.

It is customary every year in this department for one of the chief clerks to receive, and the underlings to present, a testimonial, in the shape, generally, of a silver service, procured by voluntary subscriptions from all the employés. As these presentations are confined to the chief clerks, a few, in fact, many, of the underlings, with the pettiness inherent in our fallen natures, are mean enough to regard these voluntary subscriptions in the light of forced contributions, and to class them with the monthly levy on our salaries for party purposes, which really is odious and tyrannical, but to which we are compelled to submit by the uncertain tenure of political positions.

Last year, it was Van Ricketts the First Auditor's turn to receive; the year before Sweetser the Cashier accepted; this year Palafox Primrose, your most obedient, was honored with, as I premised, a service of plate.

Yes, *honored!* to my great regret and misfortune, as I will shortly make apparent.

The gift is invariably made on a Christmas-eve; and it is etiquette for the designated recipient, although aware of the intended honor months before, to affect profound ignorance of what is going to take place; to be blind to the subscription-list passing under his nose; and moreover, to be unusually bland and amiable to all in the office; this last circumstance exposing him to the designs of any unscrupulous employé who may take advantage of the complacent mood of his superior to "hedge" the amount of his subscription by borrowing. This happened to me, who, although not a lending man, was obliged—yes *obliged*—to give (for it were mockery to call it lending) sundry sums, amounting in the aggregate to eighty-two dollars, the week preceding my reception of the plate. Of course, it is impossible to refuse; the meanest miser alive couldn't be guilty of that at a moment when his fellow-citizens are bestirring themselves to offer him a proof of their love and esteem in an elegant, costly and substantial shape. Of course a man feels flattered—highly so—and can't help telling his wife all about it beforehand, as I did, rather incautiously, as it chanced; for she naturally confided the important information to other ladies who in turn confided it to their husbands; so that, in the confusion of tenses incidental to the verbal transmission, it was spread abroad and believed that I actually was in possession of the testimonial a week before the presentation much to my annoyance, as I was obliged to receive congratulations with counterfeit looks of blank surprise, and practice the most unblushing deception and insincerity. However, it was impossible to find fault with Emma (that is Mrs. Primrose) for her indiscreet and premature revelations; for the dear woman was as highly flattered at the forth coming honor as I was—certainly more demonstratively delighted, for she set about immediately making preparations for the event. She mentioned at once the necessity of receiving the committee appointed to wait upon me in a proper manner, and suggested that the drawing-rooms needed new curtains and a new carpet, hinting also at the propriety of our two daughters having new apparel, to say nothing, which she did say, about her own attire.

I ventured a mild objection. "My dear Emma," said I, "why not receive our friends at our plain and happy fireside without ostentation? Why should we depart from that republican simplicity which has ever been our ornament and pride, and which we have inherited, with other virtues, from our Revolutionary forefathers?"

"My dear Palafox," replied my wife, banishing my objections with a kiss, "this is no ordinary occasion. I have always had a profound contempt for testimonals in general; and were this one of those silly, unmeaning ceremonies, arising from vanity and mutual admiration, I would not stir a hand or foot to receive them; but this is altogether different. I know it to be but the genuine and spontaneous expression of esteem from those who know you best, and have had the amplest opportunity to judge you, and recognize your worth and ability."

"Well, well, Emma," said I, with a smile, "perhaps it is so. Do as you like, my love." And I decided from that moment that Mrs. Primrose took the right view of the matter; for she is a woman of uncommon keen perception, and an excellent judge of human nature.

My house is a small and modest one; but on the auspicious occasion I may say it presented quite a brilliant appearance. The new carpet was resplendent; Mrs. Primrose and our daughters Emma and Susan were effulgent; and I was attired with my usual good taste in a new suit of clothes and a scintillating scarf.

The committee came toward evening, preceded by a porter, who deposited, or rather dropped, a heavy package wrapped in brown paper on the centre-table of our front drawing-room. My family and I affected total unconcern at this proceeding, as in duty bound, and awaited the action of the committee, whom we rose to meet with cordial yet serious and becoming greetings.

The spokesman, my intimate friend Swectser, the most effective stump-speaker in the Thirtieth Ward, now addressed me in a speech of uncommon power, and which my modesty forbids me to repeat at length. Suffice it to say that he alluded in very complimentary terms to my long career of usefulness as an officer of the United States Government; to my unswerving fidelity, unshaken loyalty, and unimpeachable integrity while in the service of said Government; touching also on the enviable reputation I enjoyed as a fellow citizen, a husband, a father and an accountant. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand, the orator directed my attention to the service, now free from its envelopes and shining in splendor, in the following words: "The nation, sir, owes you a debt of gratitude which it is unable to pay; but we, sir, as an integral portion of that nation, and as representatives of your fellow-citizens in the employ of the —— Department of the United States of America, beg to tender you, sir, this service of plate as a trifling token of our esteem and regard for your manifold virtues, talents, and worth."

This glowing eulogium overwhelmed me. My heart swelled, my eyes filled, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could only shake the hand of Sweetser and the rest of the committee with silent emotion and felt supremely happy, *and that I deserved it all.*

My wife and the girls were equally overcome, but soon recovered sufficient composure to wipe their eyes and order Bridget to throw aside the sliding doors of the back-parlor where a sumptuous banquet awaited the attention and appetite of our friends. I could only wave them toward the table, and with commendable alacrity they devoted themselves, without useless ceremony, to the choice Champagne, Bourbon, and brandy I had with generous forethought provided for their delectation.

I can say with truth that that was the proudest moment of my life. I felt now that my abilities had at last met with due appreciation, and, in fact, and in my mind's eye, I saw my way clear to at least a seat in Congress.

The committee did justice to our hospitality, and it was very late, or rather early, when they left. Three of them, owing to the festivities falling into their knee-joints, were unable to walk home, and had to be conveyed in the bottom of a baker's cart, (the only vehicle procurable at that hour,) but these were enthusiasts who threw their whole soul into every undertaking.

We slept but little, if any, the remainder of that night. It took at least two hours after our guests had departed to thoroughly examine the gift and review the ceremony and entertainment. "I must say, my dear, that the whole affair is highly creditable indeed to all concerned," remarked I to Mrs. P. "Very, very creditable."

"Yes, love," replied my wife, with her eyes still on the silver; "it is so gratifying also to find that one has so many warm and devoted friends."

"It is indeed. It would be gratifying to any one's feelings. It is to mine," I acknowledged with proud consciousness and with a glow of satisfaction still on my countenance as I stood warming my back at the fire.

"And what an heir-loom this will be, Palafox! Just think! your great-grandchildren will cherish each piece, and point with pride to the inscription: 'Presented to Palafox Primrose, Esq., Christmas, 1863, by the—'"

"Is Mr. Spinneymush, that little fellow with the heavy moustache, married?" interrupted my daughter Susan.

This introduced a new train of ideas; and with a yawn, I suggested the propriety of retiring for the remainder of the night.

"Let us put the silver away before we go. But where shall we put it? It won't be safe to leave it here," said Mrs. P.

"True, Emma; true. I think that, for this night, we had better each take a piece to bed with us. That will be the safest plan."

And so Mrs. Primrose and I hid the salver between the mattresses of our bed, and the teapot under the bolster, while the girls took charge of the cream-jug and sugar-bowl. The tea-pot—or, rather, the possession of it—made a wakeful pillow, for my thoughts would revert to certain ideas engendered by Mrs. Primrose's last remark, and which excited apprehensions of a rather unpleasant nature. The morning brought but little reassurance. I am not a rash man; but, on the contrary, rather a cautious one—in fact, a nervously cautious one. My dwelling is a detached one, on the outskirts of the city, and near an unquiet and disorderly neighborhood; hence I was justified I think in feeling for the safety of my family while in possession of such a tempting bait for burglars.

I went to business, and received the congratulations of the clerks with my elation much subdued, especially as I noted that some of them appeared rather dissatisfied, and as if they looked upon me in the light of an extortioner. If so, they little thought how they were being avenged.

I took home with me that evening an abundance of bolts, long and strong, and a six-shooter. Mrs. Primrose turned a little pale at the sight of the weapon and my determined aspect, but said nothing. She awoke me, however, several times during the night to listen, so that I passed a somewhat restless one.

"My dear, why not buy a safe—a burglar proof one?" suggested Mrs. P.; "then we might sleep in perfect security."

I merely answered that a burglar-proof safe was an expensive expedient, costing probably as much as the service was worth; and hinted that I had already laid out as much money in honor of the testimonial as I could afford.

The following evening, Bridget, our faithful handmaiden, brought the unwelcome intelligence that the fact of our possessing the testimonial was known in the disorderly neighborhood; that children had been hanging on our palings all the afternoon to catch a glimpse of it; and that she had heard it talked about in the grocery between several men of indigent appearance.

"D—n the service!" I exclaimed; "I wish it were further!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" said my gentle helpmeet, reproving the hasty objurgation. "Palafox, that's rather ungenerous to our kind friends. It may be somewhat annoying for the present, but think of the pride of your great grandchildren."

I was on the point of anathematizing those unborn innocents, when fortunately Mrs. Primrose stopped my mouth with her little hand and prevented me.

"I tell you what we can do, dear. We can get a Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph, that I see advertised, and have the wires affixed to every door and window, and in case any one attempted to enter, bells would be set a-ringing that would arouse the whole household."

"A very good idea indeed, Emma; I'll order one to-morrow. Meanwhile I step down to the station-house and have a talk with the police on the subject."

As a prudent man I deemed it my duty to notify the authorities of the suspicious excitement prevalent in the disorderly neighborhood on the subject of my testimonial.

"I am glad you mentioned it," said the sergeant on duty, "for there's a 'lush drum' in the avenue near you, much frequented by 'crossmen,' 'knucks,' and 'koniackers,' and you had better keep a sharp look to your locks. I'll direct the men to keep an eye on your premises, however, and we'll put 'em 'dead to rights' if thing is attempted."

At my request, the gentlemanly officer explained that "lush drum" meant a low dram-shop patronized by thieves; that "crossmen" were house-breakers; "knucks" pickpockets; and "koniackers" passers of counterfeit money.

This was explicit if not reassuring; and when I went home I followed the officer's advice, and kept a very sharp look to my locks. It was too bitterly cold that night, to delude one's self into the belief that the vigilant police had the promised eye on my premises, and I had a horrid dream that a detachment of crossmen and koniackers from the lush drum, armed with bludgeons and daggers, had feloniously invaded our bed-chamber.

The next night we had the protection of the Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph; but Bridget, who had sat up rather late with a cousin "from the wars," thought she heard a noise in the back-yard, and, forgetting the alarm telegraph, threw up the dining-room window without detatching the wire. Instantly a frightful tintinuabulation resounded throughout the house, and Mrs. Primrose and the girls were thrown into convulsions of terror. Alarmed at the condition of my poor spouse, I dared not leave her to ascertain what had happened; and for a few minutes that seemed hours, we suffered indescribable fears, when Bridget arrived to explain the mishap and relieve our apprehensions.

"Emma," said I at breakfast the next morning, "that service is undoubtedly a flattering testimonial, but it is also a nuisance. I would like," I added faintly, "to—to—sell it."

"Palafox, surely you are not in earnest," said Mrs. P., gravely; "for my part I would rather undergo untold torments than part with it in any way."

"Well, Mrs. Primrose," said I, in a determined tone, "I suppose we must keep it here until after New-Year's Day, for the whole department promises to visit us on that day, and the silver must be on exhibition; but after that I will not consent to keep it any longer, and subject you and the girls to such constant frights."

A new expedient suggested itself to Mrs. P. "Why not keep it in some bank? Have a neat mahogany case lined with velvet, made to contain it, and keep it in some bank where we can have it at a moment's notice."

"An excellent idea, my dear; I never thought of it. I'll order the case at once."

Meanwhile New-Year's Day came, and with it a host of clerks from the department, who brought their friends, and all admired the service, and all preferred quenching their thirst in champagne than in tea or coffee. And some did so, I regret to say, with an avidity that betrayed their intention of getting the worth of their subscription in wine.

The mahogany case was finished, and I called on the cashier of the bank where I keep my little account and stated my wishes.

"My dear sir, we would oblige you with pleasure, but I wouldn't advise you to leave it here. The bank could not assume the least responsibility of such a deposit; and this being something that you prize far beyond its intrinsic value, why, if it were lost or stolen—"

"Oh," said I, rather eagerly, "I would not expect you to assume the slightest responsibility. I should be perfectly satisfied even if it were lost, knowing that I had left it at my own risk."

There was sincerity in my tones, but the cashier was evidently bent on refusing me.

"Um!" he replied. "Well; but the difficulty is, we have no room to spare for it. It is altogether too cumbersome. I would oblige you otherwise; but in this case the *case* is the objection—ha, ha! Do you take?"

I left him in despair, but calm despair, with my mind fully made up to fling the confounded testimonial into the river ere I would pass another night of such tribulation as I had undergone.

Fortunately, on my way to consummate my intention of consigning the silver to the locker of David Jones, a symbol met my gloomy gaze that bade me hope and be of good cheer—an insignia that betokened the habitation of one devoted to relieving the necessities of the distressed; of a philanthropist full of the milk of human kindness and of money—a responsible man who invited my confidence, and to whom, in a short interview, I imparted my desire. He promised instant relief, and in the most generous manner offered not only to take charge of the testimonial, but also to lend me a handsome sum of money for the privilege of being custodian.

I went home with a light heart. The next day my friend was in possession of the silver. He has it now. He gave me his bond to return it at any time I might want it; and although I would have preferred being under no obligation to him, yet he insisted so strongly on it that, rather than hurt his feelings, I accepted a little loan, which my great-grandchildren, if they wish to point with pride to the inscription, may pay with, of course, interest.

And now, in conclusion, I will state, for the benefit of any who may be now or hereafter afflicted with a testimonial, that my benefactor's name is Mr. Aaron Abednego, the pawnbroker.

EASY PUNS FOR HOT WEATHER.—When is a fat king not fat? When he's a thinking. When is a peace king not for peace? When he's a-walking.

INERADICABLE.—"The love of money is the root of all evil," and the root, like those of the cancer, is generally ineradicable.

IT is not safe to let things work unless you have put them in good working order. You must make them work right or they will work wrong.

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form—it is the finest of the fine arts.

THE strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

WHOEVER is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

CUPID KISSED ME.

LOVE and I, one summer-day,
Took a walk together:
Oh, how beautiful the way
Through the blooming heather!
Far-off bells rang matin-chimes,
Birds sang, silver-voicing;
And our happy hearts beat time
To the earth's rejoicing.
Well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!
Then pale Grief had missed me,
And Mirth and I kept company,
Ere Cupid kissed me.

Love ran idly where he would,
Child-like, all unheeding;
I as carelessly pursued
The pathway he was leading.
Till upon the shadowed side
Of a cool, swift river,
Where the sunbeams smote the tide,
Goldenly aquiver:
Well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!
"Love," I cried, "come, rest thee."
Ah, but Heart and I were gay,
Ere Cupid kissed me!

Shadows of the summer-cloud
Fell on near and far-land,
Fragrantly the branches bowed
Every leafy garland;
While, with shining head at rest,
Next my heart reclining,
Love's white arms, with soft caress,
Round my neck were twining;
Till—ah, well! ah, well-a-day!
Love, who *can* resist thee?—
On the river-banks that day,
Cupid kissed me.

Woe is me! in cheerless plight,
By the cold, sad river,
Seek I Love, who, taken flight,
Comes no more forever—
Love, from whom more pain than bliss
Every heart obtaineth;
For the joy soon vanishes,
While the pang remaineth.
Well-a-day! ah, well-a-day!
Would, Love, *I* had missed thee!
Peace and I are twain for aye,
Since Cupid kissed me!

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XX.

FROM not having received anything from me for some days, my dear William, perhaps you will accuse me of forgetfulness or of laziness. I am guilty of neither. But my patient, Dr. Schultz, occupies much of my time. We have arguments as of old, but with all these details I will not weary you—the more especially as the publisher of the CALIFORNIAN intends to republish my memoirs, translated; and details and metaphysics might bore the readers of that excellent journal. I resume my narrative. . . .

My last letter left us at the close of that eventful day. Diana had divined the state of my soul. I saw her so sad one morning when she questioned my countenance, that I was ashamed of my weakness. I do not know what voice of the air cried to me that I fled before a shadow. I resolved, even if I perished, to combat one by one the weaknesses under which I had until then bowed.

I put myself face to face with the phantom of my fear in reading over the papers of my trial. I astonished myself at my calmness, and to accustom myself to discussion I wrote a long letter to Granger, in which I recounted with the minuteness of a lawyer all the sad points of this great trial. I was satisfied with myself; however, it was necessary for me to go to the village to entrust Bastien with the letter. At the moment of setting out, a sad omen retarded my steps. At the thought that I must again encounter the women washing at the fountain, a cloud came before my eyes. I thought of making a detour to avoid them. But I had sworn not to yield to my weakness, and followed my route.

As I left the chateau I perceived the ragged little rascal who was playing the spy on me for the benefit of my guardian; but I had gained a self-victory too great to permit me to be affected by this incident, and I did not turn back. Arrived at the fountain I met without flinching the looks fixed upon me, and I laughed at my foolish terrors of old. I boldly crossed the great street, the people saluting me as I passed. I again met the curate, and stopped to chat with him. Nothing in his conversation betrayed any suspicion. Evidently he did not believe me to be crazy. Confidence returned to me; I understood that closeted in my sombre thoughts I had, without knowing it, conjured up phantoms which it was only necessary to touch with the finger to have them disappear. One blow and the defamations of Placide were put to rest, and the unworthy plot against me would be turned to the confusion of my enemies.

But even at the moment when I believed myself saved I was on the borders of an abyss. I had charged Ba[illegible]n with my message and I came back, happy at having final[illegible]ken off the yoke of fear, when crossing the square in fron[illegible] church, I found myself followed by a crowd of childr[illegible] the midst of whom Lazarus was gesticulating—that worthless scape-grace pledged to Placide, whom I had left near the chateau. Annoyed by their smiles I stopped; they also stopped. Irritated, I pretended to chase them; some of them ran, but Lazarus set himself up to plague me, and two or three of the boldest imitated him, grimacing around me and crying "Oho! Mr. Simpleton, will you dance?"

At the noise, the inhabitants made their appearance on their thresholds; in a moment I became the point of attraction for all eyes. At seeing myself the plaything of these unpitying children, I became enraged and rushed in pursuit of Lazarus, whose audacity plainly indicated him as the instigator of this attack, when suddenly, at the other side of the square, I perceived Placide, who was watching me with a cunning laugh. My mind caught it all at a glance. I saw that it was he who had arranged this disaster. My rage turned against him: I rushed towards him; he fled, and I followed him around the square in the midst of the clamors which dismayed me. I was on the point of catching him, when he took refuge in a shop and fastened himself in. I dashed against the door in such fury that the window-panes flew in pieces. Some cried out that the rogue had gained the fields by another door. I stopped: although blinded with rage, I had still enough coolness to comprehend the absurdity and odium of this scene. The peasants surrounded me, commenting loudly on the affair.

"This poor man, however, is not wicked," said one of them; "why torment him?"

"I say he is not simple," exclaimed another; "you see he makes no grimaces."

"His dead mother was very kind all the same."

"*Pardieu!*" said the miller, "it is something gotten up by that beggar Placide; he wished to avenge the blows he received."

Tears of rage rushed to my eyes. I inspired pity. I fled. On leaving the village I entered the woods. They have succeeded, thought I; to-morrow I shall be mad! I tried in vain to regain my fast-dying energy. But I reason—I think, said I to myself. My brain is healthy; I comprehend fully the infamy which is meditated against me. I recognize these trees, these paths so often trodden. Memories of the past rose up in crowds before me clear and brilliant as ever.

A spring trickled through the underwood: I ran towards it and leaned over the basin to see my face; it was so pale that it frightened me. "Ah, if Diana sees me thus, it will cause her pain," exclaimed I; and I dared not return to the chateau. I know not how many hours I wandered around this spot. I returned every moment to see again my face in the spring; it was always pale. I tried to persuade myself that I was the victim of an illusion. Would I have thought of the sorrow of Diana if I had not my reason? Otherwise, the water was limpid; and every object—the sky, my clothes—were reflected perfectly.

I could not doubt it; and stupefied and fascinated I contemplated this strange, immovable image, those haggard eyes fixed on mine. A horrible fear oppressed me; I recalled to my mind the German legend of the man who lost his shadow, and I asked myself if I had not changed forever my living aspect for the lividity of a corpse. The vine-dressers passed by. I hid myself so as not to terrify them.

Nevertheless, such a long absence could not but have given Diana the greatest anxiety. Night coming on, I returned to the chateau, climbing the wall of the park and creeping stealthily into my apartment. There I found myself face to face with Fritz, who was awaiting me.

"The second bell has already sounded for dinner," said he to me. "Will M. André dress now?"

"No; go and tell my godmother that I am a little fatigued, and I beg her to excuse me."

He started to go out; I recalled him.

"Fritz," said I to him, "do you think there is anything strange about me this evening?"

"Nothing, sir," replied he; "without it is that your jacket is torn in two places. You must have torn it on the thorns."

As soon as he left the room my first impulse was to run to the mirror. That fearful lividness appeared still more intense by the light of a lamp. A cold perspiration stood on my forehead. I could no longer doubt I was the plaything of a hallucination; madness would soon overpower me.

Fritz returned, bringing my dinner.

"The Countess was very anxious about you," said he to me; "she wished to come here—"

"Close the door," exclaimed I, "that she may not enter."

"Oh, I reassured her by repeating that you were only tired."

"Very well! leave me—I have something to do."

"But you must be hungry; I will wait on you."

"No, no! I want nothing—go away!"

I was alone.

Night and silence enveloped the chateau. I analyzed, one by one, the terrible symptoms, and I frightened myself by the lucidity with which I recalled to my mind the tragical histories of persons who had been driven mad by avaricious relations. Distracted with terror, I took from my library the works of Esquirol, of Lelest, of Willis, and I read over their essays on mad people; but I found only a source of discouragement. Each portrait of madmen seemed a glass in which I recognized myself, and like an anatomist who feels in his breast the rendings of the scalpel, I passed through the transports, the faintness, the terrors of which I read. I tried to repel these infernal omens. Impossible! An irresistible fascination riveted my eyes on the pages, and breathless I devoured them. Some frightful engine had seized the chain of my ideas, and I must follow on in this horrible evolution, from which I should come out mangled.

I know not how long I rested over this abyss. At one time I found myself gesticulating, like one of the madmen spoken of by Kaulbach. I stood up, the book fell to the floor; I dashed towards it, and trampled it under foot.

XXI.

WHEN the day broke, I arose from my arm-chair, my face wet with tears. The rays of a pale September sun glistened on the yellow leaves, while fogs rose from the lake and floated over the grass-plots like great moving palls; all seemed dying, and the raven wheeled over the towers uttering plaintive cries.

I searched vainly in my mind the reason of my presence in the library. A slight sound was heard at the door. Fritz entered on tiptoe, and, seeing that I no longer slept, "Come in, madam," said he.

At the same instant Diana appeared.

"You here!" exclaimed I, as soon as Fritz left us.

"Yes, I was too anxious," replied she; "I saw your light burning all night, I did not dare to send Catherine, and ten times I thought of coming myself. André, what has happened? You have suffered, I know."

These words recalled my cruel night-watch. "I was a little late about some work," stammered I.

Diana looked at the books scattered on the table; she picked up the one I had trampled on; I tried to take it from her. A page was left in her hand, and she glanced at it.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said she, overcome.

And we were silent for a moment; everything about me revealed the terrors of the night. The wound of my soul was bare and she feared to irritate it.

"I am very pale; am I not?" murmured I, surprising her eyes fixed on me.

"André! André!" said she, "why expose yourself to this torture?"

"I wished to measure my strength."

"Imprudent! do you not know that such an occupation affects even the strongest mind?

"Yes, I know it," replied I bitterly, "since I have succumbed to it."

"André, what do you mean? In the name of Heaven, do not let yourself be beaten."

"It is finished. I am too tired to sustain the fight."

"But it is to-day that you must plead your cause—have you forgotten it?"

"No, but I have no longer any wish to defend myself; I will not appear before this scornful tribunal. I will go mad. I know it; they spoke truly. What sense is left me here will vanish there. I will not go."

"But it will be to ruin yourself beyond any retrieval. André, think of your future life and your liberty."

"I have no future; my life is aimless. Why should I dispute with them about my liberty? Let them take my property! It would be better thus. My guardian could not at least send me from you, and you will not suffer alone."

"I will not suffer!" cried she, with an accent of reproach, which sent a tremor through me; "Will I not suffer when I see you disgraced! André, my friend, recall your scattered senses. When we were children I swore to your mother to watch over you."

"My heart is dead, and my poor mother died as I shall die."

Diana listened to me, dismayed; for the first time I was deaf to her tenderness.

"No; it is impossible," interrupted she with a gesture of despair. Nothing can allow such a disaster! André, I beseech you on my knees—"

Nearly delirious, at my feet, her eyes dry, she pressed my inert hands in hers; her sorrow was most painful. I felt ashamed.

"Ah, pardon me, pardon me!" exclaimed I. "I am an unhappy man, unworthy of you. I am afraid."

"André, if I am dear to you, do not give up thus; have pity on me. You ruin in one day all my joys in this world! Do not condemn my soul to eternal mourning!"

Her sobs overpowered her voice; I looked at her, stupefied and amazed, and I repeated to myself that word which had already terrified me. "It is a pity! it is a pity!" I remained dismayed and astounded before this sorrow that I would have calmed at the price of my life.

"Ah, let me die! let me die!" murmured I.

Diana looked at me, wildly. I thought for a moment that insanity had seized her, like me; but suddenly straightening herself up against her affliction: "Oh," said she, with an accent of supreme resolution, "what is my repose, my dignity, my happiness? God help, but I must save him." And drying her eyes on her knees before me, her lips quivering, her look bent on mine, "André," said she, in a low tone, but with an accent that made my soul palpitate, "André, I know the secret of your sufferings; you revealed it to me one night in your delirium. You love me!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed I, dismayed.

"André, in my turn I will open my heart to you. I love you. Do you still wish to die?"

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

WHILE *Norma* was in active rehearsal at the Academy of Music, the Richings' troupe repeated *The Doctor of Alcantara* and *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Cleverly as they were both rendered, the houses were poor; neither the sprightliness and novelty of the new opera, nor the popularity of the old one, had the effect of filling the empty benches. Vain alike were the rich voice, artistic graces and natural charms of soprano; vain the chest-notes and *beaux yeux* of contralto; vain the awful profundity of basso. It was one of those exhibitions, not always confined to the theatrical and musical world, where virtue is its own reward, and pecuniary compensation does not follow the footsteps of excellence and genius.

But *Norma*, on Monday evening, looked ont from nnder the shade of oak and misletoe to a crowded parquette and a dress circle that was a wreath of bright faces and gay dresses. There had been much expectation, and some little anxiety on the part of the admirers of the young English *prima donna*, for the *role* of the Priestess was a severe undertaking. Yet underlying all this was the remembrance of her success in other attempts equally arduous, and that generous enthusiasm and sympathy with the *effort* which is apt to obtain with most audiences. As the curtain went up with the rising moon and the sublime *andante* of the first act, this interest reached a climax, and a round of applause followed *Casta Diva*. It seemed to restore the confidence of Miss Richings, and established her success, though not, in the opinion of many, her best effort that evening. "Pollione" (Mr. Hill) in the second act rose above his rather monotonously sweet level, as though he had absorbed some of the genius of the music. "Adelgisa" (Miss Kempton) was in good voice, and when one became accustomed to the substitution of a *contralto* for the regular *mezzo-soprano* of that *role*, charmed by her recitative, and made one forget her rather tame acting. The voice within "Oreveso," (Mr. Gregg) sounded very well, and would have sounded better, could it have escaped from that gentleman without being overtaken, collared and shaken by him in the very act.

The opera was played three nights, in a manner that seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to the audience, and certainly was creditable to all the performers. And here our criticism might legitimately stop. But Miss Richings has other talents than those which she displays in meeting and overcoming a difficulty and strict justice to her Art will impel her to accept such trial only in an extremity. She cannot long undertake these *roles* without injury to the natural scope of her voice and style, which belong to a different order of art, though one requiring equally as much genius. The thesis of *Norma* is semi-religious; the opera is everywhere full of long-sustained strains, dim and far-stretching as cathedral aisles or Druidical groves, ending as mysteriously. It is grand, gloomy and peculiar; its pathos is sublime but hardly tearful; even its jealousy is mixed with gloomy religious frenzy. Now, Miss Richings belongs to this world, and a modern civilization. Her place is the level where people talk not in blank verse but in curt Saxon; where there is much love, jealousy, fun and pathos, but where there is also diversity and transition. In brief, her voice and acting belong to the melo-dramatic school, rather than the tragic or sublime.

The Rose of Tyrol was performed on Thursday night. It was written expressly for Miss Richings by Eichberg, whose *Doctor of Alcantara* has already become popular here. The new opera, like the *Doctor of Alcantara*, contains here and there a floating suggestion of other composers, although it has enough originality of style to identify it with the *Doctor*, as the work of one mind. The plot is simple and amusing, although the interest depends more on the excellent acting and conception of the performers, than any striking quality of dialogue or situation. Miss Richings as "Grittly," a young peasant girl, the (*Rose of Tyrol*,) and betrothed to "Frantz," (Mr. Hill,) was very natural and vivacious. With the exception of Mr. Seguin, ("Berthold,") and Mr. Richings, ("Schreckenweld,") the remaining characters were acted somewhat boisterously, even for low-comedy. The chorus, *Buy, buy, buy*, seemed to be most striking, and the best rendered of any. All the *duos* were good, especially *A fool, a fool!* between Grittly and her lover.

We regret to be compelled to add that Miss Richings is now so ill from over-exertion that there will be no opera to-night, and that the Academy will be closed until further announcement. She went upon the stage last evening after suffering from a severe spasmodic attack, and sang her *role* through to the end—a piece of self-sacrifice on her part eminently worthy of praise, though we regret the necessity for its occurrence. Her labors have been decidedly too arduous, and a lessening of them suggests itself as an imperative necessity.

Maguire's Opera House has offered its usual attractions during the week. Last Saturday witnessed the production of Brougham's version of the *Duke's Motto*. In no material point does it differ from the version which Mr. Allen brought out, the situations being nearly the same, and the language very similar—the natural consequence probably of both dramatizations coming from the same book, and the Allen one being a careful imitation of the other. That Mr. Wheatleigh made a good "Lagardere" we cannot conscientiously say. The part is not at all adapted for him. As the romantic, fiery and dashing young Frenchman he would never have achieved that reputation which he has gained in the sober characters of "Triplet" and "Danny Mann," and the half-earnest, half-humorous one of "Salem Scudder." It may be taken for granted that anything which Mr. Wheatleigh undertakes to play he will play well—so far as mechanical execution is concerned. He will always be found well up in the part, correctly dressed, and excellent in his reading. But if the character does not fit him, all attempts to carry it off triumphantly and win the emphatic tributes which have crowned other of his representations must be manifestly vain. Allen was a sad ranter in his way; he rolled his r's like sweet morsels under his tongue, and he rolled his eyes until every one wondered how much further they could roll without rolling out—he was on the roll all through his *role*, most emphatically—he mouthed and did a number of other things that were bad—and yet his Lagardére was, as a whole, better than Mr. Wheatleigh's. The one is a bad actor and the other a good one, but in this instance the popular verdict would go to the bad. For the extravagance of Mr. Allen's personation was nearer to the ideal than the coolness and mathematical precision with which Mr. Wheatleigh invested the Frenchman. As "John Mildmay" in *Still Waters Run Deep*, however, Mr. Wheatleigh had an opportunity of showing his best characteristics. The scene where he confronts and unmasks the villain Hawksley was particularly well rendered. The characters of Lagardere and John Mildmay stand out in direct contrast to each other. To be eminent in both would be simply impossible, for a very different order of talent must be brought to each. As "Capt. Hawksley" Mr. Thorne was very good indeed, and the part of "Mrs. Steruhold" was well carried off by Mrs. Perry. In the afterpiece of *The Stage Struck Barber*, Mr. Mayo had an opportunity of giving some excellent imitations of actors well known to this coast, and, in conjunction with Mrs. Perry, a chance for making an incalculable quantity of fun. There was too much of it, however, and the piece was fairly too ridiculous to laugh at. Last evening saw the production of *The Victims*, followed by the ever popular little piece, *The Bull in a China Shop*. The earliness with which this issue goes to press, however, prevents our making any remark on the performance beyond this simple mention. The *American Cousin*, with Wheatleigh in his favorite character of "Asa Trenchard," and the very clever little comedy of *The Debutante*, in which he is excellent as the old Frenchmen, are on the bills for this afternoon and evening.

NEW YORK THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1864.

YOU are aware that Nero fiddled whilst Rome was in flames. It is one of those precise atoms of mis-information which all writers do resolutely possess themselves of. Nero did nothing of the sort. Fiddles were not known in the first century, and therefore he couldn't fiddle. But—this is a fact—he was busy with the stage when the capital was burning, and examined the ruins in the fantastic dress of a female character he had just been playing at a party of private theatricals.

Somewhat in the spirit of Nero—but not, alas! in his airy costume—do I begin to talk about amusements in New York. To others I leave the graver themes that agitate the public mind. If our Rome is not burning it is in a thundering hot condition. The thermometer is at 90; the rebel raiders are at Baltimore, (almost,) and the *Florida* is somewhere round the corner, gobbling up our coasting vessels. Here are topics for you, my brilliant and beautiful and auriferous friend. Just think of it! Perhaps this very letter may fall into the hands of the pirate. A couple of days ago he seized the *Electric Spark*, a New Orleans steamer. Why should he not "try it on" with one of your respectable tubs? I have often wondered what would be the result of such an attempt. Would he chaw or be chawed up?

You ask me for news of the theatres. There are four open on Broadway and two on the Bowery. Although we have had a long-continued spell of hot weather, and it is almost unbearable to sit in-doors, they are all doing well. Your old friend, Moss, is conducting the summer campaign at Wallack's and has opened successfully with the *Winning Suit*, a well-written play, by Mr. Lewis Fillmore of the London *Times*, who was in New York some two or three years since. The plot is old-fashioned and improbable, but the action is quick and picturesque, and this pleases the masses. Miss Avonia Jones plays the leading part, and is rather good in it. Without any of the qualities of a great actress, she has the merit of absolute attentiveness. She is watchful of the scene, and does nothing hastily or stupidly whilst on it. Some one has said that genius is nothing but a superior faculty of attention. Perhaps Miss Avonia will yet become a genius, and, in view of that chance, I wish she would cease to speak through her nose. I am thoroughly aware of the meanness of making such a remark; but there it is, and I refuse to strike it out. *Leah*, by the youthful dramatist, Daly, is said to be the next novelty in preparation; and *apropos* of this, *Figaro* of the *Leader* enquires, with his usual obduracy, who wrote *Leah*. He is clearly of opinion that Daly did not, although that gentleman claims it as his own, without ever mentioning the name of Mosenthal, from whom it was originally pilfered. The play has had a great success in London, which I have always ascribed to the personal attractiveness and youth of Miss Bateman, rather than to the merits of the drama itself. If on its revival here it pleases the lieges, I shall of course discover my mistake. Mr. Daly, by the way, is the dramatic critic of the *Express*, having succeeded Otis, retired. He is also agent for Miss Avonia Jones. Rather a good idea that.

No one seems to know anything about Mr. Wallack's arrangements for next season, and some curiosity is expressed as to who is to be the leading lady. Will Mrs. Hoey return to her allegiance?—that is the question. Miss Jane Coombes did not give general satisfaction to the *habitués* of the theatre, and even if she had done so it is not likely that she would halt on a prosperous career for the sake of accommodating Mr. Wallack. In the absence of Mrs. Hoey and Miss Coombes there remain but Miss Henriques and Mrs. Jennings, neither of whom are strong enough for the business. Miss Henriques has many points in her favor. She is young, pretty, and popular. That she has talent is proved by the fact that Mrs. Hoey left the theatre on her account. But she has not enough talent. Mrs. H. committed an ungracious blunder, for there was nothing to fear from her young rival. The quality that I have referred to in Miss Avonia Jones is precisely the quality that Miss Henriques lacks—namely, attentiveness. She seems to me to speak her lines mechanically, and I have often wondered if she ever read the plays in which she played. The few leading characters which she sustained during the past season did not contribute to her reputation, and I am sorry to find that, on the strength of what candor compels me to say were failures, she has committed the indiscretion of accepting a starring engagement in the country. I fear she will *mouth* worse than ever when she returns. Mrs. Jennings has played acceptably in *Rosedale*, and neatly in other pieces, but she is dissatisfied with her lot, and will probably gravitate to another establishment. Truth to say, there is not much to be gained by staying at Wallack's.

Not many hours ago it seemed probable that I should be compelled to announce the loss of the best artiste that ever graced the boards of that house, or in fact of any other—a loss which would have been utterly irreparable. I am fortunately spared this painful task. Miss Mary Gannon—the lady to whom I here refer—has been seriously ill; so seriously that her life was despaired of. She is now improving, and for the moment is considered out of danger. A complication of disorders will, however, leave her health in a precarious state for some time to come. That it may ultimately be restored, is the wish of all who admire good acting.

Niblo's Garden continues to prosper under the management of Mr. Wheatley. *The Sea of Ice* is the attraction there, with Miss Lucille Western as the heroine. She is a strapping lass and a fair actress. So also is her sister, Miss Helen Western, now playing at the new Broadway Theatre. You will remember this establishment; it used to be Wallack's old theatre, and was carefully ruined by the veteran during the last few months of his lease, in order that, after moving up town, there might be no fire in his rear. It fell into the hands of the Concert Saloon people, and sunk down to the lowest depths of infamy. The German Opera restored its fortunes, but it has never recovered a good kind of audience. Miss Helen Western appears in the *French Spy*, and displays her understandings to the roughest kind of admirers, who yell and skirl with delight at her movements.

The Olympic Theatre has closed its regular dramatic season, and is now in the hands of an English Opera company, composed of Mme. Borchard, Mr. S. C. Campbell, Mr. Castle, and a few nobodies. The performances are rough and unsatisfactory. The gentlemen neither know how to sing nor to act, although nature has blessed them respectively with good voices. The lady's knowledge of these requisites of her profession is more creditable, but it has come to her too late. I do not expect a very long or a very prosperous career for the undertaking.

A movement is on foot among the actors to combine for an advance of salaries. So far as the ladies of the profession are concerned, it is a proper and reasonable agitation. They have to supply their own wardrobes, and the cost of all articles of attire has doubled during the past year. Without a material increase in their remuneration, I do not see how they can make both ends meet. The majority of male actors here are so bad that they deserve no sort of consideration at all. If they receive the wages of mechanics, it is as much as they are entitled to. With which amiable expression of opinion I close this screed.

LUBIN.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—I have been referred to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verso, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," reading, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Campbell's celebrated *Essay on Miracles* appeared in one of the advertisements as Campbell's "*Essay on Mangles*." In newspaper articles of my own I have had the misfortune to see "the internal relations of the Church" converted into "the infernal relations of the Church," and people who "spoke the Gælic language" were made to "smoke" it. I remember a great public demonstration that took place in a town in which I was residing at the time. After one or two unimportant speeches, a certain demagogue arose whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the vast concourse had "rent the air with their snouts."—*Once a Week*.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

Lovelace wrote this song when confined in the Gate House at Westminster, for presenting a petition "from the whole body of the County of Kent to the House of Commons, for restoring the King (Charles I.) to his rights." "*The Song to Althea,*" says Southey, "will live as long as the English language."

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wines we steep;
When healths and draughts are free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be—
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

—*Richard Lovelace, (Born* 1618—*Died* 1658.*)*

The Indecisiveness of our Battles.—There has been very much said about the *indecisiveness* of all the numerous battles of this war. But, in fact, there have been very many decisive battles. We may look at the decisiveness of field actions in three aspects: First, battles which are decisive simply of the *field*—of which we have a favorable example in Murfreesboro, and an adverse example in Fredericksburg. Secondly, battles which are decisive of the war in large States, or over great surfaces of country—of which Fort Donelson, which ended the war in Kentucky; Pea Ridge, which ended it in Missouri, and Vicksburg, which ended it on the Mississippi, are examples. Thirdly, battles which are absolutely decisive of the whole fortunes of the war and of the fate of the parties or countries involved—of which latter class, in its largest aspect, we have perhaps not yet had an example. Professor Creasy, of England, wrote a book entitled the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, and by decisive battles he meant such battles as effected the whole course of history, as regards the combatants, and which, had they issued oppositely to what they did, would have resulted in a condition of affairs permanently different from that which we now see or have seen. Fixing upon such battles by tracing up to them through the subsequent and intricate course of historical events, as Creasy does, we say we really cannot yet settle definitely whether or not such a battle has been fought. We cannot yet see events through the long perspective as our posterity a hundred years hence will be enabled to do, nor can we take in the full scope and bearing of actions that have already transpired or are now transpiring. But may we not suggest that Gettysburg was perhaps a decisive battle, even in the largest sense? Had the issue of that great day been defeat instead of victory to our arms, the National Capital would have fallen. Baltimore and Philadelphia would have fallen—and beyond this what shall we conjecture, either as regards event or consequence? It may appear, when the history of this whole war can be fully surveyed, that that battle not only saved the North, but really broke the South—that it was the critical event of the war, the turning point in all its fortunes. And this by no means belittles the mighty work we now have in hand, or the mighty work we yet have to do.

Blucher and his Pipe.—Here is an incident of 1815, which the English journals are relating: On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Henneman had just handed his master (Blucher) a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me: I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls."

With these words Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history. After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combatting armies, and nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their great surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe!

"Donner und Blitz!" cried Blucher, "why, that is my Henneman. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe."

Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher: "You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?" "But your Highlanders had no pipe to regale themselves with."

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION IV.

1.—*Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

IN the following certificate you will perceive that the lady is described as of "Acacia Cottage, Kensington." The identity of the name with that given by both Julie and Leopoldo, as the proper designation of the Baron's "medium," confirmed my suspicion that it was in fact to the girl Rosalie that the Baron was married under that name, notwithstanding the strong opinion of Julie as to the impossibility of such being the case. Still, however, it was possible that this might after all, be a mere coincidence; and I therefore proceeded to make such inquiries as seemed most likely to elucidate the point. I had considerable difficulty in finding the house, which two or three years back was included in the regular numbering of the row of similar tenements in which it stands; but I at last succeeded in identifying it. I found the landlady a very deaf old person, whose memory was evidently failing her, and was at first unable to extract from her any kind of information on the subject, except that "she had had a great many lodgers, and couldn't be expected to know all about all of them." In the course of a second visit, however, I succeeded in persuading her to favor me with a sight of her books, and looking back to October and November, 1854, I found the sum of £2 5s., entered as payment from Miss C. Brown of three weeks' rent, from the 18th October to the 8th November.*

1854. *Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of Kensington, in the County of Middlesex.*

No.	Date.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence.	Father's Name.	Rank or Profession of Father.
61	6 Nov. 1854.	Carl Schwartz, Charlotte Brown.	Full age. Full age.	Bachelor. Spinster.	Gentleman.	Windermere Villas, Notting Hill. Acacia Cottage.	Carl Schwartz, Not known.	Gentleman. Not known.

Married in the Parish Church, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church, *after banns*, by me,

J. W. Edwards, B. A.

This marriage was solemnized between us, { Carl Schwartz. Charlotte Brown.

In the presence of us, { Thomas Jones. Frederick Coleman.

In witness my hand this 7th day of November, 1854.

R. Johnson.

* Compare Sections II., 2 and 5; and III., 1.

On further examining the books, I found that at this time, while the other lodgers were charged sundry sums for fire, Miss Brown, though occupying the principal sitting-room, had no fire at all during the whole time of her tenancy, though the commencement of November of that year was unusually cold. There were also sundry other little charges invariable in the other cases, but omitted in case of Miss Brown; and at length on these things being pointed out to her, the old lady managed to remember that the rooms had been taken by a gentleman for a lady who was to give lessons in drawing. The gentleman had paid the three weeks' rent in advance, and had specially requested that they might be kept vacant for her, as the time of her arrival was uncertain. He had also begged that any letters or messages received for her should be sent to a certain address immediately. After a good deal of searching, this address was at length found, and proved to be the square glazed card which I enclose.

2.—*Letters or messages for Miss Brown to be forwarded immediately to the care of*

Baron R.,

Post Office, Notting Hill.

The old lady further stated that she never saw the gentleman again, and that she had never seen the lady at all. In fact, after payment of the money, nothing further had been heard of either of the parties concerned; and as no inquiries had been made for Miss Brown, the subject had altogether passed from her mind.

Being thus pretty well satisfied of the identity of Mme. R., my next care was to trace the proceedings of the Baron between the time of his marriage and the death of his wife, which took place, as you are aware, in London, about two years and a half subsequently; the insurances having, as you well know, been effected about the middle of this period. The information afforded me by Dr. Jones, the medical man who signed the certificate to your office in connection with the policy on the life of Madame R., first gave me the required clue, and you will, I think, find in the depositions immediately following, sufficient, at all events, to justify, if not entirely corroborate, the suspicions which first gave rise to my inquiries. It is certainly unfortunate that here, too—as in the case of Mr. Aldridge, whose letter first aroused these suspicions—the witness on whose evidence the principal stress must be laid, is not one whose testimony would probably carry much weight with a jury. Such, however, as it is, I have felt it my duty to lay it before you; and I will now leave it, with such other as I have been able to collect, to tell its own tale.

3.—*Statement of Mrs. Whitworth.*

My name is Jane Whitworth. I am a widow, and gain my living by letting apartments at Bognor, Sussex. The principal season at Bognor is during the Goodwood races, and there are very few visitors there in the autumn and winter. On the 6th of October, 1854, I let the whole upper part of my house to a lady and gentleman who arrived there late that evening. They gave some foreign name; I forget what. It was some long German name. They did not give the name at first. Not till I asked for it. I don't know that the gentleman was particularly unwilling. I said I wanted it for my bill; and he laughed and said it did not matter—anything would do. Then I said, if letters came; and he said: "Oh! there won't be any letters," and went on reading the paper. I went down stairs, and as I was going down he rang, and I went back, and he told me of his own accord. That was at the end of the first week when I was making out my bill. They said they intended remaining for some weeks. It was the gentleman who said this. The lady took no part in the business, and seemed out of spirits, and very much afraid of her husband. He settled with me to take the apartments at thirty shillings a week. He was to remain as long as he liked. Not beyond the next race week, of course. We never let over the race week. He also made an agreement with me about board. I was to find for him and the lady and the servant, for £2 15s. a week. That was without wine, beer, or spirits. It is not a usual arrangement. We do it sometimes—not often. The gentleman said it was because his wife was not well, and could not be troubled. The servant was his. It was a maid. She did not come with them. The gentleman hired her at Brighton. That is not a usual arrangement. Certainly not. I never made such a one before, and I told him so. He said it was because he was so particular about his servants. He said he never would live where the servants were not under his own hand—where he could not turn them away. I said I did not like it, it was not the custom. He said he was sorry, but he could not take the apartments without it, and then I gave way. Afterwards he followed me down stairs, and gave me to understand it was something about his wife. At first, I thought she was not quite right in her head. That was from what he told me. I said I should be afraid to have her in the house, but he laughed, and said it was not that. I then supposed it must be temper. He was very pleasant about it. He was always very pleasant to me. I don't know what he may have been to other people. I always had my money to the day, and he was always pleasant. I can't say better than that. He got a servant a few days after they came. I did not turn away my own. I had none at the time. The season being over, it was a great chance whether I let again, and I sent my servant away, and did for myself. A charwoman did for the gentleman till he got a servant. He got one from Brighton. I recommended two or three in Bognor, but they did not suit. The one he got was a girl about 20. Her name was Sarah Something. I did not think much of her. I used sometimes to think my tea and sugar went very fast. I never caught her taking anything. She was very quiet and civil. She stayed with the gentleman not quite a month. She was sent away for giving the lady a dose of physic in her arrow-root to make her sick. The lady was very bad indeed. We thought she would have died. She was dreadfully sick, and had the cholera awfully bad. This was the 9th of December. I know it from my books. The gentleman sent out for brandy and several things, and they are down in my book. On the following morning he sent for some stuff from the chemist's. Before that he had given her some medicine himself. I don't know what it was. He had a lot of chemicals and things. He kept them in a back room. The lady had a doctor. Not at first. Not till the Monday after she was ill. I asked him to send for one, but he said he was a doctor himself. She continued very ill, and on Sunday night I asked him again. He said if she was not better next morning, he would. I wanted him to send for Dr. Pesketh or Dr. Thompson, but he would not. He said they were no good. I have always heard them very highly spoken of. Dr. Pesketh I have always heard of as a first-rate doctor. He is since dead. Dr. Thompson is a very good doctor, too; but Dr. Pesketh, perhaps, had most practice. I don't think the gentleman knew anything about either of them. He sent for a Dr. Jones, who was in lodgings in the Steyne. I believe he lived in London. He prescribed for the lady while he stayed in Bognor. He went away the week after. He was only there a fortnight. The gentleman heard of him through a friend of mine in the Steyne. He asked me to find out whether there was no London doctor in the place. He would not have any one who belonged to the place. He said country doctors were no good. The lady got better, but very slowly. She was ill several weeks. When she was strong enough they went away. He was very attentive to her. Never left her alone for a minute hardly. She did not seem very fond of him. I think she was afraid of him, but I don't know why. He was very kind to her, and always particularly civil. Sometimes she seemed quite put out like by his civility. I thought sometimes she would have flown out at him. She never did fly out. He always seemed able to stop her. I don't know how he did it. He never said anything; only looked at her; but it was quite enough. I thought she must have been doing something wrong, and he had brought her to Bognor to be out of the way. I do not know exactly what made me think so. It was the

way they went on, and what he said to me. He never told me so. It was from things he said. I did not talk much to the lady. I thought her very ungrateful when he was so kind. Then she was hardly ever alone. Only once when the gentleman went out for something. Then she was left about an hour. She was writing part of the time. She borrowed writing materials of me. There were none in the sitting-room. There usually were, but the gentleman had sent the inkstand down stairs. He said it was sure to be upset. I lent the lady the things, and she gave me two letters for the post. She did not say anything to me; only asked me to post them immediately. One was addressed to Notting Hill. I noticed that, because I have a sister living there; the other was to some theatre. I forget where. It struck me, because I thought it odd that a lady should write to a theatre. I didn't think it was right. I would rather not say what I thought. Well, it was that she was connected with some one there. Improperly, of course. The letter was not adnressed to a man. It was "Miss Somebody," but that might be a blind. I thought this might account for her behavior to her husband. I was very angry. A woman has no business to go on so. It is particularly bad when she has such a good husband. I did not say this to her. I did not notice the address till I got down stairs. I kept the letters, and told the gentleman when he came in. He seemed very much vexed. He took the letters, and was very much obliged to me. He put the letter to the theatre into the fire without opening it. The other he said he would post himself. I don't know whether he did post it, or not. I suppose so, of course. I think he spoke to the lady about it. I am sure he did, for that night when I went up, I could see she had been crying, and she would never speak to me again. She spoke English quite well. The letters were addressed in English. When she spoke to the gentleman it was generally in some foreign language, but she could speak English perfectly. I do not know what became of the girl, Sarah. I think she went into service again at Brighton. I know the gentleman gave her a character. He was very kind to her. He was always very kind. He was the pleasantest and most civil-spoken gentleman I ever met, and I think his wife behaved very bad to him.

4. *Statement of Dr. Jones, of Gower street, Bedford Square.*

I am a physician, residing in Gower street, Bedford Square. In the beginning of December, 1854, I was suffering from a severe cold, and being unable to shake it off, went for a fortnight to the sea for change of air. I selected Bognor, because I had been in the habit of spending my holidays there for two or three years. I was lodging in the Steyne. Some few days after my arrival, I received a message requesting me to call and see a lady who was dangerously ill at a lodging in another part of the town. At first I declined to go, not wishing to interfere with the established practitioners of the place. A gentleman then called upon me, and gave the name of the Baron R. He informed me that the lady in question was his wife, and that she was dangerously ill from the effects of a considerable quantity of emetic tartar administered to her by the maid. He was very urgent with me to attend, saying that he was in the greatest anxiety about his wife, and that he could not, in such a case, sufficiently rely upon the skill of any country doctor. He pressed me so strongly, that I at length consented to accompany him to his lodgings. I found the patient in a very exhausted condition, and evidently suffering from the effects of some irritant poison. From what the Baron told me, the symptoms were much abated, but the purging still continued, accompanied with severe griping pains and profuse perspirations. I learned from the Baron that, being himself a good amateur chemist, and having accidentally discovered at the outset the origin of his wife's illness, he had so far treated her himself, rather than trust to the chance of a country physician. He described his treatment, which appeared to me perfectly correct. On becoming satisfied of the cause of the disturbance, he first promoted vomiting as much as possible by the exhibition of tepid water, and afterwards of warm water, with a small quantity of mustard. When no more food appeared to be left in the stomach, he then administered large quantities of a saturated infusion of green tea, of which he had a few pounds at hand for his own drinking, and, finally, at the time of my arrival, was exhibiting considerable doses of decoction of Peruvian bark: both which remedies are recommended by Professor Taylor in cases of antimonial poisoning. Their action left no doubt on my mind as to the origin of the symptoms; but by desire of the Baron I proceeded to analyse with him portions of the vomited and excreted matter, as also a portion of the arrow-root in which the tartarized antimony was supposed to have been administered. To all of these we together applied the usual tests, viz.: nitric acid, ferrocyanide of potassium, and hydrosulphuret of ammonia; and succeeded in ascertaining beyond doubt the presence of antimony in all three. The quantity, however, appears to have been small. So far as we could ascertain, there could not have been more than one, or at the most two grains of tartarized antimony in the arrow-root, of which not much more than three parts was eaten. I cannot account for the violent action of so small a quantity. I have frequently administered much larger doses in cases of inflammation of the lungs without ill effect. Two grains is by no means an unusual dose when intended to act as an emetic; but the action of antimony varies greatly with different constitutions. Having satisfied ourselves of the presence of the suspected poison, the question was, as to the person by whom it had been administered. The Baron said he had no doubt that it was a trick on the part of the servant maid, between whom and her mistress there had been some dispute a few days since. We therefore determined on taxing her with it; but before doing so, proceeded to examine a bottle of prepared tartar emetic, which, as the Baron informed me, he kept for his own use, being subject to digestive derangement. He was, I believe, addicted to the pleasures of the table, and was in the habit of taking an occasional emetic. The bottle was not in its usual place, but was standing on the table at the side of the dressing-case in which it was usually kept. It was labeled "The emetic; one tea-spoonful to be taken as directed." I remarked that it should be labelled "poison," and the Baron quite agreed with me, and immediately wrote the word in large characters on a piece of paper and gummed it round the bottle. We then weighed the contents, from which three doses only had been taken by the Baron, and, on comparing the results, we found that a quantity equivalent to about one grain and a-half of the tartarised antimony had been abstracted in excess of this amount. The servant maid was the only person besides the Baron who usually had access to the apartment; and we at once sent for her and taxed her with having administered it to Madame R. in the arrow-root before mentioned. My own counsel was to give her immediately in charge, but the Baron pointed out, very justly, that there was nothing to show the girl that she was doing anything that could possibly affect life; and that, in the absence of any motive for such a crime, it was only fair to conclude that nothing was intended beyond a foolish practical joke. He said the same to the girl, and spoke to her very kindly indeed. At first she altogether denied it, and pretended to be quite astonished at such an imputation. The Baron, however, looked steadily at her and said, "Take care, Sarah! Remember what I said to you only three days ago." She did not attempt then to deny it any longer, but said she was very sorry, but she hoped the Baron would forgive her. The Baron said he could not possibly retain her in his service, and she then begged of him not to send her away without a character. At this time I interfered, and said he would be very wrong to send her into any other family after playing such a trick. She again protested that she had meant no harm, and the subject then dropped, the Baron saying that he would take time to consider it. From that time I attended Madame R. until my return to London, when she was clearly recovering. I did not enter into any conversation with her, as she seemed very reserved and of an unsociable disposition. The Baron seemed an unusually attentive husband. Talking over the subject of the seizure a day or two afterwards, he informed me that the death of his wife would also have been a severe loss in a pecuniary point of view, as if she lived she would inherit a considerable fortune. I asked him why he did not insure her life, and he said he should now certainly do so, but had not before thought of it. He called upon me about two months later, in passing through town, and informed me that he intended to travel abroad for some months. I recommended the German baths, and on his objecting to the crowds of English there, suggested Griesbach or Rippoldsau, in the Black Forest, where Englishmen are rarely encountered. It was too early for either place at that time, and I recommended the south of France until the season was sufficiently advanced. I did not see him again until October, 1855, when he again called upon me with Madame R., who seemed perfectly restored, and of whom I had no difficulty in reporting most favorably to the —— Life Assurance Association, as also some weeks later to the —— Life Office of Dublin, when applied to for my professional opinion. I think Madame R.'s was an excellent life, and there could be no better proof of it than her entire recovery in the course of a few months, or, indeed weeks, from so severe an illness. The sensitiveness to antimony would not affect this opinion. Indeed, Professor Taylor, in his work on poisons, points out distinctly the "idiosyncratic" action of antimony and other medicinals on certain constitutions, as "conferring upon an ordinary medicinal dose a poisonous instead of a curative action." I have a copy of his work now before me, in which he says "that daily experience teaches us that some persons are more powerfully affected than others by an ordinary dose of opium, arsenic, *antimony*, and other substances;" and again, in considering the probable amount of the "fatal dose," he speaks of "that ever-varying condition of idiosyncracy, in which, as it is well known, there is a state of constitution more liable to be affected by antimonial compounds than other individuals apparently in the same conditions as to health, age," etc. I did not, therefore, nor do I now, consider the sensitiveness of Madame R.'s constitution to that medicine any objection to her life, especially in view of the immense vitality shown by her recovery. With regard to the sleep-walking, I have had no hint from the Baron of such a propensity on the part of Madame R. Certainly it was never suggested that she could have poisoned herself in that way. Indeed, the servant girl admitted the act. The mode of Madame R.'s death does not in any degree shake my confidence in my former opinion, as such an occurrence might have happened, though by no means likely to do so, to any one in the habit of walking in their sleep, a propensity which in Madame R.'s case I had no means of ascertaining. I have been enabled to be thus precise in my statement, from the fact that the interesting nature of the case led me to make a special memorandum of it in my diary, from which the above is taken. I shall therefore have no difficulty in confirming any portion of it upon oath.

5. *Statement of Mrs. Throgmorton.*

Mrs. Throgmorton presents her compliments to Mr. R. Henderson, and begs to inform him that the girl Sarah Newman, who is still in her service, and continues to give entire satisfaction in every way, came to her about Christmas, 1854, with a written character from the Baron R., then residing at Bognor, and with whom she had been as housemaid and parlormaid for some weeks. The character given by the Baron was a most satisfactory one, but on Mrs. Throgmorton's desiring to know the reason of Sarah Newman's leaving the situation, she was informed by the Baron that it was on account of her having played a foolish trick upon her late mistress by administering an emetic to her without authority, a highly reprehensible proceeding, which rendered Mrs. Throgmorton very much indisposed to receive her into her family. On further correspondence with Sarah Newman's late master, however, Mrs. Throgmorton received the impression that the fault had, in point of fact, been chiefly on the side of Madame R., though, of course, as a gentleman, impossible to say so directly with respect to his own wife, and Mrs. Throgmorton therefore agreed to take Sarah Newman on trial, as she appeared truly penitent for her most reprehensible conduct, and has since proved a very valuable servant in every respect. Mrs. Throgmorton trusts that this information will be satisfactory to Mr. Henderson, as he appears interested in Sarah Newman's welfare, in whom Mrs. Throgmorton herself takes great interest.

Cliftonville.

6. *Statement of Mr. Andrews.*

"Sir.—In reply to your letter of the 15th ult., I beg to inform you, that the girl, Sarah Newman, certainly was in my service at Brighton for a month or two in the summer of 1854, but was discharged, I think, in September of that year, for various petty thefts. She was a very interesting girl, and took us in completely, but was accidentally discovered by one of the children, and after full proof of her delinquencies, turned away without a character. My own wish was to prosecute her, which indeed I considered almost a duty to others by whom she might hereafter be plundered, but I was persuaded to relinquish my intention by my wife, who had taken a great fancy to her. About two months after her dismissal, a gentleman, who gave some German name—I cannot now remember it—called to inquire our reasons for discharging her, and I then informed him of the whole case. He questioned me pretty closely as to my real opinion of the girl, stating that he was philanthropically disposed, and would give her a chance for reform, if there was any likelihood of her availing herself of it. I told him frankly my own opinion, viz: that the girl was a hardened offender; but my wife was very anxious that she should have another chance, and I have very little doubt the German gentleman took her. He was, so far as I remember, a stout good-natured looking man, and he had with him a young lady whom he left in the carriage, and who was, he said, his wife. I think the name you mention—Baron R., is the same name as that given—or at least something like it—but I cannot be quite sure, "Dear sir, faithfully yours,

"Charles Andrews.

"P. S.—My wife begs me to ask that should you know anything of the after-career of her *protégée*, you will kindly communicate it to us.

"R. Henderson, Esq., etc. etc. etc., Clement's Inn, W. C."

7. *Statement of Sarah Newman.*

[N. B.—This statement was not obtained without considerable difficulty, and must be taken for whatever it may be worth. The girl was naturally anxious to be secured against the possible consequences of her own admissions, and I only at last succeeded in inducing her to speak out by means both of a promise on the part of Mrs. Throgmorton not to discharge her, and a threat of police interference, if she did not confess the whole truth. I have, myself, no doubt whatever of the correctness of her statement as it now stands, and it is, as you will see, corroborated in several very important particulars; but whether it could be produced before a jury, or, if it were so, what effect it would have upon their minds, are both very doubtful questions.—R. H.]

My name is Sarah Newman. I was in the service of Mr. Andrews at Brighton for three months. I was discharged by him for stealing tea and sugar. Mr. Andrews wanted to take the law of me, but my mistress would not let him. My mistress would have kept me on, but master said, No. She was always very kind to me, and it was very ungrateful of me to rob her. I would never do so again. My present mistress is very kind to me, too. I have never robbed her of a pin. I declare to goodness I have not, nor I never will steal from anybody again. I have often wanted to tell Mrs. Andrews so since, but did not know where she was. I did not say it to her when I left. I felt quite hard like, because of master. I was out of place two months after that. No one would take me without a character. At last a friend at Bognor told me of a gentleman, and I got her to speak to him. It was the Baron. He came to see me one day when he was at Brighton. He insisted on knowing all about me—where I had been and why I had left Mr. Andrews. He was very kind, and said it was hard a poor girl should be ruined for one false step. He said if I promised never to steal again he would give me a trial. I promised him faithfully, and he at last took me down to Bognor with him. I do not know whether he made any inquiries about me. I think not. He did not tell me he had. I meant to keep my promise. Indeed I did, and I did keep it, almost. I mean I only took one little thing, and I really did not think that was stealing. Nothing was ever locked up. The Baron always insisted on having the tea-chest and other things left open in case he wanted some. I never took any. I might have taken a great deal, but I did not. I used to think sometimes things were left on purpose to tempt me, but of course that was fancy. Often there were coppers left about, but I never touched them. I did take one thing at last. I did not think it was stealing. It was only some orange-marmalade. I am very fond of sweet things. One day there was a pot of orange-marmalade. It was left on the table. It was after they had gone away from breakfast. I couldn't help it. It looked so nice. I just put in my finger. That was all. I declare to goodness that was all. I did not even taste it. The Baron came back and caught me. He did not say anything. He just shut the door close and walked straight up to me. I was so frightened I could not move. He took hold of my wrist and held up my hand. I burst out crying. He said it was no use crying; I had deceived him, and must go. He said if he did his duty he ought to give me up to the police. I said indeed I had taken nothing, but only that little taste of sweets. He said who would believe me with my character? He spoke very kind but very stern, and I was dreadfully frightened. I begged of him not to give me up, and he said he would give me one chance more; but I must go away. I said if he turned me out without a character I might as well drown myself at once. I begged him to let me stay; but he said that was impossible. Then I begged him not to say why I was sent away. He said, what else could he say? I begged him again very hard. At last he said he would think over it. He said, he would try and make some other excuse for my going, but I must go next day, positive. He told me if he did make an excuse for me to be very careful not to contradict him. He is a kind, good gentleman, and I shall always bless him for it. I did not go next day. I was kept by my mistress's illness. She was very bad indeed. I did all I could for her. I hoped the Baron had forgotten and would let me stay. He sent for me two or three days afterwards. There was another gentleman with him. It was the doctor. He charged me with having given some stuff to my mistress to make her sick. Of course I denied it. I never gave her anything. I never had any quarrel with her at all. She was always very good-natured to me, but I did not like her much. I don't know why. I think it was because she did not like master. I said I had given her nothing. No more I had. I never saw the bottle, and don't know what it was. I cannot read at all. I saw master look at me, and he said something about two or three days ago. I knew then that he was making an excuse to send me away. He made signs at me to abide by what he said, and I did abide by it. The other gentleman was very hard, but of course he did not know. What the Baron said was given as a reason for my going away. That was all. The real reason was my taking the marmalade. If you ask the Baron he will tell you so. I hope you will tell him how grateful I am for his kindness to me.

You know the story of the boy who would not cry, though the wolf was gnawing him beneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw us somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so that the world doesn't see, and it behooves us so to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about proclaiming himself to be miserable will be not only miserable but contemptible as well.—*Anthony Trollope.*

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

LOST RICHES.

HOW much poorer this community now is than it was six months ago we do not exactly know, but the sum could only be measured by millions. In most cases it so happens that what one man loses another gains, so that the public is not impoverished, the same amount of money remaining in existence that was in circulation before. But instances of depreciation like the withering one that has just swept over the stock-market have no palliative feature of that kind. The bottom has dropped out from any number of pockets, and the riches they contained or were supposed to contain are quietly wiped away. Not very long ago, by way of example, the man who had one hundred feet of Gould and Curry was worth $500,000. The same man is now worth but $100,000—$400,000 having slipped away from him as noiselessly and quietly as smoke rises in the air, and no one is the better for it. Taking the whole Gould and Curry mine—there are 1,200 feet in it we believe—it at one time had a market valuation of six millions of dollars, which could have been put down to the credit of this coast fairly enough. Had it been sold to foreign capitalists, that amount would have been positively added to the wealth of the country. As the stock at present stands, five million dollars have vanished, and where they have gone to no one knows. We have only mentioned one representative instance. Run over the stock list and compare it with the record a few months since, and it will be seen that millions and millions of supposed wealth has quietly been wiped out of existence. It is as though the money which our citizens kept in their strong boxes had suddenly turned into leaves, leaving them poor and benefiting nobody. That a general gloom and prostration should spread over the community under such circumstances, affecting all kinds of business, is scarcely to be wondered at. People who counted themselves rich have suddenly found themselves poor—wretchedly, unmistakably poor. To all intents and purposes, the effect is very similar to that which would be produced by an actual withdrawal from the capital of the country of just so much money as these mining stocks at their former values represented. Or, to put the matter in another shape, our flush times were caused by an inflation of the currency. All the while that we were priding ourselves on our gold and silver currency, a paper currency was actually in existence—the only difference being that we issued and circulated mining stock instead of greenbacks. And the depreciation and distress which at present exist result simply from a discovery that "things are not what they seem." If stocks would only go up again to their former figures, good times would be restored, and we would all be rich once more. Or, perhaps, to flood the country with greenbacks would answer the same purpose—carrying out the principle of the boy who threw a counterfeit bank-note into the contribution-box, explaining the apparently wicked fraud by saying that it was going to the little heathens who wouldn't know the difference and for whom it would of course answer just as well. An upward movement in stocks just now would stir business as a fair strong breeze does a becalmed ship, and restore to us the hypothetical riches which so suddenly took unto themselves wings and departed.

SEA SHOWS FOR THE BENEFIT OF LAND LUBBERS.

IT was a very pretty little fight that which came off just off Cherbourg, and one well worth seeing. Ladies and gentlemen drove out of town in their buggies, and viewed the scene through jewelled opera glasses, the former applauding with their gloved hands, and beating time to the boom of cannon with their dear little fans precisely as they would had they been at the Grand Opera. One can fancy Marie Theresa Louise clinging to Achille Alphonse's arm, and crying in the thinnest treble: "*Ah, mon ami! c'est joli—n'est-ce pas?* And the old dowager seated on the cliff, the while, pulling her gushing daughter's sleeve and requesting her not to give way so unrestrainedly to her enthusiasm and not to cling quite so closely to Achille. In those two grim sea-warriors going out to that combat *a l'outrance*, calmly as two Dutchmen might sit down to smoke their pipes together, the hum of busy cities within ear-shot, church spires in sight, and the chimneys of cottages sending up their beacons of peace to the sky, there was something more than romantic; it verged closely upon the sublime. It was so that mailed knights went out to do battle in the olden time, when ladies viewed the joust and rained favors down upon the combatants. It was more than the sight of a whale to a dairy maid of the interior, whose only knowledge of the world of water and its wonders has been gathered from the kitchen pump. And we can well understand how cities were emptied to see the great sea-battle done, and how the cliffs overlooking the scene were converted into a wilderness of ribands and fluttering veils.

It seems that the people so fortunate as to dwell along the British channel are to be again regaled with a sea-fight, and this time a "song of seven"—the Confederate war steamer *Syren* and the corvettes *Butterfly*, *Paul Jones* and *Vigie Dechenbourg* being reported in the channel with the Federal vessels *Niagara*, *Sacramento* and *Kearsarge* cruising in the vicinity. This looks like music. Here is a prospective demand for opera glasses and a use for English yachts. But will the French be the favored ones this time? or will the fun fall so far over the Channel as to benefit the Cockneys? or, after all, is the story one of those *canards* which are set flying to beget a little popular excitement and turn to the advantage of some shrewd speculator? Probably, reserved seats to witness the combat are even now obtainable on both sides of the channel. For our part we do not believe that there is going to be such a fight—Confederate Commissions do not warrant their naval officers in undertaking exhibitions of valor. Capt. Semmes was commissioned to sink and not to be sunk—he overstepped the line of his duty decidedly. If a fight comes off, however, we insist that an enclosure be erected, that an admittance fee of at least one dime *per caput* be established, and that the receipts be given to the Sanitary Fund.

SUNDAY THEATRICALS.

THE question of whether or not theatrical managers have a right to keep their places of amusement open on Sunday nights is now being tried in the County Court. Manager Maguire takes the affirmative; the District Attorney appearing for Sabbatarians and the Decalogue. Whatever opinion may obtain with the jury relative to the legal points of the case, and with the public at large so far as its moral aspect is concerned, we fancy there can be but one opinion, if the question is viewed in another light—making the rights of the performers the hinge upon which the decision is to turn. Few will deny that actors are human, though since it is a favorite practice with many to bar them out from the pale of humanity, we do not insist upon being allowed to maintain the position, it being quite possible to carry our argument from another point of view. One day's rest in seven is a necessity for every created thing, and in the relaxation from labor which the Sabbath is supposed to bring, a human need is met quite as much as a divine law complied with. The present system of Sunday theatricals allows the actor no rest, his work being quite as arduous on Sunday as on any day of the week. He is surely entitled to the same privilege which the employé in a foundry, a butcher's shop or a dry goods store demands and obtains as a right. The laborer is worthy of his rest as well as of his hire. And we do not think that the interests of the proprietor of a theatre are at all advanced by playing seven nights of the week instead of six. People are bound to spend a certain amount of money in amusements anyway, and they very seldom spend either more or less. Those who now go on Sunday night would go on some other night of the week; and the theatre's receipts at the close of a month would not, we fancy, show any diminution were the Sunday evening performances discontinued. On the other hand, we think they would be benefited, inasmuch as one night's expenses would be saved—no inconsiderable item. At any rate we would like to see the experiment tried for a month.

These are the times that try newspapers. There seems to be a universal movement at the East, towards advancing the price of journals, and in some instances cutting down the size as well. And we observe that the necessity has made itself apparent here, several of our exchanges coming to us in decidedly reduced proportions. There is wisdom in this on the part of the proprietors. It is decidedly better to diminish than to die. If the press at the East cannot stand the press, what is to be expected of the press in this country, where printing paper is even higher, printer's wages nearly double, and the field for circulation comparatively limited. When doubling the capes that lie to the southward, or crossing rough latitudes, ships at sea send down their royal poles and topgallant masts. It is a wise measure of precaution, though the ship for the time is not so pretty a sight to see. Journalists generally have a careful eye to windward. When you see the white sails of their crafts shortened, be sure that what seaman call "dirty weather" is near at hand. Taking their action as an index of what may be expected, people may as well begin retrenchment at once.

A remarkable case of very "early piety" has just been found in Brussels. The Police, making their rounds at midnight, found an ordinary clothes-line hanging near a door, several feet above the ground, and tracing its history discovered that it came out of a garret-window above. They entered the house, convinced that they were on the track of some daring burglar, searched all the premises, and at last on walking into the garret were horrified to find themselves confronted by a housemaid, in a very easy evening dress, who, with many tears, explained that the mysterious clothes-line was attached to her left arm, in order that a young waiter to whom she was herself attached, coming early in the morning, might call her with a jerk to prayers at the Cathedral. As this explained the clothes-line, and there was not much else in the line of clothes before them, the discomfited and blushing Police beat a hasty retreat.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, August 13th, 1864.

IT is nearly the middle of August, and it seems but yesterday that May came tripping over the threshold of the year. How rapidly these springs and summers come and go. I wonder where they all drift to? Where are the lost Junes staying? Are these mellow Augusts gathered up anywhere like the apples that ripen with autumn's approach?

The worst of it is, that these months beckon us to follow them as they vanish: I wouldn't mind pinning my fortunes to their retreating robes, but then it would be pleasant to know where one was going to. Tell me where the party is to be and who is to be at it, and I'll be there even without a formal invitation, a June on one arm and an August on the other—dancing girls both of them—June wearing a wreath of green grain and grasses, and August with fire-flies in her hair. But I'd scarcely care to meet all the Junes and Augusts that have gone before—the pale dead loves that we have danced and been merry with, but true to never. They would remind us of resolves unfulfilled and vows forgotten, of all we swore to do but left unaccomplished, of all we might have done had performance kept faith with promise. There are days in our past lives, of course, that we'd like to meet with again and to dwell with forever, but they are sadly in the minority. It is best to leave graves alone, for if we could summon shadows from them the ghosts of those we hate and fear would so far outnumber the spirits of those we loved that we'd gladly see the whole crew laid.

Looking back over my life, its happiest and decidedly its most innocent hours, the ones that have left me the least cause for regret and the fewest occasions for tears, are those I passed in sleep.

There are few men I apprehend that can contemplate their past lives with that calm and satisfaction which must have filled the bosom of Rip Van Winkle when he laid his trembling head upon its last pillow.

If parents were as wise in their generation as they should be, they'd never wake their children until Nature rang lively bells in their quickening ears, and early breakfasts would become unknown in families.

Early rising is a practice based not so much upon the example of the lark as upon the reprehensible habit of the goose. The lark is warm and snug in its nest, dreaming of speckled eggs hidden where the eye of no truant boy can find them, while the other fowl is standing upon one leg in the early morning damps, looking as cold and uncomfortable as can be. The lark is a sensible bird, and never runs the risk of catching cold by standing with its feet in the wet grasses. Immediately on getting up it flies to the most convenient fence and goes to sleep again. As to the idea that the early bird catches the worm, that is one of those popular fallacies which originated in an ignorant age, to be perpetuated under the guise of a proverb even to the present day of enlightenment. The fact of the matter is, the early bird doesn't catch anything but a cold. The worm never wriggles out of his hole before noon, and the smartest and earliest bird that ever was known can't bring him to the scratch before that time. The worm is a practical house-keeper—keeping himself in his house as long as possible—and he has a deal to do in the way of getting breakfast before stirring out of mornings. The bird that brings him out of bed before he gets ready must have an extremely long bill—and even then it is better presented after dew.

When the fires of youth warmed my blood, I have several times committed the mistake of getting up early in the morning to go gunning. But I never got any game by it. The only birds that were up that early were up trees. Experience demonstrated to me that the best way to get squirrels was to go out in the middle of the day, sit down under a tree and pretend not to be looking for them. They were sure to come and chirrup all around you. Later in life I found that girls could be caught in the same way. Laziness is very often a better policy than honesty. Sit under a tree, for instance, and cherries will probably drop in your mouth—climb for them, and the chances are that you break your neck.

Is it right to wake children early, and cheat them of such delicious dreams as a little fellow relates in a charming poem called

GRANDPAPALITTLEBOY?

Last night, when I was in my bed,
  Such fun it seemed to me;
I dreamt that I was grandpapa,
  And grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powdered wig,
  Drab shorts, and gaiters buff,
And took, without a single sneeze,
  A double pinch of snuff.

But he was such a tiny boy,
  And dressed in baby-clothes;
And I thought I smacked his face, because
  He wouldn't blow his nose.

And I went walking up the street,
  And he ran by my side;
But because I walked too quick for him,
  My goodness, how he cried!

And after tea I washed his face,
  And when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out, and left
  Poor grandpapa in bed.

A BAY VIEW OF THE MATTER.

If there be anything in life that I would get up early for, it certainly is a morning drive to Bay View Park, and a breakfast there.

I tried it the other morning in accordance with a previous engagement with some friends. At six o'clock precisely there were knocks at my door—it was John.

"Get up, sir; it's past six!"

"What business of yours if it is? What are you rattling around here for? Go away from that door!"

"But there's a team down stairs, and a party of gentlemen and ladies in it, and they sent me up with a cocktail to bring you down."

"Ah, circumstances alter cases—even objective ones; set the cocktail down, and say I'll be down soon."

Let me here remark, that if any one supposes that any conversation like the above actually took place, that one is egregiously fooled. People don't carry on spirited conversations in that style with the stranger who is outside their gates at six in the morning, when all one's ideas are naturally at sixes and sevens. But dialogue is the life of narrative, and all story-tellers contrive to put it in. All the rest, however, may be relied upon as a true tale—*id est*, a true cocktail.

A dash of cold water in the face and eyes, a duet on the head with a pair of brushes—and I was dressed. Of course, other clothes were called into play to make the toilet complete, but minuteness of detail seriously interferes with the spiritedness of a story.

Down at the door was one of Brewster's buggies and a pair of bays from the stable of Porter—what more need be said? We chose bays, by the way, because we were going out to Bay View, and it was necessary to preserve the unities. A crack of the whip and we were off. The early birds about town—gutter-snipes, these are, mainly—thought we were an extra express train on a railroad they hadn't heard of before. Bay View isn't very far from town when you are behind one of Porter's teams. Precisely how far it is I do not now remember, though we were tolled twice going out there. At a rough guess I should say it is about a mile and a half or more. The distance will be shortened by a road which is now being built out to the track—a shell road, though a half-shell one would answer the purpose quite as well and be more in keeping with those who travel on it.

At Bay View we found one of the nicest hotels in the country, and Billy Williamson—so called from the fact that he is old William's son. Sometimes people call him Willy Billyson, for short—this they do, principally, when they start to go away, and nobody notices the difference.

The ladies retired to make themselves bright and beautiful for breakfast. There was no need for me to waste any time that way—I'm always bright and beautiful. The balance of the party went around with the proprietor to see how the house was furnished. Judging by their looks when they returned, I should say it was plentifully furnished with bottles.

Ah, what a morning that was! The air was as soft as a girl's cheek, balmy as a woman's breath. Sitting out there on the balcony it played with your pulses until your body seemed a lute, wantoned with your hair, and made love to you all the while. It is appetizing, too, as bitters. What a breakfast we had! Melons that knew for the first time how good it was to be pulled and eaten; peaches that one might have sworn had ripened in Spain, and grapes that had sunshine in the purple of their blood. The fruit, too, of that vine which encumbereth the ground, was there. Hockheimer that fairly laughed with its memories of the Rhine; champagne bright with the sparkle and foam of its vineyards; mountain trout of whose brook-life one might write—fin-is; tender pullets whose brief career on earth had ended in a broil; but it is easier to tell what we had not for breakfast than to count over like beads what we had. So with the remark that we had no eels, no fried liver, nothing else that is dirty and indigestible, we'll make a break from the breakfast table.

It was fun to sit out on the balcony, with coffee, cigars and ladies who didn't object to smoking, and see the race-horses speeded round the track. That track, be it understood, is one of the finest in the world. It is level as a threshing floor and firm as granite, but possessed of sufficient elasticity to spare the horses' feet. In short, it is in keeping with the stables and the house, which are all marvels of elegance, adaptability and good sense. The hotel is furnished throughout like a private house, and all it requires to make people believe that it is one is a piano or two more and a baby.

There is a fine opportunity for a walk on the sea-beach if disposed. Here everything goes on swimmingly. The Scriptural description of the good time coming is realized, and the sea-lion and the clam may be seen lying down together. The sportive clam is a great favorite with me. I like to watch him clambering over the beach, or sitting in the bosom of his family at nightfall, seldom lifting up his voice, but graceful in pantomime and easy to be understewed. Slow in his movements, he is always very sure—to tell the story in a single sentence: I like clams.

Leaving the beach and the Bay View, we drive into town, contriving to stop at the Willows. This is the bower where dwells that—

> Singular bird, with a manner absurd,
> Which they call the Australian Emen.

Bret hung his harp on the Willows some three months since, and sang a plaintive ornithological ballad of which the Emen was the theme. Certainly it was a most emeusing rhyme. With his usual luck, the ballad was copied at the East and the credit given to some one else. But poets must expect this fate. Posterity does them that justice which printers and proof-readers refuse them.

The Willows were burned down some time last fall. Like the Phœnix, they have arisen green from their ashes. A better house than ever is on the ground, thoroughly well furnished and excellently appointed throughout. The grounds have been trimmed and beautified until one has no grounds for complaint. There are shuffle-boards, ten-pin alleys, shooting galleries, and everything else that makes life comfortable. The only fault with the shooting galleries is that they don't put up the right kind of birds. They have spring chickens that spring up the moment the gun is fired and allow the ball to pass under them as harmlessly as though it were an egg. Besides, they are too small to hit conveniently, after breakfasting at the Bay View. We fired at one chicken the other day ten times, though I am confident that I could have hit the emeu every time at half the distance. Under certain conditions a double-barrel shotgun, or something else that will scatter, should be furnished by the proprietor of these shooting galleries of art to his patrons. For my part I prefer a brickbat to a rifle any day, so far as accuracy of aim is concerned, though it doesn't carry quite so well. A smooth-bore—especially those terrible smooth bores that are so common in society—I never could abide.

Was it the daughters of Jerusalem or of Babylon that sat down by the Willows and wept? Certain it is that many daughters of Jerusalem may be seen out at these Willows, though they don't weep much; and as for the other daughters, those of Babble on—were ever a dozen daughters gathered together that didn't?

But farewell to the Willows—long may they wave, and never may the proprietor waive his present rule of making his guests comfortable. As for the other place, go out and see Willy Billyson, otherwise known as the Old War Horse, and if you are not satisfied with a Bay View of life, say you have been swindled by

INIGO.

NOTHINGS.

MY friend INIGO writes "Things:" he deals in facts; his attention is fixed on the material side of life; whereas I am a spiritual individual; I deal in airy nonsensities; I write "Nothings." Like Goethe:

> I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
> Hurrah!
> And so the world goes well with me:
> Hurrah!
> And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
> Why, let him take hold and help me drain
> These mouldy lees of wine.
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Now, I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
> Hurrah!
> And the whole wide world belongs to me.
> Hurrah!
> The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
> But at the old cask we'll have one bout:
> Come, drink the lees all out!

BLESSED IS HE WHO EXPECTS NOTHING.

He who reads me and expects nothing will not be disappointed. My philosophy is suited to the times. They who hope for anything shall suffer humiliation. Blessed are they who have nothing: they shall not lose it. Blessed are they who have no feet: they shall not go lame because of the tumble in Gould and Curry. Blessed are they who have no farms; they have not had the vain expense of putting in crops. Blessed are they who have no brick buildings: their houses can defy the earthquakes. Blessed are they who have no ships: they shall not be taken by the pirates. Blessed are they who have no brains; they shall not be troubled by the "malady of thought."

LAMENT FOR THE GOLDEN AGE AS KNOWN IN HISTORY.

I am in favor of bringing back the happy time when a man was either poor or rich; when everybody knew his place; when the fate of a man was settled by his birth; when the nobles had the means of keeping up appearances; and when common people had no appearances to keep up. That was a happy age. Humility was a virtue which the great mass of the people could practice in those days without an effort. A hero was a man who had a suit of arrow-proof armor; a saint was a chap who prayed all night and starved himself all day. Heroism and saintship were to be acquired then by simple means. People were not miserable then for the want of point-lace, champagne, and cashmere shawls. Doubts in religion, popular rights in politics, hoops in the dresses of common women, and strychnine in whisky did not then interfere with the happiness of mankind. All that is changed, and such a change! Alas! that I have fallen on such degenerate times.

A SERMON ON CHEERFULNESS.

I lately read a sermon on the duty of cheerfulness. It was written by a bachelor clergyman who had a sensational style, an abundant flow of words, an excellent memory for high-sounding periods, good elocution, a rich and fashionable congregation, a high salary, and a circle of three dozen admiring ladies, each of whom considered him as her prize. The duty of cheerfulness, amidst fine linen, broad-cloth, diamond shirt-studs, gold sleeve-buttons, roast turkey, sparkling champagne, and devoted young ladies every day, and a whole library of printed sermons ready to be rehashed for Sunday.

SYMPATHY WITH THE UNFORTUNATE.

It is a very pleasant duty to be cheerful under these circumstances; but there are other cases in which it is not so easy to be cheerful. Consider the fate of the poor, not only without money but without friends, excluded because of their poverty from pleasant society which they could appreciate and enjoy, sneered at for their old or torn clothes, compelled to seek new employment frequently, refused with disdain when they seek, subjected to insult by their employer when they obtain it, forced to submit to abatements in the prices agreed upon, humiliated every day by some person who happens to have a little more money, stinted in the present and hopeless for the future. My sympathies are with them, and even when they commit crime. While I consent that society should protect its conventional rules, I consent with pity; and I long to see the times when all this will be changed.

HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY.

Humanity has at last entered finally upon a wonderful career of progress, and obtained a headway which is irresistible and a speed so great, that we are now making more progress within a decennium than was made two hundred years ago in a century. The barbarians will never crush out a glorious civilization. Enlightenment is now accompanied by power. Art is not confined, as in the day of Pericles to oratory, painting and sculpture, but has gone into the workshop. It makes our revolvers, gunpowder, gun-cotton, Sharp's rifles, Armstrong guns, iron-clad ships and telescopic sights. It guides the rifle bullet to a man's heart, at a distance of half a mile; it enables the engineer to drop a shell into a house three miles distant at the third shot. The genius, the intelligence, the learning, the political wisdom, the military experience, the wealth, and the art-treasures of the whole world are not now confined within the narrow walls of Athens or Rome, but they have been scattered over vast continents; and a thousand towns now have resources such as the Eternal City had not in her palmiest days. Rome might sink and religion would still live; France might be swallowed up and civilization would not stop in its progress; philosophy would survive the sudden and simultaneous death of all the Germans; English liberty and law would still exist though England should disappear. The downfall of Athens and Rome shall never again be repeated. Cities may be destroyed, but the seeds of progress are scattered too wide and planted in soil too fertile to be ever again uprooted and destroyed. The theory of the perfectibility of man, set forth with hesitation and doubt during the French Revolution, is now the universal creed; that is, we perceive clearly that while man never will be perfect, he must continue, while the race exists, to advance nearer and nearer to perfection.

KEINMANN.

THE *Battle Hymn*, written by Julia Ward Howe, to the air of the famous John Brown song, and having for its refrain, "For God is marching on," is nationally known. Its beauty is only equalled by the extravagance of the sentiment which it embodies. But we scarcely think it has been improved upon in a *Fremont Campaign Song* which the *New Nation* publishes, and of which the following is the concluding stanza:

> When loudly peal the chorus till the welkin rings once more,
> Till we hear the echoes sounding from the far Pacific shore,
> And raise on high the banner that our fathers proudly bore,
> For Fremont is marching on!
>
> *Chorus*—Oh, Glory! Hallelujah!
> Fremont is marching on.

Setting aside the perhaps unimportant fact that "the echoes sounding from the far Pacific shore," have not in the main been of a nature to prove eminently gratifying to either the candidate or his friends, we do not think that the substitution of Fremont's name for that of God in the anthem, is an improvement. Nor do we see what "Glory Hallelujah" has to do with the announcement that Fremont is marching on. If he were marching off, the case might be different; but certainly as it at present stands we do not at all see the connection. There is a flavor of impiety, not to say blasphemy, about the parody. To shout Fremont in the name of the prophet would perhaps be tolerated in countries where figs are similarly cried, but here it is sadly out of place. And in any event we do not very clearly see where the "Glory Hallelujah" comes in.

"Go from home to hear news, always." The eastern papers inform us that a soft-soap mine has been discovered in California. We don't doubt it; the thing abounds here as well as elsewhere, and rich leads of it may be struck all over the country. But we don't believe that any of them would pay the working. As a general rule, soft-soap won't wash; too much lye enters into its composition. California has no need to be proud of her wealth in that particular.

An Indian hatchet has been found in New Brunswick, embedded in an oak. Examination disclosed that it must have been struck there when the tree was young and that it had remained there over two centuries, as more than two hundred years' growth of the tree was counted outside where the hatchet lay. Henceforth there will probably be no difficulty in localizing the precise place where the Indians "buried the hatchet."

HE can well bear the revolutions of the envious seasons who bears eternal summer in his soul.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

TAR and Feathers! The two substances have nothing in common; they are, in fact, not friends, but enemies, for on being brought into contact they mutually destroy each other's usefulness, yet do they cling together with a tenacity of affection which renders them thenceforth inseparable. It is impossible to say whose was the master-mind which first conceived the brilliant idea of their combined, or rather successive, application to the human form as a mode of punishment, that, to a large amount of bodily suffering, adds the extremes of ridicule and disgrace. The first trace of what has latterly been somewhat grandiloquently named the Plumeopican code of laws is to be found nearly seven hundred years ago. When Richard Cœur de Lion, in the year 1190, went to the Crusades with Philip Augnstus of France, his army joined that of his royal ally at Vezelai according to agreement. The two armies did not remain long together, in consequence of the numerous quarrels that arose, and the French King went away with his men to the Holy Land, leaving Richard to follow. While at Chinon, a small town in the province of Touraine, Richard issued divers orders for the better regulation of his soldiers during their voyage on the Mediterranean. Among these orders was the following remarkable one:

"Latro autem de furto convictus tondeatur ad modum campionis, et pix bulliens super caput ejus effundatur, et pluma pulvinaris super caput ejus executiatur ad cognoscendum eum, et in prima terra qua naves applicuerint projiciatur."

This singular piece of Latin may be freely translated as follows:—The convicted thief, after having his hair clipped close after the fashion of a prize-fighter, shall first have boiling pitch ponred upon his head, and then have bed feathers shaken out over it, as a mark to know him by; and that in this condition he shall be set ashore on the first land where the ships shall touch.

Whether this punishment was ever inflicted, or whether the dread of it kept all our English Crusaders honest, is more than we ean say. Who knows but the curious traveller in search of old legends may yet find, among the inhabitants of some coast town or island in the Mediterranean, a tradition, distorted and garbled by centuries of repetition, of the sudden appearance among their forefathers of a strange bird, which discoursed in an unknown tongue, and whose body was that of a man, albeit its head was covered with downy feathers.

King Richard's Plumeopecian enactment does not seem to have met with much favor in England, as it found no place in our statute-book. It was apparently purely nautical, and did not apply to his army while on dry land. If any trace of it still exists, we should naturally expect to find it among sailors. It is not impossible that the mystic and unpleasant ceremony which accompanies the visit of Great Neptune to ships crossing the Equator, is, in fact, a faint shadow of the "pix bnlliens," if not of the "pluma pulvinaris," of Cœur de Lion. My supposition as to the nautical origin and character of tarring and feathering is singularly confirmed by the circumstance that the first recorded outrage of this kind was perpetrated by a body of sailors. It is a long stride from the Crusades of the twelfth century to onr North American colonies in the eighteenth; but nevertheless we must make it. On the 1st of November, 1773, the inhabitants of Pownalborough, a small New England town, were aroused by a loud cheering in the streets, and on going to investigate the cause, they saw "about thirty sailors surrounding an object which had more the appearance of the devil than any human beiug." The diabolical figure was a Mr. John Malcolm, a revenue officer, who had incurred the hatred of the sailors, as everybody else with whom he was brought officially into contact, by an undue severity in the exercise of the power with which he was invested. He had been taken from a Mr. Bradbury's house, where he was staying, after a stout resistance, and "being disarmed of sword, cane, hat and wig, he was genteelly tarred and feathered;" his tormentors then marched him through the streets, and let him go.

An odd feature in Mr. Malcolm's case is this—in less than three months he was tarred and feathered again! On the 25th of January, 1774, he was bullying a small boy in Fore street, Boston, when a gentleman named Hughes remonstrated with him; high words arose, they called each other rascals. "Anyhow," says Hughes, "*I* was never tarred and feathered." Whereupon Malcolm struck him a blow on the forehead, which stretched him on the ground in an insensible condition. A mob assembled round Malcolm's house; he was foolish enough to defy them. "You say," he shouted, "I was tarred and feathered, and that it was not done in a proper manner; damn you, let me see the man that can do it better; I want to see it done in the new-fashioned manner." (This would seem to indicate that some change had been introduced into the practice.) The mob seized him, put him in a cart, and, stripping him "to buff and breeches, gave him a *modern* jacket;" they then proposed an oath to him, whereby he was to swear to renounce his commission, and never to hold another inconsistent with the liberties of his country; and, on his obstinately refusing, they earted him to the gallows, passed a rope round his neck, and threw the other end over the beam, as if they intended to hang him. He still defied his persecutors, until a sound basting with a rope's end, [they use cowhide now-a-days] followed by a threat to cut off his ears, forced him to comply with their demand. The mob destroyed his house and furniture, but he escaped on board the *Active*, a British man-of-war, which brought him to England. It is said that the well-disposed part of the people of Boston offered him £300 as compensation for his sufferings and loss, but I am inclined to doubt this.

In 1773 our North American colonies were in a ferment, and determined to resist by force the importation of the East India Company's tea from England. The ladies entered warmly into the scheme, and in one place no less than fifty-seven of them had a meeting, and agreed not to use any more India tea. They requested a gentleman who had lately bought some to return it; and, on his ready compliance, they treated him to a "glass of their country wine, and dismissed him highly pleased." Happy man! such politeness deserved its reward. All the men were not so polite, and some even went so far as to ridicule the proceedings of these ladies, styling them the Matrons of Liberty, and representing them as being secretly most anxious to have their accustomed tea, and complaining bitterly that their husbands had deprived them of it, while still retaining their own flip and punch. Probably the men required the flip and punch to rouse them to the requisite pitch for carrying out the rough measures which they now began to adopt. An inflammatory handbill was distributed in Philadelphia, calling upon the Delaware pilots to prevent the arrival of a ship laden with tea, which was expected at that port, and reminding them that she could not come to an anchor without their assistance. This was only the forerunner of more decisive measures, the fitful gust of wind that preceded the coming gale. Bodies of men were leagued together and, adopting the disguise of Indians, called themselves "Mohawks." They circulated notices, promising any one who should presume to let his store for the reception of the tea—which they described allegorically as infernal chains and fetters forged by Great Britain to enslave them—that they should not fail to pay him an unwelcome visit, in which he should be treated as he deserved by "the Mohawks." At Boston, in December 1773, these Mohawks took 342 chests of tea, valued at £18,000, and threw them into the sea. The act of the thirty sailors at Pownalborough fell into the soil thus prepared for its reception like seed, which quickly germinated and bore abundant fruit. The Mohawks now appear to have added to their destruction of property, personal violence to individuals; for, threatening notices began to be posted up in conspicuous places, signed "Joyce, jun., Chairman of the Committee for Tarring and Feathering."

Why the name of Joyce was selected as the *nom de guerre* of the leader of these rioters, I have been unable to discover. Perhaps there was, or had been, a "Joyce, sen.," celebrated for a rigid administration of the laws; or perhaps "Joyce's Grand American Balsam," much celebrated at that time as a panacea, may have determined the choice of the name. Fictitious signatures of the whole committee were now and then appended, such as Thomas Tarbucket, Peter Pitch, Abraham Wildfowl, David Plaister, Benjamin Brush, Oliver Scarecrow, and Henry Handcart; these, however, speak for themselves.

On the 10th of December, 1773, the committee addressed a letter to Captain Ayres of the ship *Polly*, which had a cargo of tea, advising him to preserve his person from the pitch and feathers that were prepared for him if he brought his ship to an anchor.

"What think you, Captain," he is asked with grim facetiousness, "of a halter round your neck, ten gallons of liquid tar decanted on your pate, and the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven your appearance? Dear Captain Ayres, let us advise you to fly without the wild-geese feathers."

These warnings of King Mob had their due influence on the captain. He attended "a most respectable and numerous meeting" to receive its wishes, and was so much impressed thereby that he bowed to its decision, and the ship *Polly*, with the tea undisturbed on board, turned her bows towards England. It was not unnatural that, since tea was entirely removed from the market, the shopkeepers should raise the price of coffee. The committee, however, was on the alert; it was not to be tolerated that coffee should be increased in price two or three pence per pound; and public notice was given that the question had been mooted, whether tar and feathers would not be a constitutional encouragement for such eminent patriotism.

About this time a brig laden with tea, commanded by a Captain Loring, was wrecked off Cape Cod; some of the cargo was saved, and was conveyed by a schooner to Castle William. Mr. George Rickford, the skipper of the latter vessel, seems to have taken a fancy to be inoculated, and went on his arrival to the hospital at Marblehead, where he was duly operated upon, and laid up to await the result. Dread of infection, however did not deter a party of Mohawks from paying him a visit, although they deferred proceeding to extremities in the then condition of his health. It is not unlikely that this visit drew the attention of the populace to this hospital for inoculation, and actuated, as is supposed, by a dread of the small-pox from patients not conforming to the rules, they commenced a series of outrages. Probably the real outrage was this, that the minds of the American mob had now become thoroughly imbued with a love of tarring and feathering their fellow-men on the smallest provocation, and here was an opportunity not to be resisted. The patients going from the ships to the hospital were obliged to find a different landing-place; the hospital boat was burnt, and several persons tarred and feathered for no particular reason. Four men were suspected of a design, under cover of the darkness, to steal some clothing belonging to the hospital, which was usually spread out to air at a particular spot. If they succeeded in their attempt, the infection would probably be communicated to the inhabitants of the neighborhood. They were watched, pursued, and taken; but, finding that they were followed, they managed to throw the clothes overboard. The four prisoners were secured until the next day, when a considerable body of the Mobility assembled, and determined by a large majority that their punishment should be—tar and feathers. The scene which followed is described by an eye-witness as "the most extraordinary exhibition of the kind ever seen in North America." The four objects of resentment were placed in a cart facing each other, having been previously tarred and feathered "in the modern way." It was estimated that at least a thousand people, chiefly dressed in uniform, among whom were four drummers, formed themselves into a procession at the town-house in Marblehead. At the heels of this multitude came the cart with its miserable occupants—a fifer and drummer walking in front of it. In this manner they marched from Marblehead to Salem, a distance of four miles and a half, entering the latter town about noon. Here a numerous body of the Salemites joined them and paraded with them through the principal streets, with drumming and fifing, and a large white flag flying from the cart, "which, with the exquisitely droll and grotesque appearance of the four tarred and feathered objects of derision, exhibited a very laughable and truly comic scene." The procession left Salem at one o'clock, and returned to Marblehead, where it dispersed. After tarring and feathering several other unfortunates, for reasons best known to themselves, the rioters, or some persons instigated by them, set fire to the hospital and burnt it, with its seventy beds, bedding, etc., to the ground.

A feeble and futile effort was now made to enforce the law and bring the culprits to punishment. With this object two or three persons were taken up on suspicion, and committed to Salem jail. A mob of some five hundred people assembled, broke into the prison, obliged the keeper ro deliver up the keys, and released the prisoners. The high-sheriff afterwards took the matter up, and summoned the inhabitants according to law, to assist him with arms and ammunition in re-taking the prisoners; but some gentle persuasion being brought to bear upon the owners of the hospital (which was private property), they were induced to withdraw all further claim for damages; and so the matter ended.

From such expressions as "modern jacket," "new-fashioned dress of tar and feathers," and many others which frequently occur in the newspaper reports of that period, it is evident that it was regarded as novelty. It has now become a settled institution, and its occurrence is no longer so unusual as to call for any remark. At that time, however, the new fashion became a complete mania, and it seems exactly to have supplied a want among the rough colonists of North America. From the numerous cases which occurred I will select a few of the most interesting. It is but seldom that any pity is expressed for the unhappy victims; and when it is, we have some difficulty in deciding whether the writer is in earnest. For instance, the Georgia papers, in giving an account of the tarring and feathering of Mr. Brown, a merchant, at Augusta, add—"the poor gentleman was a long time under their discipline, and suffered greatly."

In 1775, a shopkeeper named Laughton Martin and his servant were subjected to "the discipline." Their offence was a serious one, and is a proof—if one were wanting—that freedom of opinion and speech was not less difficult of enjoyment in the Home of Liberty ninety years ago, than it is now. Master and man, in a reckless moment, had drunk "D———n to the American cause!" Having been indued with the Plumeopicean robe, they were conducted in a cart to the water-side, and put on board a ship bound to Bristol, without being suffered to see either wife or family; but not without being first taken to a tavern, where the committee was sitting, and obliged to drink a counter-toast. In August of the same year, Mr. Antony Warrsick, a most respectable merchant of Virginia, was unguarded enough to say to some idle people, who were abusing king and parliament, "You are lawless fellows." He was instantly seized, carried about fifteen miles, when he was stripped entirely naked, tied to a public whipping-post, and then and there tarred and feathered. After loading him with every species of scurrilous abuse their minds could invent, his tormentors released him. That the law was utterly powerless is evident, for, the persons of those empowered to administer it were not safe from attack. In September, 1775, James Smith, Esq., a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Duchess county, New York, and Cohen Smith (his brother or near relative, as I suppose), were carted five or six miles into the country, and "very handsomely tarred and feathered," for acting in open contempt of the resolves of the County Committee.

I have hitherto dealt only with that branch of my subject which shows how tarring and feathering was developed in opposition to British rule in North America. Some twenty years later it was employed with even greater vigor against the newly-founded Government of the United States by its own citizens. If the populace objected to our attempted imposition of tea-duties, it objected more strongly to the excise on home-distilled spirits imposed by its own Government. In 1791, Congress passed a law laying duties on spirits distilled in the United States, and immediately an insurrection in opposition to this law commenced in the four most western counties of Pennsylvania, viz: Alleghany, Washington, Fayette, and Westmoreland. Of these counties, Washington, in spite of the name it bore, uniformly distinguished its resistance by greater excesses than the other counties, and seems to have been chiefly instrumental in kindling and keeping alive the flame. In his speech to Congress, November 19, 1794, Gen. Washington had to allude to this insurrection, which had only been suppressed that year, and when he had to name the particular counties which had revolted, it was remarked that he faltered, and his voice trembled as he uttered the names of Washington and Fayette. The amount of tar and feathers employed in this insurrection must have been startling; and, when we consider how thinly peopled the district must have been at that time, a man who had not undergone "the discipline" was doubtless quite a rarity.

Of course, the vengeance of the mob fell first on those who had been bold enough to take the posts of collectors of revenue. Washington county led the way. On the 6th of September, 1791, Mr. Robert Johnson, who had accepted the office of Collector of Revenue for Washington and Alleghany counties, was waylaid at a place on Pigeon Creek, by a party of men, armed and disguised; they tied him naked to a tree, cut off his hair, tarred and feathered him, and deprived him of his horse, thus obliging him to travel a considerable distance on foot in that mortifying and ridiculous plight. The authorities gave orders for the arrest of three of the men concerned in this outrage, and directed Mr. Clement Biddle, the United States Marshal, to serve the necessary processes. Mr. Biddle entrusted this dangerous duty to his deputy, one Joseph Fox, who in his turn, thinking discretion the better part of valor, sent them by private messenger, under cover. The Marshal did not hesitate to express his conviction that if he had attempted to serve these notices himself, he should not have been allowed to return alive. As it was, the unfortunate messenger was caught, whipped, tarred and feathered and, after having had his money and horse taken from him, was blindfolded, and tied to a tree in the woods, in which condition he remained for five hours. Another official, named Welles, who had accepted the post of collector for the counties of Westmoreland and Fayette, was similarly ill-treated.

Some time in October in the same year, an unhappy man of weak intellect, Wilson by name, a stranger in the country, became possessed with an idea that he was a collector, or in some way invested with official functions in relation to the excise. He went about inquiring of the distillers if they had registered their stills according to law. His imaginary official dignity was but short-lived; he was pursued by a party of insurgents, as usual, in disguise, and taken out of his bed. They carried him about three miles to a blacksmith's shop, stripped him naked and burned his clothes. After applying a red-hot iron to various parts of his body, they tarred and feathered him, and dismissed him at daybreak, naked, wounded, and otherwise in a very suffering condition. The wretched luna-

tic bore the torture inflicted upon him, with the heroic fortitude of a man who believed himself to be a martyr to the discharge of some important duty. A similar fate befel a man named Roseberry, and several others.

In August, 1792, the Inspector of Revenue procured the house of Captain W. Faulkner for an office in Washington county; but the all-powerful mob threatened the captain that, if he did not prevent the further use of his house as an office, they would scalp, tar and feather him, and burn his house and property. It is needless to enquire whether he acquiesced in their demands. In 1793, the condition of affairs remained the same. Some distillers were disposed to comply with the orders of the Government, but they were subject to "the discipline," and—in one case at least—compelled to advertise their sufferings in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, as a warning to others. One of the many sufferers in this riotous opposition to the law, was a private person, who had innocently remarked, that, when people did not obey government, they could not look for its protection! As late as the 6th of June, 1794, John Lynn, whose house was occupied as an excise office, underwent the usual formula, viz: he was tarred, feathered, tied to a tree, &c., added to which, his house was partly destroyed. About this time the United States Marshal seems to have ventured within the riotous districts; but his mission was productive of no results, save danger and disgrace to himself. He was fired upon, and eventually seized. His life was frequently threatened; in fact he was probably only saved by the intervention of some of the leading insurgents, who possessed either more humanity or prudence than their fellows. His safety and liberty were alone secured to him, by his entering into a solemn engagement to serve no more processes on the western side of the Alleghany Mountains.

One of the last acts of the insurgents was the stoppage of the mail from Pittsburg to Philadelphia by armed men, who cut open the bag, and, from the letters that it contained, found out which of the inhabitants were enemies to the popular cause. Delegates were dispatched from the town of Washington to Pittsburg, to demand the expulsion of these secret foes. A prompt obedience was unavoidable. The government could temporize no longer. Affidavits and reports of the facts were presented to President Washington, who, by the unanimous advice of his cabinet, decided to call out the militia,—a measure which was not accomplished without difficulty. The rebellion instantly collapsed; and it is not clear that the force called out to suppress the insurrection did not do more mischief than the insurgents themselves. Marshall, in his life of Washington, says—"The greatness of the force prevented the effusion of blood; the disaffected did not venture to assemble in arms."

These riotous proceedings of the mob, this defiance of the constituted authorities, must in no way be confounded with what is called Lynch-law. This is a much more solemn and important affair, which, though open to great abuse, has nevertheless done good service in newly occupied terrrtories, where the arm of the law, properly so called, is powerless to punish or protect; or where, as in some cases, the populace take upon themselves that leniency towards crime which is so characteristic of American legislation. Judge Lynch and his subordinates employ tar and feathers very freely as a punishment, but they are usually only mild adjuncts to far more terrible measures.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

In Christianity he [Theodore, the hero of the novel] saw the perfect moral culture of the human soul.—*De Witte's Theodore.*

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Only as the sister, and not as the slave of theology can she [moral science] appear in her true power and dignity.—*De Witte's Ethics.*

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Justice is the mistress and queen of all virtues.—*Cicero—De Officiis III.*, 5.

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We are certainly prohibited by the law of nature from injuring another.—*Ibid.*

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God has given nothing to man more divine than his conscience.—*Ibid, chap. xi.*

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But if you will follow me, trouble yourselves little about Socrates, but much about the truth.—*Socrates.*

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In the life and practice of the Hindoos there is a disposition to renounce the world and mortify the body, which, far surpassing the rigorous self-denial of the early Christian anchorites in Egypt, is carried to an intensity and extreme which is almost incredible that human nature should be capable of.—*F. W. Schlegel.*

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Never, never do violence to your own rational nature. He who in any case admits doctrines which contradict reason has broken down the great barrier between truth and falsehood and lays open his mind to every delusion. The great mark o error, which is inconsistency, ceases to shock him. He has violated the first law of the intellect and must pay the fearful penalty.—*Channing's Self-Denial.*

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The sublime attainments which man has been capable of making in science, and the wonders of his own creative art in that magnificent scene to which he has known how to give new magnificence, have been considered by many as themselves proofs of the immortality of a being so highly endowed. When we view him, indeed, comprehending in his single conception, the events of ages which have preceded him, and not content with the past, anticipating events that are to begin only in ages as remote in futurity as the origin of the universe is in the past, measuring the distance of the remotest planets, and naming in what year of other centuries the nations that are now gazing with astonishment upon some comet, are to gaze on it in its return, it is scarcely possible for us to believe that a mind which seems equally capacious of what is infinite in space and time, should only be a creature whose brief existence is measurable by a few points of space, and a few moments of eternity.—*Brown's Moral Philosophy, Sec.* 97.

One striking peculiarity of Jesus is the extent, the vastness of his views. Whilst all around him looked for a Messiah to liberate God's ancient people—whilst to every other Jew, Judea was the exclusive object of pride and hope, Jesus came declaring himself to be the deliverer and light of the world, and in his whole teaching and life you see a consciousness which never forsakes him, of a relation to the whole human race. This idea of blessing mankind, of spreading a universal religion, was the most magnificent which had ever entered man's mind. All previous religions had been given to particular nations. No conqueror, legislator, philosopher, in the extravagance of ambition. had ever dreamed of subjecting all nations to a common faith.—*Channing—Evidences of Revealed Religion.*

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Those wild tribes [of Northern Barbarians, who overran the Roman Empire soon after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Government] were bringing with them into the magic circle of the Western Church's influence the very materials which she required for the building up of a future Christendom, and which she could as little find in the Western Empire as in the Eastern, [both of which were then Christian while the Barbarian were Pagan]; comparative purity of morals, sacred respect for woman, for family life, for law, equal justice, individual freedom, and above all, for honesty in word and deed.—*Kingsley—Preface to Hypatia.*

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If people were educated, though not comprehending the science employed, they could comprehend that what they saw [in mechanical contrivances] was purely a matter of science, and that the cause and effect were natural and definite; unlike the present race of Egyptians, who not long since regarded the very mechanics of a European as an operation of magic; and were capable of suspecting that a machine constructed by a man from England for raising water from the Nile should innudate the country in an hour.—*Foster—Evils of Popular Ignorance.*

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Brougham, in a speech in the House of Commons on the Irish elective franchise said: "How will the reverend Bishops of the other House be able to express their due abhorrence of the crime of perjury, who solemnly declare in the presence of God that when they are called upon to accept a living, perhaps of £4,000 a year, at that very instant, they are moved by the Holy Ghost to accept the office and administration thereof, and for no other consideration whatever." The modes of initiation are more dangerous than Custom-house oaths. The Bishop is elected by the Dean and Prebends of the Cathedral. The Queen sends these gentlemen a *congé d'elire*, or leave to elect; but also sends them the name of the person whom they are to elect. They go into the Cathedral, chaunt and pray, and beseech the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice; and, after their invocations, invariably find that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the Queen.—*Emerson.*

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We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes short measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, flour from cream of tartar, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will sell raisins on stems, instead of stems without raisins. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles; and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat-fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redouud to the maker's credit and the second to his cash; nor, if the shoes have been promised on Thursday morning, will it let Thursday morning spin out till Saturday night. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth; or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard-stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye; nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor water-proof cloaks be soaked through in an hour; nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together be sold to an unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys which it contracted to build of seven-dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard piuc; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join: nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at but are on no account to be touched. It does not send the little boy, who has come for the daily quart of milk, into the barn-yard to see the *calf*, and seize the opportunity to skim off the cream; nor does it surround stale butter with fresh, and sell the whole for good; nor pass off the slack-baked bread upon the stable boy; nor dust the pepper, nor deacon the apples. It does not put cotton gathering-threads into the skirt to succumb on the slightest provocation; nor content itself with fastening seams at the beginning and the end, trusting to Providence for the security of the intermediate stages. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not borrow money with little or no prospect of repayment, but concealing or glossing over the fact. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand with or without interest, as a liar.—*Gail Hamilton.*

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

Can a man, when looking over the contents of a tobacconist's shop, be said to be taking a bird's-eye view of the stock?

What peculiar phrenological development does a successful dairyman possess? The bump of adulteration.

A man wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said: "I am sorry your poor lady has gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you go."

A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like, to which he replied: "Like your ladyship's bottle of sal volatile—poignant at the first opening, but, on being too much handed about, it becomes disagreeable."

An epitaph says:

> Private John Thomes lies buried here,
> Who died from drinking cold small beer.
> Good Christian! drink no beer at all,
> Or if you will drink beer, don't drink it small.

Hancock (when signing the Declaration of Independence.) "There must be no discord or pulling different ways; we must all hang together."

Franklin.—"If we don't hang together, we shall be hanged separately."

I thank God we have not free schools nor printing [in Virginia] and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libels against the Government. God keep us from both.—*Sir Wm. Berkley, Governor of Virginia, in* 1671.

Smith, who was telling a very long and tedious story, was interrupted and told that he did not know all the facts. He replied that he learned the whole story from the person to whom the events occurred. "No," said the interruptor, "he did not tell you the end of it." The laugh which ensued put an end to the story.

A gentleman entertaining a few friends at dinner, gave them Madeira to drink, and then ordered his servant to open a box of Constantia and bring one bottle. This proved so good that the guests demanded another. The host refused. Sydney Smith, who was present, said: "Since we can't double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira." The pun called out a laugh, and the host, seeing a chance for another pun, sacrificed a bottle to it. He said: "Be of Good Hope; you shall double it."

Newton was very absent-minded at times. On one occasion, his servant, after having been out of the house a quarter of an hour, heard his master's bell ringing violently, and going to his room, found Sir Isaac squirming in his chair very near a hot fire. Newton exclaimed, "Quick, you rascal—put out that fire; I'm all blistered!" The servant replied: "But, sir, you could have moved back from the fire." "Bless me!" replied the philosopher, "I never thought of that."

John Smith (in the first American Congress just after the Declaration of Independence.)—"Mr. President, for the more complete establishment of our independence, and to show that our separation from Great Britain is eternal, I move that the people of the United States adopt Latin as their language, and allow no English to be spoken."

Franklin.—"I move to amend, that we continue to use English, but compel the Englishmen to use Latin."

A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects. He was not a little surprised, however, one day, to find a country note among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was pointed out to him by one who had seen him deposit it. "Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?" said the teacher. "Yes," answered the boy. "Then what did you put it in the box for?" The boy coolly replied, "I didn't s'pose the little heathens would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

Papyrius Pretextatus when a youth, was taken by his father into the Roman Senate while that body was discussing a great state secret. His mother pestered him to know what the secret was, and to pacify her he said they were considering whether it were better that a man should have two wives or that a woman should have two husbands. The lady told this to her friends, among whom it created a great excitement, and next morning the Senate House was surrounded by a mob of women crying out, "Let a woman have two husbands." The senators asked one another the meaning of the excitement, and were so much pleased when Papyrius explained it, that they passed a decree that no son of a senator, except Pretextatus, should be admitted when the senate should sit with closed doors.

Brantz Mayer, in his book, *Mexico as it Was and Is*, speaking of a visit to the Chapel of Loretto, a fashionable church near the City of Mexico, in March, 1842, says: "As I entered from the front door of this edifice, the first thing that attracted my notice was a side altar converted into an arbor, in the center of which was a well, with Christ and the woman of Samaria beside it. The lady had been fitted out by a most fashionable mantua-maker, in a costume of blue satin picked out with pink, and while she leaned gracefully on a silver pitcher resting on the edge of the well, our Saviour stood opposite in a mantle of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, and covered with a *Guayaquil sombréro* (Panama hat.)

Newton, riding across Salisbury Plain, passed a shepherd boy who said, "If you don't make haste you'll get wet." The The traveller looked at the sky, and seeing every appearance of warm, placid weather, said, "I guess not." "Yes, you will," said the boy. Newton rode on, but in about an hour he was caught by a severe thunder storm. Astonishment at the fulfillment of the confident prediction was followed by wonder whether that rude boy had discovered some great principle unknown to the most learned philosophers. In the anxious hope of making an important addition to scientific knowledge, he rode back in the rain and mud to the shepherd, whom he found in a little hut. "Boy," said Newton, "I will give you a guinea if you will tell me how you knew it was going to rain." "Agreed," said the boy; "give me the guinea." The money paid, the boy stepped out and pointing at one of his flock, said, "Whenever that old black ram turns his tail up, puts his head down, and runs against the wind, you may be certain that it will rain within two hours."

THE AMERICAN SEA DUEL.

AN action has been fought between one of the cruisers of the Federal States of America and that cruiser of the Confederate States which has probably damaged commerce more, and with more impunity, than any other ship of war that ever sailed under a pennant. The *Alabama* was a beautiful conjunction of the power of armament and speed, and took the lead as a new form of ship-building adapted for the molestation of commerce. The Confederates were happy in their ship, and lucky in their commander and; as a dashing officer is sure to do, Captain Semmes collected round him as fine a ship's company as ever did honor to the decks of a man-of-war. Our naval reserve, and the *Excellent*, gunnery ship, did something, perhaps, for the care of his ordnance; Capt. Blakely made his guns, Mr. Laird built the ship. The error into which it seems to us that Capt. Semmes fell was a supposition that the Federals would send out, for his capture or destruction, the same class of heavy-armed tubs they possessed when Mr. Laird projected the *Alabama*. That Capt. Semmes, as an American, should have fallen into such a mistake is strange, because he ought to have known the "go-ahead" nature of his countrymen. Capt. Semmes knew that scores of ships were hunting him, armed with Dahlgren's heavy rifled shell guns, which could, if they were allowed to get the range of the *Alabama*, either blow her up or send her down; there was but one of these ships for which Capt. Semmes cared, the *Vanderbilt*, a powerful paddle-wheel steamer, pressed into the Federal out of the merchant service. The *Vanderbilt* had the foot of the *Alabama* from her enormous steam power, but she was not man-of-war built; and although Capt. Semmes did not desire to fight with her, he reasonably considered that his two Blakely pivot guns, neither exceeding a nine-inch bore, might carry him through with success.

The *Vanderbilt* could not, or would not, find the *Alabama*. But the Federal authorities, coming to that conclusion in five minutes which would have occupied our Admiralty in deliberation for five months, determined to put their tremendous battery of eleven-inch Dahlgrens on board the partially fortified hull of a speedy ship with vast steam power. With such a ship the *Alabama* could only contend by choosing her distance, and that she could not choose by reason of the superior speed of her antagonist. The consequence seems to us inevitable. The heavier and the speedier ship chose her distance, and sent the weaker and slower ship to the bottom. The cause of this effect appears to us perfectly clear.

The *Kearsarge* was faster then the *Alabama* by three knots and hour, carried guns less by one in number, but of greater weight of metal, a larger crew, and withal, was partly protected in a clumsy way by iron chains. These points of superiority are quite sufficient to account for the victory after a short engagement of little more than a hour. This action is another contradiction to the prevalent opinion of naval men that sea fights will be at close quarters. The ships were never nearer than a quarter of a mile, and kept moving in circles to elude the enemy's aim, and to bring their own guns to bear on the side chosen for fighting.

The question naturally raised is why Capt. Semmes went ont to fight a duel with an enemy so much his superior. That he had misgivings of the issue is betrayed by the fact that he left his 63 watches behind him, and other valuables, the *spolia opima* of helpless merchantmen. If he had taken the same care of his men, some brave lives would have been spared. He says of his crew, that though they have lost their ship they have not lost their honor, nor, he might add on his own part, he his watches.

Capt. Semmes states that he did not know till after the action that his enemy was iron-clad, which, indeed, she is not, but, as we have explained, only partially protected. But he did know that his own ship was in bad order, that her bottom was foul, and consequently her speed and steering seriously impaired; but probably Capt. Semmes' easy victories over unarmed ships had encouraged a false confidence in his prowess. In proper condition the *Alabama* would probably have been quite as fast as the *Kearsarge;* but as it was, everything was against her but bravery, which seems to have been pretty equal on both sides. The two great elements of success on this occasion were speed and weight of metal. If the *Alabama* had been as swift as the *Kearsarge* she would still have felt the superiority of her enemy's heavier shot, and the inferiority of her fire ineffectual against the enemy's protected sides; but she might, even in that case, have made her escape when she found herself overmatched if she had been as fast in running away as she has been in pursuing—that is to say, if her bottom had not been foul.

The *Kearsarge* did not fire so many shots by half as the *Alabama*, but her shots all told, which was not the case with the other. It is clear that we shall soon cease to count guns, and shall weigh them instead; for it is not the number, but calibre and range that give superiority.—*London Examiner, June* 25.

OUR FLAG.

ITS White was made of Plymouth snows,
Where first the English Pilgrims trod—
That ice-girt Rock from whence arose
Their grateful hearts to God.

Then in a far and sunny land
Freedom's inspiring spirit glowed,
And from the South's impassioned heart
The Crimson life-stream flowed.

God saw 'twas good, and o'er its folds
A veil of heavenly Azure drew;
Bright angels came, and, wondering,
With Starry eyes looked through.

Charmed with the young world of the Free,
O'er palmy grove, o'er mountain wild,
They bore this Flag of Liberty,
While new-born angels smiled.

Its stripes can never fade or die—
By shining forms 'tis guarded yet;
And never from its holy sky
One radiant star shall set.

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S BARBER.

THE hair-dresser, or barber, in France, as in Italy, is generally something of a character, *au fait* of all the gossip of the hour, knowing everybody, and seldom inclined to underrate his knowledge or skill. He takes the tone and color of his epoch to such an extent that, could we resuscitate the professors of these kindred arts in the past, we might reconstruct the history of each period from the airs or the *souveniro* of its "capillary artistes."

Leonard, the hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen; Plaisia, the barber of Charles X., was the favorite gossip and anecdote-monger of the Court. Mariton, who had the honor of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practical and commercially-minded like his royal patron. Oddly enough, the Empress's hair-dresser is named Le Roy, (the King,) while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majeste, (Majesty.) The Master of France has no barber, he keeps to his old habit and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hair-dressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hair-dresser since the time of her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the Court to have a duplicate of the head-dress made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuileries, wearing the *fac-simile* of the Empress's head-gear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her Majesty until after the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first "artiste" of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with her hair. A few evenings ago, being in attendance on the Duchess of ———, he entered her dressing-room, as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, Madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," was the reply.

"White moire," said the artiste, with a dissatisfied shrug, "the moire is very common place. All the plebeians' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the Duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many plebeians' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of the hand toward the open door, through which her maid was entering with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of *point de Venice*.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artiste, with a second shrug; "but as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it. I thought of asking you to dress my hair with double braids, and these beautiful coral beads twisted in among the braids."

"But, Madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair acording to my own inspirations—not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hair-dresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican—fit only for creoles. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady—

"If you have no confidence in me, Madame, call in another artiste. I am responsible for the good looks of my clients," returned the artiste haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving towards the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant *coupe*, and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine," said the Duchess, addressing her maid, "take away these ornaments, and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket and taking up a comb.

The only hair-dresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus, the hair dresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Felix is, in reality, as autocratic as Petrus, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers; never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel. Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their "majestic brows, crowned with a diadem of jet." If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks: "When God created a companion for Adam, he gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks." If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose dark or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the "rage" in the time of Louis XV., and prophesies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hair-dresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

Maj.-Gen. Crittenden, accompanied by Maj. Buford, Capt Knox and Capt. McCook, members of his staff, have left Washington to report to Maj.-Gen. Sherman.

Maj.-Gen. F. J. Herron has assumed command of all the U.S. forces on the coast, and Rio Grande frontier of Texas, headquarters at Brownsville, Texas.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

HOW PHILADELPHIA BUTTER IS MADE.—After the milk is drawn from the cows it should be strained into pans properly arranged on a bench for the purpose, with a small quantity of fresh sour milk in each one, to hasten the raising of the cream, which should on all occasions be taken off from thirty to thirty-six hours after being milked, it being found that by standing longer in a large dairy more is lost by deteriorating the quality of the butter than is gained in quantity. When the cream is skimmed off the milk into a large cream-pot, it should be put in the butter-hole in the spring, and let stand one day and then skimmed off, so as to remove any sour milk that may have settled from it to the bottom of the pot, and should be subsequently stirred every day until churned, to prevent rancidity from taking place on top of the cream by too long standing, which is the main cause of all the strong butter that is made. The cream should be churned twice in the week during the summer months, and all the year, where there is a sufficient quantity to warrant it. The temperature of the cream and churn should be about 62 degrees, so as to insure the butter to come right, and in the proper length of time, which should be about thirty minutes. There is much danger in having the butter come soft by over-churning, as by the atmosphere being too hot. In order to regulate the temperature of the cream in the fall, winter and spring, it should be set in a tub of hot water until it comes to the temperature above designated—the butter broken in the churn to the size of peas and chestnuts. The buttermilk should be drawn off through a fine hair sieve from the vent of the churn, which should be about an inch hole. A sufficient quantity of spring water should then be put in, and a few revolutions of the churn, when it should be drawn off, and then another quantity of spring water put in, and tumbled in the churn until gathered into a mass. The water should all then be drawn off, and the butter cut into cracks, as it lies in the churn to receive the salt, which should be a pint for fifty pound, regulating below that, or above that according to the quantity churned. The butter should then be tumbled in the churn until the salt is mixed with it, and it will then do to to take out in ten or fifteen pounds, and lump into pounds, ready for sponging, which should be done by having a sponge of a proper size inclosed in a linen cloth and passed over the lump by pressure, to absorb the brine and moisture it contains which should then be weighed and printed if intended for the market. The sponge should be frequently squeezed out of cold water as dry as possible during the sponging and weighing of fifty or one hundred pounds.

CANNING FRUITS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* seasonably reminds the readers of that journal that many fruits may be preserved with little or no sugar. The correspondent says: Currants, gooseberries, peaches and pears require no sugar to preserve them. Raspberries and blackberries do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a pound of fruit, and strawberries but little more. We have now the different kinds, nearly as fresh and good as when first gathered. Put them up the same way as if you used the usual quantity of sugar; that is, expel the cold air by heating the fruit after it is placed in the jars, by setting the jars in cold water, which heat to boiling. The jars that we use are self-sealing, with zinc covers, which can be screwed on before the jar is removed from the hot water. We have never lost a jar put up in them.

HOW TO COOK A HAM.—Never put a ham in cold water, and be equally careful never to place one in boiling water. First let the water become lukewarm, and then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boil lightly for four or five hours—five is better than four—then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sage into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking dish, with a bottle of champagne or prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it baste an hour in a gentle heat. A slice from a nicely cured ham, thus baked, is enough to animate the ribs of death.

BUNIONS.—The formation of a bunion may in the beginning be prevented, *but only in the beginning;* for when once actually formed, it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bunion, it is necessary whenever and wherever a boot or shoe pinches to have it eased at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bunion has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any peace, and not have it increase, he must have a last made to fit his foot, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bunion inflames, and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

TO RESTORE THE HAIR.—When the hair becomes thin from illness, use the following receipt: Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed.

BLACK DYE.—This is for either wool, hair, fur, or silk. Boil the articles for two hours in a decoction of nutgalls, and afterwards keep them for two hours more in a bath composed of logwood and sulphate of iron; kept during the whole time at a scalding heat, but not boiling. During the operation they must frequently be exposed to the air. The common proportions are five parts of gall, five of sulphate of iron, and thirty of logwood for every hundred of cloth. Sometimes a little acetato of copper (verdigris) is added to improve the color. Woollen cloth, before it receives a black color, is usually dyed blue; this renders the color much fuller and finer than it would otherwise be. If the cloth is coarse, the blue dye may be too expensive; in that case, a brown color is given by means of walnut shells. Silk is dyed in the same manner as wool, except that as it imbibes a larger quantity of tannin, the quantity of galls must be increased to twice as much, and the silk remain longer in the solution.

Col. Marshall Lefferts, late commander of the 7th N. Y National Guard, has been appointed a Brigadier-General by Gov. Seymour.

Brig.-Gen. N. C. McLean has been ordered to an important position in Kentucky, and will make his headquarters at Lexington.

EMBROIDERY.—In the days of yore embroidering was esteemed so long and wearisome a task, that Perault condemned a beautiful princess to embroider her wedding-dress with the rays of the sun. Now-a-days, embroidering is made a pleasure instead of a toil. With the Grover & Baker Sewing-machine the most beautiful embroidery can be worked with the same ease, rapidity and perfection that it performs all other kinds of sewing. This faculty of the sewing-machine, which is peculiar to Grover & Baker's, must prove of infinite value to ladies who desire to keep up with the fashion of embroidered garments, now so popular.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following notices reach us from the Eastern press:

We have received the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism. Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, THE CALIFORNIAN, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which in these days seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new literary paper with this title comes to us from San Francisco. It is refreshing to the eyes of a printer to read its beautiful print upon clear white paper, and its contents are rich and varied, bearing mark of care and scholarship, enlivened with a vein of humor, that promises for it a position in the first rank of our native publications. It is edited by Charles H. Webb, Esq., formerly of the New York *Times*, and latterly the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, whose department of racy "Things" in that paper was read with delight by every one this way on whom the *Era* dawned. "Things"—snappy and epigrammatic as ever—have a place in THE CALIFORNIAN, and we would press upon our readers that they could do no better than send on and subscribe for it. The paper bears at its head the motto, appropriate for its own character, as well as for the State: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, is a remarkably handsome paper of sixteen pages, printed in a superior manner and made up of editorial and selected matter indicating ability and excellent judgment. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a well-known New York journalist, is the editor, and he seems to have entered upon his work with a vigor that, if continued, will render his paper inferior to no literary newspaper in America. Mr. Webb has gained a name for freshness, piquancy and spirit in his writings, and will undoubtedly make THE CALIFORNIAN a household friend not in San Francisco only but in every Eastern city.—*Boston Post.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published in a handsome quarto form, and conducted by Mr. C. H. Webb, formerly one of the editors of the New York *Times*. Mr. Webb is a pleasant and versatile writer, and won an excellent reputation during his experience of journalism in this city. He went to California one or two years ago, but ventured for the first time upon an independent enterprise in May last, when the first number of the CALIFORNIAN appeared. The paper claims to be "devoted to live topics and the best interests of California," and inasmuch as it shows a disposition to redeem this promise, being very lively and honest, it deserves success.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The following are a few of the notices which have appeared in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The noveletto is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table*; which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the country exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*. It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
jy30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

MRS. HENDRICKS,
No. 629 MISSION STREET,
Devotes herself exclusively to
EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,
And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.
Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.
☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

DINNER SETS.—We have just received, ex Giscours, several extremely fine
FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,
WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.
A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.
Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and
ELEGANT GLASS SETS,
FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,
Comprising some very fine pieces.
PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the
BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as being
THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper, of a quality and weight not often brought to this market, is ordered from the East
EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,
THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE
Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.
THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.
All communications and correspondence must be addressed to
C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1864:
AUGUST 13th - - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
AUGUST 23d - - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA
Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
jy30 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

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METALLURGICAL WORKS,
WE respectfully inform the Mining community in general, that having completed our
NEW SMELTING FURNACES,
We are now ready to SMELT EVERY KIND OF SILVER AND GOLD ORES.
Parties unable to get satisfactory results by amalgamation, will find it to their interest to have their ores smelted at our works.
LARGE CONTRACTS ACCEPTED AT LOW RATES, AND RESULTS GUARANTEED.
Facilities on hand to work all and every kind of Gold and Silver-bearing Ores, as well as it can be done in Europe.
AMALGAMATION AND CHLORATION carried on, on Silver and Gold Ores, as heretofore.
BEETKEN & CO'S METALLURGICAL WORKS,
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WORKS—San Bruno Road. jy2

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
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Amalgamator.
THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.
THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.
As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.
I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.
R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

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COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

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THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will receive deposits. attend to the Collection of Paper, and

DRAW EXCHANGE BY TELEGRAPH,

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—ON—

NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

On the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6 tf

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast coaner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

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436 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

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H. L. Goldstein,	S. M. Wilson,
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J. H Jewett, Marysville.	W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)
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J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

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(Near Wasnington,)

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jy9

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever ; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
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WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds : "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE !

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

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IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

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PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

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WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

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ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted :

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,
Corner Washington and Kearny streets.
my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and

Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,
Of every description. Best quality of
MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
Together with a complete assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED!

Peake Medical Institute,

Established by Experienced European Physicians for the certain, safe and permanent cure of all Special Diseases.

Consulting Surgeon, DR. PRATT, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE!

THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

OBSERVE THAT

The Peake Medical Institute will entirely remedy this great evil, by enabling sufferers from various special diseases which are so common on this coast to obtain, with as much certainty as if they were in London or Paris,

SPEEDY, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURES,

from educated, experienced and skilful European Physicians whose knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases is unsurpassed.

Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

MENTAL OR BODILY DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS

Arising from youthful excesses and indiscretions or from neglected and badly treated disease, will be treated at

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

In the most certain and successful manner and in a very short time, by a Surgeon who possesses unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the care of these harassing complaints having been associated with Ricord and other most celebrated surgeons for years, in the largest hospitals of Paris.

Persons who imagine that they are not well or whose strength and vigor is not what it should be, would do well by calling at the Peake Medical Institute (consultations being gratuitous) and getting the opinion and advice of the Surgeon, as in many of these cases the malady is entirely mental, aggravated perhaps, by some disorder of the general health, and a little skilful and kind treatment is all that is wanted to make the patient hearty, robust and happy.

All the after ill effects of special diseases, caused by neglect, bad treatment and mercury, will be speedily and permanently cured at the

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

The sufferer being restored to hearty, strong and robust health.

RHEUMATISM, ULCERS AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

Address:

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 313 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE *INSTITUTE,*

FOR GIRLS,

Nos. 64, 66, 68 and 70 SILVER STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. B. SWEDENSTIERNA, PRINCIPAL.

TWELFTH SESSION,

Commencing August 8th, 1864.

THIS INSTITUTION IS DESIGNED TO AFFORD FACILities for the education of girls, fully equal to those furnished at the best Seminaries of the Atlantic States. The course of study is unusually comprehensive, embracing all the branches that the best modern authorities have thought could be advantageously incorporated in the most enlarged scheme of Female Education. In the Collegiate Department it includes the higher mathematics; a course of English Literature and Criticism, taught by a method not elsewhere pursued; Natural History; the Physical Geography of the Pacific Coast; Critical and Universal Grammar; Ecclesiastical History; and the modern applications of Physical Science.

The organization of the School into departments and graded classes, facilitates the pursuit of a regular and systematic *course of study.* No pupil is permitted to take up the higher branches until thoroughly grounded in the preparatory ones. In the advanced classes, the instruction is to a great extent independent of text-books; and in no case is "going through the book," considered equivalent to "finishing a study."

Calisthenics, consisting of the wand-exercise, etc., take place in the gymnasium daily, from 12 to 12 1-2 o'clock.

Parents, guardians, and others interested in the thorough education of girls, are invited to call and *witness for themselves* the methods of instruction pursued, the general organization of the school, and its daily workings, which furnish a more reliable test of the excellence of such institutions, than any public examination. No particular "visiting days" have been appointed, the Principal and teachers being gratified by the attendance of visitors, at their daily recitations, at any time and without unusual preparation. Such visits do not in any way interrupt or interfere with the regular routine.

Registers containing full particulars as to the course of study, terms, regulations, etc., can be obtained upon application by mail, or to the Principal personally, at the Seminary. jy16-tf

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,

Manufacturers for the Trade

OF

SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco. my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	100 doz. Table Knives,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	120 doz. Razors,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
Microscopes in every Style,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	169 doz. Thermometers,
Aneroid Barometers,	25 doz. Hydrometers,
	Galvanic Batteries.

COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
637 CLAY STREET,
my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. ju11-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

ju11-3m

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of FREDERICK WILKE, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Frederick Wilke, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Taylor & Hastings, Petitioner's Attorneys. jy16-5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUSTice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A. D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township,
City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of WILLIAM WALTERS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, William Walters, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Attorney for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE CITY and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JAMES H. DOWNEY, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said Insolvent, James H. Downey, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Stamp and Seal.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

James Mee, Petitioner's Attorney. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF SAN FRANcisco county, of the State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of DANIEL NORCROSS, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Daniel Norcross, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the city and county of San Francisco, on the 16th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and Stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

Stanley & Hayes, Attorneys for Petitioner. jy16-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOHN GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOHN GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. jy23-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN HOGAN, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, JOHN HOGAN, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D., 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1864.

Seal and stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

R. F. Ryan, Attorney for Petitioner. jy23-5t

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of THOMAS W. LYLES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of the above-named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, Thomas W. Lyles, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at office No. 6, up stairs, northwest corner Clay and Front streets.

MARCUS A. BRALY,
E. I. WEEKS,
CHAS. A. BRENHAM,
Executors of the estate of Thomas W. Lyles, deceased.

Dated July 22d, A. D. 1864. jy23-5t

A LADY WISHES TO EXCHANGE LESsons in French, Music or Painting, for a room and board. Address "E. D. W.," care of W. H. BANCROFT, 609 Montgomery street. au13

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SAN Francisco, August 8, 1864.—Public notice is hereby given, that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco, for fiscal year 1864, '65, will be opened for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock, P.M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alteration and reduction of assessments upon Real Estate.

All applications for reductions of assessments are required by law to be verified by oath.

JAMES W. BINGHAM,
au13 Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Industrial Exhibition, 1864.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WILL BE PREPARED at the Pavilion, on Union Square, to receive goods intended for exhibition, on the 22d of August, and none will be admitted after the 31st. By order of the Committee,
au13-td C. B. PORTER.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar, hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Chism and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bleaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR

TO BE OPENED IN THE

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

ON THE 30TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1864.

Under the direction of the

Mechanics' Institute

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO this great display of our industry, skill and enterprise. To explain the objects and benefits of the Exhibition, of the preparations for holding it, and the regulations for its management, a circular has been published by the Institute in letter form and widely distributed. It may be seen at any office of Wells, Fargo & Co., at any Post Office, and at many of the country stores, throughout the Pacific States and Territories.

The various Transportation Companies will, with commendable liberality, transport all articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge; and Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

All articles forwarded should be labelled "For the Industrial Exhibition," and be directed to C. B. Porter, Agent, and all communications be addressed to

WILLIAM PATTON,
au6-tf Corresponding Secretary.

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Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30 3m

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This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13th, 1864,

The performances in the afternoon and evening will commence with the Elegant Comedy of

Our American Cousin!

ASA TRENCHARD, - -	MR. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH
Sir Edward - - - - - - -	D. C. Anderson
Lord Dundreary, - - - - - -	Frank Mayo
Abel Murcott - - - - - -	C R Thorne, Jr
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To be followed by the Comic Drama, entitled

The Debutante;

—OR—

THE FIRST NIGHT.

ACHILLE TALMA DUFARD, -	MR. WHEATLEIGH
Bertie Fitzdaegle - - - - -	W Stephenson
Miss Arabella Fitzjames - - - -	Mrs Perry

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. jy30

SAN FRANCISCO CHORAL SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY will hereafter meet for Rehearsal on

THURSDAY EVENINGS, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

In the Hall of

THE "SAN FRANCISCO VEREIN,"

On the east side of Kearny street, a few doors south of Sacramento street.

☞ MEMBERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. ☜

Parties may become SUBSCRIBING MEMBERS by applying to the Secretary.

By order of the Board of Directors,
au6-2t W. H. DANIELL, Secretary.

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AT SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

Ladies and Gentlemen's Equestrian Exhibition!!

THIS GRAND EXHIBITION WILL BE HELD AT THE Bay View Park, commencing SEPTEMBER SECOND, and continuing until the ELEVENTH, during which time the Mechanics' Fair will also be in progress—the great Pavilion of which will be open every evening—so that persons from distance can attend both Fairs during their visit to the city. For particulars and premium list, see large posters and California *Spirit of the Times.*

au6-td BEN. E. HARRIS, Secretary.

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Junction of Second and Bryant streets.

R. TOWNSEND HUDDART,

PRINCIPAL.

THE COLLEGE HAS BEEN ENLARGED DURING THE past year by the erection of a spacious Hall and Recitation Rooms, which have been furnished with Philosophical Apparatus and all these modern improvements that tend to facilitate the progress of Education, as well as to promote the health and comfort of pupils. The other buildings are commodious, the dormitories lofty and well ventilated, and the whole establishment is provided with every suitable accommodation. The grounds for exercise and recreation occupy a 100-vara Lot in one of the healthiest and most desirable parts of the city, near to South Park.

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Is assisted by efficient Instructors, who co-operate with him in constant supervision over the education of those entrusted to his care.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES, FRENCH, SPANISH and GERMAN, together with the accomplishments of MUSIC AND DRAWING, are under the best qualified Teachers.

A prospectus containing full information for parents and guardians, can be obtained on application at the College; or at the bookstore of A. ROMAN & CO, or C. Beach, Montgomery street. au6-1m

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Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - Manager
G. T. EVANS - - - - - - Musical Director

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

OWING TO THE ILLNESS OF

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

THERE WILL BE NO PERFORMANCE AT THIS THEATRE FOR A FEW DAYS.

PRELIMINARY RE-OPENING

—OF THE—

Willows,

On Sunday and Monday, the 3d and 4th of July.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds for visitors, on SUNDAY, the 31, and MONDAY,

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

And to be kept permanently open thereafter. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

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CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

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Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

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And a number of elegant and daring Riders, whilst

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MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;

MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
The Comic Department.

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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Casbmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

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jy30-tf

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AND AMUSEMENT,

COMBINED!

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In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

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Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jy23-1m

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A. Roman & Co.,

Are constantly in the receipt, by Steamer,

—OF—

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF THE DAY.

Among those recently received are the following:

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic. By Ik Marvel.
Macaria; a Novel. By the author of "Beulah."
Bridal Eve. By Mrs Southworth;
Self-Sacrifice. By the author of "Margaret Maitland;"
Linnet's Trial; a Tale. By "S. M.," author of "Twice Lost;"
From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.
The Silver Sunbeam; a Practical and Theoretical Text Book on Sun Drawing and Photographic Printing. by Towler;
The Blannerhasset Papers. By Safford;
Phantom Flowers; a Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Illustrated;
Wax Flowers: How to Make Them;
Hotspur; a Novel. By Walworth;
Denise; by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 2 vols.
Patriotism, and other Papers. By T. Starr King;
Parton's Life of Franklin. 2 vols;
Haunted Hearts; by the author of "The Lamplighter."
History of President Lincoln's Administration. By H. J. Raymond;
Darkness and Daylight. By Mrs. Holmes.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

jy30-1m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the

RED BLUFF BOAT

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

y16-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 13. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

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Things—by "Inigo."
Nothings.
Bores.
Corner-Window Musings.
The Hero of Sugar Pine—a Poem.

THE COUNTESS DIANA—A Translation.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

The Notting Hill Mystery—a serial.
Poisonous Playthings for Children.
A Picture in Three Panels.
A Game of Brag.
Terrific Combat between a Gorilla and a Lion.
A Visit to the Depths, } Poetry.
The Two Villages, }

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS:

Minor Topics as They suggest Themselves.

EDITORIALS:

Supreme Court and the Currency.
Murder as a Mathematical Certainty
In Memory of a Friend.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS:

Selected sayings of Wise Men.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS:

Funny Things that funny men have said.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE HERO OF SUGAR PINE.—A FRAGMENT.

"OH tell me, Sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Some glorious deed of the battle-field,
Some wonderful feat of thine.

"Some skilful move when the fearful game
Of battle and life was played
On yon grimy field, whose broken squares
In scarlet and black are laid."

"Ah, stranger, here at my gun all day,
I fought till my final round
Was spent, and I had but powder left,
And never a shot to be found;

"So I trained my gun on a rebel piece:
So true was my range and aim,
A shot from his cannon entered mine
And finished the load of the same!"

"Enough! O Sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Alas! I fear that thy cannon's throat
Can swallow much more than mine!"

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday. August 20th, 1864.

A LETTER in one of the lively dailies relates that the people of Washoe at present are lying on their oars. To my thinking they have been lying on their ores ever since the country was first discovered, and I cannot learn that they have done much else!

For a year past it has been rung in my ears that an investment in anything located on the Comstock ledge was safe and sure; they told me it was the "mother ledge of the district." With more propriety it might be called the mother-in-law ledge, for there are more suits in progress now regarding claims located on it than can be decided in this generation.

I made a small purchase, a year or so since, in ground to which I have lately ascertained that seven companies lay claim. Seven injunctions have been issued, seven assessments have been levied, seven referees have been taking testimony, which seven hundred witnesses furnished, for the past seven months, seventy times seven lawyers have been employed, and if the case is decided in the next seven years you may call me the seventh son-of-a-gun.

They say the Wide West has recently "struck it rich." No particulars are given as to *what* it has struck, but it is gratifying to know that it has struck something. It struck me once, and I'm yet suffering too much from the blow to feel any temptation to blow for that or any other mine.

The fact of the matter is, I'm rather incredulous so far as stocks are concerned. It would be hard to persuade me to buy a whipstock unless it were for the purpose of chastising Comstock, the discoverer of that famous "mother ledge" that begins by making all who have anything to do with it "ante," and finishes by sending them to their "uncle."

I had an original interest in a Mexican mine once. It promised well, remarkably well: the news from there was always excellent, though unaccompanied by nuggets.

Scarcely comprehending how so excellent a mine could fail to make a return, I wrote to the Superintendent, who, by the way, was an intimate friend of mine. It was a private letter, and in it I desired him to give me private and particular and precise information regarding affairs.

The reply came in Spanish, and was somewhat verbose. He stated that everything was going on swimmingly, but that they couldn't work the mine much for want of water. How things could go on swimmingly without water I couldn't see, nor have I been able to see to this day. He said he'd write me more at length soon.

He did. It was necessary, he said, to levy an immediate assessment. They couldn't work the mine then, because it was full of water, and must wait until the rainy season was over.

It struck me as being remarkably curious. They couldn't work the mine when they had no water, and when they had the mine full of it they were worse off than before. The prospects for bars began to look bad, and I determined to sell out. The only thing that deterred me was a trivial difficulty which arose from the fact that I could find no one to buy.

I then determined to go down and look after my property. We were some days if not more going down to Mazatlan. When I was a boy I thought holidays came around very slowly, but their rate of progression was rapid compared to that of Holladay's Line. But we got there at last, and I started out to find my mine.

It was located on the top of an inaccessible mountain many thousand feet above the level of the sea. This didn't surprise me, for it had been above the level of my "see" for some time. But the difficulty of getting up to it puzzled me, and it subsequently appeared that it had puzzled all who ever made the attempt. The Superintendent had never been there; he got all his reports from a man who lived down in the valley, so it turned out that his reports were nothing but echoes.

The mill which we shipped a year or two before at a cost of some fifty thousand dollars, had been put up at a small town thirty leagues distant from the mine, and was then running regularly, grinding mule-feed for the rude ranches of the primeval people who inhabit that damnable country.

After superhuman exertions, I succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain. I then comprehended fully what the Superintendent meant by writing up "our prospects are excellent." A better prospect than could be had from the top of that mountain on a clear day I never in my life enjoyed. One could see, to use a favorite phrase with tourists, "just so far as the eye could reach."

That one cannot see any further is scarcely to be wondered at in the generality of cases, perhaps; but I'll swear that standing on the summit of that infernal Mexican mountain in the grey of that Mexican morning, I saw much further than I could reach.

"Standing with me upon the property which our company possesses," my friend had said to me in one of his excellently written letters, "you can see ore in every direction!"

He was right. Standing on the property which the company possessed in the grey of that Mexican morning, I looked o'er it and could see o'er in every direction. Glancing over the company's books, too, I saw a record of owers in abundance, but they were the individuals who held stock in the company. The Superintendent had borrowed money from every firm in Mazatlan that was willing to lend it to him; he had plunged the company in debt for more than the whole of them were worth unitedly—and what he had done with the money he didn't know himself, but he said we might rest assured that it had been honestly applied.

Had I been wearing boots at the time, they would have been more honestly applied than ever a pair were before, but the people of that country wear nothing but pumps—we must ship a pump, by the way, to another mine in which I'm interested on the next steamer—and their thin soles refused to convey any adequate idea of my indignation.

As for a mine, there was none there, never had been, and in all probability never would be. There were not even "iron pyrites" on the property, though there was any quantity of pirates that would steal. In place of all the goods and chattels that it had been represented that we bought with the mine and were possessed of, we had neither horses nor oxen, nor even a mule—if you except the subscriber who stood there, a solitary but representative jackass.

At this moment I awoke, and lo! it was all a dream—but a dream so near the truth that I'm barely satisfied that I'm not a jackass yet, and keep pinching my ears to assure myself to the contrary. Notwithstanding the fact that they are tolerably short, a longing for thistles at any particular time would scare me mightily.

I might as well add that the sound which awakened me was a cannon, fired to announce the arrival of the Mexican steamer.

She brought me news that a late speculation was turning out eminently well; that a grand bonanza had been struck several thousand feet below the surface; that the mill was running; and she likewise brought specimens of ore which the Secretary sits by, night and day, brooding over them as a hen might over unusually large eggs, and clucking: "Rock of Refuge, cleft for me."

To explain that joke, it is necessary to state that the mine is named Refugio.

AT THE BALL.

I like to go to balls; in fact I like to go anywhere where people are gathered together. An old lady once gave it as her opinion that the opera was principally composed of gas and gaiters, and her idea applies remarkably well to balls. The music, and the lights, and the low-necked dresses, and the roses and camelias which the girls wear in their hair, and the floating muslin, and the glitter of diamonds, and the pale splendor of pearls—all together these things get me, and I can stand entranced for an hour, watching the beauties as they float by, admiring the calm and composure with which Mrs. Flittergibbet lies in young Sniffkin's arms as he whirls her around in the rapid waltz, and also admiring the calm and composure with which Mr. Flittergibbet stands it. I like to stand and see the gay show go on, and bring myself down by a process of ratiocination to believe that, after all, life is neither real nor earnest, and that we haven't any souls to save, and that the whole world is made up of point-lace and pea-nuts and puppies.

But there is a deal of earnestness beneath all the glare and glitter; warm hearts palpitate beneath those little bodices, eyes have serious meanings in them though the lips may lightly laugh, and the same arm that lightly presses a waist in the whirl of the dance is strong enough, and has the inclination at times, to drive a sudden, swift blow well home.

Murder has been done at a ball, and it was at a ball that the following lines were written:

MY RIVAL.

SOFT music swells out on the night,
The air is athrob with perfume,
And the feet of the dancers fall light—
Yet Death crouches low in the room.

One stands him all smiling and bland,
Just there where the tapestries fall,
The wine-cup he holds in his hand
Throws a dabble of red on the wall.

His fool-face hot flushes with love,
And he whispers a name in his wine—
The white moon that looked from above
And the stars know the woman is mine.

It were better he said him a prayer:
Were the man not a fool he would feel
A shudder of death in the air,
And the sharp, sudden tingle of steel.

See! he smiles to himself as he sips
Of his wine in the alcove apart—
Will he smile when my dagger's thin lips
Shall drink the red wine of his heart?

I'm writing against time and space this week. There is simply the first page to fill, and my only purpose at present is to fill it.

Between "Keinman" and *The Countess*, this week, they came very near counting out

INIGO.

MEN cannot excel in more things than one, and if they can, they had better be quiet about it.

A GAME OF BRAG.

It is possible that many respectable persons may be unaware of the attributes and nature of the game at Brag; more popular though it be, as a method of making money change hands, than any invention under the sun, and counting its devotees by thousands in the Old World and in the New. A gentleman on board a United States river-steamboat "bragged" at this game no less than two millions of dollars; and upon his antagonists doubting whether he possessed the money, produced a little carpet-bag crammed with notes to a much greater amount than the sum named. It turned out that he was a government commissioner in charge of the money to pay the troops in Texas, and had thus taken advantage of his opportunity to back his cards for an amount that put all competition out of the question. In America, this entrancing pursuit, under the *alias* of "Poker," causes more speculation than all Wall street. In India, officers in Her Majesty's service on sick-leave in the hills, play unceasingly, with their hats cocked over their eyes to conceal the working of their intelligent countenances, and even—as we are assured—with masks on; for a gentleman who possesses expressive features should not play "brag"—for reasons that will presently appear—and there is even a theory that the vacant looks of the officers of the household troops are caused by their wish to become proficients at this extraordinary and important pastime.

It is a game which is played with cards, three of which are dealt to each person. The best hand that can possibly be obtained is that which consists of three aces; the next best three kings, three queens, three knaves, etc.; after these, which, of course, seldom occur, *two* aces, *two* kings, *two* queens, etc., are excellent cards to "brag" upon; then sequences; then pips of the same suit, the ace counting for eleven. Nothing can be simpler than this; and besides it, there is no skill to be acquired whatever, but simply the art of dissimulation. Having got my hand (I never played this hateful game in my life, but write in the first person for the sake of perspicuity and ease,) which consists, say, of two twos, I keep them carefully to myself, and upon being asked by the dealer if I brag, I reply: "Yes, certainly," with the air of a man who has three tens at least. Some of the company have such bad hands, that they don't brag at all, but throw them up at once, and forfeit their stakes for that deal; others like myself decide to "brag." If the brag is unlimited as to stake, as it too often is, I say: "I brag five pounds, or ten, or twenty;" then such of the rest as are not alarmed at the magnitude of that sum, brag the same; and each adds that money to the pool. In other words, each bets his twenty pounds (suppose) that his hand is better than that of any other person in the company. It may be a very bad hand indeed, and yet by offering to back it with large sums, and a fearless impudence of manner, he may frighten his neighbors into believing that it is a very good one, and so into relinquishing their chance. Everything depends, it will be seen, upon secrecy and resolution. It was at this game that President Lincoln's Commissary lost that great sum intended for the store department, playing with gamblers having a confederate in the room above, who could see his cards through a hole in the floor, and communicated their value to his accomplices.

There is, however, this check upon inordinate bragging: any player, upon paying twice the amount of the previous "brag," is privileged to look at another player's hand—at mine, for instance. If his cards are better than my two twos, he, of course, has nothing to fear from me, at all events, and goes on staking; and he sometimes goes on, if they are *worse*, either to frighten me out of the field, or to induce me to give *him* twice the previous brag to look at his hand. Brag is, in short, the merest excuse for betting, that was ever called a game; in addition to which, it renders deception absolutely necessary; for if it was guessed by a player's genuine air and manner that he had really a good hand, his opponents would not stake at all, and he would reap no gains beyond the small sum originally placed in the pool by each. It will easily be understood that the cards must not have the least mark upon the backs of them; and therefore white cards are commonly used in this exciting contest—for amusement it can scarcely be called. Now, in that railway which connects the two great commercial towns of Lancashire, many of the every-day passengers are accustomed to while away the journey by playing cards together; they know one another, and make up their rubbers beforehand, and even have certain carriages retained at either terminus for their special accommodation and diversion. Whist is, of course, the usual game among them; but with some of the the juniors that beautiful science is voted dull and slow, and they play Brag instead—a disgraceful taste, which is very properly reprobated by the rest, and stigmatized as "sheer gambling," even by those who pass their mid-days in the Stock Exchange and risk hundreds and thousands upon scrip and share. However, it so happened, last July, that I, a chance passenger between Liverpool and Manchester, with a return ticket for the day, found myself in a first-class carriage, occupied by five gentlemen, playing at this redoubtable game; and without having the least desire to join them, I watched their proceedings with some attention, and was rewarded by witnessing what was admitted by all to be an unprecedented occurrence, and one well worthy, if not of immortal verse, at least of printed record. For the first twenty minutes, I should mention, they played whist—of course with two packs of cards—but upon the remonstrance of the gentleman who found himself cut out and obliged to make room for the fifth man at the railway rug, which was their card table, they hanged that game to Brag.

While my moral nature was shocked, I could not help being interested by the secretiveness of each competitor, but the air of confidence with which they backed an indifferent hand, by the affected hesitation with which they continued to brag upon a good one, and by their close scanning of one another's countenances, in which nothing but cunning and avarice were to be traced. And yet, in the sense of playing for high stakes, they were not gambling. A sovereign or thirty shillings was the most that had been lost by any person, when presently, the rest having thrown up their hands, two players began to back their cards at such considerably higher sums as to arouse everybody's curiosity to know what they were staking on.

"Let me look at you, Jones," cried one; "I'm not playing, you know, and Smith will never be able to tell anything by my face."

"That is true, my dear fellow," replied Jones coolly. "If want of expression could beget confidence, one could trust in your face as much as in any man's. But I can't let you see my cards. Smith, I brag five pounds."

"I brag ten," was the response. "And allow me to warn you as a friend not to back yourself extravagantly, for you'll lose, my Jones, and you're a family man."

Here took place a burst of laughter; this was a new ruse, indeed, to affect interest in the state of an adversary's pocket in order to make him give in.

"Well, replied Jones, "you're a bachelor, it is true, but you cannot afford to lose twenty-five pounds, and that is the amount of my next brag."

"I brag twenty-five pounds also," remarked Smith cheerfully.

"Then I will brag fifty pounds," returned Jones, "and rather than go on, I solemnly tell you, you should give me a hundred to look at my hand."

"I wouldn't give a farthing to look at your hand," answered the other scornfully. "I am really sorry to ruin you, but your obstinacy brings it upon yourself. You will have to part with Mrs. Jones' piano as it is, I expect."

"Sir," replied Jones with resolution, "upon the cards which I hold here I would brag Mrs. Jones herself with the utmost confidence."

"You had better not," responded the bachelor darkly. And again there was a shriek of laughter from the audience who were not permitted to be spectators.

"Now, my dear Smith, let us understand one another. If you continue to play this game, you will never ride in a first-class carriage again. I should be sorry to be the means of driving you into the 'parliamentary.' Tell me how much money you can afford to lose without going to jail, and I will brag *that*."

"I will brag two hundred and fifty pounds," quoth Smith calmly; "and you had better give me a bill of cash upon your furniture at once. I am quite sure you haven't got so much in your banker's hands."

"I will brag five hundred," answered Jones with his teeth clenched. "I will brag my house and garden; I will brag myself and my government situation. If, instead of being in the express-train, we were in the middle ages, and you were the Old Gentleman himself, I warn you that I would brag my soul."

"Then you would lose it," responded Smith, "to a dead certainty, and I should have made a very indifferent bargain. Now, listen. Let the last brag of two hundred and fifty stand; and Robinson and Lloyd shall look at my hand, and Brown at yours. Then we will be bound by their advice, and if they say to either of us 'Stop,' we will do so."

"Very good," quoth Jones; showing his cards with a grim smile to his left-hand neighbor. I would have given anything to see them also, but being a stranger, I did not venture to ask to do so. Do you think, Brown, I ought to give in with a hand like this, or do you not?"

"It is quite impossible," observed Mr. Brown solemnly, "that any man should give up such cards. I think, under the circumstances, that I am almost justified in saying that Smith cannot win."

"What do *you* say?" inquired Smith, turning the face of his cards to his two friends with the most careful secrecy, and watching for their reply with triumphant confidence.

"It's absurd," quoth Mr. Robinson; "you're sure of winning."

"I would lay a thousand pounds upon such cards,' said Mr. Lloyd.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jones; "I will brag a thousand pounds myself, and what he can't pay, I will let him off, after having sold his books and personal clothing. We are now getting close to Manchester. Let us each wrap up our cards in a newspaper, and go into the station, and get them sealed up; then we can call for them in the evening, and brag all the way home. You miserable Smith! you set out this morning in competence; you will return a beggar."

"You will indeed," corroborated Mr. Brown.

"Unhappy Jones," quoth Smith; "certainly those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. This morning you probably complained of the kidneys being underdone at breakfast. To-morrow, your wife and children will be in want of daily bread."

"They will indeed," echoed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson.

"Gentlemen," said I, "it seems to me this matter will never be settled except by arbitration. I have not the honor of the personal acquaintance of any of you, but I am an honest man; and if both the players will show their cards to me, I will tell them truly which ought to give in. This will be better and more pleasing, I am sure, whether to winner or loser, than the utter ruin of either of them can possibly be."

"I am quite content with that arrangement," observed Smith, "although, of course, it is a pecuniary sacrifice."

"You're a noble fellow!" exclaimed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson, with irrepressible admiration.

"Then I am also content," remarked Jones, "although I must needs lose by such an arrangement."

"Generous being!" exclaimed Mr. Brown enthusiastically; "yes, he needs must lose."

I rose from my seat, and looked over Smith's cards. He had three aces—the best hand that any man can hold. I turned from him with sorrow in my heart for the poor married man, and looked over Jones' cards. *He had three aces, also!* When they left off playing whist, the white packs had got somehow mixed together, and so the two gentlemen had had all their excitement for nothing. They had each enjoyed the luxury of ruining a friend, in imagination, and of being magnanimous at a cheap rate; and if it had not been for the interposition of the present writer, it is my belief that they would have been Bragging still.

YOUTHFUL PRESIDENT.—The Emperor of the French lately received a deputation of twelve youths belonging to the department of the Morbihan, who had come to solicit his Majesty's permission to offer to the Prince Imperial the presidency of the agricultural show which is about to be held on the estate of the Princess Bacciocchi, at Korn-e-Houet. The Emperor received the youths with his ordinary kindness, and expressed to them his "regret that the tender age of his Imperial Highness did not permit him to accede to their wishes." Sensible answer.

A VISIT TO THE DEPTHS.

CREEPING stealthily on,
Shunning the light of day,
Lurking in hidden dens,
And womanhood its prey—
Was there a deeper sense
In that myth of the olden time,
When the land gave its fairest flower
To the monster bred of the slime?

A monster bred of the slime,
Trailing along the shore
Of our common humanity,
Like that mythic beast of yore;
Daily we pass his den;
We know he is lurking there;
We smile a conventional smile,
Or pray an unmeaning prayer.

Her cheek as soft and fair
As the sisters you daily pass;
Her small hand lay in yours
With a kindly meek caress;
Her voice was sweet and clear,
She sang with a woman's grace;
Did you think for an instant you caught
A cloud on that sunny face?

Did you ask her to sing of home?
Was it meet for a thing impure?
Was there sadness in her glance?
Or—fool! was it only a lure?
Believe me she knows her trade—
That lesson is learned too well;
And yet they say that scarce a year
Has passed since first she fell.

Did you shudder at the thought
Of a mother's kiss just now?
No earthly fountain will wash
That stain from lip and brow.
You will long for the simple heart,
For the honor clear and high,
For the soul that can look without bitter shame,
On maiden's purity.

O! but her voice was sweet,
Yet it had a hollow ring;
And her face was passing fair—
The more of gold 'twould bring;
And her eyes were deep and dark,
Lit with a passionate glow—
Could you see the reckless soul
Drowned in the depth below.

Was a woman the mother of Christ?
God! what a fearful fall!
Man, your sin against one
Is an equal sin to all.
Pity her wisely and well,
For you can never know
In what wild hour of anguish fell
The white star from her brow.

Under the beauty and grace,
Lurked there no hideous thought?
Was it a woman you held—
Or a thing to be sold and bought?
Had the wheels of the mammon-car
Another victim crushed?
Or on some early lover's breast
Was her woman's virtue hushed?

Hushed to a brief repose,
To wake to a wild remorse—
Hushed to a soft, sweet dream,
To wake to an infinite loss.
Picture it if you can—
The story is overtrue;
Then swear no woman's soul or fame
Shall be one shade the blacker for you.

GOOD IN A VICIOUS PONY.—The following story was recently told me by the gentleman who met with the adventure: He had a pony which was very much attached to him, and very gentle with him, but which would not allow any one else to mount him. He was given to flying at and biting strangers—a quality which turned to the advantage of his owner. One morning my friend was on the march through the jungle, his coolies and servants following with his baggage, guns, etc., and he walking with his pony's bridle over his arm. It would appear that a bear was just then regaling himself in the pathway, by an ant-hill which concealed his interesting figure from the traveller's view until close upon him. Suddenly the gentleman felt himself thrown down, with the bear on his back, pawing and scratching him. Knowing that there were four loaded guns in the hands of his attendants, he called out to them to fire, and at the same time struck backward at the bear with a stick which lay within his reach. No one fired, however, and he did not know what to do, when suddenly he heard a scrimmage; next moment the weight was removed from his shoulders, and on looking up he saw the bear in full flight and the pony after him with his ears set back. He got up and shook himself, and saw his guns lying on the ground; his attendants had all disappeared. He was about to retrace his footsteps, when he heard several voices saying, "Here we are!" and on looking up, he saw his people perched high in the trees. They told him that the pony had flown at the bear with such fury that he had taken to his heels in the manner described. Moral—There is some good in a biting and kicking pony.—*Trifles from Ceylon.*

OZONIZED water is now used for drinking and the toilet. It is advertised in London in the following style: "Its use is attended by a sensation which has been aptly described as the 'perfume of purity.' Being perfectly innoxious and tasteless a few drops make a most refreshing and invigorating addition to the tumbler of plain drinking or soda water, from which it will remove all trace of soluble organic matter, a fact of infinite importance to the voyager or the invalid. When employed for the toilet, bath, etc., it removes from the mouth all impure and foreign tastes and odors, whether arising from natural or artificial causes, such as the practice of smoking, and counteracts the irritation and morbid effects of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body by removing all secretions and restoring a wholesome condition."

ALL the blows we strike should be for a purpose. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe.

A PICTURE IN THREE PANELS.

HOW many years is it, I ask, since I first listened to that music? And you come and lean over the back of my chair and call me foolish. I know you are there, though I do but look on into the fire and read from a book whose pages no printing press hath touched. Foolish, am I? Well, I am only living over again some old days, happy and unhappy, which have made you and I what we are. Foolish! You forget that you have been playing the "Coro religioso," and that when I first heard it—well, go your way, and while you are gone let me think out the story and paint my picture.

PANEL I.

You stood, one of a merry party, near the piano, with your hand on the chair of the player, even as it rested on mine but now. I saw you for the first time, and you were singing the "Coro religioso;" I heard your voice amongst all others, distinct and clear. I was to have taken the Count's part, but, foolish then as I am now, some strange bewilderment seized me, and your cousin Ernest Haughton stepped forward with his resolute, musical "No, no, non piu," which I ought to have sung. I sank back abashed, and looked at you both. His hand touched your shoulder—how dared he? And I saw how handsome he was, how polished; with "gentleman" written in every line of his mobile face and every movement of his figure. I heard some one say, "well matched;" and it was true. You looked well together—a fitting couple. Do you see me there, in the dark shadow of the door, biting my moustache and watching you? I was a great, strong, rough fellow compared with Ernest, and I felt it. I was unused to ladies' society; no mother or sister had taught me gentleness, or its simulation; and so, seeing you for the first time, and feeling my own awkwardness, jealousy took possession of me. I would have had that smoothfaced Ernest out on the hill-side with the hounds in full cry and a mighty fence before him; then, would he have beaten me? But there, in the drawing-room, he shone and triumphed, while I stood in the shade watching him.

There is the first panel of my picture. You remember it, I know, but it is not written on your brain as it is on mine.

Its color was on the days that followed, and it had set a mark on my life forever. You know how at first you thought me shy and awkward, and in your kindness tried to draw out my scanty words on every occasion; at least, I thought so, and I would not be drawn out. I preferred watching you and your cousin, gloomily; I was in a fever of infatuation, or I should have quitted the house that held you at once, instead of lingering on, buying dearly my first knowledge of the great passions of life. Ernest Haughton would have made friends with me, but I repulsed him; at times I heard him speak light words, which shook my first acknowledgment of admiration for him, and I believed from my heart that he was not worthy of you. Was I? That question never occurred to me; I contented myself with seeing his faults, not thinking of my own. I had a jealous envy of him, for all that; I delighted to outdo him in any way; often I have startled you by some wild feat of daring which I knew Ernest, with all his high spirit, would never attempt, but he only laughed at me. Once, I remember, your face grew pale at a momentary danger which I had scorned to fear; and when I saw that, a mad impulse came upon me, and I snatched your hand and pressed my lips upon it. Even then Ernest only turned away to hide a smile. I saw it though; I fancied it was a smile of triumph, and the thought drove me wild. He knew his security, and mocked my weakness. I felt, too, that your manner grew colder and more distant after that.

One day I came upon you suddenly amongst the shrubs; you were looking after the figure of Ernest in the distance, and there was sorrow in your face.

"He is going to leave us," you said. "He joins his ship to-morrow; and the separation is a painful one."

I could not keep my tone from being bitter: and you looked at me with reproachful wonder as you answered:

"Of course. He is my cousin."

A wild hope leaped up in my heart then for a moment, but it sank as quickly. I put it down with a strong hand, feeling that it was madness. I could bear this state of things no longer.

"I shall leave you, too," I said; "but that will be little loss."

You gave me no answer; and the ungraciousness of my speech struck me. But your head was turned away; I thought you were still looking after Ernest, and I did leave you. I said no further good-bye to you, but went away silent and miserable, determining to put you out of my thoughts for ever, as if such a thing were in one's own power.

For twelve long months I never saw you; I hunted, and shot, and fished; I tramped the country, high and low, but I bore about with me always the first panel of my picture; and nothing could drive out from my dreams the voice of Ernest with his "No, no, non piu," which should have been mine.

I had been rambling for some days amongst the Scottish hills, when the fine weather changed to rain—incessant, heavy; and I was kept prisoner at a wretched inn, where there was nothing to do or to see except the fierce splashes which beat against the window and ran down it in streams. I asked the waiter if it always rained there, and though his answer was as comforting as the response of a brother waiter to a similar query—"Na, na, man, it snaws whiles," yet he took pity upon my feckless, do-nothing condition, and brought in a pile of old newspapers. I turned them over listlessly. You know what caught my eye; the wreck of a vessel and the names of the lost: Lieut. Ernest Haughton amongst them. I looked at the date—it was six months back. Forgive me for it, you who know how my whole heart was still clinging about you; could I help the joy that burst from my lips that moment? I did not think of Ernest, of death, or of those who mourned his loss; I thought only that you were free; and that in the possible future which stretched out before my eyes, it might be mine to make up to you for a past sorrow.

I started in the pouring rain: what did I care for that then? I never slackened my speed till I stood once more in the well-known room, and saw you. You were in mourning, too; I looked at it jealously at first, thinking that six months had surely been sufficient tribute to the memory of a cousin. But my head grew dizzy as I looked at you, till your exclamation, half of pleasure, half of dismay, made me conscious of the figure I presented. Dabbled, mud-stained, a great rough fellow, then, as formerly, I stood before you ashamed of myself.

"If you did but know," I stammered, "how I have longed to see you again; how I have travelled night and day without stopping—"

You broke into my speech, to insist that I needed rest and refreshment, and must have it. You welcomed me—how I blessed you for it.

By and by you spoke of Ernest Haughton, and I took courage to ask one daring question, which nothing but your goodness could have pronounced excusable.

"Tell me one thing," I said. "Were you engaged to Ernest?"

The words slipped from my tongue, as though they had burnt it, and you looked at me calmly and answered "No."

But then I believed in my secret heart that it was only the word engagement which had been wanting. I hoped, however, from the calmness of your answer, that you were learning to forget; I must give you time for that. You would have talked on about Ernest, his friends, and the shock his death had been, but I changed the subject, and avoided it studiously. I wanted him to be far away in the past, not talked of, but forgotten. I flattered myself that I did not care what he had been to you once, now that it was all over, and I could not help my jealous nature, nor the madness which stung me at times when I heard you pronounce his name with—as I fancied—such regretful tenderness.

I curbed down my impatience for a while with the reflection that I must let you forget him; and then—remember it—I told my tale.

You seemed touched; I saw your lips tremble, but no word came from them. Then I went on, following up my own ideas and acting upon them. I said I did not care for first love—which was false—I wanted you to give me what you could; in time it would be your whole heart I trusted; and if some passing fancy had ever bound you to another, let it be forgotten. So that it was really past, I would never rake up its ashes.

You turned to me smilingly, and asked me falteringly, "Was I less exacting than others, that I promised so readily to be satisfied with a worn-out heart?"

Satisfied! No, I warned you of my jealous nature, but the music of a hundred joy-bells rang in my ears and stumbled from my tongue as I did so. Vehement and passionate always I scarcely think the old fire has died out of me even yet. At that time I might surely, in my security, have spoken of your cousin, and learnt the depth of your sorrow for him, but I would not. The sting which his name held even then terrified me, and I avoided all mention of him.

You seemed, too, so quiet and undisturbed, while the excitement of my new happiness was filling me with exuberant life, that I could not help at times tormenting myself with the reflection that it was neither new nor strange to you, as it is to me. I did not care much then, however: I was too happy, and I trusted to time. So that I might be with you, and know that you were my promised wife, I could be satisfied.

And you had always a welcome for me; were always ready to listen to my eager plans for the future, and to sympathize with them. Do you remember those summer evenings? How we lingered in the coppice of Feruwood, and saw the sunlight on the mill-stream; glancing through the trees, and playing amongst the underwood? How we sat on grassy knolls and talked, letting the time slip by unheeded, till you would suddenly start up and say there would be a scolding waiting for you at home? I know about those scoldings, do I not? A grave word of anxiety lest you should have taken cold, or stayed out too long; for I was not half careful enough of you. And do you remember standing with me in the shrubbery on the spot where Ernest Haughton had parted from you; and a momentary fancy came into my head that you were thinking of him. But when I looked into your quiet, contented face, and my thoughts died before it could have reached my lips. That was the eve of our wedding day. We were married. I cannot think of that time calmly; even now, when I would put the sternest touches to my picture, the excitement of that new happiness comes back to bid me pause.

Idiot, that I was! how came it that, by and by, dark thoughts began to rise up in my heart, and to have a recognized place there? That I looked upon your calm content, and thought with a jealous pang, that you were not happy with me; that what you had given me was not love, but the dregs of the warm heart which had gone down under the waves with Ernest Haughton? I don't know how it came about, but so it was. With a wonderful aptitude for self-torment, I raked up all the circumstances, throwing over them the one color which distorted my own vision. And there grew up a strange coldness between us; I sought after solitude, that I might brood over my thoughts; and if at times you came near and I caught the look of wondering sorrow in your face I stifled the pang it gave me with the counter thought that it was a sorrow to which I could not minister if I would—a sorrow for the dead.

Why did you bear with me so long and patiently, never uttering one word of reproach? At first, indeed, you used to ask why I was moody and sad, but a cold answer, or a vehement one which you did not understand, sent you away silenced. And this mute forbearance only strengthened the idea that I was nothing to you. Foolish, then, if you like—and yet in that folly I was unutterably miserable. Miserable because you were so dear to me; because your very presence, or the touch of your hand, would send a thrill through every pulse, and yet I could do nothing to make you happy. I could do nothing but indulge bitterly the feeling that our marriage was a mistake, and you did not love me. What wonder if, day by day, you grew more distant and reserved, and I more gloomy, while the barrier between us strengthened? Ours was a strange honeymoon, was it not?

PANEL II.

I WAS sitting over the fire moodily, thinking as usual, wondering how long our life was to go on thus, and how it would end; wandering back again to my wild days among the Scottish hills, to the pile of old newspapers, and the tidings that sent me off through the pouring rain in search of you. My back was to the door, but when I heard it open gently I knew that you were there. You came and stood near me on the rug, and spoke, with your voice aroused from its usual passionless calm. For you see from the very first you have been so quiet, and my vehement nature craved something more demonstrative. I heard you then with the old thrill stirring my heart, and I traced unwonted excitement in your tone.

"A strange thing has happened," you said, "and I have come to tell you of it."

"Well, I am listening."

For a moment you hesitated, and then went on. And I saw that you held an open letter in your hand.

"My cousin Ernest was not drowned, as we believed. He and four of the crew were saved; they have been brought off one of the lone islands of the Pacific and are in England."

I never moved. Sitting there with your shadowy presence near me, my wife, I saw in the fire the first panel of my picture, and heard the voice of Ernest break in upon the Nuns' chorus. For you the sea gave back its dead, and for me what remained? But I knew that you expected me to say something, and I spoke, not in congratulation or rejoicing—I was not false enough for that.

"You must give your cousin a welcome," I said. "You will be glad to see him—of course he will come here."

You did not answer. I would not raise my face though I was conscious that you sought to read it. I could not meet that mournful inquiring look of yours which was wont to fill me with inexpressible tenderness.

You turned and went away silently, and left me to my musing. I hardly know what I thought or felt, or wished for. The jealous envy which had been growing up for Ernest dead, changed into disgust and hatred against Ernest living; and across it there came a mockery of gladness in your pleasure at seeing him again. I shunned you less at that time than usual, and could not keep from following you with my eyes compassionately, thinking how I was in the way forever, and but for me you might be happy.

You remember the day your cousin came. I got up a show of welcome; though lionized and feted as the hero of the wreck had been, he seemed more intolerable to me than ever. But you were gayer than usual; at dinner you talked lightly, with a make-believe, as I thought, of happiness before him. You were interested in his adventures, and drew him out; I alone sat silent and stupid. When you left us, I, holding open the door for you, ventured to look into your face. Its gayety was gone, and a wan, dreary exhaustion had come over it. I put my hand over my eyes for a moment, feeling that the table with its glasses and decanters reeled before them.

As I sat down your cousin cried out with a great outburst.

"What on earth is amiss with Ellen? She looks like the ghost of herself."

I battled with a quick pain at my heart and made some trivial answer. I hated the sight of his handsome face at my table.

"Ellen used to bear a great deal of persecution from me," he went on, holding up his glass to the light. "You know I was going to be married before that last trip, and when the affair was put off. I made a sort of 'scape-goat of Nelly, and bored her unmercifully. One woman doesn't often hear another praised as patiently as she did. The only time we ever quarrelled was about you, old fellow."

I carried my glass to my lips steadily and put it down untasted, but I could not trust my voice to speak.

"I dare say she has told you all about it. You know you were inclined to be ferocious at times, and I got a bad habit of calling you Ursa Major, etc. You needn't frown about it. The fact was I saw which way the wind blew, and couldn't resist the fun of having something to tease Nelly about in her turn. I had to be very humble before I got forgiven, and I knew then that Ellen was done for."

"Will you help yourself?" I said, breaking my silence suddenly. I should have liked to get up and shake hands with him, but for the thought that it might be dangerous.

"No more wine," said Ernest. "But if you have any place big enough to swing a cat in, where one might make a brute of oneself with a mild cigar—"

PANEL III.

I DON'T know how to paint it. You were sitting by the fire in the twilight, and your head was bent, with one hand shading your face and the other holding a book which you were not reading. Were you thinking then of the days gone by, and wondering at the dark spirit which had taken possession of your husband? Lights and shadows fell over your face from the fire, but its expression of sadness never changed. And I, knowing what I had been all this time; thinking of my blundering and folly; seeing it in its true light: how could I speak to you?

I don't know what I said, but I know that the first words of remorse and self-accusation brought your hand to cover my lips gently; and I know that I was happy then as I had never deserved to be: happy afterwards, even in confessing my madness, and hearing your tales of Ernest's infatuation about some one else: in watching the sorrowful look pass from your face, and its old brightness come back.

"But if it was about Ernest that I had been so—foolish, why did I always stop you when you spoke of him, instead of letting you tell me all?"

That was one of the questions I could not answer. But I should think that your cousin, when he came in from his mild cigar, must have imagined that dinner was a wonderful improver of Ursa Major's temper.

Are you there again, behind my chair? Well, I have finished the picture and you may look at it. I have had it in my mind's eye this many a day, and now it is done. There is one comforting reflection about it, viz., if it is true that all men are mad once in their lives, surely my time is over. You were too gentle with me; you should have called me to account instead of bearing all things so patiently. Never mind! we have learnt each other by heart now. One's first untried affection may be faulty and vacillating, but in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the holy love of married years does but grow firmer and deeper, and more indispensable as it loses its novelty. What do you say?

SOME of the English papers are complaining because Queen Victoria still accepts the $2,000,000 allowed her every year for her "reception entertainments," although she has given none for three years. One paper suggests that a portion of the salary ought to be returned.

THE world always receives talent with open arms, but often doesn't know what to do with genius.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XXII.

SCARCELY an hour had passed since the pure confession of Diana had rescued me from the embrace of delirium, when, as I went down into the drawing-room, M. de Maufert gazed at me steadfastly, and could not hide his surprise. I had overcome the demon; and, with pride on my forehead, and a smile on my lips like the Archangel, I was animated by the breath of God. My guardian turned quickly towards Diana, as if he divined that she alone had worked this miracle, and he glowered at both of us; but it was only for an instant.

Diana was pale, and agitated as if still trembling from the confession which had escaped from her heart; she scarcely dared raise her eyes.

"You are ready," said the Count dryly. "Do you go with me?"

"Excuse me, sir," I replied; "I have ordered *Ralph* to be saddled."

"Suit your own pleasure."

And resuming his disdainful impassibility, he seated himself out on the verandah, at a table covered with newspapers. I drew near Diana. "Take care!" said she; "he is watching us."

That word made my heart-strings tighten; it revealed the distress of her noble, proud soul. For the first time she trembled before her husband. My happiness oppressed me like a remorse.

A servant came and called M. de Maufert, and we were left alone. I was frightened by what I read in her mind. She quickly remarked my sadness.

"André," she said to me, "I am not well; but do not be worried at my sadness, for which there is henceforth no cause, since I now see you confident in yourself."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, "I would not be worthy of you if I did not know better."

She started; I continued:

"Pardon me for reviving your torments, but I wish to cure you. My sister, God sees, and judges us. Do you not feel above us the soul of my mother blessing us? There are affections that come to us from heaven. To-morrow I will leave here; and when you think of your brother, afar off, remember that he venerated you, and that you have saved him."

"Oh!" said she, ecstatically, "what are sorrows, what is life to me, if you only escape this misfortune? André, I have given my soul, and all I have to give, to you; and I have no regrets. Think of nothing but yourself, your future, and your happiness.

"What have I to fear now? By a single word you made me invulnerable. I defy madness to efface your memory from my heart. For there are my honor, my pride, and my reason!"

She gave me her hand.

"God be with us," continued she, with a divine smile, "and I will no longer fear. Adieu, my brother—thanks for that dear name!"

I started, overwhelmed with joy by this adieu; if I had remained I would have betrayed myself before my guardian.

Carried swiftly along by *Ralph*, I inhaled with delight the fragrant forest air; I felt as if born again, and it was with difficulty that I restrained my enthusiasm. Diana's love made me a god. On reaching the spot where I one day saw the spectre appear—"Where art thou, O phantom?" exclaimed I. "Here am I, and I brave thee!"

My past terrors awakened in my soul only a disdainful pity. I believed, I hoped. As the idolator before his idol, I was in an ecstacy; my eyes were lost in the blue heavens, infinite as my love. This trial to which I was prepared to submit, and which so terrified me, now seemed to me but as child's play. I was loved. . . .

I arrived at Granger's, radiant and transfigured. I would have hazarded one of those acts of heroism that love alone dares attempt. At seeing me, the good lawyer drew back in surprise, astonished to find me so joyous at this the most perilous hour of my life.

"Well, what is the matter, my friend?" said I, laughingly.

"By my faith, Baron," stammered he, "I am charmed to see you so. I was afraid—in fact, the affair is so solemn, and you have always appeared so grave, so pre-occupied—"

"That my pre-occupation has spoiled your eloquence," continued I, gaily. "Come! examine me, and persuade yourself that, for a madman, I am not much dejected."

"Bravo! I like this courageousness, and your affairs are on the high road to success; but remember, you have to plead before prejudiced judges. Our success depends on your coolness."

"Count on me, dear master; I am sustained by a belief that nothing can shake. Have the doctors arrived?"

"Yes, since morning; and I have seen them. There are two—Dr. Delatre and Dr. Pillant. Their great skill and high character relieve us from all fear."

Half an hour afterwards, in Granger's drawing-room, the members of the council were assembled, presided over by a Justice of the Peace. They were all seated near a table covered with green baize: at one end were two doctors, and the physician who had always attended me; at the other end my guardian. Opposite the president two seats were reserved for Granger and I.

The session began. M. de Maufert took the floor:

"Before commencing this debate, gentlemen, let me make a final effort towards conciliation. None of us ignore the serious consequences for my ward that may result from the rejection of an inopportune demand for emancipation, which my duty compels me to refuse for reasons which the interests of Andre himself oblige us to guard as secrets. It is impossible not to perceive in this imprudent proceeding an open indication of hostility against my administration. For yourselves, as well for me, this voyage to the East Indies, so suddenly projected, and which cannot be retarded six months, is but a *maladroit* pretext, which scarcely disguises a mistrust wounding to my pride. Things have come to such a point, that our family council will end in a Court of Justice, and painful dissensions will be divulged—or else an irreparable misfortune. This is why I thought I should be failing in my mission as guardian, if I did not make a final appeal to M. Granger. My name is, I think, a sufficient reply to the calumnies that have been directed against me. Let my ward withdraw his demand and I will renounce an inquest that may be fatal to him."

Granger was going to reply; I prevented him. "Permit me to speak, my friend," said I, "as I am here for them to decide on the clearness of my mind."

A gesture of the Justice of the Peace encouraged me. I continued:

"It would not suit well with my age, gentlemen, to reject the overtures of conciliation that the Count de Maufert, my guardian, has just uttered, and I will answer his frankness, not by longer intrenching myself behind what he calls a *maladroit* pretext, but in confiding myself to his good faith. A man in his pay has dared to declare me mad. Let my guardian protest against this calumny. I will submit respectfully to his wish, and will await with confidence the hour of my majority."

At the silence in the assembly which succeeded this, it was easy to see that with the first blow I had touched the heart of the question.

M. de Maufert hesitated an instant, but it was not possible for him to draw back.

"My duty and the care of your future," said he, at last, darting at me a spiteful look, "prevented me from protesting."

"In that case, sir," I replied, calmly, "pardon me if I maintain my pretensions. I should not leave this room, except independent and reinstated, or else despoiled of all my rights. I insist upon this examination invoked by you; and placing myself under the protection of my family council, I pray them from this day to regulate my future, which you now menace."

"Do you persist in your assertions, Count?" said the Justice of the Peace, addressing himself to my guardian. "Shall I read the document on which you have founded your refusal of the emancipation solicited by the Baron?"

"I persist, sir," replied the Count.

The Judge then took from the table a voluminous manuscript and commenced reading. First was a brutal account of the misfortune which weighed down our family for two generations. Following this were the physicians' certificates attesting to the madness of my grandfather and my mother. At this cruel picture the magistrate hesitated.

"These are sad recollections for you, sir," said he to me; "and if you desire to retire, your presence is not indispensable."

"The memory of a mother can only strengthen my heart," replied I. "Continue."

He then continued this heart-rending recital of my first sorrows. My mother's death was narrated with its train of horrors and anguish; then, this melancholy chapter closed, the biography took up the record of my actions. In the commencement it was a tissue of insignificant and odd facts, woven from the forgotten memories of my earliest childhood, and gathered together day by day with such care, that one could trace in their collation a long-premeditated plan for entailing upon me a loss of my civil position. I could not repress a disdainful smile at this singular catalogue, where my disobediences as a school-boy, my caprices as a youth, my hours of gayety and those of sadness were numbered as so many symptoms of madness. My foolish enterprises as a student had their turn. M. de Maufert knew them all; he had his police at Heidelberg. This extravagant libel was worded with so much art that, in listening to it, I finished by being myself astonished: the eccentricities of my youth multiplied, exaggerated and coldly repeated, seemed enormities to me. But there was not a single circumstance in my life that I had not found myself under the influence or the memory of Diana: her image hovered over all these recollections of the past; one single thought triumphed in me—I was loved! And when the venomous pages began the chronicle of the last few months, every hour of which were counted by the palpitations of our hearts, I closed my eyes, dazzled by my thoughts. I saw again the rivulet which wept over my fainting godmother, the woodcutter's cabin, and all those radiant days when we were both silent, fearful, and alarmed at the trouble in our souls.

I scarcely heard that my guardian decided that my mind was in a troubled state, testified to by witnesses that were ready to appear before the council; I listened only to a voice that murmured in my charmed ear: "André, je vous aime, voulez vous encore mourir?" I was startled from my ecstasy by these words, addressed to me by the Justice of the Peace:

"The witness called, being in the pay of the Count, cannot be heard except for references, sir; nevertheless, you have a right to object to that."

"God forbid, sir," exclaimed I. "I have the greatest interest in having this inquiry full and entire, and nothing left in doubt."

Martin, the *valet de chambre* of M. de Maufert, first on the list, was then brought in. Of all the servants at the chateau this was the one most hostile to me, for I knew him to be too far in the good graces of his master not to mistrust, and I always treated him accordingly. Interrogated by the magistrate he swore to have known me from infancy; he always observed little peculiarities of character—sudden angers—such as crazy people always have; but it was since my return from Heidelberg that my infirmity had characterized itself. He then related all he knew of the famous story of the forest—the day when one of my mad fits nearly cost the Countess her life; then the scene with Guillot and Placide; and, at last, the evening when my guardian, forced to call to his servants for help, only owed his safety to the violence of my rage, which made me lose all consciousness. Another valet testified to the same. Then came a workman—a friend of Placide's—who repeated that my madness was well known in the village, and assured them of having seen me, the evening before, dance on the village square, and the moment afterwards pursue them like a madman.

"Have you no objections to make to this testimony?" the magistrate demanded of me.

"None at all," replied I, disdainfully. Tony, one of my grooms, was called. This boy was devoted to me, and I was surprised to see him there. Intimidated by the assembly, and embarrassed with his broken French, Tony jabbered away about my equestrian talents—my knowledge of horseflesh—when the Judge interrupted him.

"You were with the Baron the day when the Countess was thrown from her horse near the Wild Boar's Glen?"

"Yes, your honor," said Tony with a long breath.

"Tell what you know about this affair."

"Your honor, the horse is a good beast, it is not his fault; but it worried him to be held back; so he slipped off and ran away—"

Did the Baron have the appearance of a man seized with madness?"

"I beg pardon, your honor, but the Baron is too good a rider to be frightened; he is a gentleman."

"So you affirm," continued the judge, "that the Baron seemed perfectly cool at the moment, and according to you, the Baron went off quickly because his horse ran off with him?"

"I can affirm it," replied the groom. "I know very well that he often has attacks, saving your presence—that was told to me as it was to the others."

"By whom?"

"By Placide."

"Pardon me," interrupted Granger, "I desire that the witness explain to me what he means by: 'That was told to me as it was to the others?' Who are the others?"

"Those who were to testify," replied Tony, *naively*. "M. Placide told us what to say, as only he saw the Baron in his hours of madness."

My guardian bit his moustache impatiently.

"There is no sense in all this," said he.

"Permit me," said Granger. "The *role* of this steward who dictates testimony is of good right suspicious, and we have a right to know if there was not some pressure or menace—

"Oh, no, sir!" said Tony; "M. Placide did not threaten me; on the contrary he promised me two hundred francs more than my wages for saying as he told me."

My guardian sprang from his chair.

"It is false," he exclaimed, "and it is nonsense."

"I will observe to the Count," replied Granger, calmly, "that his steward alone is in the case; the same Placide who is at the bottom of all the rumors spread abroad against us; who has defamed us before a Court; who alone has seen us during our pretended attacks, and whose hatred is so evident that they haven't dared bring him before us—"

"Enough, enough," said I, rising in my turn; "such a discussion as this will weaken my cause."

At a sign from the Judge, Tony withdrew.

"I protest, energetically, against this testimony," said my guardian.

"The council will decide on its value," replied Granger. "We now request that the doctors commence their examination, and we will await their decision before pleading our cause or stating our demands."

This terrible ordeal, that I had so much feared, was no longer anything but child's-play for me; the time was come to overthrow all calumnies. To the timid questions first addressed me by the doctors, I replied sharply and boldly.

"Oh, do not treat me as a frightened child," exclaimed I, proudly. "I can easily submit myself to your inspection, and can even aid you in your examination of the condition of my brain. Shall I reply to this wordy pamphlet that you have just heard, or to this venal or sincere testimony? Not one fact is conclusive. One among you has seen me sick with fever, and delirious; but you practitioners do not ignore that this fever would probably have saved me had I then had dis-

ease of the brain. Let us, then, leave the past. Monomania does not show itself by any physical symptoms, I know; so it is only in my mental condition that you can look for traces of insanity, partial or intermittent. You tremble at the idea of placing me face to face with my madness? Well, I will go ahead of you in your investigations. I will enter those horrible regions with you without flinching. I am mad, they say, or I will be mad, because this fearful inheritance is in the family for two generations. Question me, gentlemen; I am ready."

"Have you never felt any uneasiness, knowing yourself to be threatened by such a misfortune?" asked Dr. Delatre.

For an instant I thought of eluding this question; but I remembered Diana, and I blushed at the idea of a falsehood.

"I have been frightened, I avow," replied I bitterly, "because I wished to know the dangers that I ran. I have read all your Essays on Madness, and for long hours I have weighed my strength and weakness against each other. That was torture to me; but you see my faculties have not been injured by the trial. Here before you—you who are assembled to judge me, perhaps to declare me mad—I speak with calmness of the terrible curse by which I am menaced, and my mind does not fail me, even when I know that an imprudent word can lose all. Do you imagine that my madness arises from other causes? Well, at the same time that I defend my honor, I defend my fortune; and you see that I speak of it with a disdainful smile, for I am only twenty, gentleman. They have told you of my follies as a student. Ah! those follies I confess to them, I believed in youth in enthusiasm for my country, as I still believe in poetry, in virtue and in love—in love which alone can save me on earth as in eternity—in love which defies the obscure phantoms of madness, for it is light, and truth, and life itself. Yes, I have sometimes felt the attacks of fear, as one feels himself drowning at the recital of a shipwreck. I have fought—I have suffered—what more shall I say? I am twenty years old; I love and am loved. So you see that I cannot be mad."

A murmur ran through the assembly; the coldest were moved by the breath of my passion, and I read on all their faces encouragement and belief. My guardian appeared confounded. My victory was sure, and hovering over me was the image of Diana smiling encouragingly.

"Ah," continued I, carried away by my feelings, "I have my reason—not that reason of the mind which stumbles at each step along the unexplored pathways of science and philosophy, but that religion of the heart which takes its force from God, and guides us with sure steps in the ways of eternal wisdom and of eternal beauty. Do you not see on my forehead its divine mark? I am no longer the feeble being of yesterday, who, blinded by doubt, struggled with his terror, seeking a gleam of hope in the darkness of his mind. She said to me, 'I love you;' light burst upon me in a flood, and I see."

I was on my feet, trembling with a holy excitement. They watched me, breathless.

"Take care!" said Granger to me, in a low tone.

"Let him go on!" exclaimed my guardian, quickly.

But I scarcely heard them. "No," continued I vehemently, turning towards the Count; "No, you cannot stifle my reason under your accursed fears; the miseries of this world are dispersed before me. The baptism of love has brought me from the hell into which you wished to precipitate me. Ah! you do not see the adored image which assists and protects me; we are but as one soul. She is there—my eyes behold her; I feel her breath, her voice murmurs in my ear the words which render me invulnerable."

"He raves! he raves! You hear him!" vociferated M. de Maufert.

"I rave!" replied I, with superb contempt, "I rave! Ah! he betrays himself; you can no longer call me crazy. His jealousy attests that I am loved."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Granger.

"He is mad," said my guardian, angrily; "you see, gentlemen, that this is a crazy fit."

The doctors surrounded me; I struggled with them. I saw Diana, pale and weeping. I heard a plaintive sob escape her lips.

"Let me go! let me go!" exclaimed I; "she is watching you!"

"He is mad!" repeated the Count.

"Do not listen to him," said I, "he lies."

And I tried to rush towards him; they seized me. A prey to indignation I resisted with superhuman power. "Villains! you will kill her!" said I, feeling my strength failing me.

It was horrible. Diana had taken refuge in my arms; they bruised her in their struggles. I saw the tears flowing from her eyes, and the beatings of her heart suffocated me.

"It is a hallucination," said one of the doctors.

This word penetrated my brain like a red-hot iron: the elasticity of my will gave way, a cloud enveloped me. Diana disappeared, uttering a loud cry, and I fell on the sofa—inert, captive, and lost.

I felt something cool on my forehead; they were bathing my temples with water. I heard their remarks, indistinctly, as of people speaking at a distance.

"The attack is not dangerous," said Dr. Pillant; "it was caused by one of those violent mental shocks to which monomaniacs are so liable."

"There is a bed in the next room," said Granger.

They carried me there hastily, and laid me down, my head resting on one of the cushions. I was conscious that some one unbuttoned my coat and untied my cravat; then the noise died away little by little, and soon all this worry of my mind was succeeded by a profound sleep.

CORNER WINDOW MUSINGS.

MY friends, do you smoke pipes? I don't imagine my lady readers do, but perhaps some of the other fellows who glance at this, may. I don't mean a common, vulgar pipe, in the usual acceptance of the word, but a rare old meerschaum that has been an heir-loom in some old family on the Rhine—that has, as Billy Birch says, shrivelled up half a dozen old fellows, who have labored with it for years—an ancient piece of mahogany-colored "foam of the sea," which you acquired, after long reflection on the expense of cigars and their general indifferent quality. Your pipe cost you fifty dollars, and your choice Oronoko a dollar and a half a pound. It is cheaper than cigars, even then. With such a pipe carefully loaded, with your tobacco nicely scented with a Manila bean, the amber mouth-piece between your lips, your body settled in the depths of an easy chair, and your feet, at the angle of Yankee luxury, above your head, what a picture of comfort "mortal man" presents, as the smoke curls in cloudy rings and floats away in misty vapor! You feel at peace with "all the world and the rest of mankind." If there be any period of the twenty-four hours that you could be induced to loan a friend five dollars, it is then. It is a moment when strong-minded women with tickets for the Fair of the Christian Commission could overcome your oft-repeated resolutions to say "no," and wheedle the coin from your purse. We men have our little weaknesses, and our weak moments, when we are as plastic and as pliable as the clay in the hands of the potter; and at such times we are passive victims of woman's persuasive ways—very lambs led to the slaughter. If feminine humanity would only study our ways, our *means* would be at their command, and many a new bonnet would grace the Opera, and perhaps a camel's hair shawl would be exhibited on Montgomery street as certificates of our amiability. Let all womandom make a note on't.

From my cosy corner window I look down on Montgomery street, and muse upon the busy scene, watching the throng of passers-by and—must I confess it?—giving more heed to the pretty faces and graceful figures of the sex called "fair" than to the other less interesting objects that constitute the moving panorama before me. And what a variety of creatures and styles one sees! And some are, oh, how "stunning!" What saucy, jaunty hats—what "loud" patterns of cloaks the present fashions run to! Every woman looks like a princess in disguise; and yet how charming! what a heavy draft must there have been upon the birds of the sandy desert of Africa for all these feathers; what consternation among the ostriches, the peacocks, the turkey-cocks, at this demand upon those tails which they can no more unfold. I am thankful that I am not an ostrich. The women retaliate upon us and quote our "peg-tops" and our big sleeves. They don't know that our sleeves are made large that we may laugh therein at their follies. We will keep the secret.

The shopkeepers complain that their stocks do not diminish as of old, because of the fall in the stocks of Washoe. There is truth, sad truth, in that. Many a camel's hair remains upon their shelves that would have been aired in Montgomery street except for that. Who can buy shawls and silks with Gould and Curry down to a thousand? Ophir at five hundred allows point lace to remain in a state of suspense like the violin of Uncle Edward. If the dust don't come down, how can the people come down with the dust for all these accessories to the human feminine form divine? It can't be done. There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and that is, when one's dividends take the form of assessments. It is a rule in all well-regulated households that the head of the establishment, when he comes home late from the club, is allowed to swear when the third match fails. There is a time to weep, and a time to pray, and a time to ejaculate on your fate and consign mines and mining stocks to greater depths than the deepest shaft; and that is, when these Irish dividends come upon you like a summer thunder-shower, throwing a damper on your spirits and making all things on earth look blue.

What is a man, then, who does not smoke? How can he regain his equanimity without that solace? I don't think he can. Smoking is the safety-valve that lets off his pent-up ire and brings him to a proper sense of his duty to himself and mankind at large.

People who do not attend the opera at Maguire's have no idea how much they lose. The company is really a good one, and one can pass a very pleasant evening listening to the charming voice of Miss Richings. She is a capital actress as well, and how tastefully she dresses! A friend of mine has pretty much given up all other business, and I've a settled conviction that he has Richings on the brain. The disease has become chronic and he has bought out the boy several times who sells her *cartes de visite*. It is my firm belief that he will run plumb through his fortune in extravagance. I am glad to see that the house is respectably filled every evening and the principal members of the troupe are becoming decided favorites with the public, filling the void left by Squires and Escott, whose departure from us we mourned and whose memories we cherished faithfully for two years. I was going to say something about the opera, but THE CALIFORNIAN has imported a critic from France for the express purpose of writing about English operas. Some outsider, writing about the troupe and things, seems to run considerably on Peakes and calls him his "Baby Lablache." Peakes is a pretty healthy style of a baby, and would make the berth of a dry nurse no sinecure.

That drop curtain has taxed my poor brain, in common with others, and muddled all my theories of its allegorical characteristics. The Chariot evidently was never copied from a Brewster "Trotter," or one of George Kimball's "thoroughbraces." I have seen a similar vehicle drawn about the Sanchez ranch, of Mexican origin. The most expressive face in the group is that of the tiger a young lady is trying to sit still on, but making a poor show of equestrianism, while the Royal Bengal looks out upon the audience with an expression which seems to say: "Do you see this?—do you see the load they are trying to come over me? Fun is fun: but I'll be hanged if I stand this blamed nonsense any longer!" I have watched for the *denouement* every night, and as "strikes" are the order of the day, I have waited for a demonstration on the part of that tiger that will make that man in the orchestra jump into his bass viol for safety. That tiger is dangerous—his looks show it—and I call upon Maguire to "take him out," or there will be a scene of base viol-ence. I suppose it is intended to represent the Millennium—perhaps it was painted by Miller, and, like the originator's calculations, there is a little error in the figures. You may see a nigger in the fence on the right, with a white piccaninny on his back, illustrating the beauties of miscegenation.

I had something else to say, but a lady going by sees me at the window and beckons me to join her. I know she is going shopping, and as that occupation is a favorite one of mine, I go.

RESTLESS.

BRIEF MENTION.

AMONG the last English announcements we find, to be published in two volumes, post 8vo., *The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter;* from the private journals, etc., of Captain Semmes, C. S. N., and other officers. It is to have illustrations, correspondence, etc.

Singularly and appropriately enough, the name of the Governor of Liberia is Blackall.

It is said that Mr. Charles Kean made the magnificent sum of £11,000 during a twenty-six weeks' professional tour in Australia.

The Congregation at the Index has condemned thirteen works, among which are *Les Miserables*, by Victor Hugo, and some romances of Debalzac and Towlie.

A Paris correspondent of the *Salut Public* of Lyons mentions a report that the Duchess of Malakoff is in an interesting situation.

The *Indépendance Belge* repeats the story that an armor-plated ship is nearly ready for Capt. Semmes to replace the *Alabama*. The new ship, it is said, was built at Bourdeaux.

Excursions on the river are quite the fashion this year at the Imperial residence at Fontainebleau. The Empress has a small steamer, in which she takes trips on the Seine with the different guests at the Palace.

Washington Wilkes, one of the staff of the *Morning Star*, after addressing a meeting in the St. Pancras Vestry, fell down and died in the presence of the assembly to which he had been speaking.

A man named James Pratworth, a ginger-beer manufacturer at Mile End, suffocated himself in England by forcing the neck of a beer bottle down his throat whilst drinking from it. He was drunk at the time.

Addresses continue to pour into Ischia. In reply to one, General Garibaldi said: "I love the South, especially when the South loves liberty. Be prepared. I hope very shortly to have you for comrades in the work which remains to do."

The tercentary of the death and burial of Columbus has just been celebrated at Valladolid. The bones of the great navigator, after being removed from place to place, have, it is to be hoped, found a final resting place in the Cathedral of Havana.

The English journals report the death of John Clare, once known as the Peasant Poet of Northamptonshire. He died in a lunatic asylum, in which he had been an inmate for nearly forty years. He was born in 1793.

A new edition of Mme. Roland's Memoirs, collated with the original MS. bequeathed the Imperial Library in 1858, has appeared, and the editor, M. Dauban, has given us a sketch of Mme. Roland's life with all her correspondence, which is curious.

The mother of the Viceroy of Egypt has brought many rich presents, on her visit to Constantinople, to the Sultan and the court. Conspicuous amongst them is a superb diadem of diamonds and other precious stones valued at £60,000, and a single ring diamond valued at £15,000.

Lady Gertrude Douglas, daughter of the Marchioness of Queensberry, has taken the white veil, and is now at the convent at Hammersmith. At the ceremony, which took place lately, the young nun appeared in a bridal dress of white satin, with a bouquet in her hand.

A legacy of 20,000f. has been bequeathed to the French *Academie des Sciences* by Miss Agathe Letellier, which, under the name of "Sevigny Foundation," is to supply young zoologists with the necessary means of continuing M. de Sevigny's investigations in Egypt and Syria.

Garrick's villa at Hampton was sold by auction, lately, at a fancy price. The seller dwelt, of course, on the many pleasant historical associations of the place, including the visits of Hannah More. The lot was knocked down at £10,800 to a tailor, Mr. Grove, of Battle-bridge and London-wall notoriety.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION V.

1.—*Memorandum from Mr. Henderson.*

WE have now reached a point in this mysterious story at which I must again direct your attention most particularly to the coincidences of dates etc., on which, indeed, depends entirely, as I have before said, the only solution at which I have found it possible to arrive.

The length to which these depositions have run has obliged me to divide them into distinct sections, each of which should bear more directly upon some particular phase of the case. For this purpose I have taken, as you will have perceived, first the early history of Mrs. Anderton, and as we may, I think, fairly assume, of Mme. R. also, thus establishing, at the outset, the initiatory link of that chain of connection between these two extraordinary cases, which, inexplicable as either is in itself, will, nevertheless, I cannot but imagine, each help to elucidate each other. The second division placed us in possession of the histories both of Mrs. Anderton, and Mme. R., up to the point at which the thread of their singular destinies crossed; showing, also, how the Baron became aware of his wife's probable relationship to Mrs. Anderton, and of the benefit thereby accruing to her upon the death, without issue, of her sister and Mr. Anderton. The third section deals with the first illness of Mme. R., to the date and circumstances of which I feel it right to direct your most particular attention.

In the fourth division of the evidence we then reviewed the circumstances attending the fatal illness of Mrs. Anderton, which led to her husband's arrest on suspicion of murder, and finally to his suicide, while awaiting investigation. A considerable portion of the evidence connected with this phase of the subject I have thought it best to keep back for insertion in that division of the case which bears more particularly upon the conduct and death of Mr. Anderton, and which will follow that on which we are now about to enter. The narrative, therefore, of Mrs. Anderton's last illness has been thus far confined to the mention of it in the unfortunate lady's own diary, with the note at its termination, in which her husband records the fact of her decease. With this, however, I have coupled an account drawn partly from an earlier portion of the same diary, and partly from the statement of the medical man by whom she was at the time attended, of a previous illness very similar in general character to that by which she was finally carried off, and apparently of an equally unaccountable description. The object with which I have thus placed in juxtaposition the first attacks respectively of Mme. R. and Mrs. Anderton will probably be sufficiently apparent. I have now to direct your attention to a second illness of Mme. R., occurring, under what I cannot but feel to be most suspicious circumstances, but a very few months before her demise.

In proceeding with this portion of the case, the extreme importance attaching to a thorough and correct appreciation of the dates of the various occurrences will become more obvious at every step, and to them I must again request your utmost attention. I had at first proposed to submit to you in a tabular form the singular coincidences to which I allude, but on reflection, such a course appeared objectionable, as tendering to place too strongly before you a view of the subject with which I must confess myself thoroughly dissatisfied. I have, therefore, preferred leaving entirely to yourselves the comparison of the various dates, etc., limiting myself strictly to a verification of accuracy. In many instances this has been no easy task, and more particularly in establishing satisfactorily the exact date (5th April, 1855), at which the symptoms of Mme. R.'s second illness first appeared, wherein I have experienced a difficulty only compensated by the importance of the result.

I have, therefore, to request that the depositions here following may be carefully compared with the concluding portions of Mrs. Anderton's diary, and also with the statement of Dr. Dodsworth. In making this comparison you will notice, besides the points I have already referred to respecting dates, various discrepancies between facts as actually occurring and as represented to Mr. and Mr. Anderton by the Baron. These I need not hardly particularize, as they will be sufficiently obvious on a perusal of the depositions themselves, but it is as well to draw your attention generally to them, as they seem to have a significant bearing upon other parts of the case.

I must request you also to bear in mind the relation in which the Baron and his wife were supposed to stand towards each other previously to their marriage, and will now proceed to lay before you the depositions relating, as I have said, to the second illness of the latter.

2. *Statement of Mrs. Brown.*

My name is Jane Brown. I am a widow, and my poor dear husband was a clerk in the city. I don't know in whose house. I did know but I forget. My memory is very bad. I live in Russell Place. The house is my own, not hired. My poor dear husband left it to me in his will. I sometimes let it off in lodgings. Not always. Only when I can get quiet lodgers. Last year I let the first and second floors to Baron R. The ground floor was let to Dr. Marsden. He has had it several years. He does not live there. He has a practice near London. He comes to Russell Place every Monday and Friday to see his patients. He used to live with us. That was in my poor dear husband's lifetime. Baron R. took the rest of the house except the attics. I lived there myself. I cannot remember when the Baron came. It was some time in February or March. I am sure I cannot remember. I have no means of ascertaining. I don't keep any accounts. My poor dear husband always kept the accounts. I have kept none since he died. I dare say I lose money by it, but I can't help it. I have no head for it. I am pretty sure it was in February or March. I think it was about the beginning of March. [Clearly so. The Baron was in Dublin on the 25th of February.—R. H.] There was no other lodger then. Not till my son went away from home again. He was away from home then. He came home some time in March or April. I suppose it was in March. He came from Melbourne to Liverpool. He was at home for some weeks. I can't tell how many. He went away again in April, or it might have been May. I am almost sure it was not later than May; not so late I think. Mrs. Troubridge could tell you. Richard married her daughter. Richard is my son. He married Ellen Troubridge. That was while he was at home last year. They had been engaged ever so long. He came home on purpose to marry her. He had got a promise of something at Melbourne, and was obliged to go back directly. He worked his passage home from Melbourne. I do not know what ship he came in. I don't think he shipped in his own name. I forget why it was. Something about not having it known. I don't know why not. I don't know what name he took. I can't remember when he came home or when he went. I do not know when he left Melbourne. He brought home one paper. There is only a small piece of it left. He was with me all the time he was at home except Saturdays and Sundays. He used to go down to Brighton then to see Ellen. She was in a shop there. He used to go by the excursion train and stay with her mother from Saturday to Monday. All the rest of the time he was with me. That is all I can tell you about him. The other lodger was a friend of his. He had known him in Australia. He asked him to his wedding. That was at our house. It was on Monday and he came the Saturday before. They all came up together from Brighton. The Baron let us use his rooms. He went away somewhere to give his lady change of air. I think it was because she had been ill. I cannot be sure. She was ill several times at my house. She died there. I forget when was the first time she was ill there. It was while my son was in England. I remember talking to him about it. He was away from home at the time. There was no one in the house but myself. I remember it because I was so frightened. There was nobody at all. Not even a servant. I was without one then for two or three months. I got a charwoman to come in the day. The reason was my servant got tipsy. She had to be taken away by the police and I was afraid for a long time to get another. I can't at all remember when that was. I think it must have been before the Baron came. I can't be sure. I am quite sure it was before Mme. R. was taken ill. I am sure of that, because I remember so well how frightened I was. I think Dr. Marsden attended Mme. R. He used to be very friendly with the Baron. Everybody liked him; he was so good-natured and so very kind to his wife. We did not think so much of her. She was very quiet, but did not seem to care about him. She seemed frightened like. I sometimes thought she was not quite right in her head. The Baron was always kind to her. He was good natured with everybody. I never heard him say a hard word of any one but once. That was of young Aldridge. He was Richard's friend who lodged with us.* He made a noise and disturbed Mme. R. He came home one night quite intoxicated, and the Baron asked me to give him notice. He said if Mr. Aldridge did not go he must. Of course I gave him notice directly. He said it was all spite. Of course I knew that was not true. He said he was not drunk, but the policeman found him lying on the doorstep. I forgot what he said. It was some foolish story about the Baron. I do not know of any reason why they should have quarrelled. I remember he said something once about Mme. R. walking in her sleep. I dont know what it was. I don't think that could have anything to do with it. Of course it could not. The Baron complained of being disturbed. That was all. I do not remember that I was ever disturbed myself. His room was next to mine. I might have been disturbed without remembering it. I certainly was that night he came home intoxicated. He might have disturbed Mme. R. and I slept through it. I sleep heavy sometimes. I forget when this was and when he left the house. I cannot remember the exact dates of anything. My poor dear husband always did everything of that sort for me. He was a very exact man. I have no sort of books or papers of any kind to which I could refer. This is all I can tell you about it.

3. *Statement of Mrs. Troubridge.*

My name is Ellen Troubridge. My husband is a seafaring man. He is captain of a small collier. We live at Shoreham, near Brighton. I have one daughter, whose name is Ellen. She is married to a man of the name of Richard Brown. He is in Australia. He went out to Australia in 1856. I forget the exact date. It was some time in April or May. The ship's name was the *Maria Somes;* she sailed from Gravesend. My daughter was married on the 14th of April; that was not long before they sailed. She had been engaged to young Brown for three or four years. He came home on purpose to marry her. I don't remember exactly when he came home. It must have been about a month before; something of that kind. He was in a great hurry to get out again. He wanted to marry by license, so as to be quicker, but I told him it was a foolish expense. He had the banns put up the first Sunday he was at home. I think it was the first, but cannot be quite sure. My daughter was then in service; she was at a shop in Brighton. During the week she used to sleep at a friend's house, and on Saturdays she used to come home to us for Sundays. Brown used always to come down on Saturdays. He used to come by the cheap excursion train. He used to go to Brighton and call for Nelly, and walk with her to Shoreham. He used to walk back with her early Monday morning, and go on to town. He never came at other times; it was no good; Nelly was only at home Sundays. He wanted her to leave and go to his mother's. She would not leave the shop till her time was out. I would not let him be at Brighton; I was afraid people might talk. So far as I know, he was at home all the rest of the time. The marriage took place from Mrs. Brown's house. She had a lodger then—a foreigner, I think. He went out of town for two or three days, and lent her his rooms. After the wedding young Brown and my daughter went to Southend for a few days. I cannot say exactly how long; about a week or a fortnight. On the Saturday before they sailed we all went down to Gravesend to meet them and see them off. The ship was to have sailed on the Sunday. We all went to Rosherville, and slept at Gravesend that night. I had some friends there who gave us beds. Mrs. Brown went back on Sunday, but I stayed. A young man by the name of Aldridge was with us. He was a friend of Brown's. I did not much like him. He went back with Mrs. Brown. I think he took lodgings in her house. I cannot call to mind the exact day young Brown came home. I think it must have been some time in March.

4. *Statement of Dr. Marsden.*

My name is Anthony Marsden. I am a physician, and formerly resided at Mrs. Brown's house, in Russell Place. Some three or four years ago I found the atmosphere of London beginning to tell upon my health, and determined to remove into the suburbs. I bought a small practice in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood, and gave up the greater portion of my London patients. I was, however, desirous of not altogether relinquishing that connection, and with this object rented two rooms at Mrs. Brown's, where I might be consulted by such patients as I still retained in that neighborhood. I used to drive up for this purpose every Monday and Thursday morning. I had been doing this for some time, when the first and second floor apartments were taken by the Baron R. I did not at first much like him. I thought him an imposter. He seemed, however, to wish to make my acquaintance, and I found that he was, at all events, a very highly-informed man on all matters of science. We had frequent conversations respecting mesmerism. He certainly seemed to be himself a believer in it. Were I not myself thoroughly satisfied of its impossibility, I am not at all sure but that he might have convinced me on the subject. I am quite unable to account for many of the phenomena exhibited. They were, however, of course, to be accounted for in some way. He seemed a very excellent chemist, and we used at times to pursue our investigations together. There was a small room at the back of the house, on the basement floor, which he used as a laboratory. He invited me to make use of it, and I was frequently there. He was always engaged in experiments of one kind or another, and had various ingenious projects in hand. In the laboratory was a large assortment of chemicals and medicines of various kinds. In the case of poor patients, I have sometimes asked him to make up a prescription, and he has done so. At the time at which I knew him he was engaged in a series of experiments on the metals, and more especially on mercury, antimony, lead and zinc. I think he must have had almost every preparation of these that is made. I believe that his researches were for the purpose of finding a specific against the disease so prevalent among painters, which is known by the name of "lead colic." The laboratory was at the back of the house, and quite detached from all the other rooms. There was an open space between it and the rest of the house, with only a passage communicating with the offices. This passage had a glass door, and there was a wooden door at the end into the laboratory. Both these doors were always kept closed. They were not usually locked. I told the Baron I thought they should be, but he he said no one would go there. He had a weight put on the laboratory door to close. The glass door had a spring already. I frequently made use of his laboratory: sometimes when he was absent. I might go there with or without him whenever I pleased. There was no attempt at concealing from me anything whatever that was done there. It was all quite open. I attended Mme. R. through the greater part of her illness. It was a very long affair, and of a very singular character. I cannot be at all certain as to the date at which it commenced. I was not regularly called in at the time, and did not notice it in my book. The Baron only consulted me in a friendly way about it, two or three days afterwards. It was certainly as much as that. I think it was the third day. I cannot be sure of that, but I am quite sure it was at least the second. By being the second day, I mean that at least one clear day had intervened between the night on which she was ill and the day on which I was consulted by the Baron. I cannot swear to more than one, but I think it must have been. From what the Baron told me of the symptoms, I remember concluding it to be a case of the English cholera, but she was almost recovered at the time I first heard of it, and I did not prescribe for her. About a fortnight or three weeks after this she had another slight attack, for which the Baron himself also prescribed. He acquainted me on my visit to town with the course he had pursued, and I entirely concurred in his treatment of the case. The attack, however, returned, I think, more than once, and he then asked me to see and prescribe for her. I first saw her professionally on the 23d of May, 1856*. This was two days after he third or fourth attack, which occurred on the night of the 21st of May. As soon as I regularly took up her case, I made notes of it in my diary. Extracts from this are enclosed (*vide* 5, *herewith,*) showing the progress of the case from time to time. I attended her throughout her illness. The attacks occurred, as will be seen from my diary, about every fortnight. They increased in intensity up to the 10th of October, 1856. At this time she was apparently, for three or four days, almost in *articulo mortis*, and I was unable to hold any hope of her recovery. Another attack would certainly have been fatal. Happily the disease appeared to have spent itself, and at the expiration of the fortnight no renewal of the more acute symptoms was experienced. From this date Mme. R. progressed steadily but slowly to convalescence, and would no doubt have ultimately entirely recovered, but for the unfortunate accident which put an end to her life. Mme. R's case was one of great difficulty. It was apparently one of chronic gastritis; but its recurrence in an acute form at stated intervals was a very abnormal incident. The case presented, in fact, all the more prominent features of that of chronic antimonial poisoning recorded by Dr. Mayerhofer in Heller's Archiv., 1846, and alluded to by Professor Taylor in his work on Poisons, p. 539. There were also strong points of general resemblance to the other cases of McMullen and Hardman, quoted by Professor Taylor at the same page, and recorded in Guy's Hospital Reports for October, 1857. As matters progressed, I took the opportunity of pointing this out as delicately as I could to the Baron, and asked if he had any suspicions of foul play. He seemed at first almost amused by the suggestion; but upon further consultation was inclined to take a graver view of the matter. We went carefully through the cases in question, the Baron translating that of Dr. Mayerhofer for my benefit, as I was not a German scholar. At his suggestion, we determined to analyse the various excretions, etc., and an examination was accordingly instituted in the Baron's laboratory. He was always very particular in keeping up the supply of medicine, and would never allow the bottles, etc., to be thrown away. There was therefore some remnant of every medicine that had been made up for her. these we tested carefully, as well as the excreta, etc., both for arsenic and for antimony, but without finding the slightest trace of either. The analysis was conducted by the Baron,

* This portion of Mrs. Brown's evidence affects more particularly the part of the case to be hereafter referred to in Part vii.; but I have thought it best to preserve it intact.—R. H.

* Compare journal of Mrs. Anderton, 25th May and 3d June, *Vide* Section III. 3.

who took the greatest interest in it. I could not, perhaps, have done it myself. Such matters have not come within my line of practice. In such a case I should certainly not trust to my own manipulations. I trusted to those of the Baron, because I knew him to be an expert practical chemist, and in the daily habit of such operations. My own share in them was limited to the observation of results, and their comparison with those pointed out by Professor Taylor. I did not take any special pains to ascertain the purity of the chemical tests employed, or of their being in fact what they assumed to be. That is to say, when a colorless liquid with all the apparent characteristics of nitric acid was taken from a bottle labelled "Nit. Ac." I took for granted that nitric acid was being employed, similarly, of course, with the other chemical agents. It never occurred to me to do otherwise. Nor did I take any especial precautions to identify the matters examined. Others might certainly have been substituted; but if so it must have been done by the Baron himself. It was, perhaps, possible that he might have conducted his investigations under such supervision as I then exercised with fictitious tests, and it was quite so to substitute other matters and mislead me by subjecting them to a real analysis. That is to say, this would have been possible to be done by the Baron. No one else could, under the circumstances, have done it, or at least without his direct connivance. I had no ground for any suspicion of the kind, nor do I see any now. I think it most unwarrantable. Every circumstance that came under my notice goes equally to contravene such a supposition. The Baron was devotedly attached to his wife: he supplied her liberally with professional advice, as also with nurses, medicine, and every necessary; his care for her led him to precautions which, in their incidental results, must have inevitably exposed any attempt at the administration of poison. During the severer period of the disorder, he had no opportunity of attempting such a crime, as he universally insisted on both food and medicines being both prepared and administered by the nurses; he himself rendered every assistance in the endeavor to detect any such attempt when its possibility had been suggested by myself; and lastly, Mme. R. did not die, although the investigation had already removed all suspicion. I think such an imputation wholly unwarranted and unwarrantable from any one circumstance of the case.

5. *Extracts from Dr. Marsden's Diary.*

May 23d—Madame R.; nausea, vomiting, tendency to diarrhœa, profuse perspiration, and general debility. Pulse low, 100. Spirits depressed. Burning pain in stomach—abdomen tender on pressure. Tongue discolored.

26th—Madame R. slightly better—less nausea and pain.

30th—Madame R. Improvement continues.

June 2d—Madame R. improving.

6th—Ditto.

9th—Recurrence of symptoms on Saturday evening, June 7th. Increased nausea; vomited matter yellow with bile. Pulse low, 105. Throat sore, and slight constriction. Tongue foul.

13th—Symptoms slightly ameliorated. Treatment continued.

16th—Ditto. Tongue slightly clearer. Pulse 100.

20th—Improvement continued. Pulse slightly firmer.

23d—Ditto.

24th—Special visit. Return of symptoms last night. Great increase of nausea and vomiting—very yellow with bile. Throat sore and tongue foul. Abdomen very tender on pressure. Slight diarrhœa. Tingling sensation in limbs.

27th—Slight improvement.

30th—Continued, but slight. Pulse firmer.

July 3d—Improvement continued, especially in throat. Perspiration still distressing. Less tingling in limbs.

6th—Improvement continued. Pulse somewhat firmer, 110.

(10th to 20th—Absent in Gloucestershire.)

20th—A slight rally. Baron says attack shortly after last visit, but recovery for time more rapid.

24th—Improvement continues, but less rapid. Pulse 110.

27th—Recurrence yesterday. Vomiting, purging, amounting to diarrhœa. Soreness and aphthous state of mouth and throat. Perspiration. Pain in abdomen. Complains of taste in mouth like lead. Pulse low, 115. Qy. antimony? Speak, Baron.

31st—Analysis; satisfactory. Symptoms slightly abated.

August 3d—Improvement continued. Pulse 112, firmer.

7th—Same.

10th—Return of vomiting and purging. General aggravation of symptoms. Much prostrated.

24th, 28th, 31st—Slight improvement.

September 4th—Improvement continued, but slight.

7th—Return of severe symptoms. Vomiting, extremely yellow, much bile. Diarrhœa. Pulse low and fluttering, 120. Violent perspiration. Slight wandering. Extreme soreness and constriction of throat. Slight convulsive twitchings in limbs. Great exhaustion and prostration.

10th, 14th, 18th—Very slight abatement of symptoms.

21st—Violence of symptoms increased. Pulse 125. Great prostration.

25th, 28th—Very slight amelioration. Pulse 125. Wandering.

October 1st, 4th, 8th—Symptoms slightly less severe.

11th—Aggravation of all symptoms. Pulse 132, low and fluttering. Face flushed and pale. Much convulsive twitching in limbs. Power of speech quite gone. Entire prostration. Can hardly live through night.

12th, 13th, 14th. Special visits. No perceptible change.

15th—Pulse a shade firmer, 136.

N. B. From this date recovery slow but steady.

6. *Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

From the very vague nature of the foregoing evidence, so far as dates are concerned, it was, as you will at once perceive, no very easy task to determine the precise day of Madame R.'s first attack. To the view of the case, however, which I was even then inclined to adopt this was a matter of the last importance, and I determined to spare no effort to elucidate it, if possible, from the very loose data furnished by the depositions. In this I have, I think, been successful; but as the process has been somewhat complicated, I must ask you to follow me through it step by step.

The difficulty of tracing the truth seemed at first sight not a little augmented by the fact that no one had been in the house but Mrs. Brown herself, whose memory, even had it afforded any clue, could not have been relied on. On further consideration, however, I began to fancy myself mistaken in this respect, and finally conceived a hope that this very fact might, if properly handled, prove an assistance instead of an obstacle to my investigation. The following was the course of reasoning I pursued.

There are only two points on which Mrs. Brown appears to be certain—her son's presence in England, and her being herself alone in the house on the actual day in question. The only chances of success, therefore, seemed to be: First, in ascertaining precisely the limit of time within which such a combination was possible; and, second, in determining by a process of elimination the actual day or days on which such a combination could fall.

The result has been far more complete than at the outset of the investigation I could venture to hope.

1st. For the period of time to which our researches should be directed.

This was obviously limited by the residence of Richard Brown in England, and my first efforts were therefore directed towards determining the exact dates of his arrival and departure.

1. On inquiry at Liverpool, I found that the only vessels that arrived from Melbourne during the month of March, 1856, were as follows:

Ship.	*Captain.*	*Owners.*	*Arrived.*
James Baines	McDonald	Jas. Baines & Co.	4th March
Lightning	Enright		24th "
Emma	Underwood	Pilkington Bros.	27th "

Of these the *James Baines* left Melbourne on the 28th November, and the *Lightning* on the 28th December. The exact date of sailing of the *Emma* I have not been able to ascertain, but it is immaterial to the case.

The fragment of newspaper preserved by Mrs. Brown has no date, nor could I at first find any clue by which it might be determined. The last paragraph, however, commences as follows:

Seasonable Weather?—The thermometer has, for the last four days, never been lower than eighty degrees in the shade. We wonder what our friends in England would say to singing their Ch . . . rols in such a . . . . .

The remainder is torn off, but the missing syllables are clearly *Christmas Carols*, and this shows clearly that the paper must have been published after the departure of the *James Baines* on the 28th November. Richard Brown must therefore have come home either in the *Lightning* or the *Emma*, the earliest of which reached Liverpool on the 24th March. The 25th of March therefore is the earliest date from which our examination need commence.

2. From Mrs. Troubridge, mother of the young woman to whom Richard Brown was married during his stay in England, I learned that the young couple sailed for Sydney in the *Maria Somes*. Mrs. Brown was unable to give me the date of the vessel's departure, but a search through a file of the *Times* for April, 1856, shows that she left Gravesend on the 23d of that month. The period to be analysed is therefore confined to the interval between the 25th March and the 25th April, 1856.

3. During this period, as we learn from Mrs. Brown's statement, Richard Brown was at home every day except Saturdays and Sundays. These were respectively, 29th and 30th of March, and 5th, 6th, 12th, 13th, 19th, and 20th of April.

4. Dr. Marsden, in his evidence, states most distinctly that he did not see Madame R. until at least "one clear day" had elapsed after her attack. Dr. Marsden's visits take place on the Monday and Friday of each week. Mme. R.'s seizure, therefore, did not occur on a Sunday. This reduces the days on which it may have happened to the 29th March and 5th, 12th, and 19th April.

5. From Mrs. Troubridge's evidence we learn that Mrs. Brown and the whole party slept at Gravesend on the Saturday night previous to the sailing of the *Maria Somes*. Mrs. Brown was therefore absent from town on the 19th April. The issue is thus narrowed to the 29th March and the 5th and 12th April.

6. From Mrs. Brown's statement we learn that on the Saturday and Sunday preceding the wedding her son's friend Aldridge slept at the house. The wedding took place on the 14th April. On the 12th April, therefore, Mrs. Brown was not alone. The only days, therefore, on which the occurrence, as described, could have taken place are the 29th March and 5th April.

At this point I feared for some time that my clue was at an end. This would, however, have been most unsatisfactory, as the possible error of a week in point of date would have seriously detracted from the trustworthiness of the entire case. The only possible chance of determining the point seemed to lie in ascertaining the precise date of the servant's dismissal, and it at length occurred to me that this might be accomplished by means of the police records of the court before which she was carried. From them I found—

7. That the offence for which she was discharged was committed on Sunday, the 30th of April. On the 29th, therefore, she was still in Mrs. Brown's house. The only day, therefore, on which Mme. R.'s first seizure could have taken place, as stated during Richard Brown's stay in England, and on a night when Mrs. Brown was alone in the house, was the 5th of April.

The importance of this date, thus fixed, you will, I think, at once perceive.

Hugh Miller's First Interview with Burns.—He wore a broad Lowland bonnet, and his plain homely suit of coarse russet seemed to bespeak him a peasant of, perhaps, the poorest class; but as he emerged from the gloom, and the red light fell full on his countenance, I saw an indescribable something in the expression that in an instant awakened my curiosity. He was rather above the middle size, of a frame the most muscular and compact I have almost ever seen, and there was a blended mixture of elasticity and firmness in his tread, that, to one accustomed, as I have been, to estimate the physical capabilities of men, gave evidence of a union of immense personal strength, with great activity. My first idea regarding the stranger, and I know not how it should have struck me, was that of a very powerful frame, animated by a double portion of vitality. The red light shone full on his face and gave a ruddy tinge to the complexion which I afterwards found it wanted, for he was naturally of a darker hue than common; but there was no mistaking the expression of the large flashing eyes, the features that seemed so thoroughly cast in the mould of thoughts, and the broad, full, perpendicular forehead. —*Hugh Miller's Tales and Sketches.*

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

There was no philosopher in all antiquity who did not desire to make men better.—*Voltaire.*

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It appears to me that the Athenians do not greatly care what setiments a man holds, provided he keeps them to himself, but if he attempts to instruct others, then they are indignant.—*Socrates.*

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We accept the religion and politics into which we fall; and it is only a few delicate spirits who are sufficient to see that the whole web of conviction is the imbecility of those whom it entangles—that the mind suffers no religion and no empire but its own.—*Atlantic Monthly, Vol. I., p. 727.*

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I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or a hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.—*Channing—Spiritual Freedom.*

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We have in Christ an example of one who was just, honest, upright and sincere, and, above all, of a most gracious and benevolent temper and behavior. One who did no wrong, no injury to any man; in whose mouth was no guile; who went about doing good, not only in his miuistry, but also in curing all manner of diseases among the people. His life showed what excellent creatures men would be when under the influence and power of that Gospel which he preached unto them.—*Chubb—True Gospel*, viii.

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Yet, what is a novel? or, rather, what is it that a novel ought to be? The attempt of one earnest mind to show unto many what humanity is—ay, and more, what humanity might become; to depict what is true in essence through imaginary forms; to teach, counsel and warn by means of the silent transcript of human life.—*Miss Muloch—Olive.*

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It [the Anglican Church] is not in ordinary a persecuting Church; it is not inquisitorial; not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature or social arts. The Church has not been the founder of the Mechanics' Institute, or the free school, or whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. *Emerson—English Traits.*

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I was not a little struck, lately, by finding in a religious periodical of the United States a worthy Episcopalian clergyman bitterly complaining that whenever his sense of duty led him to denounce from his pulpit the gross infidelity of modern geology, he could see an unbelieving grin on the faces of not a few of his congregation.—*Hugh Miller—Test of Rocks, Sec. X.*

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In Spain, Italy, France and Germany, it is hard to say that much belief of formal Christianity remains among the more educated part of the community, or to guess how deep and gross and fearful unbelief has penetrated among the lowest populations of the towns. As for England and Scotland, it is notorious that a horrid heathenism has taken firm root in our town population, also, and that millions have cast off all reverence for any of the claims of authoritative religion.—*J. W. Newman—The Soul.*

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All land animals having their geographical regions, to which their constitutional natures are congenial—many of them being unable to live in any other situation—we can not represent to ourselves the idea of their being brought into one small spot from the polar regions, the torrid zone, and all the other climates of Asia, Africa, Europe and America, Australia and the thousands of islands—their preservation and provision and the final disposal of them—without bringing up the idea of miracles more stupendous than any that are recorded in Scripture. The great decisive miracle of Christianity—the resurrection of the Lord Jesus—sinks down before it.—*Dr. John Pye Smith.*

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It is indeed allowed, nature not opposing, that each should rather acquire for himself than for another whatever pertains to the enjoyment of life; but nature does not allow this, that by the spoliation of others we should increase our own means, resources and opulence. Nor, indeed, is this forbidden by nature alone—that is, by the law of nations—but it is also enacted in the same manner by the municipal laws of countries, by which government is supported in individual States, that it should not be lawful to injure another man for the sake of one's own advantage.—*Cicero—De Officiis, Book III.*

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It is evident that there is a manifest progress in the succession of beings on the surface of the earth. This progress consists in an increasing similarity to the living fauna, and among the vertebrates, especially in their increasing resemblance to man. But this connection is not the consequence of a direct lineage between the faunas of different ages. There is nothing like parental descent connecting them. The fishes of the Palæozoic age are in no respect the ancestors of the reptiles of the secondary age, nor does man descend from the mammals which preceded him in the tertiary age. The link by which they are connected is of a higher and immaterial nature, and their connection is to be sought in the Creator himself, whose aim in forming the earth, in allowing it to undergo the successive changes which geology has pointed out, and in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away, was to introduce man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the Palæozoic fishes.—*Agassiz—Principles of Zoology.*

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of* "THE CALIFORNIAN," *728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE CURRENCY.

DURING the present week the Supreme Court of California has decided two important cases, each of which is of more interest to all members of the community than the decisions of that Court generally are. The first was a case involving the constitutionality of the law of Congress making treasury notes, or greenbacks, a legal tender in payment of debts, in the decision of which the Court has made a learned and logical exposition of the inherent powers of the Federal Government.

They show with much clearness of argument that the Government of the United States is clothed by the organic law with powers coextensive with its necessities, and that among these is the right to give the quality of *money* to its promises which are issued on the public faith. It is a vindication of the course of those loyal men who have held to the opinion that the best way to protect the Constitution is to preserve the life and vigor of the Government—who do not believe that the latter should be sacrificed in order that some obsolete rule of strict construction may be embalmed.

Nor does the Court appear to find the right of Congress to pass the Legal Tender Act in any single one of the powers specified in the Constitution, but rather to derive it from all the powers and obligations either expressed or implied. So far as the State Court is concerned, it is settled, therefore, that greenbacks are a legal tender for all debts created *after the passage of the Act of Congress.*

As to debts existing prior to the Act, the lawyers say that the rules of statutory construction always adopted by the Courts, do not permit the Act of Congress to have a retrospective operation, no such intention being expressed in the Act itself, and it being manifestly unjust that contracts made when gold alone was a legal tender, should be satisfied by any currency of less value. Besides, it is also a rule of the Courts that all laws in operation at the time become a part of any contract made between parties. If the laws which made gold the only legal tender entered into and became a part of contracts made prior to the Legal Tender Act of Congress, it follows that the promisee has not only a moral but also a legal right to the payment of his debt in gold. This question has never been passed upon by our Court; but Judge Ware, of the U. S. District Court in Maine, lately decided in accordance with the views we have expressed.

The second important case decided by our Supreme Court is in favor of the Specific Contract Law of our Legislature, by which all contracts payable in a particular kind of currency are enforceable according to their provisions. This is a great relief to the business community.

It affords a security for the investment of money at reasonable rates, and will be followed by unlocking millions of dollars which have lain idle in San Francisco. Capital is always timorous, and in monetary circles it has been a question whether the Contract Law would be enforced. That question now is happily at rest, and we cannot doubt the benefit to follow.

MURDER AS A MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY.

IN this age of uncertainties, when everything goes, and what doesn't go fluctuates, it is pleasant to know that there is at least one event to which we can look forward with confident expectation. Amusements may flag; the Opera House may be compelled to close its doors; merchants may fail, and manufactures be suspended, but we may rest assured that Murder will go on as regularly as though the crimson wheels which regulate its recurrence moved by superior clockwork. We have a new moon every month, and a murder to every three moons. It is a rather novel way of dividing the seasons; but the climate of this country is a peculiar one, and without some such contrivance to mark the changes of the year, it would be almost impossible to rightly distinguish between spring and autumn. These murders are not the common affairs where one man kills another in a prosaic way, and is arrested and tried and hung in the regular course of law: they are crimes "terrible and mysterious," furnishing reporters with opportunities for that dilation and speculation in which they so much delight, and officers of justice with an excuse for arresting all the Chinamen in the community. And the most charming feature of all is that nobody is hung; the gallows beckons with its creaking arms in vain—no one steps forward to submit to its embrace. Women are murdered in byeways and highways under circumstances of horror which vie with the inventions of those pleasant romancists whose reign has marked a new era in literature; the deeds are done as coolly and deliberately as though there were an understanding between their perpetrators and those local guardians who patrol the city to see that no nuisances are committed and that no wretch with one arm and the fragment of a leg peddles without a license. The murderer washes his bloody hands, packs up his booty, perfumes his handkerchief from the essences which stand on the dressing-table, lights his cigar with a curl-paper which he takes from the dead woman's hair, and starts out for a morning walk. We meet him on the corner; sit opposite to him in a car; he travels around the city as though its freedom had been presented to him by the municipality in an ungrammatical speech, and all the while he examines the bolts and fastenings on our doors with an attentive eye, listens for the clank of coin in our pockets with a critical ear, and carefully calculates which one of all this city's population it will best pay to kill. By this time he has probably come to look upon this city as his shambles, and the population as his sheep. The police is not viewed by him in an unfriendly light; they have photographed eyes, and earned the praises of the local press for their vigilance, but to him they have done no harm at all. He still lives and walks, and has his matutinal roll and his post-prandial *divertisement;* and, taking all in all, it would be impossible for him to select a more favorable field for his operations. Probably he proposes to fight it out on this line if it takes several summers.

It is a very mistaken idea that murder will out, and the proverb to that effect applies better to the measles. It is not at all strange that the first murder on record was discovered promptly—for there was no police in those days. Again, the population of the world was somewhat more sparse then than it is now. An *alibi* would let Adam out naturally enough, and Eve was above suspicion. But in this day it is different. Families have multiplied; we are sorry to say that human intelligence has not increased in the same proportion. The needle murderer must be looked for in a human haystack. And the preliminaries for the search occupy no inconsiderable time. In the first place, it is necessary to snatch all the Chinamen in Christendom; and this is no easy task, for a multitude of them have strayed from within their own walls, and their plaintive tails appeal to us on every hand as plentifully as Miss Braddon's novels. Then every "suspicious person"—that is, every man with black hair and whiskers and moustache and wearing a slouched hat—it is a fact established by history that all murderers wear slouched hats, Cain should be painted with one—must be arrested at once. It is as plain as a pike-staff, that a murderer having committed a murder would start at once for Sacramento or San José, so all passengers by boat or by rail must be detained until they show receipted board-bills, marriage certificates, and other evidences of respectability. It is clear at a moment's glance that the man who plans a bold daring murder or robbery, executing the deed with the surety of fate and the swiftness of lightning, leaving not a trace behind him, much less his card for the curious who seek it in every corner with expectant eyes—it is plain, we say, that this man must be either a fool or a madman; it is patent enough at a glance that he would rush frantically through the principal streets with blood on his clothing and a bundle in his arms and go precisely where the policemen, acting on the supposition that he is a fool, would first go to look for him. It is not easy to contemplate the possibility of the murderer in all these instances having laid his plans beforehand, and darting from the door where the crime has been done into another which is ajar to receive him. No blood appears on the door which gives him refuge, no placards saying to the multitude, "For the murderer, enquire within," are seen upon its walls—the house presents as innocent and quiet an appearance as its fellows, and under its shelter the murderer makes himself presentable, and by and by walks out and mingles with the crowd, no longer distinguishable, and as *nonchalant* as his neighbors. Of course, the man who plotted a murder or a robbery coolly and executed it deliberately would not have sufficient brains to avoid doing just what the police might suppose he would do and refrain from going where they would most probably look for him.

As before remarked, murder in this city seems to be reduced down to a mathematical certainty. Not only can one predict the time of the recurrence of the crime, but it is also possible to tell how it will be committed—battering in the skull is the style. Whose turn will it be next to be found—here we borrow a phrase from the reportorial note-book—"weltering in his gore"? It is not very comfortable to lie down to sleep or sit down to a late supper with the consciousness that a professor of the somewhat occult science of murder—a graduate in it with several diplomas accorded him by this city—is looking stealthily in at the window, seeing how you are off for plate and jewelry, and silently planning a job for the undertaker's benefit in which you are to figure conspicuously. The thing is becoming monotonous. It would be a pleasing variety to have an execution, and see the thing done in a legal way. Under a Napoleonic administration, three times and out would probably be the rule adopted so far as these mysterious murders are concerned. If the murderer were not brought to the guillotine a few *gendarmes* would very likely be. We make no suggestion, but certainly something ought to be done.

THE Paris Committee on Book-Hawking have refused their stamp (without which no book peddler can sell any work) to M. Edmond About's last work, *Le Progres.* He has appealed to the Emperor to reverse their decision. They refused their stamp to his novel, *Madelon;* he persuaded the Emperor to annul their veto.

NOTHINGS.

I HAVE been reading Mme. d'Hericourt's book about woman. It has set my brain agoing on a favorite subject, and I shall let out some of my ideas. Women come within the general sphere which I had prescribed for myself. They are nothings. They are nothing in law, nothing in science, nothing in philosophy, nothing in business—mere imitators in morals and echoes in religion. They may be something in love, but I am a bachelor, and am not supposed to know anything about that.

THE BOY THAT WAS AFRAID TO BE BORN AGAIN.

Once upon a time, a little boy was found weeping bitterly, after having been at church. They asked him what was the matter. He replied that the preacher said he must be born again, and he was afraid he would be a girl the next time.

That little fellow appreciated the position. I sympathize with him. If I were in danger of being born again, with any probability of being a girl the next time, it would make me very unhappy.

But I shall not be born again.

HUMAN NATURE NOT CORRUPT.

Human nature is not naturally corrupt. I abhor the Calvinistic theory of utter depravity and hopeless perdition. It is not the men who are depraved; it is the temptation which makes them bad. Educate all alike, not only well but highly; train them up in good company; dress them neatly and comfortably; give them enough to eat; enable them to support themselves honorably by their labor; pay them fairly, and nine-tenths of the crime would be at an end. Society causes the crime, and the individual suffers the punishment. That's my theory.

I AM SATISFIED WITH MYSELF.

But whether men generally be corrupt or not, I am conscious of no need of regeneration. Fortune has made me neither rich nor poor, and has placed me in circumstances where it is my interest to be honest. Adversity has taught me to be humble in my expectations of life. Nature has given me moderate tastes, self-reliance to choose my own course in life, and courage to do as I think a man ought to do. Education has ennobled me by bringing down from the heaven of literature the most glorious spirits of the past and making them my daily companions, my most intimate friends—the solace of my loneliness, the inspirers of my joys, the patterns of my morality. I shall not be born again.

I am in no danger of being a girl the next time. But let us make an impossible supposition: If I were born again, and were a girl the next time, what would be the result?

I would be a "nothing."

A GIRL'S FATE.

I should as a child be kept in the house, instead of having "the freedom of the city" with the boys. I should not be permitted to play soldier, to climb fences, or to go in swimming. I should be a spiritless booby or a tom-boy. I should have to go out with mother making stupid calls, and spend all my years in a state of suppressed animation. Every outbreak of physical activity or mental vivacity would be repressed as a dangerous symptom. When I wished to have any innocent amusement I should be checked and told to act like a "little lady." Natural disposition would become vicious, and affectation and hypocrisy the accompaniments of virtue.

THE CAREER OF A YOUNG LADY.

But I should cease to be a child: I should become a young lady. I should be taught to embroider garments that would never be seen, to paint pictures of impossible flowers and landscapes, to play the piano and sing just well enough to be a terror to all people of cultivated taste, and to speak enough French to understand a simple quotation; but I should remain ignorant of all the natural sciences, of all the mechanical arts, of all the learned professions, of all the philosophy of the past and enterprise of the present. I should feel the impulses of the tender passion, but I must check them all.

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
> The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
> Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
> Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart—
> And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
> Men have all these resources—we but one:
> To love again, and be again undone!

THE DANGERS OF LOVE.

Though love must be the only sphere of existence, the only road to fortune, the only source of happiness, without which life to a woman is a failure, I must act as if I never felt the passion. Though all women fall in love with particular individuals—though I, like others, must feel a strong affection for this or that one among my acquaintances—I must never show that preference. I dare look no strange man in the face; I dare not express any admiration for any male friend; I must go through the streets with downcast eyes, and through the world with a smothered heart.

The holiest passion of my nature would become a demon constantly tempting me to throw myself down from the eminence of respectability into the bottomless pit of social infamy. Human nature is weak, temptation is ripe, and I might err. I should then find that I had shattered the whole sphere of my life, ruined myself forever, disgraced my friends, and indeed committed the inexcusable sin, which continues not only through life, but follows the memory after death, and attaches its stigma to the children of the third and fourth generation.

I might escape temptation, and follow the beaten path. In either event I should find that there are two codes of morality; that society overlooks in man the offence which he treats as the greatest of crimes in woman. Each sex has its own kind of honesty. Man's honesty is not expected in woman, and woman's honesty is not expected in man.

CATCHING A HUSBAND.

I must choose a husband while a girl, while ignorant and without experience, in a world where experience is needed so much. I shall be told that husband-catching is my business, and I must take the first one I can get. I must not think of obtaining the man I love. It is enough if I am indifferent to him. Love will come afterwards. Or even if it should not come, I must marry any way. And then I should be told how Jane Smith would not accept a good offer, and now she is an old maid, and the man who wanted to marry her is a millionaire. And I should be told of Polly Jones, who rejected an old man established in business, to marry a young fellow whom she loved, and now she lives in an alley and has half-a-dozen children.

THE RIGHT OF A WIFE.

I might succeed in life. I might catch a husband. The woman's heaven upon earth of matrimony and maternity might come down to me. But waking up after the orange-flowers had withered and the honeymoon had passed, what would I find? I have made myself the slave of my husband. He can take me whither he wishes, determine what company I shall keep, fix upon the style in which I shall live, and the manner in which I shall spend my time. He resides in the city or in the country, in a palace or in a hovel; he fills his house with company or closes it against all his acquaintances. He gives me fine dresses and a splendid table or not as it pleases him. He determines whether my children shall be bred as Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans or Mormons. Everything is at his discretion. He alone carries the purse; and even when property is set apart for the wife under the control of a trustee, by the advantages of his position, he can compel her to surrender the money to him as she receives it. "The husband and wife are one before the law and the husband is that one."

My husband may be generous, kind and good. He may make me happy. But as I must choose him in ignorance, this will be but my good luck if it is so. The proportion of good men is very small, and the chances are decidedly against me. I learn from those who have had good opportunities of observing that twenty-five per cent. of the married couples hate each other bitterly and would separate without delay if the law allowed it. Another twenty-five per cent. have occasional serious quarrels, and at such times would willingly separate. Another twenty-five per cent. are indifferent to each other and live together because of their marriage, not because of their love. In fifteen per cent. there is a devoted love on one side, and indifference or dislike on the other; and finally the remaining ten per cent. heartily love each other and never quarrel.

LOVE IN MATRIMONY.

My chance, therefore, to be happy is about one in ten. To a person of my enthusiasm and earnestness of character, marriage without love is desecration. It is impossible to ascertain whether matrimony begins with love and appreciation. There are many other motives. The woman may marry for a home; the man may marry for money, for the assistance of his matrimonial relatives in business, for political influence, or for the sake of having a stylish household. And even when love exists at first, it may not continue long. The wife, who has injured her constitution by drinking vinegar, eating confectionery, tight-lacing, idleness and avoidance of the sun, loses her beauty after she has borne a few children, and becomes an old woman prematurely, weak in body and querulous in disposition. Spending her life in the drudgery of the kitchen and the nursery, her temper soured and her time monopolized by half-a-dozen little ones, she has no time for mental improvement. Her husband, who was only her equal at marriage—perhaps her inferior—is constantly learning more and more, and soon he finds that he has outgrown her. He takes an interest in matters beyond her scope. Her conversation, her society, has lost its charm. He longs for those who are upon the same level of intellectual development with himself. He continues to gain in physical and mental vigor for fifteen years after his wife has entered upon the downward road of life. He may be faithful, he may be kind, he may be attentive, he may make her happy; but it is only a "may be."

And then there is the possibility of widowhood. Left, after the beauty of health and youth have passed, with three or four children, without money and without friends. How unfortunate! "The widow and the orphan" have long been two of the types of misery.

Or perhaps I should not marry. And then I must be stigmatized through life as an "old maid." Nature itself would become my enemy and reduce me to the typical scragginess of the class. No one to wait upon me, no one to marry me, no one to stand between me and the storms of fortune. Or, if I should have any friend generous enough to assist me, I must almost unavoidably be a constant burthen.

WOMAN'S CLOTHING.

As a woman, I must wear the clothing dictated by fashion. In cut it is neither elegant nor convenient. It drags the dust of summer and the mud of winter. It is fit neither for play nor for work. The shoes are too thin for walking out in the rain; the skirts afford no protection against the cold. While men shiver in the heaviest leather boots and woollen socks, women wear light cotton stockings and thin cloth shoes. The material is flimsy, the colors bright, the trimmings endless. Everything utilitarian is unfashionable. A rich lady needs to have at least one woman sewing for her continually. Ribbons, laces, embroideries, artificial flowers, jewelry—all these are part of her attire. Who can give a list of the articles necessary to a woman's dress? How many separate pieces go to rig her out complete? She must try to show her rank in her dress. More than half a century has elapsed since gandy colors and laces and kickshaws have been abandoned as parts of man's dress; but the woman still keeps them. Her clothing may cost thousands upon thousands of dollars, and the greater the cost the greater the pride of the wearer.

Eugenie has a carriage to take her through the street; she never steps upon a pavement or a floor where a particle of mud or dust is seen. She has millions of pin-money annually, and she can afford to drag after her a long trail of silk and lace. But why should every washerwoman from Yreka to San Diego follow her example by having the trail, but depart from her example by dragging it through the filth?

It is not alone that woman's dress is absurd in its general character, but the style is frequently changed without any reason. Eugenie is the great dictator, and her nod commands more prompt and more extensive obedience than the sceptres of all the kings and the keys of all the popes. Woe be to the woman who did not put on hoops when Eugenie had need of them! Woe be to the woman who did not put on a clam-shell bonnet when Eugenie wanted to show her face. And so on.

Consider the disadvantages of long hair as compared with short. Wealthy women spend on an average an hour a day in combing and dressing their hair. Its length, the difficulty of keeping it clean, and the necessity of having it smooth, with every fibre in its place, consume a large part of the time of a woman. A man, on the other hand, combs his hair in two minutes, and with that cleans it better than a woman does hers with an hour's work.

All the purposes for which dress should be worn are considered in man's clothing, and a near approach has been made to the best pattern for protection against the sun and the cold, for decency, elegance, economy, healthfulness, simplicity, cleanliness, avoidance of show, durability and convenience for labor: but in all these respects woman's clothing is far inferior.

WOMAN'S WORK.

If a woman wants to work, what can she do? Among her chief occupations are chamber-work, washing and nursing—all of them disagreeable and ill-paid. She may be a sempstress, a milliner or a book-folder. A dozen occupations stand open to her, but in all the labor is exhausting and the pay slight; the woman is an employé and not an employer, and, as a rule, the female receives less than half the wages of the male laborer. She needs as much to support her; her clothing costs as much; her food costs as much; her fare while travelling, her place at any amusement, costs as much. She needs money as much as the man, but she shall not have it. She is a woman, and not only are her wages but half those of the men, but she is entirely excluded from all the more profitable occupations. She cannot be a lawyer, a physician, an office-holder, an importer, a wholesale merchant, a broker, a manufacturer, or a master mechanic; and yet she is fitted by nature to succeed in all these branches if she could but get the education. She has not now the knowledge or the judgment, merely because she is excluded from the education and experience by which the necessary knowledge and judgment are acquired.

Is not this a pretty serious display of disadvantages? And a very incomplete one too, as must be apparent to any one after a moment's consideration. I cut the list of woman's evils short here, for fear that the gentle sex, when they discover how unhappy they ought to be, will become unhappy in fact.

I might counterbalance the account by a statement of their advantages. Their protection from heat and cold, their exclusion from the battle-field and the grain-field, the constant attention of the other sex, the exemption of many of them from the pecuniary anxieties which beset their husbands, their existence spent in the midst of affection, while the man lives in strife. All these must not be forgotten.

But a better time is coming. I see it. The time is full of signs. Free work is the motto of the commencement of the new era. "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," is the honestest demand ever made in this world, and it must be granted.

ROBINSON'S GYMNASTICS.

The other evening, having been authorized by a special invitation, I went to see the Gymnastic Class of Mr. C. J. Robinson at Miss Aldrich's school. There were about forty couples dressed in uniform. The women all wore Bloomers; the men colored woollen overshirts. I like to see the Bloomer costume. It is the dress of the women of the future. It has all the elements of success in it. So long as Eugenie is Autocrat of the Fashion-plates, so long as women's clothing is devised not for the health, comfort and welfare of the wearers, but for the profit of the silk, ribbon and lace manufacturers of France, so long the Bloomer must wait in disgrace, but no longer. The dresses are graceful and handsome to my eye, and they appear to great advantage in the exercises, which are a sort of Platonic dancing.

DANCING.

Next to gymnasties, I like the dance. It is the most exhilarating mode of taking exercise. Let Gail Hamilton rail if she will. What business had she to go to a ball in the day time and look at things critically? People will waltz in spite of her and in spite of the churches. She and they, instead of wasting their efforts in vain attempts to stop waltzing, should try to keep it within the proper limits. Grand balls should not be encouraged. They are objectionable because they must be made up of people strangers to one another; because the women are required by etiquette to have expensive dresses; because the dancing commences very late, runs all night and exhausts the participators so that they need several days of rest to recover; and because the supper, which it is necessary to eat, is always unwholesome on account of the late hour at which it is eaten. To him who understands dancing and likes it, I say, join some dancing club; to him who does not I recommend the instruction of my friend, Mr. Eddy. San Francisco is a paradise of dancers. Its perpetually cool climate always renders exercise agreeable, and the activity of our population can find no more innocent or delightful entertainment. KEINMANN.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE severe illness of Miss Richings last week—the result of her unremitting labors—kept the doors of the Academy closed from Friday to Monday. *Martha* was played to a crowded house on Wednesday evening. Miss Richings as "Lady Harriet," achieved a marked triumph, surpassing her usual excellence of vocalization and acting. Her singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" was well worthy the applause that followed and the *encore* that was so vigorously demanded. Not only was it tenderly and artistically sung, but also much more unostentatiously and naturally than other famous singers are in the habit of rendering it. The audience were delighted, and manifested that delight in a manner so unmistakable that well-founded fears were entertained on some sides that they would permit nothing else to be sung that night. Mr. Seguin's acting was very good indeed. The remaining characters did not appear to very good advantage. The tenor airs in this delicious opera are the *chef-d'ouvres* of the composer, and Mr. Hill ("Lionel") did not do them justice. Miss Kempton ("Nancy") seemed to be suffering from a cold, and did not make of the acting opportunities of her *role* as much as she might, and probably will, when she has had a riper experience on the stage. The comic element, which should enter into all amusements to popularize them, was well presented in Mr. Gregg's attempt to dance, though his steps possibly did not much contribute to the pleasure of his partners. He had so little to do in the piece that there was no need for his contriving to do it badly. The "Spinning Quartette" was quite lively. This evening Miss Richings has a benefit, the opera of the occasion being *The Daughter of the Regiment*. We bespeak for the beneficiary one of those houses which San Francisco was wont to give deserving artistes in those palmy days when gold was viewed as a circulating medium merely, and not looked at in the light of something to be planted and nursed. That the house will be a full one, however, we can scarcely doubt, for this City of the Bay is seldom known to be wanting in gallantry.

Maguire's Opera House has been busy with *The Victims*, a Tom Taylor play, and one of that author's best. The pleasures of married life and the miseries of a single existence are so admirably illustrated, so faithfully set forth, that ambitious young ladies and marrying mamas could not do better than present the manager with a service of plate for the service he has done them in bringing the play out. Mr. Wheatleigh as "Joshua Butterby" worked out a capital piece of acting. Mr. Mayo did the martyred "Mr. Merryweather" as well as though he had had the benefit of domestic rehearsals of the part for years; Mr. Thorne was scarcely sentimental and spoony enough for a poet patronized by as plump and pretty a matron saint as "Mrs. Merryweather," (Mrs. Perry;) but still he carried the part well. Mr. Thorne's *forte* is the villain, and poetry is a mild form of crime and one which seldom begets remorse in the mind of the perpetrator. The Scotch play of *Jeanie Deans* was brought out to a fair house last evening. The continued absence of Mrs. Edwin from the stage of this theatre, owing to a protracted season of illness, affords room for much regret to that lady's many and warm admirers. This afternoon a grand *matinée* will be given, for particulars of which and the evening performance, the advertisements on another page may be consulted.

Paul Julien drew a crowded house to his farewell concert on Wednesday afternoon, If Nero fiddled as well as Julien does, we can almost pardon him for fiddling while Rome burned, and would find an excuse for the Romans in gathering round to hear him play, instead of running with the machines and manning the brakes to put the fire out. "Lubin," in his New York letter last week, asserts that Nero didn't fiddle at the fire, and that there were no fiddles known in the first century; but as "Lubin" was not at the fire, it is not supposable that he knows much about it. One thing is certain. Julien had a full house on Wednesday, and the concert went off charmingly, the Bianchis singing as well as though they had been lubricating their throats, during the period of their retirement, with all manner of vocal essences.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All aronnd it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still:
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light—
Fires that gleam at the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grasses and flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut—
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that Home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village will hold ye all."

TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A LION.

(From a forthcoming work entitled "Adventures in Many Lands"—not by De Chaillu.)

MY black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about two yards in front of me, pushing gently but swiftly on hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers, which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primeval African forest almost impassable to the hardiest of the human race, and I was eagerly following in the track which he had made, when suddenly he paused, uttered a low slight hiss, and, placing his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order to still it I was obliged to hold my breath forcibly until the sense of suffocation became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve the oppressed lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forwards, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warnings of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan (my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) again stopped. His palm expanded, and I instantly paused. The ground shook with a slight tremor. The air vibrated around us and beat flutteringly upon our ears, as the reader may have felt when the deepest bass of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound; but as the vibration was passing away I distinguished a low deep roar, and found that some terrible beast—most probably either a lion or a gorilla—was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of suspicion or alarm.

I had seen the nasty little birds which attend the rhinoceros and perform for the deep folds of his thick but not insensible hide the duty which in civilized society is remitted to the small-tooth comb. I knew how sharp a watch and ward they keep over the safety of their living feeding ground, and how they scream and dig their sharp and searching beaks into the fierce brute's ear when anything dangerous or strange approaches his resting place; and I feared lest some such courtierly parasite of the woods might have attached itself to the service and the court of the anthropoidal apish monarch, and was now whispering into his majesty's ear its suspicions that certain barbarian invaders, or low and villainous revolutionists of an inferior order of the gorilla species, were trespassing within the bounds which his majesty had been graciously pleased to reserve as the limits of his own exclusive private domain. I listened, but no particular note or chirp struck my ear. The silence was almost appalling; so was the darkness of that portion of the dense forest into which we had penetrated. Very shortly after we had entered the woods the fierce glare of the sun had ceased to penetrate to the ground except at rare intervals. The broad luxuriant upper foliage of the mighty trees completely excluded the blaze of the tropical sun, which shone down through a yellow atmosphere like the mouth of an open furnace, from a sphere of polished, glaring, reddened brass. At first there were cool extensive forest glades, and vast avenues of gigantic trees, populous and noisy with birds of gorgeous plumage but discordant voices; then came closer stems and lesser growth of scions springing emulously up amidst the giant parents of the woods. Thick tangles of tough-stalked creepers intertwining with thorny plants, like briars of gigantic growth, next barred our path in places which were thereby made absolutely impenetrable. At length, after threading our way through tracks which the wild animals had slightly made, we reached those darkest, densest portions of the woods where the Fan hunter knew that the gorilla could be only found, if found at all.

Here, in the interpenetralia, the voices of the forest had altogether ceased. The hiss of a serpent, the twitter of a grasshopper or locust, the hoot of an owl, or the chatter of a stray monkey might indeed be occasionally heard, but such sounds were few and far between, and they served rather to illustrate and mark the silence by showing how exceptional and discordant with all things around they were. The darkness, although nearly as deep as that of a starless night, was not nightlike. It was not thick and close and pitchy, provocative of closed eyes and slumber; it was a greenish black, living, startling, intelligent and wakeful, as though the light were struggling to break through from the outside, and exciting hope that it would succeed momentarily. The eyes strained to pierce the verdant gloom. They seemed to feel a power within them to become accustomed to it, and to dilate their pupils sufficiently to magnify the few attenuated rays which had floated into and lost themselves in that leafy-roofed dungeon until they should be made to illuminate its depths and unfold its secrets.

The pause which my guide now made was longer than the first one, but to me it was not so painful. The oppression was necessarily great, but my nerves were strung more perfectly to endure it, and my expectation was higher, more assured, and calm.

The Fan looked around to see where I was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely noiseless that even the quick ear of my savage friend had failed to detect the crushing of a withered stick or leaf beneath me. As the black turned his face to me his eyes were the only features that were distinctly visible. They appeared to be lighted up by a lurid fire within them, and when his head was sufficiently brought round to look upon me fully, his eyes glared brightly and fiercely as those of a royal Bengal tiger. Mine must have looked similarly upon him, for he made a gesture of surprise with hand and countenance, then grinned, showing his brilliant white teeth from ear to ear, and formed an O with his mouth, which I interpreted as an intimation that a gorilla, if not a whole family of those delicate monsters was within view; and bringing forward his rifle so as to see that the cap was right, he resumed his cautious advance. Turning a little to the left he made room for me to draw up alongside of him, and I then discovered that we had reached the inner edge of the brushwood, and that a clear space, forming a small amphitheatre in the forest, was before us. An enormous tree which seemed to have overshadowed and destroyed every plant and shrub within its range, occupied the centre, and formed the dense canopy of this open. A slight gesture from the black hunter directed my attention to the foot of the giant of the woods, but he at the same time placed one hand above his eyes, thereby intimating to me that I must shade mine before looking, lest the glare of them in the darkness should attract the attention of our game. Laying myself along my double-barrelled rifle, I shaded my eyes with both my hands and looked towards the great tree. Sitting on the ground, cross-legged, with his back against the trunk, his hands lying carelessly at his sides, with the palms turned up, and his head sunk down between his shoulders in a dozing, if not sleeping state, was a huge male gorilla. His profile was towards us. At the opposite side of the amphitheatre, the tree sometimes concealing them from our view, were a female and a young male feeding, and gathering some kind of nuts which the female occasionally carried and threw on the ground close to her dozing lord and master. I watched their proceedings for some time with intense interest. At length the Fan made a sign of interrogation, which recalled me to a sense of our position. We were too far from our dangerous game to risk a shot at him, which, if it only wounded without killing, would bring not only himself but possibly his wife and young hopeful upon us before we could draw another trigger. If we startled him only, without hitting him, he might plunge into the jungle and escape. We could not lie there all day looking at him without doing anything, and we dare not attempt to hold council with one another, as the lowest whisper would reach either the sleeping or the waking members of the family.

A few moments of irresolution terminated in my laying my rifle and taking a long and steady aim at the side of paterfamilias. It was difficult to cover my object, for a flickering exhalation was rising from the entire surface of the earth, through which the gorilla seemed to be in perpetual motion, in and out of the sight of my rifle, up and down, flashing and waving, rising and falling, until all confidence was lost in my power of taking aim so near the ground, and, being a crack shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just resolved to risk everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder, when a turn was given to my thoughts by the sudden appearance of a new sportsman in the form of a black python, some thirty feet in length, which was coiled round a small tree close to me, but which my rapt attention to my game had prevented me from observing previously. The python had unwound a few coils, and having thus freed about ten or twelve feet of his body to enable him to examine me and my proceedings more closely, he was hanging within a yard of my face, his long, black, forked tongue darting from his mouth, waving and retiring again with the rapidity of lightning, and his glittering eyes glancing from me to the rifle as though he wondered what sort of an animal it was, and whether it might prove to be a more dainty morsel than I myself might be. I had a Persian scimitar as keen as a razor in my hunting belt. The snake in his wavings to and fro brought his neck within a foot of my shoulder. I slid my right hand down to feel for the handle of my sword, keeping my eyes fixed upon the python. I grasped and was drawing the weapon, wondering whether the snake or I would strike first, when both of us were startled by a terrific shriek, or rather a series of shrieks, as if a strong rough woman were rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The python vanished as my sword flew out.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood whilst I was engaged, first with trying to aim at the male, and afterwards with watching the terrible reptile. She had either disturbed a lion who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to the cool depths of the forest, and had nearly afforded him a morning repast. She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those startling human cries which had frightened away the python and nearly unnerved me. As to my guide, he had not seen my danger, and he was still watching the male gorilla, patiently awaiting my decision and expecting every instant the report of my rifle. The shrieks had startled him a little, not so much, however, as they had affected me; for he had heard the like before, and he knew they would be uttered the moment that either a shot should be fired or the female should discover us by any chance. But when a roar, that shook the ground on which we lay, announced the nature of the danger from which the female gorilla had so narrowly escaped, my Fan friend, black as he was, actually became pallid with fear!

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A sound so expressive of anger, defiance, and relentless, savage, cruel ferocity, I never heard!

I looked at the Fan, and smiled. He understood me instantly. His limbs ceased to tremble. He closed his mouth with an effort, grinned and placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Scarcely thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had cleared the close inner tangle with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane standing up and out, all straight, like the hair of an angry cat, magnifying his apparent bulk to colossal proportions; his tail, which at first stood nearly straight, was waving from side to side. At length it struck his ribs alternately on either side with sounding blows, and he uttered a longer and more terrific roar than that which he had given when the female gorilla escaped from him. Opposite to him was the male gorilla, now looking most unlike the uncouth figure which we had seen propped against the tree.

At the first shriek from his mate, the gorilla had sprung into life and sudden energy. Placing the knuckles of his upper hands upon the ground, he bounded lightly into the air to a surprising height, rising from all four hands together, and coming down upon all fours again. When the lion roared, the gorilla seemed at once to comprehend the nature both of the challenge and the adversary, and to resolve upon fighting, although it would have been easy for him to escape by springing into a tree. He rose upon his hinder hands (or feet), and standing erect, looking very like a large-bodied, long-armed, short-legged, powerful negro, about six feet two inches in height, he uttered his tremendous acceptance of the lion's challenge, beating his breast at the same time with his huge fists alternately, and producing sounds like heavy blows upon a bass drum. When the lion sprang into the inclosure and stood bristling before him, the gorilla dropped upon all-fours again, with his knuckles on the ground; his eyes, which flamed like fire seen through rubies, fixed upon his dreadful enemy, and his eyebrows working up and down with inconceivable rapidity, giving to his countenance a look of such demoniac ferocity, that it made the lion pause at least, if he did not quail.

Lashing his sides with his tail until he roused himself to fury, the lion delivered his second roar, as though his honor were concerned in outroaring no less than in vanquishing by his prowess all antagonists; and, on his part, the gorilla, albeit questions of honor seemed little likely to be favored or considered by him, accepted nevertheless the preliminary contest of angry noise, and uttered another roar so utterly demoniac and horrible, standing up again in order to deliver it freely, that the lion crouched at once to spring upon him and bring the question of superior prowess to the proof. A few short, swift steps—a bound of twenty feet—two or three sharp, snarling growls—and I expected to see the combatants locked in a fata, embrace! But it was not so.

As the lion rose in his long bound, the gorilla sprang also, but more lightly and higher, straight up into the air. The lion struck upwards to catch him; the action turned himself over, and he fell heavily on his side, the gorilla dropping on him, striking him twice, and then springing off with a sidling, jumping run, to a distance of several yards. Instantaneous as had been the encounter, both were severely wounded. The gorilla was bleeding from the head and back. The lion had a fearful gash across his ribs; and, judging from the crashing sounds of the two blows which he had received, I thought that some of his ribs must have been broken. The lion rushed without a moment's pause at his adversary, but the agility of the gorilla was too great to permit the lion to close at his pleasure. For some minutes the movements of the lion in attack, and of the gorilla in avoidance, were almost too rapid for the eye to follow their evolutions. At length the lion paused, bewildered by the speed and activity of his antagonist. Instantly the gorilla sprang upon and rolled him over with a single blow upon the side of the head. Again the chase and avoidance were resumed, but this time for a much longer space than before, the lion being resolved to catch the nimble ape; but again he was obliged to pause, and again he was instantly knocked over. When he rose he staggered, whether from the effects of the terrific blows which he had received, or from giddiness resulting from his gyrations in pursuit of the gorilla, it was impossible to decide, but he reeled and fell off several steps to the right before he recovered sufficiently to prepare for another charge. In the meantime the gorilla was dodging round and bobbing up and down before him, as captured monkeys may be often seen to do in their cages when persons are teasing them. Both lion and gorilla kept up an incessant noise, growling, snarling, roaring, and screaming, varying their tones in accordance with their actions or sufferings, and although nothing like a close had taken place, both were bleeding freely; the lion's right eye was either shut up or gone, and the gorilla was nearly scalped. The lion had now learned so much of his enemy's strength and activity that he tried several feints to get him within range. He lay down, but the gorilla kept jumping round him so near that he was obliged to spring round with equal alertness, to avoid being taken by surprise. He tried another rush, but he stopped sooner than at first, and when the gorilla sprang upon him to strike, the lion turned on his back and received him with teeth and claws.

The crisis of the battle had arrived. Growls, snarls, shrieks and roars came out in a demoniac chorus from a confused mass of swirling leaves and dust; limbs, teeth, claws, blood, and springing bodies, as though ten beasts instead of two were combating amidst a whirlwind! I became so excited that I could scarcely command myself. A crash, as of smashing large bones, and a horrible shriek! The noise and fury of the combat were redoubled for a minute or two! Then came a pause. The dust and cloud of leaves subsided. The lion was uppermost. The left arm of the gorilla was across his tremendous mouth. It was the crunching of the double bones of the fore-arm which I had heard! His claws were firmly fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disemboweled! Huge rents were in his body, and the feet of the gorilla were buried in his loins, whilst the mighty right arm of the ape was free, and would be active again directly breath had been taken.

The final struggle quickly came. Up roso the cloud of dust and leaves again! Whirling, shrieking, bounding, striking, growling, struggling, groaning, the confused mass rushed hither and tbither with increased velocity! Over and over it rolled, like a tangle of fighting demons, until it came uncomfortably near to where I and my negro guide were lying hid. It swayed away from us, returned again, rolled off, then back; and just as the Fan and I both sprang to our feet to escape from such dangerous proximity, the combatants, locked in their deadly embrace, came, crashing against us, knocking us over, and into a deep pit which we had not seen, falling upon us with a force which for an instant deprived me of consciousness. Recovering myself, however, I struggled furiously, fearing that even if the beasts had killed each other, I shonld be smothered under their bleeding carcases. I kicked, struck, and tried to push the dreadful load away. The noise above me was terrific, but I was able to distinguish my own name amidst the uproar, and it struck me that the voice in which it was pronounced was somewhat familiar. I paused in my efforts to extricate myself and listened. Again and again my name was called loudly, distinctly, and earuestly.

"John, Johu!" It was the voice of my wife whom I had left safely at home in London.

"John, Johu! Wake up, will you? You've got the nightmare, and have falleu out of bed! John, John, do get up, dear! You've dragged all the bedclothes down on the floor with you. You've rolled yourself up in them so tightly that I can't get you out. You'll be smothered if you don't wake np. Oh dear! oh dear me! Wake up, you great stupid, do!"

"Bless my soul!" said I. "How fortunate—how curious it is, too, that you should have come to my rescue so opportunely. It was very kind of you, and so courageous besides! When did you arrive out? Do you know I was wondering just as I was tumbling into this horrid pit, why the gorilla's wife didn't come to *his* assistance. You know she might have done it easily and safely enough, for the lion wouldn't have let go his hold, and if she bad sprung on his back sbe night have enabled her husband to freshen his grip. They might havo quickly strangled him between them. Is it not cu—"

"My goodness gracious me!" said my wife, interrupting me. "What stuff and nonsense are you talking? Lions and gorillas!—fiddlesticks! There are gorillas and lions enough in the street! Drunken women screaming, and nasty men fighting, and the police trying to take them off to the station. The noise they made woke me, and there I found you snoring and grunting and struggling on your back, and the moment I touched yon, away you floundered out of bed, rolling yourself up in the clothes, and dragging them all away with you. Oh, don't sit on the floor there, like a great donkey, with your nightcap on one side, looking so silly and ridiculous. Do get up and help me to set the clotbes straight ou the bed again."

"What!" said I. "Was it all a dream, aud is not even my noble Fan a reality?"

"Your fan, indeed!" retorted Mrs. Smith, who was beginning to lose her placidity of temper. "If you are so warm as to want a fan, you may sit up there and use mine. I'll lend it to you and welcome. But please let me have the bedclothes, for I don't want fanning. My teeth are chattering with the cold. Tbe police have takeu all the fighting and shouting and screaming gorillas and lions, male and femalo, to the station-house. The fans are in the wardrobe. Do, thero's a dear, get up off the floor. That's right."

"BORES."

THE writer spreads the foolscap and dips the pen, duly impressed with the importance and the magnitude of tho toil before him. Vast is the family, awful the influence of "Bores." Were he to contemplate a discourse on Wits, or Sages, bow short and simple would be the task!—because how few the specimens. But the Bores—the race is all-pervading, endless. We are a Bore-ridden peoplo. Bores are everywhere: in the street—in the parlor—in the boudoir—in the office. Go up in a balloon, and three to one you are sitting—a mile above the earth—with a Bore. Go down in an exploring diving-bell, and the odds are great that you are cheek-by-jowl with an animal of tho same species. You can't fly them. Forswear mankind, shut yourself up, in fact, in any hole into which the human face never peeps, and still you have uot shaken off the influence of Boredom. Still it haunts you—persecutes you. Stay alone for a bare half hour, and how great is the chance that your own thoughts, your own mental self, becomes to that self—a Bore. But it may be asked: "Would you, then, suppress Bores?" Heavens, my friends! do you take us for a second Herod, thus to suggest a new massacre of the innocents? Exterminate the Bores, indeed! We love our race, our friends, our acquaintances, our brothers and sisters of mankind better. Exterminate the Bores! Put an extinguisher on so worthy a proportion of the good souls of our great and glorious country! Reader, we are not Nero. Conceive society without Bores. Why, who in that case would write the fashionable novels, or make patriotic speeches at political meetings, or get up coucerts, lectures, subscriptions, etc., etc., for the Sanitary Fund and Soldiers' Relief Society—or talk of the American Eagle and the British Lion—or do the thousand and one things which have made America the envy of all nations and the pride and wonder of the world? No, may the Bores ever flourish! We know them, and love them, and make much of them.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that every one has a right to be a Bore. There is your uncle—your venerable, cross, peevish, bilious, charming uncle—with a large balance at the right side of his account with his banker. He comes to dine with you, and quarrels with everything on the table. Ho almost drives your wife wild by hinting that your eldest will have a snub nose and red hair. After a few glasses of wine have thawed him, he becomes simply tedious. He tells awful stories of the quarrels and diplomatic negotiations he carries on with his neighbor Brown, about Brown's dog, which has a habit of amusing itself by the monotonous recreation of howling all night in the back yard. You hear about Brown's dog every time you see your uncle. His very soul is embarked in the contest with Brown's dog. Brown's dog is a nightmare on your spirits, a stumbling-block in your way, an abomination in your nostrils; and, in the agonies of your pent-up wrath, you inwardly wish that Brown's dog may catch the hydrophobia, bite mankind in general and your venerated relative in particular. But do you breathe a word of the secret of your soul to tbe delightful, good old gentleman himself? Not you. You console yourself by abusing him to your wife at night. He is one of the privileged Bores, aud his strength lies in his purse-strings.

We have known musical gentlemen, with very long hair and a general foreign aspect, turn out very considerable Bores at a party they were invited to enliven. The professor sits down to the pianoforte; dead silence is proclaimed. A shock, as if an eagle swooped down on the keys, and away he goes full tilt iuto a short piece of sixty pages. You have been flirting with the pretty Miss Laura de Smytheree, and you whisper, "I suppose if they get an author here they make him read his book on the same principle." Tbe pianist catches your eye and Miss Laura's smile, and scowls like a melo-dramatist writing a thrilling passage.

The infliction over, yonr hostess swims up to yon. "Naughty thing that you are, don't you know how very particular the Signor is when he is playing?" In other words, the Signor is a privileged Bore. People who are so lucky as to be "just from Paris" have some title to be Bores in a party of their fellow-beings less fortunate. The claims cannot be disputed, and they can have everything their own way. Everybody will laugh at their jokes, no matter how stale, agree with their observations, and quite coincide in their opinions of the fine arts, etc. These are the people who in their conversation, pelt you so uumercifully with, "*Vraiment*," "*Voila*," *Et vous*," "*Jamais*," etc., etc. We have known professed funny gentlemen, too, with no inconsiderable touch of the privileged Bore. Smartly is an example. He can make a puu on anytbiug. Ho is asked out to be witty, and as he is very conscieutious, he never leaves off—trying. Sleepleigh is a great chemist. You are pleased to meet him, and somehow get into a semi-scientific chat together. Smartly comes up. "You talk of the effects of acid. What Cid? Racine's Cid?"

You groan at the attempt, and Sleepleigh stalks off in the sulks. Never uind, you fix on Fliut—Flint so well known as a geologist. Up comes Smartly. "What's that you were saying of Feldspar? Ha! you should have seen the Benicia Boy spar." You aro inclined to be cross. Nonsense, Smartly is a privileged Borc.

Practical-joking men are even greater nuisances than your mere word-catchers.

Look at Tomkins. He puts powder into your pipe; wakes you up at four in the morning by a false alarm of fire; puts your death in the paper, and heads a crowd to toss you in a blauket when you join a social institution for the first time. You threaten to kick Tomkins. "Nonsense," every one will say. "Nobody is angry at what Tomkins does. Absurd."

And so, through an endless number of instances, society, under certain circumstances, is always ready to tolerate a cer taiu species of Boredom. There is old Mrs. Dowager, who makes no scruple of telling you to your face that you are a particularly disagreeable person. "Oh, but," says the world, "she is so sincere—no nasty flattery about dear Mrs. D.; and besides, whatever she says is for yonr own good, if you will only take it so."

Mr. Charles Augustus Chevrons has been in the Volunteers a month. He is entitled, therefore, to dogmatize on all the battles of the war, and on the respective merits of the different commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and, if you venture to differ with bim, to put you down with a sneer: "What should a civilian know of military matters?"

Bainbridge Truxton Decatur Jones, æt. 19, has just been appointed master's mate. He talks of the hardships of a sailor's life; "capsizes" and "lays-to" everything in his conversation, and brings in "fokesel" "forra'd," "'board-ship," etc., etc., when occasion offers. He makes perilous expeditions daily from the ship's side to the wharf in the captain's gig, and is therefore the supreme authority on everything nautical from Noah down to Commodore Winslow. Should you dare to disagree with him, he will either "trice you up," "stop your allowance," or "send you aloft."

Bores all—privileged Bores all.

A TERRIBLE DEATH-BED.—M. Jules Janin told us recently an interesting anecdote of Dorat, which you must let me repeat to you as I am talking of selfishness: There was in the last century a poet named Barthe. They still play one of his comedies; *Les Fausses Confidences*. He was a friend of the poet Dorat. The latter, whilo young, died exhausted by every passion of debauchery and wit. There was nothing around his death-bed but faded roses, old *billet-doux*, ecboless elegies, misery, desertion, destitution. A decayed actress kept watch by his pillow stuffed with thorns; even the fire scarce flickered on the hearth. Oh, misery and desolation! How true is the word of the Psalmist: "Woe unto them that laugh!" Nevertheless, a man—it was Barthe—made his appearance in this solitude and silence; he had a huge roll of paper under his arm. The dying man said: "Ah, it is you! Welcome! You, of all the friends I had, are the only one who has come to bid me farewell—aud yet my chamber is uot so far from the Café Procope!" Barthe unrolled his manuscript and said: "Let me read you, friend Dorat, my new comedy in verse; it is entitled, *The Egotist; or, the Selfish Fellow*. I am persuaded that you will be pleased with it." Tbe invalid moaned from his bed: "But, my dear friend, don't you see I am dying? For Heaven's sake, have compassion on me!" The other man replied, "Get out! you are not half dead. Besides, my comedy is not long; in three hours I'll run through the whole of it." He smoothed his manuscript, and without pity read ou till he reacbed the end. After he had ceased to read, he waited, full sure that his work would be successful, for the invalid's compliments. Dorat said to him with his dying voice: "Add, I pray you, a scene to your *Egotist;* depict him coming to read a comedy to his dying friend, and going away after haviug drank the last glass of tho dying man's infusion." So saying, he turned his face to the wall, and gave up his petty, frivolous soul, aud his worthless mind. "Oh! the egotist and envious wretch!" exclaimed Barthe, as he quitted the dark chamber, and went to carry his comedy to the play-actors.—*Paris Cor. Publishers' Circular.*

THINGS TO BE LAUGHED AT.

Punch's advice to people about to marry—"Don't."

RADELAIS made the following will: "I owe much. I have nothing. I give the rest to the poor."

IT is not wholesome to eat red blackberries, for when they are green they are red.

BY this explosion fifty persons were mortally wonnded, of whom very few recovered.

FOOTE being scolded by a lady, said, "I have heard of tartar and brimstone: you aro the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

Little Girl (after hearing older people telling their dreams) I tried to dream and I couldn't; I couldn't think of anything to dream.

REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of his house at one of his own plays, added that he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Martin, "I should judge it is owing to the piece."

BOILEAU used to say that tbe best epigrams originated in conversation; and of all his own he gave the prefereuce to the following:

Not less for mine than her repose.
Here lies my wife, and, Heaven knows,

SOME person whom Quin had offended met him in the street and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand you have been taking away my name." "What have I said, sir?" "You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Oh, then keep your name, sir!" replied Quin, and walked on.

JUDGE BLANK, hearing a donkey bray while Curran was arguing a case before him, said, "One at a time, Mr. Curran if you please." The speech being finished, the judge began his charge, and in its progress the ass sent forth the full force of its lungs, whereupon the advocate said, "Does not your Lordship hear a remarkable echo in the Court?"

SOME smoke was observed to issue from the roof of a house and a fear arose that the garret was on fire. Some workmen went up to see about it, and the foremost one, (an Irishman,) finding the place very dark, called out to those behind him, "Fitch a light, fitch a light, boys, to see where the fire is."

A REWARD being offered for a rhyme with Porringer, the following lines were produced:

The Duke of York, a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
And now my Lord I claim the prize
For making rhyme with porringer.

PROF. PORSON being once at a dinner party where the conversation turned upon Capt. Cook aud his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person in order to contribute bis mite towards the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray, was Cook killed ou his first voyage?" "I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he didn't mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

FOOTE, the dramatist, having in one of his entertainments caricatured an actor named O'Brien, that gentleman waited upon the mimic, and indignantly complained of the injury his character had sustained through his being taken off upon the stage. The comedian, having vainly endeavored to laugh his visitor into good humor, at length observed: "Well, as you seem displeased at my taking you off, you shall immediately see me take myself off!" The enraged actor was pacified; and Foote, taking up his hat, walked out of the room. O'Brien waited an hour before he saw the joke, and found that he would have to wait longer still before he should see the joker; so he, too, took himself off.

IN the olden times, when it was customary in many parts of New England to sing the psalms and hymns by deaconing them, as it was called—that is, by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung, one of these church dignitaries, after looking at his book some time and making several attempts to spell the words, apologized for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,: "My eyes, indeed are very blind." The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed, with emphasis, "I cannot see at all." This they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out, "I really believe you are bewitched," and "The mischief in you all." The choir finished the verse by echoing the last lines, and the deacon sat down in despair.

A FOREIONER named Vogel, a celebrated flute-player, advertised a concert for his benefit, and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, and were not moved by the concord of sweet sounds, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, never before witnessed in Europe. He would hold in his left hand a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm, and, notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, would drink the wine. So novel and surprising a display of strength, as it was naturally regarded, attracted a very crowded house, and expectatiou was on the tiptoe. when our hero appeared on the stage, glass in hand, and politely iuvited any half-dozen of the audience to come forward to put his prowess to the test. Several gentlemen, amongst whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and, grasping the left arm of Vogel, apparently rendered the promised feat quite out of the question. There was an awful pause for a moment, when our arm-bound hero, eyeing the gentlemen who had piuioned him, said, in his broken English: "Shenteelmen, are you all ready? Are you quite suro you have got fast hold?" The answer having been given in the affirmative by a very confident nod from those to whom it was addressed, Vogel, to the infinite amusement of the spectators and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his right arm, which was free, very coolly took the wine glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half-dozen gentlemeu, said; Shenteelmeu, I have de honor to drink all your goot health;" at the same time quaffing off the wine amidst a general roar of laughter and uuiversal cries of "Bravo! bravo! Well done, Vogel!" It cannot be denied that Vogel literally redeemed his pledge. The condition was that his arm should be held; but not a word was said about his hand. Ho very ingeniously availed himself of the oversight, nor could be be fairly charged with resortiug to a trick or subterfuge.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

IN April of last year the Rev. Lewis C. Bayles came to this coast. The same steamer which brought him brought the writer of this article. The voyage was the first which marked the reopening of the Nicaraguan Transit Line, and it was a long and tedious one. Under any circumstances a steamer becomes recognizedly the home of those who have passage in it, and friendships are formed during a sea-voyage similar to those which are formed around firesides. The solitude of the surrounding ocean and the close companionship into which travellers are brought, begets a sympathy between those who on shore perhaps would have moved in widely different orbits, and attachments are formed which time and after-separation cannot efface. Mr. Bayles won the hearts of all on board by his genial nature, his true Christian character, and his high scholarly attainments. He mingled in the amusements which were originated to beguile the voyage; his kind heart manifested itself on all occasions in efforts to befriend those about him, and his true and tender piety won many to his society who before had a very inadequate idea of what religion was, or of the rightful sphere in which a clergyman might be useful. There was no concession on his part towards the world, but he won worldliness towards him by the magnetism of his warm heart. In the cabin, in the steerage, he was always busy, never unmindful of an opportunity of doing good, never neglectful on any occasion of his Master's interest. Divine service was each Sabbath held, Mr. Bayles officiating, and serious and attentive audiences listened to his sermons. Among the idle loiterers whom the ship's bell gathered from deck, forecastle and all parts of the vessel, the young preacher stood up, his tall form towering above the stature of his hearers and his eye glowing as he pointed out to them the beauties of religion, and enunciated in tones which fell like a benediction the truths which upheld his own steps through the Valley of the Shadow and enabled him finally to go to his rest like one who lies down to pleasant dreams. He will long be remembered by his fellow-travellers, even after, perhaps, his memory shall have faded from the hearts of his immediate congregation in this city.

Bringing letters from Eastern churches, soon after his arrival here he was intrusted by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, who was then leaving for a brief season of rest from pastoral labors, with the care of the First Presbyterian Church. His health made a suspension of labor necessary, and he travelled through the interior of the State, viewing the wonders which the God he worshipped had wrought in mountain and valley, subsequently taking an excursion of three months' duration to the Sandwich Islands. He returned seemingly strengthened and nerved for his duties, but hemorrhage of the lungs attacked him the third week after his reoccupancy of the pulpit. On the night of Monday last his pure spirit passed away, and on the following Wednesday he was laid to rest forever. Kind hands attended him through his sickness and during his last moments, and strewed white lilies and rosebuds, as spotless as his faith, upon his coffin. He sleeps in Lone Mountain, and never did the grave's emerald gates open to receive the casket of a purer, nobler soul. In his twenty-sixth year, with his armor but just buckled on, his helmet scarcely adjusted for the fight, he was called home by his Master for a nearer service. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and mortals may not question the fiat of Him who doeth all well. He sleeps, and lightly lay the turf above him!

SUTTEE.—The young widow's earthly career was now drawing rapidly to a close. A few moments more, and she would be suffering the most horrible of deaths. But her eye quailed not, nor did her lips quiver. She ascended the fatal pile as if it had been her bridal bed; and stretched herself beside the loathsome corpse—already in an advanced stage of decay—she clasped it in her arms, and rested her beautiful head on the breast which was literally a weltering mass of corruption. It was fearful to behold the living and the dead thus united; to contrast the rounded limbs and graceful figure of that fair girl, with the bloated, grinning corpse which she held in her embrace. My heart sickened at the sight, and a feeling of deadly faintness came over me; but I had strength to see the tragedy completed. I was close to the pile, and watched the poor victim's countenance narrowly; it was pale as death but perfectly placid. She never moved a muscle, and appeared more like a marble, or rather bronze, image than a living being. Even on the brink of eternity, with the prospect of so fearful death before her eyes, the fortitude inspired by a blind and devoted superstition supported her through the trial. When all the preparations were completed, a horrid yell was raised, and a number of men rushed with lighted torches towards the pile, shouting, dancing and screaming like demons. In an instant the whole was in flames. Heaps of burning straw fell on the two bodies. The death-shriek of the wretched victim was drowned amidst the roar of a thousand voices. The bickering flames rose high above the pile. All was one glowing mass of fire, and the poor creature's sufferings were ended. Once I saw her struggle, but it was only for a moment, and, dreadful though her agony must have been, it could not have lasted above a few seconds. The wind was high, and the dry wood burned with such fury that in a few minutes more than half of the pile was consumed, and no one would have guessed that two human bodies were smouldering in the midst of it.—*My Indian Journal. By Col. Walter Campbell.*

La France affirms that Prince Napoleon is preparing an account of the lives and writings of the members of the family of Bonaparte.

POISONOUS PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN.

WHEN a few children are killed by the mixture of some poison in sugar sticks, brandy-balls, peppermint-sticks, marshals' staffs, pink ladies, and fifty other confections that children are better acquainted with than the writer, a Coroner's inquest is held, and for a time the unwholesome materials are disused, and the sweetmeats are made more wholesome, although they are less brilliant to the eye. But, besides the articles above referred to, other poisonous snares for children beset them in all directions. It is extraordinary what a great want of common care and knowledge is shown by thousands who have the charge of children, and whose duty it is to protect them from these and other dangers. Amongst those matters which require attention are the color-boxes which are provided for the use of children. We have some of these before us of several prices, ranging from 1d. to 6d., and 1s. 6d., and in nearly every instance the colors are composed of the most poisonous preparations of lead and other dangerous minerals; amongst these are the various shades of green, a small portion of which will destroy life. Infant artists are almost invariably addicted to the bad practice of putting both paints and brushes into the mouth; and, in consequence, we have disordered stomachs, which often can in no way be accounted for; and there is no doubt that by this means promise of future excellence in art is sometimes nipped in the bud.

It is the same with other toys. The younger the child, the stronger is the impression that all playthings are good to eat; and this predilection should be especially borne in mind in the preparation of toys. It is, therefore, the duty of the custodians of children to repudiate all toys decorated with poisonous colors, especially when these can be removed by sucking. Persons may daily see india-rubber balls which have been thickly covered with coatings of vermilion and chromates of lead, which can easily be removed by the mouth or damp fingers: these are solid balls; but some time since, the death of some children was traced to poisoning caused by the colored gutta-percha air-balls. After the mischance referred to, the colored balls went almost entirely out of market, and the clear transparent balls came into general use. Now we perceive that the poisonous tinting of the inside of these balls is again making its appearance, and we fear that the coroner's inquiry respecting these articles will be called for again before long; for it is the practice of the little boys and girls, when the air-balls have burst, to tear the materials into pieces, to moisten the portions in the mouth, and form little balls, which they cause to explode. In doing this, the poisonous coloring is often swallowed, and in certain instances sickness and death take place. In many other ways there is danger, to a greater or lesser extent; as one instance, in the little colored prints, which are cut up and put into books and pricked in a lottery; the children who win have a practice of wetting the pictures with the tongue, and transferring the objects represented to the back of the hands, face, etc.; during this operation, a considerable quantity of the paint (which is of a description similar to that in bad color-boxes above referred to) is swallowed, and the consequence is, that from this cause we have more unaccountable sickness.

In the Noah's arks, in the farm-yards, in the bright green coats of the Foresters, and in fifty other ways, there is danger to the lives and health of children. Now, there is no necessity for this. To a large extent vegetable colors, which are very telling and harmless, might be selected and used instead of the mineral preparations. In the Swiss toys this provision is, to a considerable extent, attended to; and, with taste, cochineal, indigo, and various yellows and siennas are used with good effect, and can do no damage.

Often the eye, as well as the stomach, is deranged by ill-colored toys: we have seen some so horrible in their want of harmony, that it has been a matter of pain to look at them. This fault, we fear, can only be very gradually removed; but as regards the preparation of poisonous toys, when death can be shown to have resulted from the use of them, the persons who are implicated in their sale should meet with due punishment.—*London Builder.*

THE MYTHOLOGY OF PEAS.—The mythology of peas is very curious, but still somewhat obscure. This much, however, is certain, that the plant and its fruit are in some way or other related to celestial fire. It may be that they were regarded in this light because they belong to the class of creeping and climbing plants to which such relations were pre-eminently attributed; at all events, the fact that they too represented something in the vegetation of the sky is substantiated by numerous details in their mythical history. The dragons that poison the air and the waters carry peas in their flight, and let them fall in such quantities that they fill up the wells to the brim, and their smell is so foul that the cattle refuse to eat them. These peas are the lightning that seemed, as appears from a multitude of traditions, to fall in drops or pellets, and their smell is the sulphurous stench that clings to whatever else the dragon brings, and to the gifts thrown down by the wild huntsman. The Zwergs, who are closely connected with Thor, and who forged for him his lightning hammer, are exceedingly fond of peas, as every husbandman knows to his cost, whose pea fields they plunder under cover of their caps of darkness. Peas were sacred to Thor himself, and even now, in Berlin, peas with sauerkraut are a standing dish on Thor's own day, Thursday. That they are typical of lightning is further proved by their being used in the same manner as the thunderbolt and as hazel nuts to promote the fertility of seed corn. In Swabia and elsewhere peas are boiled over the St. John's fire, and eaten dry out of the hollow of the hand. They are thought to be good against all sorts of complaints, and particularly against wounds and bruises. It is also recommended that children in the measles should be washed with water in which peas have been boiled.—*Kelly's Indo-European Tradition and Folk-Lore.*

MRS. BLANK desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire; and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your other irons are."

A REMEDY FOR SORROW.—In one of his plays, Addison makes an undertaker thus upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years, on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look."

MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.—The Spanish Cortes have just passed a law empowering the government to make arrangements with the Municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Veraguas, the great discoverer's descendants, as follows:

"A Castilla y á Leon
Nueva mundo dio Colon."

(To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World.)

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—A curious trial is coming off at the Lincoln assizes. A married woman of the name of Martha Howell had fallen, it appears, so desperately in love with a young *woman* of the name of Johnson, living at Gainesborough, that after various fits of wild jealousy and violence caused by Miss Johnson's preference for other companions, she loaded a pistol and gave her her choice between returning to her old friendship or dying on the spot, after which Martha Howell intended to destroy herself. She put too much powder into the pistol, which jerked it upwards, so that when the pistol went off Miss Johnson escaped, but of the intention to kill there can be no doubt. Howell is said to be quite composed and clear in her mind, and to have expressed frequently her regret that she did not succeed, and her perfect willingness to be hanged if she had. Women's enthusiasm for each other is often of a vehement, frothy, and hysterical kind; but the "Your love or your life" sort of passion was, we thought, reserved for another relation.—*London paper, July 2.*

BULLYING A BULLY.—Joe Haines, the actor, once played off a practical joke on a parson, by pretending to appoint him chaplain to the players, which led to some unseemly *equivoques*. The parson happened to have a son, a member of the thrasonical family, a talking bully, and, of course, a coward; but he vowed publicly to avenge the trick put upon his father. Accordingly, he watched Joe from rehearsal one day, and, swaggering up, desired him to draw. Joe demanded to know why, and they adjourned to a tavern that he might be told. Joe, receiving the information, consented at once, but said, "I am a religious man, and must have five minutes to say my prayers." He then retired to the next room, and in a loud tone, distinctly heard by his challenger, expressed his repentance for killing seventeen persons in duels, and concluded by asking forgiveness for being obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the list. The other, looking on his fee-simple of life as not worth a moment's purchase, ran down stairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning.

FOUR JEALOUS WOMEN PACIFIED.—When the famous *pas de quatre* was projected, it was thought by all that the jealousies of the rival danseuses, Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito and Lucille Grahn would prevent its being ever executed, but Mr. Lumley found a way of getting out of the dilemma:

Let no one (says he, in his *Reminiscences of the Opera*, just published) undervalue the magnitude of this tremendous task. I was informed by a well-known diplomatist that, when the preparations for the solemnities and festivities attendant upon the Coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Lombardy, at Milan, were placed in his hands, the settlement of a *pas de deux*, to be danced by Carlotta Grisi and Cerito, (although then comparatively mere tyros of the Scala,) cost him a hundred-fold more trouble than all the other complicated arrangements of the festival. All was at length adjusted. Satisfaction was in every mind; the *pas de quatre* was rehearsed—was announced; the very morning of the event had arrived; no further hindrances were expected. Suddenly, while I was engaged with the lawyers in my own room, deeply occupied with the final arrangements for my purchase of the opera-house (of which more hereafter,) poor Perrot rushed unannounced into my presence in a state of intense despair. Without regard for the serious conclave assembled, he uttered frantic exclamations, tore his hair and at last found breath to say that all was over—that the *pas de quatre* had fallen to the ground and never could be given! With difficulty the unfortunate ballet-master was calmed down to a sufficient state of reason to be able to explain the cause of his anguish. The completion of the purchase of the opera-house was suspended for a few minutes and the explanation, as follows:

When all was ready I had desired Perrot to regulate the order in which the separate *pas* of each *danseuse* should come. The place of honor, the *last* in such cases, (as in regal processions,) had been ceded without overmuch hesitation to Mlle. Taglioni. Of the remaining ladies who claimed equal rights, founded on talent and popularity, neither would appear before the other. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the ballet-master in distress, "*Cerito ne veut pas commencer avant Carlotta—ni Carlotta avant Cerito, et il n'y a pas moyen de les faire bouger; tout est fini!*" "The solution is easy," said I to poor Perrot. "The question of talent must be decided by the public. But in this dilemma there is one point on which I am sure the ladies will be frank. Let the *oldest* take her unquestionable right to the envied position." The ballet-master smote his forehead, smiled assent, and bounded from the room upon the stage. The judgment of the manager was announced. The ladies tittered, laughed, drew back, and were now as much disinclined to accept the right of position as they had been before eager to claim it. The *ruse* succeeded. The management of the affair was left in M. Perrot's hands. The order of the ladies being settled, the *grand pas de quatre* was finally performed on the same night before a delighted audience, who little knew how nearly they had been deprived of their expected treat.

MANY a fool passes for a clever man, because he knows how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man passes for a fool, because he doesn't know how to use it.

AN ADVANCE MOVEMENT.—It is now fully established that a change has taken place in certain quarters which will captivate whole households, and is attracting the attention of the many interested. We refer more particularly to Grover & Baker, who seem to have scaled the walls of perfection, and are now furnishing sewing machines, which not only sew all varieties of fabric most perfectly, but enter into the accomplishment, and with the same machine execute the most elaborate and elegant embroidery. Mothers will hail with delight this contribution to their comfort, and avail themselves of an opportunity to examine these great improvements at the rooms of this enterprising firm.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following notices reach us from the Eastern press:

We have received the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism. Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, THE CALIFORNIAN, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which in these days seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new literary paper with this title comes to us from San Francisco. It is refreshing to the eyes of a printer to read its beautiful print upon clean white paper, and its contents are rich and varied, bearing mark of care and scholarship, enlivened with a vein of humor, that promises for it a position in the first rank of our native publications. It is edited by Charles H. Webb, Esq., formerly of the New York *Times*, and latterly the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, whose department of racy "Things" in that paper was read with delight by every one this way on whom the *Era* dawned. "Things"—snappy and epigrammatic as ever—have a place in THE CALIFORNIAN, and we would press upon our readers that they could do no better than send on and subscribe for it. The paper bears at its head the motto, appropriate for its own character, as well as for the State: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, is a remarkably handsome paper of sixteen pages, printed in a superior manner and made up of editorial and selected matter indicating ability and excellent judgment. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a well-known New York journalist, is the editor, and he seems to have entered upon his work with a vigor that, if continued, will render his paper inferior to no literary newspaper in America. Mr. Webb has gained a name for freshness, piquancy and spirit in his writings, and will undoubtedly make THE CALIFORNIAN a household friend not in San Francisco only but in every Eastern city.—*Boston Post.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published in a handsome quarto form, and conducted by Mr. C. H. Webb, formerly one of the editors of the New York *Times*. Mr. Webb is a pleasant and versatile writer, and won an excellent reputation during his experience of journalism in this city. He went to California one or two years ago, but ventured for the first time upon an independent enterprise in May last, when the first number of the CALIFORNIAN appeared. The paper claims to be "devoted to live topics and the best interests of California," and inasmuch as it shows a disposition to redeem this promise, being very lively and honest, it deserves success.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The following are a few of the notices which have appeared in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call. June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table;* which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin.* Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

THE first number of the CALIFORNIAN, a weekly paper, was published in this city last Saturday. Mr. C. H. Webb, recently one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, is editor and proprietor. The CALIFORNIAN contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals published in the country.—*Monitor, June 4th*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era.* He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin.* His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the country exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table.* The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the name of a new weekly literary paper which is to make its *début* in San Francisco to-day. C. H. Webb is editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of education, fine fancy, and sound common sense. If he has the tact to manage the business affairs of his journal properly, it is sure to succeed, for in other respects he will have no rival.—*Stockton Independent, June 3d.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of the new literary hebdomedal which made its appearance in San Francisco last Saturday. It is edited by C. H. Webb, formerly of the *Bulletin*, a gentleman of rare scholarly attainments and ripe judgment in conducting a newspaper. The journal is beautifully gotten up after the English style of literary papers, and is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the CALIFORNIAN appears to be, and if the publisher will send us his journal in exchange for ours we will wish him the success he merits.—*Napa County Reporter, June 4th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have received the second number of the new hebdomadal literary sheet recently started in San Francisco by C. H. Webb, under the above title. This new enterprise seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. The high literary reputation of its publisher, the taste and judgment displayed in its selections, and its neat typographical execution, give assurance that our new cotemporary is destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a large and neatly printed weekly literary paper that has made its appearance in San Francisco. It is edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, a graceful writer and experienced journalist. Some person with more taste in literature than honesty "nipped" the first number from our table before we had examined it; the second number, however, is before us, and we find it filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order. We shall hereafter treat our readers to some of the articles of our new cotemporary, and feel assured that they will indorse our judgment as to their merit.—*Mountain Messenger, June 11th.*

We have received from Bradshaw the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a literary weekly published by C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era.* It is neat and plain in typography, and gives evidence of the best of editorial talent.—*Placerville Weekly News.*

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
jy30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

H. LUCKE,
BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER
—OF—
FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.
LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

McRUER & MERRILL,
WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,
204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1 3m

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the
BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as being
THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper, of a quality and weight not often brought to this market, is ordered from the East
EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,
THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE
Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to
C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1864:

AUGUST 23d - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
jy30 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

REMOVAL.
HASKELL & CO.,
CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,
515 Market street,
And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan
Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
EUGENE KELLY & CO.,
NEW YORK.
Bankers.
EXCHANGE ON
NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SAN Francisco, August 8, 1864.—Public notice is hereby given, that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco, for fiscal year 1864, '65, will be opened for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock, P.M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alteration and reduction of assessments upon Real Estate.

All applications for reductions of assessments are required by law to be verified by oath.

JAMES W. BINGHAM,
au13 Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

THE WORLD'S HORSE FAIR,
AT SAN FRANCISCO,
—AND—
Ladies and Gentlemen's Equestrian Exhibition!!

THIS GRAND EXHIBITION WILL BE HELD AT THE Bay View Park, commencing SEPTEMBER SECOND, and continuing until the ELEVENTH, during which time the Mechanics' Fair will also be in progress—the great Pavilion of which will be open every evening—so that persons from distance can attend both Fairs during their visit to the city. For particulars and premium list, see large posters and California *Spirit of the Times.*

au6-td BEN. E. HARRIS, Secretary.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

COR. OF WASHINGTON AND BATTERY STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS BANK IS OPEN FOR THE TRANSACTION OF A general BANKING BUSINESS, will receive deposits, attend to the Collection of Paper, and

DRAW EXCHANGE BY TELEGRAPH,

OR OTHERWISE.

—ON—

NEW YORK, LONDON, DUBLIN, ETC.,

On the most Favorable Terms.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 5th, 1864. jy6-tf

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership in the Banking business heretofore existing between Eugene Kelly of the city of New York, and Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. C. Ralston and Ralph S. Fretz of San Francisco, under the firm name of EUGENE KELLY & CO., New York, and DONOHOE, RALSTON & CO., San Francisco, will cease on the first (1st) day of July, 1864—Eugene Kelly and J. A. Donohoe withdrawing from the copartnership.

The business will be settled in New York by Eugene Kelly, and in San Francisco by Wm. C. Ralston and R. S. Fretz.

Depositors are requested to hand in their books for settlement at the banking-house of Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

EUGENE KELLY,
(Per J. A. Donohoe, Attorney.
J. A. DONOHOE,
W. C. RALSTON,
R. S. FRETZ.

San Francisco, June 13, 1864.

THE Undersigned have formed a copartnership for the transaction of a general Banking and Exchange business, under the firm names of DONOHOE, KELLY & CO., in San Francisco, and EUGENE KELLY & CO., in New York, commencing July 1, 1864. Their Banking House in this city will be at the southeast corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

EUGENE KELLY.
JOSEPH A. DONOHOE.

San Francisco, June 15, 1864. jul8

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsibility of the Company :

Louis McLean,	Lloyd Tevis,
W. C. Ralston,	H. F. Teschemacher,
Frederick Billings,	Geo. H. Howard,
H. Carlton, Jr.,	A.B. Forbes,
Wm. M. Lent,	A. L. Tubbs,
J. G. Kittle,	Jonathan Hunt,
J. B. Thomas,	J. B. Newton,
J. G. Bray,	John O. Earl,
Asa T. Lawton,	S. J. Hensley,
J. Whitney, Jr.,	John Wightman,
Edward Martin,	L. Sachs,
L. B. Benchly,	Jas. DeFremery,
A. Seligman,	J. G. Kellogg,
Wm. Sherman,	G. W. Beaver,
Wm. Alvord,	Elie Lazard,
Charles Mayne,	William Sharon,
Erwin Davis,	Adam Grant,
P. L. Weaver,	Alpheus Bull,
Samuel C. Bigelow,	A G. Stiles,
Herman Michels,	M. P. Jones,
H. L. Dodge,	D. Stern,
H. L. Goldstein,	S. M. Wilson,
H. Haussmann,	D. J. Oliver,
Morton Choesman,	Jabez Howes,
H. M. Newhall,	F. W. Brooks,
W. Norris,	L. Lohmaa, Sacramento.
Edgar Mills, Sacramento.	T. R. Anthony, Stockton.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.	D. W. C. Rico, Marysville.
J. H Jewett, Marysville.	W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)
J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)	

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever ; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds : "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick jy2

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS

IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

FIRST

PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING

HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

REMOVAL.

DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE : STEVENSON HOUSE,

Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Three doors above Montgomery,
my28 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, via San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted :

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST !

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,
Corner Washington and Kearny streets.
my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and

Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,

Of every description. Best quality of

MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,

Together with a complete assortment of

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED!

Peake Medical Institute,

Established by Experienced European Physicians for the certain, safe and permanent cure of all Special Diseases.

Consulting Surgeon, DR. PRATT, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE!

THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

OBSERVE THAT

The Peake Medical Institute will entirely remedy this great evil, by enabling sufferers from various special diseases which are so common on this coast to obtain, with as much certainty as if they were in London or Paris,

SPEEDY, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURES,

from educated, experienced and skilful European Physicians whose knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases is unsurpassed.

Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

MENTAL OR BODILY DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS

Arising from youthful excesses and indiscretions or from neglected and badly treated disease, will be treated at

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

In the most certain and successful manner and in a very short time, by a Surgeon who possesses unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the care of these harassing complaints having been associated with Ricord and other most celebrated surgeons for years, in the largest hospitals of Paris.

Persons who imagine that they are not well or whose strength and vigor is not what it should be, would do well by calling at the Peake Medical Institute (consultations being gratuitous) and getting the opinion and advice of the Surgeon, as in many of these cases the malady is entirely mental, aggravated perhaps, by some disorder of the general health, and a little skilful and kind treatment is all that is wanted to make the patient hearty, robust and happy.

All the after ill effects of special diseases, caused by neglect, bad treatment and mercury, will be speedily and permanently cured at the

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

The sufferer being restored to hearty, strong and robust health.

RHEUMATISM, ULCERS AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

Address:

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 313 *Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

CARRINGTON & CO'S
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture, in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
au6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

JONES, WOOLL & SUTHERLAND,

Manufacturers for the Trade

OF

SQUARE, OVAL AND ARCH-TOP MIRRORS, WINDOW CORNICES, AND PIER TABLES,

Of any Size or Pattern.

PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES

Of all Styles.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Engravings and Artists' Materials.

312 MONTGOMERY STREET.

FACTORY—Market street, between Seventh and Eighth opposite Yerba Buena Park. my28

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

HAVE OPENED WITH

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK

OF

FINE CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.
my28

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

WITH COG WHEELS.

BUY NO OTHER!

This Wringer is warranted in every particular. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and has always taken the First Premium at every State and County Fair, when exhibited in competition with other machines.

No other Wringer has the cog-wheel, without which the rubber on the rolls will get torn, and the strain on the cloth is such as to wear it out.

A liberal discount made to dealers.

WM. FAULKNER & SONS, Agents,
je4 411 Clay street, San Francisco

DINNER SETS.—We have just received,

ex Giscours, several extremely fine

FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

ELEGANT GLASS SETS,

FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

PARIAN STATUARY, ELEGANT VASES, ETC., ETC.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

516 and 518 Sansome street, corner Merchant,
my28 San Francisco.

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,

SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.

OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

jy30-tf

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,
20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
637 CLAY STREET,
my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. ja11-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS

(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

ju11-3m

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Sons's Factory, New York my28

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Headricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

Remember the number, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of THOMAS W. LYLES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of the above-named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, Thomas W. Lyles, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at office No. 6, up stairs, northwest corner Clay and Front streets.

MARCUS A. BRALY,
E. I. WEEKS,
CHAS. A. BRENHAM,
Executors of the estate of Thomas W. Lyles, deceased.
Dated July 22d, A. D. 1864. jy23-5t

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUStice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A.D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOHN GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOHN GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.
Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. jy23-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the petition of JOHN HOGAN, an insolvent debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, JOHN HOGAN, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 22d day of AUGUST, A. D, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his Estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1864.

Seal and stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.
R. F. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner jy23-5t

A LADY WISHES TO EXCHANGE LESsons in French, Music or Painting, for a room and board. Address "E. D. W.," care of W. H. BANCROFT, 609 Montgomery street. an13

SELLING OUT!

TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL GOODS.

WE HAVE

Reduced the Prices

—OF—

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

25 PER CENT.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,

No. 7 Montgomery street.

nu20 tf

ROSENBLATT'S

Palace of Fashion,

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRENCH CORSETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER Valenciennes and Point Lace Collars, Sleeves and Handkerchiefs, French Embroidered Bands, new style Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Russia Leather Bags, Onyx Breastpins and Ear-rings, Jet Chains and Bracelets, Hosiery, Gloves; Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

Which are offered 25 per cent. less than New York Prices, on account of the high premium on gold, at

ROSENBLATTS PALACE OF FASHION,

123 and 125 Montgomery street.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, au20 Sacramento.

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent. au19-3m

NICARAGUA ROUTE RE-OPENED.

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL THAN BY PANAMA ROUTE!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY having renewed their contract with the Nicaraguan Government, which has been duly confirmed by the United States, will REOPEN that favorite route by despatching the fast double-engine steamer

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - - - Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR,

From Mission street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

ON TUESDAY, - - - - - AUGUST 23D,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the magnificent new Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

These Steamers are unsurpassed for speed and comfort. The transit over the Isthmus, from San Juan del Sur to Greytown, affords the traveller a view of the finest tropical scenery in the world, and is a delightful relief from the monotony of the sea voyage.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

au13 Up stairs, San Francisco.

TELEGRAPHIC EXCHANGE

—ON—

NEW YORK,

PAYABLE IN GOLD,

For sale in sums to suit by

au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Admin nu20 *istration of Estates.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Industrial Exhibition, 1864.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WILL BE PREPARED at the Pavilion, on Union Square, to receive goods intended for exhibition, on the 22d of August, and none will be admitted after the 31st. By order of the Committee,

au13-td C. B. PORTER.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1864,

In the afternoon and evening, will appear in Boucicault's thrilling Drama of

Jeanie Deans!

Fairbrother - - - - MR. CHAS. WHEATLEIGH
George Robertson - - - - - - C R Thorne, Jr
Duke of Argyle - - - - - - - D. C. Anderson
David Deans - - - - - - - - Frank Mayo
The Laird - - - - - - - - - W Barry
Jeanie Deans - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders
Effie Deans - - - - - - - Mrs H A Perry
Madge Wildfire - - - - - - Miss Lulu Sweet

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. jy30

EXCHANGE

ON NEW YORK,

In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by

au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.

Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.

English Potted Meats.

Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.

Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.

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French Truffles and Mushrooms.

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English and American Bloaters.

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Mess Mackerel.

Cider Vinegar.

Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.

Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

UNION COLLEGE,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Junction of Second and Bryant streets.

R. TOWNSEND HUDDART,

PRINCIPAL.

THE COLLEGE HAS BEEN ENLARGED DURING THE past year by the erection of a spacious Hall and Recitation Rooms, which have been furnished with Philosophical Apparatus and all those modern improvements that tend to facilitate the progress of Education, as well as to promote the health and comfort of pupils. The other buildings are commodious, the dormitories lofty and well ventilated, and the whole establishment is provided with every suitable accommodation. The grounds for exercise and recreation occupy a 100-vara Lot in one of the healthiest and most desirable parts of the city, near to South Park.

DR. HUDDART

Is assisted by efficient Instructors, who co-operate with him in constant supervision over the education of those entrusted to his care.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES, FRENCH, SPANISH and GERMAN, together with the accomplishments of MUSIC AND DRAWING, are under the best qualified Teachers.

A prospectus containing full information for parents and guardians, can be obtained on application at the College; or at the bookstore of A. ROMAN & CO., or C. Beach, Montgomery street. au6-1m

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE

RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,

au20 General Superintendent.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Sole Owner
Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - Manager
G. T. EVANS - - - - - - Musical Director

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

THE RICHINGS'

English Opera Troupe!

THE BENEFIT

—OF—

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

WILL TAKE PLACE

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,

On which occasion she will appear in her popular role of

"*MARIE*,"

In Donizetti's comic Opera of the

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT,

Supported by the following artists in their respective characters.

Mr. W. J. Hill, as - - - - - - - - - Tonio
Mr E. Seguin, as - - - - - Sergeant Cartouche
Mr. H. C. Peakes, as - - - - - Corporal Lenoir
Mr. P. Richings, as - - - - - - Hortensius
Miss Kate Martin, as - - - - - The Marchioness
Miss J. Aldrich, as - - - - - - - The Duchess

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:

Last night of

MARTHA,

MONDAY EVENING,

First night of a new Comic Opera by Balfe, entitled

DIADESTE; OR, THE VEILED LADY.

In active preparation:

FRA DIAVOLO, MARITANA, and CROWN DIAMONDS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. au20

The Willows.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S

CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

WILSON & ZOYARA'S

Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON

Will exhibit throughout

THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE

During the present season.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputation, enabling the management to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

ELLA ZOYARA,

MLLE. ELOUISE,

And a number of elegant and daring Riders, whilst

MESSRS. ROSS AND CARLO
Head the Acrobatic Corps;

MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;

MESSRS. AYMAR AND WILLIAMS
The Comic Department.

The Ring is under the supervision of MR VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that has ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

SAN FRANCISCO CHORAL SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY will hereafter meet for Rehearsal on

THURSDAY EVENINGS, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

In the Hall of

THE "SAN FRANCISCO VEREIN,"

On the east side of Kearny street, a few doors south of Sacramento street.

☞ MEMBERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. ☜

Parties may become SUBSCRIBING MEMBERS by applying to the Secretary.

By order of the Board of Directors,

au20-2t W. H. DANIELL, Secretary.

HEALTH

AND AMUSEMENT,

COMBINED!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jy23-1m

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A. Roman & Co.,

Are constantly in the receipt, by Steamer,

—OF—

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF THE DAY.

Among those recently received are the following:

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic. By Ik Marvel.

Macaria; a Novel. By the author of "Beulah."

Bridal Eve. By Mrs Southworth;

Self-Sacrifice. By the author of "Margaret Maitland;"

Linnet's Trial; a Tale. By "S. M.," author of "Twice Lost;"

From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.

The Silver Sunbeam; a Practical and Theoretical Text Book on Sun Drawing and Photographic Printing, by Towler;

The Blannerhasset Papers. By Safford;

Phantom Flowers; a Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Illustrated;

Wax Flowers: How to Make Them;

Hotspur; a Novel. By Walworth;

Denise; by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 2 vols.

Patriotism, and other Papers. By T. Starr King;

Parton's Life of Franklin. 2 vols;

Haunted Hearts; by the author of "The Lamplighter."

History of President Lincoln's Administration. By H. J. Raymond;

Darkness and Daylight. By Mrs. Holmes.

☞ We have on hand the largest stock of

Standard, Miscellaneous and Library Books

to be found in this city, embracing every department of

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

417 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET*,

SAN FRANCISCO.

jy30-1m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the

RED BLUFF BOAT

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)

y16-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 14. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 27, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE / 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Suum Cuique.
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THE COUNTESS DIANA—A Translation.
SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.
The Notting Hill Mystery—a serial.
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True Courage.
Mr. Lothario's Apology } Poetry.
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Selected sayings of Wise Men.
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:
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Funny Things that funny men have said.
NEW BOOKS:
Mention of the last New Publications.
DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:
A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage for the Week.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTHINGS.

THE point in regard to which, as a citizen of San Francisco, I am chiefly proud of this metropolis of the North Pacific, is not its rapid growth, nor its great wealth, nor export of treasure, nor its dozen lines of steamers, nor its striking history in the past, nor its brilliant promise for the future, nor its vast encroachments upon the sea, nor its wharves nor its ships, not its theatres nor its churches, nor its silver mining stocks nor its street railroads, but, far above all these, its Mercantile Library. The thirst for the almighty dollar, and the confusion of our unsettled social condition did not avail to prevent the establishment and liberal encouragement of an institution which, at the same time, educates and elevates the people. It was not endowed by a rich man and pressed upon a reluctant people; it was not founded by a few for the benefit of a small class. It was founded by a large number of citizens for the equal benefit of all. Here are 20,000 volumes in a library, the current expenses of which, amounting to $18,000, are borne by 1,500 subscribers. One-tenth of the voters of San Francisco are able and willing to pay $1 per month to the principal public library. If any other city in the world can show as favorable a record as that for every fifteen years of its existence, I would like to see it. It must be remembered, too, that a large portion of the citizens of San Francisco are foreigners who are not very familiar with our language, and that there are three or four other public libraries, beside several circulating libraries.

The following paragraph which I clip from a newspaper suits me so well that I will just adopt it here:

THE BLESSING OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

A great library is of incalculable benefit to any community. It saves infinite waste of time to the thinker, by enabling him to know what has already been thought. It is of greater advantage (and that advantage is of a higher kind) than any seminary of learning, for it supplies the climate and atmosphere, without which good seed is sowed in vain. It is not merely that books are the "precious life-blood of master spirits," and to be prized for what they contain, but they are still more useful for what they prevent. The more a man knows, the less will he be apt to think he knows, the less rash will he be in conclusion, and the less hasty in utterance. It is of great consequence to the minds of most men how they *begin* to think, and many an intellect has been lamed irretrievably, for steady and lofty flight, by toppling out into the helpless void of opinion with wings yet callow. Good books are the enemies of delusion, the most efficient extinguishers of self-conceit. Impersonal, dispassionate, self-possessed, they reason without temper, and forever of the same mind, without obstinacy. The man who has the freedom of a great library, lengthens his own life without the weariness of living; he may include all past generations in his experience without risk of senility; not yet fifty, he may have made himself the cotemporary of "the world's gray fathers;" and with no advantages of birth or person, he may have been admitted to the selectest society of all times and lands.

THE MORAL BENEFITS OF A LIBRARY.

That writer—and his name is unknown to me—dwells chiefly upon the intellectual benefit; but the moral advantages are also great. The man who has acquired a taste for reading—and the more a man reads the more he wants to read—can never be miserable so long as he has books within reach. Our literature has become so extensive in quantity, so varied in quality, and so rich in information, that even the good books have become inexhaustible—that is, no one man can possibly master them all. There is, therefore, always something new, and not only new but important, to be learned; and while a man can learn, his attention is excited, his interest is maintained, his mind is delighted. Why should I ever seek the company of the ignorant or the base—why should I spend my time in idleness or weariness, when a thousand great men are constantly inviting me to sit down with them and listen to the teachings of their experience or the results of their life-long studies? Having once learned to learn, I am protected against all possible misfortunes, and my intellectual development is limited only by the want of leisure for study or of books to read.

ADAM'S CONDUCT IN EATING THE APPLE.

I have on various occasions seen learned disquisitions on what would have been the result if some great event which did happen had not happened: for instance, if Grouchy had arrived at Waterloo before Blucher; or if the Athenians had crushed Sparta in the Peloponnesian war, or if Hannibal had taken Rome when he advanced to its gates. But there is a greater problem than any of these. What would have happened if Adam had refused to eat the other half of the apple? Would he have remained in Paradise, and the human race have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness? Whatever answer might be given to those questions, I cannot but feel grateful to Adam for eating his half. I take it for granted that he understood all the consequences of his act. The common principles of justice require that no punishment shall be inflicted except in accordance with previous notification for an offense expressly prohibited. If the amount of the punishment is not fairly stated, the offender can complain of deception. The Courts cannot inflict a punishment greater than that stated in the law. And we read in Genesis that full notification was given to Adam. In the face of that notification, without any unmanly scolding, without delay or hesitation—with no attempt to dodge his inevitable fate—he composedly took that great bite which decided the fate of humanity through all ages. The heroism of Codrus, Mutius Scevola and Arnold Winkelried sinks into insignificance as compared with that of the great father of the race. Human nature was already pretty well developed. Better woman without Paradise than Paradise without woman. Those were Adam's sentiments. Those are my sentiments. Those are the sentiments of every man that is a man. If Adam's choice were offered to me to-day I verily believe that I have enough of his blood in me to do as he did. I will call my first boy "Adam," and when he gets big enough I well tell him why.

Of course, I accept the story as literally true.

KEINMANN.

THE Paris *Constitutionnel* is responsible for a pleasing tale of Chinese life. He boldly avers that a Yankee was very politely invited by a Chinese merchant to make him a visit at his house, and that the host overwhelmed his guest with the most extravagant hospitality; even providing for him a splendid sort of throne in his best room, and inviting a continual concourse of his friends to pay their respects to the distinguished stranger. The house swarmed from morning till night, with courteous, obsequious and admiring Chinamen, till Brother Jonathan—notwithstanding that just appreciation of his own deserts which is one of the inalienable privileges of every true democrat, began to feel almost abashed by the homage which he received. But, alas! vanity of vanities! as all bright things come to confusion, one day the Yankee, having picked up a rudimentary knowledge of the Chinese tongue, stopped on entering his friend's abode to peruse a magnificent inscription over the door, which he found to run as follows:

Here will be found a real live North American; a species of creature rare in this country. Admission 2 cents, *payable on going out.*

Chinamen are not the only ones who turn their guests to account. Lord Fitznoodle isn't invited out for nothing when he comes to this republican country. In some way or another he is made to earn his victuals.

WINTERING.

I KNOW of a quaint old farmer,
More than threescore years and ten,
With a lighter heart and warmer
Than the most of younger men;
One blithsome and free as the brooklet
That gurgles through the glen.

He rises at the peep of day
With the very earliest bird,
And leads his cows to pasture
With some magical, queer word;
And the scented dew of the clover
Is first by his brisk feet stirred.

He has a child's complexion,
Like delicate tinted wax;
But the limbs are rough and hardy
That shoulder the old axe,
And the hair that drifts o'er his forehead
Is bleached like the threads of flax.

Tho young trees fall a-quiveriug,
Tho chip-pilo grows anew,
Though he says *he* will aever burn them,
Or, if any, very few;
For he knows he will never winter
Another season through.

You may see him in the spring-time,
When the first young violets peep,
Preparing seed for a harvest
For other hands to reap;
For he knows the snows of winter
Will find him fast asleep.

Yon may find him in the summer-day
Before the noontide heat,
With birch and spice-wood leaves, and flowers,
And herries on strings of wheat;
And crowds of children, crazy with joy,
Dancing around his feet

Oh, lightsome, happy, happy hours,
When such a little thing
As strawberries in a birch-bark cup,
Or raspberries on a string,
Shall set the young feet wild with glee,
And the young heart fluttering.

Yon may see him in tho autumn,
When tho hickory-nuts hail down,
And chestnuts open their burry lips
And show their teeth of brown,
Gathering herbs for the sick, or uuts
For the children of the town.

Passing a field of yellow corn
He will heave a little sigh,
And say he thinks *his* husking time
Is very, very nigh,
When the Angel of Death shall take his soul
And throw the old husk by.

I think you will see this good old man
Full ten long years from now,
Just ready to go as soon as the hay
Is gathered in the mow,
Or, at farthest, when the apples
Are shaken from the bough.

Ever wearing the trusting look
Of a little child at prayers;
And when the noiseless messenger
Steals on him unawares,
It will only seem like a toil laid by,
And a dying away of cares.

EMILIE LAWSON.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—One of the most touching and at the same time witty things said by the late Douglas Jerrold we do not remember to have seen before. If it has already received the *imprimatur* it will bear repetition. One evening Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned on epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Charles Knight who was present, handed a piece of paper and a pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper and wrote down two simple words, "Good night!"

MR. LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY.

YOUR coming in last night, my love,
Was something sudden; I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolette;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood, and then you, singing, came
Into the room and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman, very mad!

I liked the dangerous and the regal air
(You bear a Queen's name and a Queen you are,)
With which you donned your Thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star;
'Twas charming in my mistress. But my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a taste of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder-storm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again;
And let your fine-cut eye brows' silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rosebud if you twist it so,)
Give me both hands, that I may say, "Good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart and mind and face
Teach me to love ALL women as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see!
But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul I made believe 'twas you!

HOOD'S HUMOR.

THERE is so much of interest in the writings of Thomas Hood that one needs to read his complete works before he is satisfied to drop his acquaintance with the author. And when at last the delightful task is accomplished, a sigh will escape from the deepest chambers of his heart that one so genial, so kind, so charitable, so sparkling, so humorous in all his life, should have suffered so much from pain, curse, and anxiety while with us, wearing himself out in the prime of life, and to

"The peace and bliss beyond the grave,"

while yet much of the work which he had marked out for himself remained unaccomplished. All who know the poet and author will feel that in his death humanity sustained a great loss; will feel that generations may pass by before we shall have another poet who will sing for us "the Song of the Shirt," the "Bridge of Sighs," the "Lay of the Laborer;" will love to weave wreaths of laurel and forget-me-nots around the monument at Kensal Green; will go up and down the Rhine with more of interest and pleasure from remembering Hood's many books written on the banks of that pleasure-seeking stream; while those who advocate the rights of authors, and believe in the law of copyright, will ever thank him for his *Athenæum* letters.

Hood was not altogether a "funny man." We are apt, only knowing authors from their writings, to form very many ideas in relation to their real characters and feelings. Perhaps you would smile if I should tell you that Hood was a serious man; that his face had a sober, at times almost painful expression; that when his picture was first given to the public there were doubts about its being received as genuine.

Writing to a friend, he says:

"By-the-bye: did I ever tell you of my Italian teacher at Coblenz, and his emetic? He took it over night, but after an hour or so, feeling very comfortable, he began to get very uncomfortable; so he drank a quantity of tea which stayed with the emetic. Still more uncomfortable because he was so comfortable; he then took warm water at intervals, which made him as comfortably uncomfortable as ever. Then, getting a little nervous, he took some wine. No discomfort except the comfort. Then warm water again. Still only mentally uncomfortable, till finally, having spent the night in this manner, he comfortably took his breakfast, which acted, as the sailors say, 'like a *stopper* over all.'"

That was a stomach to delight Franklin; for, as poor Robin says—

"Get what you can,
And what you get, *hold!*"

I wonder none of the quack doctors have got up an infallible nostrum against the sea malady. It would be sure, one would think, of a *sail.* One can almost fancy a little dialogue.

Passenger—"Well, doctor, I have tried your sea-sick remedy."

Doctor—"Well, and how did it *turn out?*"

Having been sick, he writes to a friend:

"Tom and Fanny" (his children) "are quite well; poor, dear things, they are the only comforts I have in my loneliness—namely, by making them sit still because I can't walk about. And that is such a comfort (if you ask the philosophers) to crusty people. My poor legs! I must go and stick them in the sand, as the piles are, to get muscles to 'em!"

It was one of Hood's greatest delights to torment his wife, if that were a possible thing, for she bore all his humor and love for fun with the best of feelings. Among other things, if Mrs. Hood was so thoughtless as to leave a half-finished letter upon her writing-desk, or anywhere outside of a lock and key, Thomas would either finish it for her or interline it until the original sense was sadly perverted. Mrs. Hood commenced a letter to Lieut. De Franck; and leaving it unfinished, Hood wrote as follows:

"Hood will copy at the end the directions to be sent on the box. I am pretty well—much the same as Hood; but my wife is not over-strong, neither is Jane; and Mrs. Hood seems to be no better than she is; but I expect she will mend, and so does Hood. As to Johnny, he is as well as can be expected; but Hood does not expect he shall ever be very strong again, so we must all make the best of it; the editor and all, who seem to sympathize in his ailments with me, Hood and Johnny; but he cannot expect to be better than we are, for he and we have the same complaint, a sort of monthly eruption, which we think is better 'out' than in. My wife, Jane and Mrs. Hood, call it the 'Magazine.' It is a sort of black and white literary wash, of a poisoned nature, affecting the head. As yet none of the children have caught it." To this Mrs. Hood adds:

"What a rigmarole Hood has written during my absence; but you are used to his tricks."

Another letter to De Franck shared a worse fate, for Hood peppered it all through with words of his own, as the following extract will show:

"My Dear Franck—We quite wonder at not hearing from you. I wrote to you at Ham (Hum) very soon after we were settled here, and begged (bagged) you to let us know the source (sauce) for sending you the *Comic* (chronic), also to inquire what fishing (flirting) tackle you wished to have, or if the needles (noodles) would be too late. I repeat all this in case (cake) you may not have received my letter (butter). As you did not write, we began to speculate on the chance of your coming (coursing) over with his Majesty; and on the day of his arrival, and for one or two days after, we expected you to walk in. Hood even saw a Prussian (Parmesan) cloak (maggot) come down the road (mad) and made (snake) sure you were the man in it," etc.

In a letter written in 1843 to the secretaries of the bazaar committee, for the benefit of the Manchester *Athenæum,* Hood writes some very fine things, among others these:

"At the very least my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloons, with their degrading orgies. For the closest associate of Pope and Addison the mind, accustomed to the noble, though silent discourse of Shakspeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slang. We reading animals will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessings that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow. How powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can atone for a meagre diet; rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach, for many months, resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl. My appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous, and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish *table d'hote,* I could still enjoy my 'Peregrine Pickle,' and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head *a la tortue,* or sheep's heart; but I could relish Head *a la Brunnen,* and the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to sentence-fair, like Sancho Panza, by my physician, to a diet in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-Law Commissioners; all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthuses. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine. Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper. Forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then, as to strong beverage, it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk, against the juice of the grape. But, eschewing wine, I had still my Butler; and in the absence of liquor, all the choice of spirits from Tom Brown to Tom Moore. Thus, though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France, Italy, Germany and Spain; the champagne of Moliere, the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. I passed bodily by the fluid that damps everything; I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is equal to the best gruel with rum in it.

"So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils great and small in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart and the temper; bowels that will not roll right; well-laid schemes that will "gang a-glee," and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share. But still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly lightened by a load of books. The manner of this will be best understood by a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats who devoured each other, but it is not generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten; which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human mind, under vexation, is still like that kitten, for it is apt to prey upon itself unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling *History of the Great Plague,* would not be reconciled to a few little ones?"

Thomas Hood was a very interesting and happy writer for children—one of the most difficult of compositions. No author could interest children like the inimitable Hood. He writes thus to a friend of his:

"My Dear May.—How do you do, and how do you like the sea? Not much, perhaps, it's 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer I would carry it all home to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the wights and May-flies. I remember that when I saw the sea it used sometimes to be very fussy and fidgetty, and didn't always wash itself quite clean; but it was always fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? If you want a joke, you might push Dannie into the sea, and then fish for him as they do for a jack. But don't go in yourself, and don't let the baby go in and swim away, although he is the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it that they keep drinking it all day long. Dip your little finger in and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you. The water of the sea is so saline I wonder that people don't catch salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was the first time, and the time before that; and, dear me, how I kicked and screamed, or at least meant to scream; but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. I think I see you being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose into your mouth as you would put a button into a button-hole for fear of getting another smell and taste. By the bye, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry 'Quack?' Some animals can."

While Hood was the editor of a magazine he had a correspondent, Mr. Phillips, who fell from his horse while out riding one day. Hood laughed at him about it, as the following letter will show:

My Dear Phillips.—What the devil do you mean? Have you no concern for the nerves of editors, the nourishment of magazine readers? It may be horse-play to you, but death to us. What business had you in the saddle at all? Have I not said in private sedentary persons never have a good seat? Is it not notorious that authors, from Coleridge down to Pool, are bad riders? And you must go and prove it by being run away with; not by vanity, in a very writer-like way, but by the brute quadruped, never well pick-a-backed by seamen and the literati. Do you want a hole in your head as well as in your lungs? And are you not contented with the neck, crying 'lost, lost,' but you must break your own? Is your head no better than a pumpkin, that you must go pitching on it, and grazing the 'dome of thought and palace of the soul?' I think I see you getting up—not content with expectorating blood—spitting mud? And, plague take you, all through trotting on an earthly roadster, when you might have been soaring so celestially on Pegasus after his feed of 'husks and grain.' Do you really expect, though you die of riding, that you will get an equestrian statue of it at Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, or in front of the new Exchange? Not a bronze pony! Nor will you get a shilling a sheet the more from *Hood's* or *Blackwood's*; no, nor from any of the Sporting Magazines, for going at a gait without hounds or fox! And a father to, with a baby, a boy and a young lad to bring up. And a friend with such friends as a Blair, a Solomons and a Hood, and all the Pratts, to expose himself to be kicked out of such society by a hoof. Oh! Phillipus, you deserve a philippic, and here it is. Seriously, I am glad you escaped, and 'hope that you will not do so any more.' If you must run risks, do it on two legs, and at a walk. For such invalids a damp clothes-horse is danger enough. Or, if you must go pick-a-back, get acquainted with some sheriff that can lend you a quiet nag."

In his letters on copyright and copy-wrong, Hood seems to have concentrated all his powers of wit, sarcasm, comment and force of utterance, until the thoughts burn into our feelings like solar rays beneath a lens. He says:

"If I have dwelt on the death of state patronage, public employments, honors and endowments, (for literary men,) it was principally to correct a vulgar error not noticed by Sir Thomas Brown—namely, that poets and their kind are 'marigold in the sun's eye,' the world's favorite and pet children, whereas they are in reality its snubbed ones. It was to show that literature, neglected by the Government, and unprotected by the law, was placed in a false position, whereby its professors present such anomalous phenomena as high priests of knowledge without a surplus; enlarged minds in the King's Bench; school-magistrates obliged to be abroad; great scholars without a knife and fork and spoon; master minds at journey-work; moral magistrates greatly underpaid; immortals without a living; menders of the human heart breaking their own; mighty intellects begrudged their mite; great wits jumping into nothing good; ornaments to their country put on the shelf; constellations of genius under a cloud; eminent pens quite stumped up; great lights of the age with a thief in them; prophets to booksellers. My ink almost blushes from black to red whilst marking such associations of the Divine One with the earthly. But methinks 'tis the metal of one of their scales in which we are weighed and found wanting. Poverty is the badge of all our tribe, and its reproach."

In these days of fashionable extravagance, when the ladies of our country are thinking about giving up their silks and their diamonds that our poor soldiers may be comfortably provided for, it may be of interest to some to learn what Hood says about the matter.

"They (authors) do not dress fashionably; for if they could afford it they know better, in a race for immortal fame, than to be *outsiders.* Some, it has been alleged, have run through their estates, which might have been easily traversed at a walk, and one and all have neglected to save half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

"The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs are unceremoniously worked up to furnish matter for their bold biographers. Accordingly, as soon as an author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian *post-mortem* trial, or rather a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a judge of assize, a commissioner of bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone collector, a parish clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyze and appraise all the particulars of the birth, parentage and education, life, character and behavior, breeding, accomplishments, opinions and literary performances of the departed.

"Secret drawers are searched; private and confidential letters are published; manuscripts intended for the fire are set in type; tavern bills and washing bills are compared with their receipts; copies of writs re-copied; inventories taken of effects; wardrobes ticketed off by the tailor's accounts; by-gone toys of youth, billet-doux, snuff-boxes, canes exhibited; discarded hobby-horses are trotted out; perhaps even a dissecting surgeon is called to draw up a minute state of the corpse and its viscera. In short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoirs.

"Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration; for example, who will dare say that we do not know at this very hour more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself?"

TRUE COURAGE.

"NO, it is not all remarkable, my dear. A man of Alan's make is not easily content to stand idly by and watch others striving for fame without having a share in the race or in the spoils."

"Oh, do you think that his motive?"

"Not altogether, perhaps; he has fine traits, fine ability—Alan's well-fitted to succeed. Pity he married so early, great pity—his wife was not of the right stamp. Hand me the grapes, dear. Where's Gracie?"

"In the library with Alan; he came to borrow a book for his mother. I like that devotion of his; he thinks no woman in the world her equal."

"What all sons ought to believe faithfully."

"I wish Grace would keep some of her high-flown ideas a little in check. I am sure she is talking with all her might to Alan, and he has been excited enough ever since he came back. Have you noticed how moody and absorbed he is?"

"That is because his mind is not fully decided. Then, too, those three months unsettled his business arrangements."

"These grapes are very fine. Charles, do you think Alan has any idea of asking us for Gracie?"

There was a slight shrug, a half-anxious smile on the paternal visage as Mr. Redwood responded:

"How can I tell, my love? Stranger things have happened."

"Fancy Grace a stepmother! I should not like it at all."

"Ah, it would come home to us!" said Mr. Redwood, smiling. "No, I have no wish, either, to be an antiquated grand parent quite so suddenly. Besides, Gracie would grace a fortune which Alan could not give her."

"Oh, as for that, if they loved each other—"

"The woman will out," interrupted Mr. Redwood; "all for love, without a thought of the needful lucre."

"Yes; I have not improved since my youthful days," said the wife, demurely.

It was getting dusky in the luxurious parlor: "shadows from the fitful fire-light" were already dancing on the wall. With twilight comes that dreamy lingering over the past; joys and sorrows are seen through a mellow mist of indistinctness; and so sat Mr. Redwood and his wife, quite forgetful of the present, talking over old and happy days which the wife's light allusion had recalled; forgetful, too, of the two younger people who, not far off, were quite as pleasantly employed.

The golden autumnal sunset deepening to crimson was slanting in the library windows, which, open to the ground, gave glimpses of garden paths brownly matted with fallen leaves. The faint breath of asters, purple and pink, white and yellow, came in with the freshening air. Far off, the hills now darkening, at mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

At a door of the book-cases stood Grace, her slight, small stature looking slighter and smaller for the athlete beside her, whose brown face was intent upon a book as he listened to her rapid, forceful words. Her face was full of *verve*, life, activity; even her delicate fingers were busy, and the dark wool with its bright border was fast being fashioned into something wearable.

"Oh, Alan," she was saying, "it makes me impatient to hear people sighing over the times! I think this a grand age, a noble era, when Good and Evil have met, like knights of old to test the prowess of their followers. Who can doubt the final triumph? Good must win: this we all believe."

Her companion assented silently, not caring to check her flow of thought; and she went on, her whole face lighting, her proudly curved lips enunciating every word with a clearness which was musical, like the swift fall of nuts on a still day in the woods.

"If our ancestors could have been gifted with prescience, I really think they would have been glad to know that this day was coming; not for the bitter strife nor for the bloodshed, but for the grandeur of a people rising in their might to redeem their country from treachery and error. My ancestors, you know"—and the little pride of ancient did not mar the sweet smile which rose—"were of the best blood; and as I look at Rufus, I often think my brother a fit representative of a noble race. But had he shirked his duty at such a time, had he not been so nobly eager for the fray with so earnest a purpose. I could hardly have hidden my scorn."

Alan glanced up quickly as if stung; unconsciously Grace netted on briskly, her eyes now on her work. There was a little tinge of sarcasm in Alan's tone, as he replied—"You then would be like the one, Grace, who, when

> 'Home they brought her warrior dead,
> She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.'"

A shadow crept over Grace's brow, which, in animation, had kept true time to her words.

"I don't know—it is a glorious death," she said, very gently and slowly, Alan's face changing its expression as she spoke. "I should not regret that he had chosen it; but, Alan, you remember that at last—

> 'Like summer tempest came her tears.'"

"And even now I see a glistening drop. Dear Grace, forgive me—I was cruel; but—I don't know whether you meant it or not; yet your words seem to reflect on my actions."

The glistening drop was swept instantly away.

"I know you better, Alan. I am sure you told me that you wanted to go—that you would go."

"But—"

"There must be no *but* in the way, Alan. Don't you know that this is a recruiting station? I have induced a number of enlistments."

For all her playfulness her companion still looked serious; he began too to stride slowly up and down the room with the forgotten book in his hands. Grace looked admiringly at his strong, manly frame; of all her *preux chevaliers* Alan was her chosen one for dauntless courage and resolve. She longed to see him still more her hero.

"You told me, Alan, that it would be no very difficult work for you to raise a regiment; and you know with what *élan* men would fight under the command of one so nobly fitted to lead them."

The praise was so gently offered, with such persuasiveness, that Alan could not resist it. He stopped in his walk, and faced the winning demoiselle.

"Grace, do you really think all duties subservient to this of fighting for one's country?"

"Certainly, Alan," answered the enthusiast.

"Can you imagine nothing which demands a man's life and honor quite as much?"

"Not at this time."

Alan again walked the floor, speaking as he did so.

"I am so nearly of your mind, Grace, that I cannot conscientiously argue for the other side. Besides——— Oh, I *must* go! I believe, as you say, that I can have some little influence; and certainly I owe my share of toil and hardship and danger. I long for it; God knows it is not a craven spirit which has made me hesitate."

He was roused from his moody quietude; but Grace did not quail at the fire she had evoked. More than ever she admired him. Suddenly he turned and said: "My motherless children, Grace, who can I leave them with? My mother is too old to be burdened with the care of them, and if I die—"

Swiftly two hands grasped his in their firm but velvet touch, and an eager face looked up at him.

"Leave them with me, Alan."

"You, Grace, you?"

"Do you doubt my ability?"

"Are you willing to be a stepmother, Grace?"

"Oh, Alan!"—and the hands relaxed their hold, but did not fall, for now Alan had them fast and close—"I did not mean *that*."

"Of course not, Gracie; but that is what it amounts to. Do not struggle so; your fingers have a way of restlessness that is not good for them—they will be hurt. Now you must listen. You have told me my duty, let me tell you yours. I want some one to bid me go forth and win fame as well as fight bravely. I want some one to be thinking of me, and praying for me while I am gone. Yes, I am just so selfish; and I want that person to be one whom I love better than any one in this world or any other."

"Hush, Alan! you forget you ever had a wife."

"Indeed not, Grace; I remember that four years I was bound to one who loved me not so much as the poodle she petted in her arms—one who, though dead, I dare to say was not a true woman. Never let her name again come between us, Grace. Silence only can heal such painful memories. Grace, are you too proud to be a poor man's wife?" Alan asked, softly, as she stood with eyes cast down and wrists still turning uneasily.

"No, Alan, nor—a stepmother, if in this way I can aid the good cause," she answered, with a half smile.

"But, Grace, is your love to be the guerdon for only my soldier career?"

"I shall be so proud, Alan, if it can be."

Only half satisfied, he drew her nearer, nearer. Nor did she shrink away timidly. The spirit of old romance and days of chivalry shone in the eyes of her clear eyes. His kisses fell softly on her brow, "royal with the truth," and, as in a dream, they stood silently watching the darkening garden paths, not heeding the growing chilliness of the air, or the dead leaves which fluttered in at their feet.

"Now, mother mine, you know all. How does it please you?" said Alan, drawing his chair close to the one where sat in rather stately uprightness an old lady, who for nobility of feature matched the one beside her. But the older voice trembled, the older eyes were dimmer and looked farther back than forward.

"Alan, dear, you know that I love Grace, and that I long to see you happy with one so well fitted to render your home all that you wish; yet the compact does not please me."

"What compact, mother?"

"It is evident that Grace wishes you to go to the war."

"Certainly, she spurs me on to what I most desire."

"Have you told her how you are situated?"

A darkening shade gathered over Alan's face as he replied, somewhat impetuously, "Why should I? She thinks as I do, that nothing so much demands a man's life and honor as his country."

"Alan, 'they also serve who stand and wait.'"

The storm had been brooding all the afternoon; now it broke angrily; the words came like dashing, driving rain.

"Not those of brawny muscle, and each nerve strung for action—not men born to do and dare, to lead and fight and conquer. Mother, why have you so long combated me? I have no right to refuse this second call. Had the women of the Revolution your spirit where would we have been now? Did they not urge on their sons and husbands? Look! I am a soldier, every inch of me. Military science has been my passion for years. I have influence. I can go into the ranks with twice the power of ordinary men. My example has some weight, and the cause could not be nobler. Why do you persist in opposing me?"

"Because, Alan,"—and the fragile form grew more erect, the dim eye calmer, steadier than ever in its gaze upon her excited son—"because God's hand points to a different path for you. My son, listen patiently to me. Years ago, you spurned my advice, and rushed on recklessly to sorrow—rushed on to that which now is hindering you at every step. Listen. Alan, my son, God blessed you with many gifts, with health, strength and intellect. Life began for you very auspiciously; but you remember, dear, how rashly, from one imprudence to another, beginning with your loveless marriage, from one extravagance to another, you went blindly forward—not blindly either, but wilfully—until you were so involved that there was but one course for you to pursue, if ever your errors were to be redeemed. Nobly you paused, and determined to begin anew; unselfishly you bowed to your burden; and; my son, you have so far retrieved the past as to convince all that your honor is above reproach. But, Alan, all is not yet accomplished; your debts are yet heavy; it will take years of hard work for you to redeem your obligations; and the penalty though severe, is just. Wilful rashness and folly led you to assume them; wilful determination to do your duty must rid you of them. I know you will cry out at me, but, believe me, it is *your* duty to stay at home and work. The principle is just as imperative as the country's need, though less heroic in the world's view."

"And what if all men and all mothers should think as you?" asked Alan, whose head was bowed between his hands.

"Each must decide for himself, Alan. The time may come, the peril be so great that I should say even to you, Go! but it has not yet; men and treasure are pouring forth. Then, Alan, your children, God gave them to you. My life is not worth much; do they not need you to guide them, to support and educate them?"

There was no answer, only a smothered groan.

The mother's heart overflowed, tears streamed down her aged cheeks as she rose and drew Alan's head down on her shoulder.

"Alan, my boy, do not grieve; God's way is the best always. I honor your patriotism. I share it, darling! You have forgotten that I sent your brother, who even now may be suffering or dead."

"Mother, I am a brute! I don't ask you to forgive me. I acknowledge that ambition had blinded me; my motive was not the purest patriotism."

"Hush, Alan! you do yourself injustice. I know your brave, proud spirit; but, darling, you see which way lies your path, do you not? Even to-day a letter from your uncle speaks of a position soon at your command, in which, with your youth and energy, you may sooner than you think be untrammelled."

There was utter silence. The storm had quieted. Alan's face was stern and pale; but as he rose to leave the room he bent for a moment over the chair which his mother had again resumed. The look and gentle caress which accompanied it assured the victory.

Grace was skimming down stairs to the blithe tripping notes of "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" as Alan stalked in the hall the following morning; but she stopped suddenly with a vivid blush as she met his dark eyes and quiet salutation. She had involuntarily expected a little more ardor from her lover; but though they found the library unoccupied, Alan still maintained his cool gravity, not so much as offering to kiss her dainty little hand, where gleamed his own seal ring, with its crest and motto of "*Au vrai courage, rien impossible.*" Alan broke silence, however, at once.

"Grace, I have come to release you from yesterday's promise, to ask your pardon for my rashness."

He seemed to think a quick plunge better than any slower procedure. Grace looked steadily and silently up at him, unprepared and incredulous, waiting for a fuller meaning of his words. His task was not easy; the very presence of the little Joan d'Arc, as he had often called her, made it hard for him to quell the aim which for months had been tightening its power.

"Reasons which have restrained me this long fled while in your persuasive presence yesterday, Grace, and I told you that which I ought not to have done—a share of the perils and glories of our time is not for me, nor the guerdon which you promised; since I cannot fight I cannot claim the reward."

Slowly, rather bitterly he spoke. Slowly, rather sadly she replied:

"'*Au vrai courage, rien impossible,*'" slipping off the ring as she quoted its motto. The bauble fell with a tinkle on the hearth. Alan stooped to pick it up, his eyes flashing, the veins in his temples swelling. Did she mean to taunt him; was it not enough that he was enduring the sacrifice of his great desire without this added pain?

He was hurt, angry and proud. Swiftly reviewing the past, as his mother had done, in a few words to Grace he explained himself, she listening with downcast eyes. Hurriedly he went on, not defending himself, not arguing his case, merely telling her what he thought she had the right to know. Then he rose, and very gracefully, with manly earnestness and feeling, thanked Grace for her willingness to share his duties, relinquishing at the same time her cherished hope which for a few short hours had made him a happy man.

It was a dark, lowering day, and the wind was rising. The library seemed to grow darker the air chillier. Grace shivered a little. In her eyes was an absent, dreary, disappointed expression. She was looking down still, and her hands were clasped listlessly before her. Again she murmured "*Au vrai courage, rien impossible.*" Again Alan's eyes flashed, but his voice was calm and low. Though a conquerer, he was wounded, but nothing now could make him flinch from his determination.

"What is *vrai courage*, Grace?"

She looked up at him. "I was thinking, Alan."

Her voice was so sweet and sad that the thought of her taunting him seemed an ignoble suspicion. Eager words were rising to his lips, but he paused as he saw the absent, pained expression fading from her eyes and a clearer light dawning under the fringed lids. She was so beautiful, and he so loved her, that for one moment he longed to say, "Grace, honor, duty, life itself is at your disposal. Command what you will, I obey;" but the man in him was too strong, too vital for that.

"No," he thought, "I can give her up too. I have done it—the struggle is over; cost what it may, duty shall win."

Grace stood still with clasped hands, but the little fingers were no longer listless; her proud little head was poised dauntlessly as she spoke:

"Yes, Alan, I was thinking over that motto; for once the man who bears it on his shield proves it in his life."

Alan started. Had he heard aright? Was he in his sane, sober senses?

Still, with the same *verve* in face and speech as on the previous day, she went on:

"Courage to deny yourself fame and honor, courage to choose the humbler duty, and courage to give up what seemed to be dear to you"—blushing exquisitely and modestly as she spoke so of herself—"that is *vrai courage*. I honor you, Alan, for possessing it as much as I do the soldier who bleeds for our country."

Alan's voice for a moment could not find steady utterance; his stern resolve and self-denial, with the forlorn prospect of a loveless life before him, had so fixed themselves in his mind that he looked at Grace mentally as one does actually at strong sunshine after being in the dark; but her earnest admiration and glance of warm regard brought him quickly to her side.

"What, Grace, is it true? Can you, then, love me, though not your warrior hero?"

For all answer she let his arms encircle her and buried her face in his bosom.

MATHEWS' attendant in his last illness intended to give the patient some medicine, but, a few moments after, it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the vial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed: "Good Heavens! Mathews, I have given you ink!" "Never—never mind, my boy—never mind," said Mathews, faintly; "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper." This was the last joke Mathews ever made.

MY DIVINITY.

SOME deity see in stars, some in the moon,
Some azure skies adore, or rising sun;
But I, more infidel than these—or wise—
Worship alone thy Orient eyes.

Naught see I more divine: to wood, and stone,
And graven image I forego to kneel;
The redness of thy lips waylaying prayer,
I can but falter, "Thou art fair!"

The silken tresses of thy hair enfold,
Like raven wings, the whiteness of thy breast;
Pearl tint and jet deliciously combine,
To decorate my living shrine.

And when thy voice melodiously tunes
Itself to speech, and I the music hear,
My heart so thrills with rapture that I swoon,
Losing the dulcet strain too soon.

Statues of marble, god and goddess wrought,
Half seen, half hid, through art's seductive doors,
Invite approaches with immortal charms—
I fly repellent to thy arms.

Diviner things may be, more high, more pure—
The glory of their presence is not mine;
Thou art of Deity all that form can take,
And I—am Pagan for thy sake.

Condemn me not for sacrilege, because
The fairest thing I see I deem divine;
Faith, like a rising feather backward blown,
Is reconciled to thee alone.

Witless of art, therefore unborn to shame,
I do not blush to stand, clean-limbed and strong,
Before thy presence, deeming all things meet
That God has called complete.

Like savage lord of a barbaric isle,
Ignorant and careless of occult design,
Nature is to my sense an open sea
Whose currents culminate in thee.

Richer, sweeter, nearer and dearer are
Phrases I know not of, nor wish to learn;
Clasping thy alabaster waist, I swing
The world round, daring everything!

Strewn upon western sunbeams' purple tints,
Bridals, and vows, and rings, like planet stars,
Sparkle along the Night's dream-born abyss,
Melting my orison into a kiss.

W. A. KENDALL.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XXIII.

I KNOW not how long I remained in this state. Lost in strange dreams, I was suddenly aroused by a burning sensation on my neck; I opened my eyes, it was almost dark, and I saw that I was alone with M. de Maufert. He held in his hand Diana's locket.

"Where did you get this trinket?" said he with a quivering voice.

Scarcely recovered from my stupor, I hardly understood him, and only murmured an answer.

"Oh," said he, "this is no time for falsifications. Answer me, if you are not a coward! This is a pledge, is it not? A pledge of that sublime love which saved you from madness? She gave it you—she is doubtless your mistress."

At this insult I sprang up, and we were face to face, but I had enough command over myself to restrain my wrath.

"I pity you," said I to him; "your insults cannot reach her!"

He struck at me, but I did not move, and, looking him full in the face, "Well, kill me," said I, calmly; "you will then inherit all."

His contracted countenance became livid; an oath fell from his lips like the howl of a wild beast; but suddenly he walked towards the window, opened it, and seemed to inhale the cool night air, as if he were suffocated by his anger.

I waited, immobile and silent. When my guardian turned towards me every trace of emotion had left his face.

"We will converse now," said he, with terrible calmness.

I did not speak.

"This locket, sir," continued he, "belongs to my wife. I suppose I may be permitted to ask by what strange chance I found it here around your neck."

"She lost it, sir; I found it and I kept it."

"That is very sentimental," said he, ironically; "but however ethereal this love may be, my honor suffers—"

"Your honor!" exclaimed I.

"You adore her; she has told you that she loves you, and I am jealous."

A terrible light broke on my mind. I remembered all.

"Do you want witnesses to your words? Oh, your enthusiasm was beautiful, and the most unsuspecting husband could not be deluded."

I listened, completely terrified; I thought of the unhappiness hanging over Diana's head.

"Ah, you are silent!" continued M. de Maufert.

There came to me an inspiration from heaven. "What are you telling me, sir?" said I, with a forced laugh. "Don't you know that I am mad, and that I imagine all sorts of things in my delirium? Oh, what a charming story! My godmother in love with me, and confessing it."

And I laughed and laughed; and the torture nearly killed me.

"So you lied?"

"Stop there!" said I, feigning rage. "That word is not for a gentleman. I will have satisfaction for that before the Court. And when I have killed you, my godmother will marry the king, and I will marry the queen whom I have loved ever since the day she gave me her golden veil. You will find the story of our loves told in the book of Wolfgang von Hartzfeld of Thuringia, two volumes of which are in my library. There is the truth."

While this horrible comedy was going on, my blood was freezing. I thought of Diana, betrayed and denounced by me, abandoned without defense to the cruelties of this implacable master. My guardian watched me closely and a smile curled his lips.

"So you confess that you are mad?" said he to me.

"Make a distinction; I am mad to you and those like you; but it is all the same to me; she, whom I love, can appreciate my wisdom."

At this moment Granger entered the room with Dr. Delatre. I could not help blushing. The Count uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Come now, my dear Granger, here is your client who pleads madness himself, and I believe upon my soul, that he will demand the privilege of signing this *proces-verbal* which has given you so much trouble."

I saw that I was condemned; I felt an indescribable sinking feeling, but more than ever was it necessary to save Diana.

"I am ready to sign," said I, with animation, "if you in exchange will give your consent to my marriage with the queen?"

The lawyer started back in astonishment.

"Ah, you do not know about it yet?" continued my guardian. My ward is the lover of a queen of Thuringia, who gave him her golden veil—"

"Do not speak so loud; she is there," said I, pointing to the bed; "she sleeps."

"Well, well, that is understood; you shall marry her, *corbleu!* Bring in the *proces-verbal*, Granger."

"Take care, Count," said my old friend, gravely, "there is foul play here."

"*Tudieu!* you are zealous, *mon cher*," replied M. de Maufert, dryly. Arrange it between you and him and the faculty. I wash my hands of it."

The doctor examined me attentively; he requested to be left alone with me. I penetrated his object; I became alarmed. I was frightened.

"No, no," I exclaimed, "you have decided. Go away."

"Gentlemen, be careful," said my guardian; "we might awaken the queen; let us retire. We have, besides, a final arrangement to make."

Granger insisted; I became enraged. And insulted him grossly; my guardian laughed. At last, they left the room.

Left alone, I no longer thought of my own disaster, but of Diana, of her despair, and desolate prospects. If my guardian should no longer believe in my madness, now that his suspicions were roused? if he should exercise some dreadful revenge? And it was I who had caused it all. I searched for some way to succor her: there was none. She was alone, without family, without any defender, except myself: on all sides I touched against the impossible. Crime alone was left to me. He dead, she was saved.

It was almost night. Immobile and broken down by the weight of my sorrows, I tried to convince myself that my feigned madness had removed the suspicions of the Count, when a hand was placed on my shoulder. At the touch of the hand I knew it was *he*. I turned around, as haggard as if surprised in the accomplishment of the bloody work.

"Oh, a truce to your madness!" said he, coldly. "We are alone, and I have no longer an excuse to listen to your romantic falsehoods. Wait for another attack; you will act the madman better. Now we have another affair to settle about my wife, whom it does not please me to see you love."

"I am at your orders, sir," replied I, comprehending that he wished for satisfaction.

"*Parbleu!* I count on that. We will leave for Germany to-morrow morning. It is useless to return to the chatean; your friend Granger will entertain you; be ready at 8 o'clock."

"Very well, sir. I will be ready."

He bowed to me, and went out.

I was overcome by my great joy; his provocation saved me from myself: he offered himself to my blows. I would have him at the end of my sword, face to face, in open day, and I could kill him without remorse. I threw myself on my knees and thanked God for His goodness.

It was necessary to explain every thing to Diana. My guardian was doubtless already on the road to Maufert, but with *Ralph*, and by taking the short-cuts, it would be very easy to gain half an hour on the Count who was in a carriage, and so would be obliged to make a long detour to cross the bridge over the Semoy river, while I could ford it. I ran to the stable; my horse was still there. I saddled him in five minutes, regardless of Granger's anxiety, which increased rapidly at my agitation.

"My friend," exclaimed I, "observe me well; you see that more than ever I have my senses; but after the imprudent words that escaped me while laboring under great mental excitement, he will perhaps kill her—"

"Ah, my child!" said he "may God preserve you!"

I dashed through the streets at a gallop, endangering the lives of the foot passengers. At last I reached the high-road, and, giving rein to *Ralph*, abandoned myself to his instincts. Through the darkness from time to time lights gleamed, and some farm wagons barred my road. My horse ran against a man; he fell. I jumped over the body; I heard the cries of the wagoners, but did not stop. My lugubrious presentiments grew upon me. A minute's delay and Diana was lost. I must make her decide to fly, to hide herself, until my sword should deliver her from her tyrant. Without doubt M. de Maufert had already prepared some horrible conspiracy in which to entangle her and prolong her misery.

I passed Thilay. After finding the Semoy, it was but a quarter of an hour's ride to Maufert. Already through the darkness I thought I saw the bank, when I suddenly checked my horse; the river, swollen by the late rains, had overflowed its banks. For a moment I was overcome by an indescribable despair. To retrace my steps, and regain the high-road was, to compromise the last chance of success. At the risk of my life, I must arrive in time. I recommended my soul to God, and pushed forward to the gulf, resolved to swim my horse across. *Ralph* resisted, trembling with fright. I thrust my spurs deep in his sides. After the first few steps, he lost his footing and was swept down by the current. I encouraged him with my voice; in the midst of the tumult, one could almost believe that he comprehended my terrors. I upheld with a firm hand his nostrils out of the current but the bubbling up of the raging waters blinded him; sometimes I saw him falter, and thus we went shipwrecked into the darkness. For six minutes that seemed a century, we fought against a thousand deaths. At last I saw rising in front of me, the trees on the other bank; but *Ralph* was worn out, the death rattle was in his throat. Suddenly his head sank under the water; no longer any hope. I uttered a cry of distress; I sprang into the water to help sustain him; he breathed, but, incommoded by my clothes, I feared that I would be powerless to lead him in this state to the shore, when, as by a miracle, my feet touched the ground. We were out of danger.

Once at the top of the bank I let my poor *Ralph* rest; his knees shook under him, and he was incapable of carrying me to Maufert. To abandon him was to leave him to certain death. I dragged him by the bridle for some hundred yards; little by little his noble and generous ardor revived: I jumped in the saddle and rode on.

Luckily I had the key of the park gate, which saved me a long detour. I went quickly to the stable, and confided *Ralph* to one of my servants. Through the black night, I hastened towards the chateau; no light in the *salon*, no light from the windows of Diana's room, no sound but the whistling of the wind, which rolled great opaque clouds across the sky and wailed through the foliage. I entered the vestibule; it was deserted. I called—no one answered me. With a sinking heart, I ran to the servant's hall; a few servants were still there. At seeing me they could not hide a movement of fear. Catherine, Diana's maid, was in their midst; she came towards me—

"My godmother?" said I to her.

"She is gone, sir," replied she, astonished.

"Gone? When?—where has she gone?"

"Why, she has gone to meet you, Baron. Have you not seen her?"

"She has gone to meet me?"

"Yes, she left immediately after receiving a letter from the Count, which said that an accident had befallen you."

I divined a snare.

"Catherine, explain everything to me. You love your mistress—I fear some misfortune—"

"That is all I know, sir," replied she, much affected. "About 5 o'clock, Martin returned from Montherme with a note for the Countess, and one for M. Placide, who had orders to accompany her. The Countess found the coupé harnessed by M. Placide, who would not have the coachman, but mounted the box himself, and drove off. When you came we were very uneasy—"

"Placide said nothing?"

"Nothing; only Martin hinted that they would not return to night; perhaps not to-morrow—"

Leaving Maufert at 5 o'clock, Diana would be at Montherme at 7—and I did not leave Granger's house till after 9. Everything showed that she had already fallen in the net spread by the Count. The penetrating perfidy of M. de Maufert had foreseen all. In the paroxysm of my sorrow I had but one idea. Catherine, as pale as I, questioned me through her tears.

"Where is Bastien?" said I to her.

"He ought to be at home," murmured she, blushing.

"My good Catherine, run this instant and find him, and tell him to come here, while I change my clothes, and saddle the horses."

"But, sir, if I am seen by any of the villagers at his door at this time of night?"

"I swear to you that it is to save your mistress. Every minute's delay exposes her life—"

"Oh, sir, I fly!"

She ran off. I went quickly up stairs; I was almost

frozen, and the perspiration rolled in great drops off my brow. Fritz was asleep; I did not arouse him. In an instant I had on a dry suit of clothes. I filled my pockets with all the gold I possessed; I chose pistols at random from my collection, and returned to the stable. My poor *Ralph* lay dying in his stall; at my caresses he raised his drooping head and fell back dead. I awoke one of the hostlers and ordered him to bring my tilbury out of the coach-house. Then I took out my fastest horse; I commenced to put the harness on him, when I saw that the hostler had not stirred. I thought that he had gone to sleep again, and I went to shake him up. I saw his eyes were wide open.

"Did you not hear me?" said I to him. "Oh, yes, sir," replied he: "but it is not worth while to take the trouble to bring out all those things, as it is forbidden for you to have a horse."

"Impudent rascal!" I exclaimed; "obey me or—"

"It is impossible, sir; the Count would dismiss me—"

I was not in the humor to talk; I took up a heavy riding whip.

"Now, get up!" said I, my lips quivering.

He did not dare resist, and dressed himself, calling to another sleeping at the other end of the stable: "O, Peter! don't you hear?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I am coming."

I finished harnessing the horse, but at the moment that I was buckling the last strap the two grooms placed themselves in front of me, each with a pitchfork in his hand.

"Baron," said the one I had threatened insolently, "we cannot let our horses go out."

"This one is mine," replied I, and I will take it."

"I beg of you, sir, do not place us in a false position," said Peter; "this is not reasonable, since we have our orders, and are two against you."

"Well! and we are two, also!" said a voice behind them.

I recognized Baston, who finding the door open, entered at the sound of an altercation.

"Here, now, down with the pitchforks!" continued the smuggler, whose vigor and resolute character were well known in the country.

I showed my pistol at the same time. At this sight the men drew back.

"You will make us lose our places, Bastien," said one of them.

"That is a misfortune, and I am sorry for it; but it seems that it must be so. M. André's business before all!"

He took a lantern and led the horse by the bridle. "It is I who took the animal," added he; "if the Count gets mad send him to me. And now, friends, keep quiet, or let him who draws attention to us beware."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BALFE'S *Diadeste, or the Veiled Lady*, was produced for the first time in California, at the Academy, on Monday night. The music without being strongly marked is pretty and pleasing, and its theme, "Diadeste, charming game," which recurs continually through the opera, is a very charming duet. The heroine, "Celina," (Miss Richings,) is the wife of the "Marquis Maufredi" (Mr. Hill,) who, through jealousy, causes her to wear a veil when she goes abroad—as though such a flimsy precaution could possibly avail a jealous husband. At mass one morning Celina is seen by one "Count Steno," (Mr. Seguin) a very proper sort of a man, but betrothed to a lady, the "Countess Arnalfi," (Miss Martin.) He has never seen the Countess; but in a country where all women are supposed to be pretty, that doesn't matter much. Steno falls in love with Celina, veil and all, without seeing her face. It so happens that Celina and Steno's betrothed are boson. friends, and they plot a surprise and punishment for both the indifferent lover and the jealous husband. Celina invcigles the Marquis into a little game called "Diadeste," something like the modern "philopeua," and in the course of this game goes a sort of blind—shall we say a Venetian blind—on the husband who veiled her. It is promised to Count Steno that if his discretion equal his valor he shall meet the veiled lady. And he is permitted to meet *a* veiled lady, but it is the Countess Arnalfi, not Celina. Count Steno gets down on his knees and makes a fool of himself, as most spoony men do. The Marquis happens along, and the Count is stowed away in a closet as though he were a china ornament; the Marquis smells a rat and "suspicions" a man about the premises: he storms and tears his wig and demands the key of the closet. After teasing him a little while by a pretended hesitation Celina gives it him, and in giving it philopenes him, or wins the "Diadeste." The Marquis then begins to think he has been foolish, and is willing to compromise by paying the forfeit, (500 ducats,) abandoning his former belief about there being a man behind the arras. He is somewhat puzzled when his wife produces one from the closet. It is now time for the Countess Arnalfi to have a voice in the discussion, and she comes in, repeating to Count Steno some of the nonsense he had uttered in their interview. An explanation and recognition follows, everybody is satisfied, all join in singing "Diadeste, charming game," and the opera ends. Mr. Peakes, as the black servant "Zambo," had an inconsiderable *role*, and Miss Kempton's part of "Ursula" was nearly as unimportant, the contralto having little to do except to look pretty; the costumes and properties were good, and the acting excellent. On the other evenings of the week the Academy has given us *The Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Linda* and *Norma;* in *Linda*, on Weduesday evening, Miss Richings was in most excellent voice, and delighted her audience even beyond her usual power of pleasing. *The Doctor of Alcantara* is on the programme for to-night. Auber's opera of *Fra Diavalo* is announced for Tuesday evening. *Maritana*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Crown Diamonds* are in lively preparation, and will soon be produced. A complimentary benefit to Mr. Peter Richings comes off at the Academy on Monday evening. Let it be a benefit; both as manager and actor, Mr. Richings deserves a hearty recognition from the public.

Jeanie Deans was played at Maguire's Opera House on Friday and Saturday evenings last to pleased and attentive audiences, the *matinée* on Saturday afternoon bringing out the usual galaxy of beauty and fashion on the back seats. On Monday evening, *The Man with the Iron Mask* was presented, a play founded on the supposition that Louis the XIV. had a brother whom he did not treat like a man, and that the famous prisoner known only to history as "the Man with the Iron Mask" was that brother. In this play Mr. Mayo, as the masked man, had an opportunity of displaying some very good acting. We have before spoken of this young actor; he has genius, and of an excellent order. Gleams of it look out occasionally even from his worst personations, and if he chooses to devote himself to his profession with that enthusiasm which has marked the career of all who have risen, he will yet be heard of. If asked to suggest a hint for the furtherance of his future, we should reply: Travel and study. These conjointly would work wonders for him, and the crudities at present noticeable in some of his best efforts would no longer remain to be complained of. Mr. Mayo is not mechanical, and the individualities of the man are not thrust forward into everything he undertakes. This is praise which unfortunately can be said of few actors in the stock companies of this coast. His great and most glaring fault at present is an attempt to put too many tears into his voice, consequently watering some of the more pathetic passages beyond endurance. This was noticeable in the play we are speaking of, during his interviews with Marie while masked and in prison. A less lively and wide-awake woman than Mrs. Perry would have gone to sleep while he was drawling out her name, and we are not sure that she didn't wink like a sleepy periwinkle once in a while and request him *sotto voce* to go on with his dying. As D'Aubigne, Wheatleigh was, of course, good, and the part of the pitiless jailor was excellently rendered by Mr. Thorne. Mrs. Perry's "Marie" was very well done—and here we have another artiste that we feel like praising and lecturing in the same breath. She is full of bounding life, and her sparkling spirits enable her to carry all her parts through with an animation that seldom flags, while her conception of characters is generally correct, neither too faintly lined nor yet erring in the other excess of floridity—and if she would only be careful, take her mind a little away from what preachers call "the vanities of life," and devote it to the realities of the stage, she would very soon improve her position in the profession.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Conway's Irish drama of *Our Irish Cousin* was performed, Mr. O'Neil taking the character analagous to "Asa Trenchard," in the play or extravaganza of which this *Irish Cousin* seems an adaptation. We consider Mr. O'Neil one of the best stage Irishmen that at present brandishes a shillelah or attempts to hold the mirror up to nature as revealed at a Donnybrook Fair. He has real humor, and his Irishman is by far more quiet and natural than the extravagant personations of Barney Williams and others who are popularly accepted as perfect shadows of the shamrock. The play was well put upon the stage and it was well played throughout, affording a great deal of fun in its various phases, and as good a provocation for laughter as could be desired; but it did not draw encouraging houses. The fact of the matter is, *Mazeppa* tapped Maguire's ledge, and now he is going down for the "lower tunnel" himself, advertising the above Stable if not classic piece for this evening, Mrs. Perry as the Tartar Boy. When we spoke of this lady's capability of rising in her profession, we did not think that she intended to mount in this manner from a horse's back, seeking hippotheatronic rather than histrionic honors. This is not the moral column, however—all the heavy business of ethics being done by common agreement in another part of the paper. As a question of art, however, we claim a right to say something about this hippomania. Everybody knows that *Mazeppa* itself is incomparable bosh, resembling the poem of that name, claimed as its sire, about as much as a horse railroad resembles a chariot of fire. If founded on any of Byron's poems, it is probably built upon *Don Juan*. So far as the play itself is concerned, no one would go out to sit it through were it not for the expectation that they would see something not generally shown in public. We do not know that impurity of motive guides the multitude, for a calf with two tails and two heads would probably draw quite as a large a crowd as a half-naked woman. It is the novelty of the thing that forms the attraction—we mean the novelty of seeing the exhibition in public, for the probabilities are that the sight is not much of a novelty to the greater part of the multitude. Were it advertised that Gov. Low would stand on his head or Gen. McDowell dance the tight rope on any given night at the Opera House, quite as large a crowd would turn out to see the performance as ever went to see the Menken attitudinize. Professionally speaking, we have an idea that Mrs. Perry will play the part capitally; she makes up well in boys' *roles*, and, taking her performance in ballet as an indication, one would say she is a practiced gymnast. Moreover, she fences like a corporal. Notwithstanding, however, this conviction that she will play the part well, we wish that this clever actress had avoided the horse-walks of the profession. A correspondent sends us the following lines, suggested by the Mazeppa mania:

THE NEW LONGING.

Oh! I could not tell the reason
Of her sobbing and her tears.
What dark shade has crossed her sunshine?
What has roused her maiden fears?

Fair-haired, calm-eyed, sweet and tender,
Warm beneath thy bosom's snow,
Maid of eighteen, kind and gentle,
What has caused those tears to flow?

And this little, little sister,
School-girl ripening into prime,
Weeping, and her loving cousin
Sobbing out the same sad chime;

All the little female children,
All the maidens of the city,
Bore the same lugubrious aspect
And appeals to public pity

And I could not for long hours,
Tell what doom had fallen down,
From the judgment seat of fortune
Upon all the maids in town,

Till I heard these tender maidens
Sing in unison their need—
Oh, I want to be Mazeppa
On the untamed Tartar steed!"

Hush! my children, tender maidens,
Dry, my lisping babes, your eyes,
You shall each one like Mazeppa
Ride the "untamed" to the skies.

And I staid their sobs with mince-pie,
Tucked them, sleeping, out of sight,
And they each rode Tartar ponies—
Horrid night-mares all the night.

Still I cannot calm their passion,
Not with pies, or gold, or heads.
Tender maids would be Mazeppas
With their untamed Tartar steeds!

Mr. Wheatleigh concluded his engagement at the Opera House last evening with a benefit, the entertainment being *The Victims*, concluding with the Irish comedietta of *The Limerick Boy*. We much regret the retirement of this gentleman, for it was always a pleasure to witness his acting. We trust his absence will be but temporary.

Wilson's Hippotheatron, after a successful tour through the interior, has finally got back to its starting place, and will open on the old ground some time during the coming week. Zoyara is represented as none the worse for her (we beg pardon, is it his?) country travels, and the trained pony is in high feather. The public will likewise be glad to know that neither Ross nor Carlo have broken a neck or dislocated so much as a toe-joint in the performance of acrobatic feats, while Durand and Painter are as gymnastic as ever, if not more so. The Comic Department has not suffered, and the entertainment will be opened in its old style of elegance and expense. Mr. Wilson will find unexpected rivals in the shows now offered at the other hippotheatres, but having the most horses he will probably be enabled to carry off the honors.

"Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" arrived by the *America* on Thursday, and proposes to give his lecture, called *Drifting About*, in this city and through the State. Mr. Massett is an old Californian, and this fact alone should secure him good audiences. In addition to this recommendation to favor, however, he brings excellent endorsements of his entertainment from leading journals of the East. We apprehend that Mr. Massett will have no occasion to regret that he has drifted this way, though he has struck a time in which his success would be greater could he reply affirmatively to the question: Can you ride? An advertisement of his first lecture will be found in another column.

We are indebted to George B. Merrill for a copy of *Hospital Transports*, being a memoir of the embarkation of the sick and wounded from the Virginia Peninsula in the summer of '62. In this book we have an example of what the Sanitary Commission, the noblest charity ever formed upon earth, has done for our suffering soldiers.

Queen Elizabeth's Last Lover.—The ill-favored Anjou pleased Elizabeth more than he did the people. The pulpit echoed with objections made to unnatural alliances, and pamphlets were published of so offensive a nature on this subject that the stationers who put them forth got their hands chopped off for their impertinence. And yet the people, pulpit and pamphlets had their influence notwithstanding. Anjou came a second time, and tarried several months here, till his patience was worn out or his power of simulation was at end. They dallied and pouted and caressed, and exchanged tokens and caused much jealousy, and seemed to be mutually smitten, and finally parted forever. The Queen accompanied Anjou, stage by stage, to Canterbury; she returned to write sonnets descriptive of her imaginary miseries. And all for a hideous fellow whom his own sister loathed, and to whom his most intimate companion, Bussy d'Amboise, once said: "If I were Anjou and you were Bussy, I wouldn't have you for a lacquey."—*Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne.*

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION VI.

1.—*Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

WE have now arrived at a point in this extraordinary case at which I must again direct your attention to the will of the late Mr. Bolton. By this will £25,000 was, as we have seen, bequeathed to Miss Bolton (afterwards Mrs. Anderton,) with a life interest, after her death, to her husband. At his decease, and failing children by his marriage with Miss Bolton, the money passed to the second sister, whom, as I have before said, we may, I think, be justified in identifying with the late Mme. R. It seems, at all events, clear, both from the circumstances attending the marriage of the Baron, and from the observations made by him at Bognor to Dr. Marsden relative to the pecuniary loss he would have sustained by the death of his wife, that the Baron himself believed and was prepared to maintain this relationship, and that the various policies of assurance effected on the life of Mme. R. to the gross amount of £25,000, the exact sum in question, were intended to cover any risk of her death before that of her sister. This is all that we need at present require. What import should be attached to the degree of mystery with which the whole affair both of the marriage and of the assurance seems to have been so carefully surrounded, will, of course, be matter for consideration when reviewing the whole circumstances of the case. It is enough for our present purpose that the Baron clearly looked upon his wife as the sister of Mrs. Anderton, and calculated upon participation, through her, in the legacy of Mr. Bolton. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton thus alone intervened between this legacy and the Baron's family, and we have thus established, on his part, a direct interest in their decease.

On the death of Mrs. Anderton, under the circumstances detailed in an earlier portion of the case, the life of her husband only now stood in the way of Baron R.'s succession, and it is important to bear this in mind in considering, as we are about to do, the various circumstances attendant on the death of that gentleman.

The chain of evidence on which hangs, as I have so often said, the sole hypothesis by which I can account for the mysterious occurrences that form the subject of our inquiry, is not only of a purely circumstantial character, but also of a nature at once so delicate and so complicated that the failure of a single link would render the remainder worthless. Unless the case can be made to stand out clearly, step by step, in all its details, from the commencement to the end, its isolated portions become at once a mere chaos of coincidences, singular indeed in many respects, but not necessarily involving any considerable element of suspicion. It is for this reason that I have, as before stated, endeavored to lay before you in a distinct and separate form each particular portion of the subject. Hitherto our attention has been entirely occupied with the death of Mrs. Anderton, and with various attendant circumstances, the bearing of which upon that occurrence will be more clearly shown hereafter. We have now to consider the very singular circumstances attending the lapse of the second life—that of Mr. Anderton—intervening, as we have seen, between Mr. Bolton's legacy and Mme. R.

For the purpose of this inquiry, I propose adducing pretty much the same evidence as that given at the inquests held on the bodies of Mrs. and Mr. Anderton. The final result of the former of these inquests was, as you are aware, a verdict of "Died from natural causes," though the case was at first adjourned for a fortnight in order to admit of a more searching and satisfactory examination of the body, during which time Mr. Anderton remained in custody in his own house. In the latter case the jury, after some hesitation, returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity, brought on by extreme distress of mind at the death of his wife, and suspicions respecting it which subsequently proved to have been unfounded." Our present concern, however, being with the conduct of the Baron rather than with that of Mr. Anderton, I have omitted portions not directly bearing upon his part in the matter, and have endeavored to procure such additions to the evidence of Dr. Dodsworth and others as might serve to further elucidate the subject of our inquiry.

I now, therefore, lay before you this portion of the case, with especial reference to its bearing upon the proceedings of Baron R.

2. *Dr. Dodsworth's Statement.*

I was in attendance on the late Mrs. Anderton during the illness which terminated fatally on the 12th of October, 1856. I was first sent for by Mr. Anderton, on the night of the 5th of April in that year. [Compare Sec. III., 3, etc.] I found her suffering apparently from a slight attack of English cholera, but was unable to ascertain any cause to which it might be attributed. There was nothing to lead to any suspicion of poisoning, indeed this seemed to be rendered almost impossible by the length of time that had elapsed since the last time of taking food and that at which the attack commenced. This was at least three or four hours; whereas, had the symptoms arisen from the action of any poisonous substance, they would have shown themselves much earlier. This is only my impression from after consideration. No idea of poison occurred to me at the time, nor should I now entertain any were I called in to a similar case. I prescribed the usual remedies for the complaint under which I supposed Mrs. Anderton to be suffering. They appeared to have their effect, though not so rapidly as I should have expected. The symptoms appeared rather to wear themselves out. I visited her several times, as the debility which ensued seemed greater than, under ordinary circumstances, should have followed on such an attack. About a fortnight later she had a fresh seizure, of a very similar kind. This time, however, the symptoms were aggravated, and accompanied by others of a more alarming character. Of these the most conspicuous were nausea, vomiting, violent perspiration, and increasing tendency to diarrhœa. The patient also complained of great sinking of the heart, and of a terrible lowness of spirits, almost amounting to a conviction that death was at hand. In the course of another fortnight or three weeks there was a fresh recurrence of the symptoms. The tongue, which in the former attacks had been clammy and dry, was now covered thickly with dirty mucus, and there was a greatly increased flow of saliva. The condition of the tongue became greatly aggravated as the disease progressed, the mouth and throat becoming ultimately very sore, with great constriction of the latter. The abdomen was distended, and very tender to the touch, the liver also being very full and tender. Pulse low and rapid, decreasing in fulness as the disease progressed, and reaching finally to 130 or 140; and the depression of spirits and sinking at the heart considerably increased. The patient appeared to be daily losing strength, and at each attack, which seemed to return periodically at intervals of about a fortnight, the same symptoms appeared more severely than before. Mr. Anderton seemed to be in the deepest distress. From the time when the symptoms first became serious, he hardly ever left her side, administering both food and medicine with his own hand. So far as I am aware, Mrs. Anderton took nothing of any kind from any other person throughout the greater portion of her illness. I have heard her say this herself, in his presence, shortly before her death. For the last few weeks she took scarcely any nourishment, and could with difficulty swallow her medicine. The principal cause of this difficulty lay in the extreme nausea which followed any attempt to swallow, but it was greatly increased by the painful and constricted state of the throat, which was extremely rough and raw, and rendered swallowing very painful. As the disease progressed, the vomited matter became strongly colored with bile, and was of a strong yellow color. The oppression on the heart also increased, until at length respiration was almost impeded. The heart and pulses also gradually lost power, and latterly the lower portion of the body was almost paralyzed, the limbs being stiff, and the whole frame, from the waist downward, very heavy and cold. The patient also suffered from severe cold perspirations, as well as from heat and irritation of the upper portion of the body, and from entire inability to sleep. A very remarkable feature in the case was, that notwithstanding this general sleeplessness, each fresh attack of the malady was preceded by a sound slumber of some hours' duration, from which she appeared to be aroused by the return of the more active symptoms of the disorder. I tried all the usual remedies indicated by such symptoms, but without any permanent effect, and I was a good deal perplexed by the anomalous appearance of the case, and especially by its intermittent character, the symptoms recurring, as I have said, with increased severity, at regular intervals of about a fortnight. I mentioned my difficulty to Mr. Anderton, and asked if he would wish further advice. At his urgent request I consented, though with some hesitation, to meet Baron R., who holds, as I was given to understand, a regular diploma from several of the foreign universities, but whose practice has been of a somewhat irregular character. I first consulted with him on the 12th of July. [*Vide* Sec. V., 5.]

[Dr. Dodsworth here details at some length how he became convinced of the Baron's great skill and knowledge of chemistry, and was finally persuaded to meet him in consultation.]

After examination of the patient, however, and some conversation as to the nature of the symptons and of the remedies employed, I had some difficulty in drawing from him (the Baron) any expression of opinion. He appeared, however, to agree entirely in the course hitherto pursued, and after some further conversation we separated. The consultation took place in Mrs. Anderton's dressing-room, and in passing by the wash-hand stand on his way out, the Baron suddenly took up a small bottle which was standing there, and turning sharply upon me, asked "if I had tried that?" On taking it from his hand, I found that it contained tincture of tannin, a preparation much used for the teeth. I was somewhat startled by the question, and replied in the negative, on which the subject was dropped. On my way home, however, I was again struck by the peculiarity of the Baron's manner in putting the question; and on thinking the matter over, the idea suddenly flashed across me that tannic acid was the antidote to antimony, and that the symptoms of poisoning by tartarized antimony, to which attention had just been drawn by Prof. Taylor, in the case of the Rugely murder, closely resembled in many respects those under which Mrs. Anderton was then suffering. At the first moment this supposition seemed to account for all the mysterious part of the case; but on reflection the difficulty returned, for it seemed impossible that the poison could have been administered by any one but Mr. Anderton himself, and I felt it still more impossible to suspect him of such an act, in face of the evident and extreme affection existing between them. On mature reflection, however, I determined on trying, at all events for a time, the course suggested by the Baron, and accordingly exhibited large doses Pernvian bark, together with other medicines of the same kind. My suspicion was at first increased by the improvement apparently effected by these remedies, and I took occasion to ask Mr. Anderton, in a casual way, in presence of the nurse and one of the servants, whether he had any emetic tartar or antimonial wine in the house. The manner of his reply entirely removed from my mind any idea that either of those present, at least, had any knowledge of such an attempt as seemed implied by the Baron, and on seeing that gentleman a day or two after, I questioned him as to the true bearing of his suggestion. He disclaimed, however, any such meaning as I had been disposed to attribute to his words, stating, in a general way, that he had before known great benefit to accrue from the exhibition of such medicines in similar cases, and expressing a hope that they might be successful in the present instance. Something, however, in his manner, and especially the great stress laid upon careful watching of the patient's diet while under this course of treatment, led me still to fancy that he was not so entirely without doubt as he wished me to believe; but that, on the contrary, his positions pointed towards Mr. Anderton, his friendship for whom made him desirous of concealing them. This opinion was confirmed by the recollection of another apparent instance of suspicion on the part of the Baron, to which, a few days previously, however, I had not at the time attached any importance. I accordingly continued the bark treatment, determining, should any fresh attack occur, to take measures for investigating the matter; for which purpose I gave private orders to the nurse, on whom I knew that I could thoroughly depend, to allow nothing to be removed from the room until I had myself seen the patient. The beneficial effects of the bark continued for about ten or twelve days, at the end of which period I was sent for hurriedly in the middle of the night, the disease having returned with greater violence than at any previous attack. Having done what was in my power to alleviate the immediate pressure of the symptoms, I took an opportunity of privately securing portions of the vomited and other matters, which I immediately had submitted to a searching chemical analysis. No trace, however, of antimony, arsenic, or any similar poison, could be detected, and as the tannic acid appeared now to have lost its remedial power, I came finally to the conclusion that its apparent efficacy had been due to some other unknown cause, and that the suspicions of the Baron were altogether without foundation. I continued the former treatment, varied from time to time as experience suggested, but without being able to arrest the progress of the disease, which I am inclined to think must have been constitutional in its character, and probably hereditary, as I learned from Mr. Anderton that the patient's mother had also died of some internal disease, the exact symptoms of which, however, he was unable to call to mind. Towards the close of the case the patient was almost constantly delirious from debility, and the immediate cause of death was entire prostration and exhaustion of the system. I wished Mr. Anderton to allow a *post mortem* examination, with a view to discovering the true nature of the disorder, but he seemed so extremely sensitive on the subject, and was in such a state of nervous depression, that I forbore to press the point. The Baron also seemed to discourage him from such an idea. Subsequently an order came for an inquest, and I then assisted at the analysis which followed, and which was performed by Mr. Prendergast. We found no traces of antimony in any part of the body or its contents. The report of Mr. Prendergast, in which I fully concurred, will show the result of the analysis. Looking at that, and at all the circumstances of the case, I was, and still am, convinced that Mr. Anderton was perfectly innocent of the crime imputed.

In answer to the queries forwarded at various times by Mr. Henderson, Dr. Dodsworth gives the following replies:

1. In questioning the Baron as to his suggestion respecting the tincture of tannin, I put it plainly to him whether he had been led to make it by any suspicion of poison. This he disclaimed with equal directness, but with such hesitation as convinced me that the suspicion was really in his mind.

2. I told the Baron that I had exhibited bark and other similar remedies, and with what success. He smiled, and turned the conversation.

3. The Baron was not present at the *post mortem* examination. He wished very much to be so, but Mr. Prendergast objected so strongly that I was obliged to refuse him. I promised, however, to let him know by telegraph the result of the examination, which took place at Birmingham, where Mr. Prendergast was living at the time. I enclose a copy of the message sent. He offered to assist in removing the intestines, etc., from the body, but this I also declined, as Mr. Prendergast had particularly requested me to allow no one to come near the body after it was opened but myself and some student or surgeon from one of the great hospitals, to render such assistance as might be necessary. The caution was, I think, a very reasonable one, and I followed it out strictly.

4. The Baron certainly seemed at first, as I thought, annoyed at being excluded, but I attributed this to his interest in the case. He did not make the request as to telegraphing at the time, but wrote to me afterwards on the subject.

5. The object of Mr. Prendergast's precaution was, of course, to prevent the body from being tampered with.

6. By tampered with I mean in such manner as to destroy the traces of the poison.

7. It would, of course, be possible to manufacture traces of poison where none had previously existed, but this could only be done with the view of fastening on an innocent person the guilt of a murder which had never been committed, and was by no means what we intended to guard against in the exclusion of his friends.

8. Certainly had such a thing been successfully attempted in this instance, it would have rendered the case conclusive against Mr. Anderton.

9. The other incident to which I have alluded, as evincing suspicion on the part of the Baron, was as follows: We were one morning in consultation in Mr. Anderton's room. I wished to seal a letter. The Baron lighted a taper for me with a piece of paper which he took from the waste basket. As he did so, he appeared struck with something on the paper, and untwisted it and showed it to me. There were only a few letters on it, part having been torn off and part burned. The letters were . . . RTAR EME . . . and part of what was evidently a T. Beneath was the upper portion of a capital P in writing. I did not, however, take much notice of it, and the thing passed from my mind.

10. I have no doubt myself that the paper came from the waste basket. The Baron said so. I did not actually see him take it out, but I saw him stoop to do so. There was nothing physically impossible in his having taken the paper from his own pocket, but I cannot see the slightest reason for such a supposition. The only object he could possibly have had in such an act would have been that of throwing suspicion on Mr. Anderton, and his whole desire evidently was to conceal the suspicions in his own mind as far as possible.

11. The Baron gave me no other grounds for supposing that he suspected anything. On the contrary, he was continually pointing out to me the affection of Mr. Anderton for his wife, and especially the assiduity of his attendance in permitting no one else to administer either food or medicine.

12. The practical effect of all this was certainly, I admit, to impress upon my own mind the suspicious circumstances of the case more strongly, perhaps, than if they had been pointed out in a directly hostile manner. It is impossible, however, that the Baron could have reckoned upon this, and I feel bound to add that it seems to me exceeding the limits of legitimate inquiry to suggest anything of the kind.

3. *Statement of Mrs. Edwards.*

I am a sick nurse. I was in attendance on poor Mrs. Anderton all through her sickness. The poor lady was greatly cast down. She was expecting her death for weeks before it came. She seemed to think there was a doom on her. I do not think she had any suspicion that she was being poisoned. I am sure, poor dear lady, no one would ever think of poisoning her; everybody loved her too much. Mr. Anderton was dotingly fond of her; I never saw so good a husband in my life. I could have done anything for him, he was so good to his poor wife. I don't think he hardly ever left her. I used to be vexed sometimes because I said he would not let me do anything for her. I mean he would not let me give her her slops or her physic. She took nothing but slops the best part

of the time. She couldn't feel to relish anything at all, and meat made her vomit. For the last two months or better, I don't think she took anything from anybody, excepting it was from Mr. Anderton himself. He used to bring her her physic as regular as the clock struck, and everything from the kitchen was took first into his room if he wasn't with the mistress, and he would carry it to her himself. He used to have rare work sometimes to get her to take anything. I am sure she wouldn't have done it, poor lady, for any one but him; not for the last few weeks. She was so very sick and ill, and everything seemed to turn upon her stomach. Mr. Anderton always slept on a mattress in the mistress' room so as to be within call. The mattress was put on the floor by the side of the bed, and nobody could have got to the bed without waking him. He was a very light sleeper. The least little sound used to wake him, and I often told him he was going the way to kill himself, and then what would our poor lady do? Once or twice I persuaded him to go out for a bit, and then he always insisted on my not leaving the room while he was away. Even when he was in his study he always made me stay with the lady, and if I wanted to go out for anything, I was to ring for him. Mrs. Anderton was never left without one or other of us for an hour until the last six weeks, when she grew so bad, another nurse had to be got. Then we three did the same way between us. We were obliged to take her, because I was quite knocked up. How ever Mr. Anderton kept up the way he did, I cannot think or say, but he broke down altogether when the mistress died. I don't think after that the poor gentleman was ever quite right in his head. I remember the doctor asking him one day whether he had any tartar emetic in the house. He said no, but he would get some if it was wanted. Nothing more passed at the time, so far as I know. It was brought to my mind again by something which happened after the poor lady's death. It was nothing very particular, only I found in her room a piece of paper with "Tartar Emetic" printed on it. That was all that was printed, but the word "Poison" was written under it. I kept the paper and showed it to the Baron. I don't know why I did so; I suppose because he was in the house at the time. Afterwards I showed it to the lawyer, and he took charge of it. I had no particular suspicion, none at all. I can't tell why I took it up. I did it without thinking, quite promiscuous like. I didn't show it to master, because he was too ill to be worried. That was the only reason.

The above is the evidence I gave at the inquest. I have nothing more to add. I am quite sure that Mr. and Mrs. Anderton were very fond of each other. I never saw two people so affectionate like. The Baron was very foud of both of them. I don't think Mrs. Anderton liked him much. She seemed to have a sort of dread of him. I don't know why; she never said so. The Baron used often to call on Mr. Anderton, to see the doctor, but, so far as I know, he only saw the mistress once. I think he knew she did not like him, and kept away on purpose. He was a very kind-hearted gentleman. He was always particularly polite and civil-spoken to me. He used often to talk to me about master doting so on mistress. He used to speak about his always giving her her physic and things. I remember one day his saying it wouldn't be very easy to give her anything unwholesome without his knowing of it, or something of that sort. He seemed as if he never could say enough in praise of master, and I am sure he deserved it. I took him the paper I found just like I might take it to master if he had been well enough. He was in the house at the time. He had been in the poor lady's room with Dr. Dodsworth just before, and had stayed in the parlor to write something. He sent me into the room to see if he had left his glove there. It was in looking for it that I saw the paper. It was lying just under the bed when I stooped down to look for the glove. I took it up at first, thinking how careless it was to have left it there when the room was put straight after the poor lady died, and then I saw what was written upon it. The glove was lying on the floor close to it. There was no vallance to the bed, it had been taken off for the sake of sweetness. I forget exactly what the Baron said when I showed him the paper. It was something that made me think I might get into trouble about it. That was why I showed it to the lawyer. My brother had been to him once before about some money that ought to have come to us. He took the paper to the magistrates, and that was how the inquest came about. I was very angry about it, and so was the Baron. He asked me how I could have been so foolish. I don't know what made me think of taking it to him. I think it was something the Baron said. He did not advise me to do it. He did not advise me anything, but I think he wanted me to burn it. I offered it to him, but he said he was afraid, or something of that kind, and I think that was what put it into my head to ask the lawyer about it.

4.—Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.

The statement of the other nurse, herewith enclosed, merely corroborates that of Mrs. Edwards, with respect to such matters as came within her cognizance. I have therefore not thought it necessary to insert it here.

Mr. Prendergast's report, also enclosed, is somewhat lengthy, and of a purely technical character. It is to the following effect:

1. That, on examination, the body of the late Mrs. Anderton presented in all respects the precise appearance which would be exhibited in a case of poisoning by antimony.

2. It was nevertheless possible to account for these appearances, as the result of chronic *gastritis*, or *gastro enteritis*, though in some respects not such as either of those diseases would be expected to present.

3. The strictest and most thorough examination entirely failed in showing the very slightest trace of either antimony or arsenic; either in the contents of the various organs, or in the tissues.

4. A portion of the medicine last taken by the deceased was also examined, but equally without result.

5. From the lengthened period over which the poisoning, if any, must have extended, and the small doses in which it must have been administered, it is scarcely possible but that, had such really been the case, some traces of it must have been found in the tissues, though not perhaps in the contents of the stomach, etc.

6. In a case of poisoning also, the symptoms would have recurred in their severest form within a short period of taking the food or medicine in which it had been administered. In this case, however, they appear to have uniformly shown themselves at a late period of the night, and several hours after either food or medicine had been taken.

7. It is therefore concluded that, notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the body on dissection, death is to be attributed not to poison, but to an abnormal form of chronic *gastro enteritis*, for the peculiar symptoms of which the exceptional constitution of the deceased may in some degree account.

5.—Statement of Police-Sergeant, Edward Reading.

I am a sergeant on the detective staff of the Metropolitan Police. In October, 1856, I was on duty at Notting Hill. I was employed to watch a gentleman named Anderton. He was in custody on a coroner's warrant for the murder of his lady, but couldn't be removed on account of being ill. I was put in the house to prevent his escape. I did not stay in his room. I did at first, but it seemed of no use; so I spoke to our superintendent, and got leave from him to stop in the outer room. I did this to make things pleasant. I always try to make things as pleasant as I can, compatible with duty, specially when it's a gentleman. It comes harder on them than on the regular hands, because they are not so much used to it. In this case prisoner seemed to take on terribly. He was very weak and ill—too ill, seemingly, to get out of bed. He used to lie with his eyes fixed upon one corner of the room muttering sometimes to himself, but I couldn't tell what. He never spoke to anyone. The only time he spoke was once, to ask me to let him see the body. I hadn't the heart to say no; but I went with him and kept at the door. He could hardly totter along, he was so weakly. After about half an hour, I thought it was all very quiet, and looked in. He was lying on the floor in a dead faint, and I carried him back. He never spoke again, but lay just as I have said. Of course I took every precaution. Prisoner's room had two doors, one opening on the landing, and the other into the room where I was. I locked up the outer door and put three or four screws into it from the outside. The window was too high to break out at, but our men used to keep an eye upon it from the street. At night I used to lock the door of my room and stick open the door between the two. I was relieved occasionally by Sergeant Walsh, but I mostly preferred seeing to it myself. I like to keep my own work in my own hands, and this was a very interesting case. When I first took charge I made a careful examination of the premises and of all the papers, and the like. I found nothing to criminate the prisoner. I found a journal of the lady who was murdered, with a note at the end in his handwriting; but so far as it went they seemed to be on very good terms. I found also a lot of prescriptions and notes referring to her illness, but no papers like that found by the nurse, nor any traces of powders or drugs of any kind. I went with the nurse into the bedroom of the murdered party, and made her point out the exact spot where the paper was found. According to what she said it was lying just under the bed on the right-hand side. The glove was lying close to it but not under the bed. Somehow I didn't quite feel as if it was all on the square. I thought the business of the paper looked rather queer. It didn't seem quite feasible like. I have known a thing of that sort by way of a plant before now, so I thought I'd just go on asking questions. That's always my way. I ask all kinds of questions about everything, feeling my way like. I generally find something turn up that way before I have done. Something turned up this time. I don't know that it was much—perhaps not. I have my own opinion about that. This is how it was. After more questions of one kind and another, I got to something that led me to ask the nurse which side of the bed Mr. Anderton usually went to give the lady food and physic. She and the other servants all agreed that, being naturally left-handed like, he always went to the left-hand side of the bed, so he could get to feed her with a spoon. He was very bad with his right hand. Couldn't handle a spoon with it any more than some of us could with the left. Nurse said she had seen him try once or twice, which he always spilled everything. I mean, of course, with his right hand. He was handy enough with his left. When I heard this I began to suspect we might be on a false scent. This is the way I looked at it. The glove, as I told you, was lying on the floor by the right side of the bed, so as anybody who dropped it must have been standing on that side, which it's natural to go to as being nearest the door. The paper was close to it, just under the same side of the bed. Now I took it as pretty clear, prisoner hadn't put that paper there for the purpose, but if he'd done it at all, he had dropped it by accident in giving the stuff. I fancy, too, he'd naturally be particularly careful in giving that sort of stuff not to spill it about the place, so he'd be pretty well sure to take his best hand to it. In that case he'd have dropped it on the left hand side of the bed—not the right. Still, of course, it might have got blown across, or, for the matter of that, kicked, though that was not very likely, as the bed was a wide one, and put in a sort of recess like, quite out of any sort of draught. So I thought I'd have another look at the place, and, poking about under the bed, I found a long narrow box, which the servants told me was full of bows and arrows, and hadn't been moved out of its place since they first came into the house. It took up the whole length of the bed within a foot or so, and lay right along the middle on the floor. There was a mark along the floor that showed how long it had been there. A bit of paper like that never could have got blown over that without touching it if there had been ever so much draught. When I got so far I fancied things began to look very queer, so I got the bed shifted out of its place altogether. The coffin was in the way, and I got that moved to one side of the room, and pulled the bed right clear of the box. As we shifted the coffin I thought I saw something like a piece of paper under the flannel shroud. I said nothing at the time, but waited till the undertaker's men were out of the room and I was alone. I then opened the shroud and found a small folded paper. It was put just under the hands, which were crossed over the bosom of the corpse. I opened it and found a lock of hair which I saw directly was Mr. Anderton's, and there were a few words in writing which I copied down in my note-book, and then I put the hair and the paper and all back where I found them. The writing was, "Pray for me, darling, pray for me." I knew the hand at once for Mr. Anderton's. His writing is very remarkable by reason, I suppose, of his being so left-handed. Of course that wasn't evidence, but somehow I got an idea out of it that a man wouldn't go on in that way with his wife after he'd been and murdered her. It struck me that would be against nature, leastways if he was in his right mind. After I had finished with the coffin I looked at the box. As I expected, the top was covered over so thick with dust, and it was pretty clear that, at all events, the bit of paper had never lain atop of it. I put a piece just like it on to try, and blew it off again, and it made a great mark and got all dirty. The paper picked up by the nurse was quite clean, or very nearly so. Putting all this together I came pretty nigh a conclusion that, at all events, it wasn't Mr. Anderton as had dropped the paper there. The sides of the box were also dusty, but there were marks on them like as if a brush or a broom had brushed against them. I put the box and the bed back into their places, and went down to question the housemaid. [The housemaid's deposition corroborates this part of the evidence.] I found that she had put the room tidy the day Mrs. Anderton died, and had passed a short hair-broom under the bed, as there were several things lying about. She said she was quite sure there was no bit of paper there then, as she had stooped down and looked under. I tried with the same broom, and you couldn't reach the box without stooping, as she said. I then inquired who had been in the room between the time of the death and the finding of the paper. No one had been there but the nurse, the doctor, the housemaid, and Baron R. I was determined to hunt it out if possible. I questioned the nurse and the housemaid—on the quiet, not to excite suspicion—but felt pretty clear they knew nothing more about it; and when next Baron R. came I sounded him about different points. He did not seem to know that Mr. Anderton was so left-handed, nor could I get any information from him on the subject. He didn't seem at first to see what I was driving at, and, of course, I didn't mean he should, but after a while I saw he had struck out the same idea as I had about the place where the paper was found, though I had not meant to let him into that. He seemed quite struck of a heap by it. I fancied at the moment that he turned regularly pale, but he was just blowing his nose with a large yellow silk handkerchief, and I could not be sure. He said nothing to me of what he had guessed, nor did I to him. I like to keep those things as quiet as I can, particularly from parties' friends. I have not been able to get any further clue, but I am convinced that something is to be made out of that paper business yet. I generally know a scent when I get on one, and my notion is that I am on one now. I did not see the Baron again till the evening before Mr. Anderton made away with himself. He came then in a great hurry, and insisted on seeing the prisoner. I said I would ask, but did not expect he could, as Mr. Anderton would see or speak to no one. He seemed to be in a sad state, partly with exhaustion after waiting on his wife so long, and partly with the worry of having this hanging over him. He was a very sensitive gentleman, and seemed to take it more to heart than any one I ever saw. He wouldn't see any one, not even his lawyer. When I told him about the Baron, however, he said he might come in, and they were together half an hour or more. I did not hear anything that passed. When the Baron came out he took me on one side and told me everything was all right, and his friend was sure to get off. He said he was overpowered with the good news, and particularly begged that he might not be disturbed by any one, as he thought he could sleep now. He had hardly slept a wink all the time. I promised not to disturb him, and he lay very quiet all night. I peeped in once or twice to make sure he was there, but did not speak. I noticed a faint smell like peaches once, but did not think anything of it. In the morning I went to take him his breakfast, and found him dead and quite cold. In his hand was a little bottle which had contained prussic acid, and which had evidently come from a pocket medicine chest that lay on the bed. I gave the alarm, and the divisional surgeon was sent for, but he was stone dead. At about 9 o'clock the Baron's servant came round to know whether he had left a pocket medicine-chest the night before. I questioned the servant, and found the Baron had given him a list of the places where he had been, and that he had asked at several already. The medicine chest wanted proved to be the one found in Mr. Anderton's room. On the pillow I found also a piece of paper in Mr. Anderton's handwriting, of which I enclose a copy.

6. Pencil note found on the pillow of Mr. Anderton.

Let no man condemn me for what I do. God knows how I have fought against it. My darling! my own darling! have I not seen you night and day by my side, beckoning me to come? Not while a chance remained. Not while there was one hope left to escape this doom of hideous disgrace which dogs me to the death. No, darling, my honor—*your husband's* honor before all. It is over now. No chance—no hope—only ignominy—shame, death. I come, darling. *You* know whether I am guilty of this horrible charge. My darling—my own darling—I see you smile at the very thought. God bless you for that smile. God pardon me for what I am about to do. God reunite us, darling.

Eating Asparagus.—When William the Third paid frequent visits to Moor-park, one day, Sir William Temple being laid-up with gout, the duty of attending the king devolved upon young Jonathan Swift, who got so much into his majesty's favor, that they dined together, and the king not only taught Swift how to eat asparagus in the Dutch manner, but offered to make him captain of a troop of horse. The latter Swift declined, but the asparagus lesson he put in practice. Alderman Faulkner, Swift's printer and publisher, being one day detained at the deanery, Swift made the alderman stay to dine, when asparagus formed one of the dishes; the dean helped his guest, who shortly called upon his host to be helped a second time; when Swift, pointing to the alderman's plate, said, "Sir, first finish what you have upon your plate." "What, sir, eat my stalks?" "Ay, sir! King William always eats the stalks!" This story was told by Faulkner to Dr. Leland, who asked, "And, George, what, were you blockhead enough to obey?" "Yes, doctor, and if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-a-tête*, faith you would have been obliged to eat your stalks!"

The Old Morgue and the New.—Among the recent demolition in Paris is that of the old well-known Morgue. Not that this *musée des morts* has ceased to exist as an institution, for a much larger Morgue has been erected on the island immediately behind Notre Dame. In one apartment, lighted in the most effective manner, are twelve slabs of black marble, on which the unfortunate dead are laid; and in another apartment are fourteen similar slabs, destined for bodies that have become so decomposed that recognition is no longer possible. Bath-rooms are abundantly supplied with water, which falls continuously on the bodies. The clothes appertaining to the latter are suspended in a room in a very conspicuous manner, and, unless identified, remain exposed for a year.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND TIGHTS.

WOMAN'S rights have been the prolific theme of public dispute and discussion for a century past, but a public consideration of their tights has been reserved for the present day. Their most eminent interpreter and expounder, after a most successful sojourn among us, folded up her few garments like the Arab she occasionally personated, and as noiselessly stole away, to carry Cockneys captive as she already had carried Californians. But her mantle, or rather, her want of mantle or much else, fell upon apt shoulders after her translation to the shrouding fogs of London; the lessons which she inculcated were not lost; and a monetary index remained to point out to aspirants for the emoluments if not the laurels of of the stage the path to a popular success. That shrewd managers have availed themselves of the light—shall we say the light dress?—of her experience is scarcely to be wondered at, and the result is that *Mazeppa* has been played by an actress of repute in her profession to one of the largest houses ever seen in San Francisco, at one of our principal theatres, and is in active preparation at another.

Though it may be pleasant to preach, it is certainly wearisome to be preached to. Nothing can be further from our intentions than a transformation of these columns into an extempore pulpit, nor would we wrest a fruitful text from the hands of those who are ordained to deal with the moralities. We simply propose to call attention to the fact that clothes are not conducive to success on the stage, proving an obstacle rather than otherwise, while in the same connection we express our wonderment that they are not laid aside in the every-day walks of life.

Of course, we mean no reflection upon the stage: that managers will consent to starve, in order to uphold the dignity of the profession is a sacrifice not to be dreamed of, and to close their doors would be quite as bad as playing indifferent Hamlets to invisible audiences. It is not with the stage we are disposed to quarrel; it is with the people. It is not with those who cater for the popular taste that we find fault; it is simply the popular taste itself that we condemn. Managers are bound to make money, and the public, by its support, can always dictate what its entertainment is to be. Late experiments have made it apparent that the only way to win support to theatrical entertainment in this community is by an appeal to the rabble, and that managers in the future will appeal to much else it is useless to hope. The fact is an unpleasant one, but it is too palpable to admit of argument; so good-bye to the lyric stage, and farewell to the legitimate drama, while we patiently bow our heads to the tread of all manner of fiery and untamed steeds.

With *Mazeppa* as a moral agent we have nothing to do. Viewing it in an æsthetic sense, however, we have much to say. On abstract principles we are opposed to any play or anything that is calculated to bring out such a low, howling, brutal and positively vile audience as was assembled within the four walls of the Metropolitan Theatre last Wednesday evening. Such yells and hoots and cat-calls, such abounding vulgarity and such promiscuous indecency of conduct, were never shown by an audience in the Old Bowery in the worst days of that delight of Dead Rabbits, that Paradise of Plug Uglies. The fact that the bare announcement of *Mazeppa* brought out such an audience is an argument against the play, or sufficient at least to show the popular estimation in which it is held. There was a general supposition that something indecent was to be seen, and this filled the house; an assurance with the end of the second act that no such fruition would follow to crown their fond hopes, went well towards emptying it. Of course, we do not mean to say that all the audience belonged to that class of society which fills jails and penitentiaries and furnishes the gallows with occasional employment. Fifty respectable young men were advertised for, a week beforehand, to assist in the performance—if that number are to be found in the city they were in the house, doubtlessly, though behind the scenes. The grey heads of bankers and prominent public men were to be seen sprinkled through pit and parquet, and aristocratic faces looked out from private boxes. These people went from motives of curiosity, of course—thought they'd go "just once" and look; the fate of Peeping Tom had no warning for them. (It wouldn't do for Godiva to ride through the streets of this curious city, but let her advertise the performance to come off in an enclosure, with the proceeds of the show she could ransom twice a score of burghers. For almost every boy, adult and fool in town—the latter by themselves alone would fill the house every night for a month—would determine to go "just once.") This is all that is asked or expected, and the treasury is filled to overflowing. In the last production of *Mazeppa* there was nothing specially wrong or immodest. The consequence was that on the second night the audience dwindled down very considerably, and the chances are that the end of the present week will find the piece played to houses of the old pattern. The impression of "perfect propriety" that has got abroad must prove fatal, so far as a monetary success is concerned, though it is creditable to the management that in keeping the promise to the ear they broke it to the hope. It is a pity that the rabble on Wednesday evening were even regaled by the expectation of indecency, and so it is comparatively a pleasure to know that they were disappointed. But we regret the necessity of making that appeal, or perhaps we should say of yielding to the demand; for it furnishes a premonition of the time when *Hamlet* will be played by a woman in tights, the fate of the piece turning on the shape of a leg or the mould of a knee. Let it become fairly understood that such a thing will draw, and the public need have no fears but that managers will give it to them.

IS IT FAIR?

IN Ladies' Fairs, as popularly conducted, we have decidedly the most subtle means of extracting money from the pocket of unsuspecting males ever devised by those arch-enemies of our frank and yielding sex. Alchemists of old labored hard, but vainly, to coin gold from cheaper metals; ladies in the present day go even beyond the feat which sages singed their grey beards over crucibles in a vain attempt to accomplish, for they fish money from pockets where there is none, and sweep gold into the coffers of their charities under the pretext of giving value received, when in reality nothing is had in return. The Ladies' Christian Commission Fair now in progress offers an illustration of one and all of these phenomena. We venture to say that more money can be spent there in a less space of time than in any other place of entertainment in this city, and less shown for it when the thing is over. Men go in there with pockets buttoned and a grim resolution not to be done for. No use; a man who doesn't know a camelia from a cabbage, and who of the two vegetables would decidedly prefer the latter, is persuaded that of all things in life he most at that particular moment needs a rose in his button-hole. As though a rose in a man's button-hole were calculated to advance his material interests, or add to his social status! Nothing can be more incongruous or absurd; for the thing cannot be conveniently smelt of, and all attempts to enjoy the luxury must inevitably end in a dislocated neck or an injured spine, but a man without a rose in his button-hole since the Fair opened is an exception to the established rule, and people stare at him with curious eyes, as though he were a monster. Is it possible that grim, gruff men swallow the rose-bud for the sake of having a lady's jewelled fingers busy with their coat-lappel in arranging it?

We have said that the ladies have power to extort money from pockets where there is none; go to the Fair any time and you shall see this assertion proven. Men go there without money, and say so; they are broken, destitute, penniless—have not where to lay their heads that night. But the merciless reply is given: "You can borrow," or offers are made to sell on time, taking a gold watch, or some other little trifle as security—see the rascality of the fellows—and they don't take greenbacks.

Very few complain, however, and most men are willing to admit that the luxury, like liberty, is worth all it costs. It is something to be permitted to circulate through a room that brings up a vision of the hanging gardens of Babylon; flags and flowers on the walls and everyone wearing a floral favor in his left buttonhole—the only thing one has left. It is very pleasant at any time to circulate among Christians, and when the Christians are of the feminine persuasion, and young and pretty, the pleasure is increased by the whole force of the multiplication table. Of course, in the stern and meditative mind a conviction is felt that the Sanitary Commission was doing a very good work, and that this new charity cuts in upon its revenue and cannot do any better; but that is nothing. It is the flowers and the music, and the smiles that ripple from the little dears as they swindle you, that people go in for and pay their money for; the claims of the rival Commissions are not thought of, and the purpose to which the money is to be applied probably isn't thought of more than a dozen times in the evening. It is worthy of remark that the people who stand and deliberate much in these matters, measuring and squaring everything by rule, and acting only from some vague spring which they call "a sense of what is right," never spend much anyway, and their absence or presence does not diminish or increase the receipts of a *fête* in any degree worth mentioning. So let *fêtes* and fairs of all kinds go on as fast and frequently as possible; it is certain they will not last much longer than the spare change of the community does.

Our Country is a pretty little pamphlet containing selections from an unpublished patriotic poem of that title by Mrs. S. M. Clarke. It is offered for the benefit of the "Fair of the Christian Commission," now in progress. It is published by Roman & Co., from whom, with the exception of the two specified, all the books mentioned in this issue, come, and of whom they may be purchased.

NEVER did morning wear to evening, but some heart was broken.

NEW BOOKS.

Jomini's Life of Napoleon, translated by Maj.-Gen. Halleck and published by the house of Van Nostrand, eminent as the publishers of military works, has been laid upon our table by Roman & Co., the enterprising firm which supplies this coast with all of the new and choicest books. It consists of four large and beautiful volumes, accompanied by an atlas, which is particularly valuable not only as an illustration of the work itself, but also as a key to Napoleon's campaigns. The first volume contains a sketch of the life and writings of Gen. Jomini, interesting to the student as well as to the soldier. We see the peculiar bent of the author's mind, which sent him to the field, as surely as contrary tendencies have sent men to the pulpit and the bar; he was destined for a general, and his analytic mind made him an author. Moving prominently in the great game played upon those bloody squares for which Europe furnished the checkered board, and associating intimately with the hand which guided the pieces and for a time controlled the destinies of the other players, Jomini had excellent facilities as well as a natural adaptation for the prosecution of the work of which Gen. Halleck has furnished a translation—the first translation, let us here remark, that has yet been made in English. The inquiry has been started: How did Gen. Halleck find time, among his arduous duties, to make the translation? That question is answered by the translator himself in a short preface, wherein he states that it was done during a seven months' voyage from New York to California in 1846, undertaken partly as a military study and partly to beguile the tediousness of a voyage round Cape Horn. For sixteen years the manuscript was laid aside, and it would probably have been suffered to repose in oblivion for sixteen years more had not the present war made such a work marketable and proper.

Jomini opens his history with a prologue somewhat after the manner of one of the old Greek plays, manifesting a certain intention of scenic effect which one would scarcely look for in a soldier, though he manages his machinery in a very simple way. The curtain rises and discloses the shade of Napoleon on the shores of the Elysian fields. All the heroes and generals of old press to meet him as he disembarks from Charon's skiff, and with a rather inexcusable curiosity and certainly an inordinate haste, they ply the stranger with questions immediately he sets his feet on the beach. Foremost are Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick; Alexander, who penetrated India with his armies and returned victorious, wants to know why Napoleon retreated from Moscow; Cæsar, who never was conquered, asks the illustrious stranger why he allowed his eagles, or rather the tri-colors, to be borne down at Leipsic and Waterloo; and Frederick, for private reasons of his own, asks an explanation of the prompt destruction of his monarchy and of its brilliant resurrection in 1813. Without taking a seat or stopping to brush the dust from his immortal clothes, Napoleon replies to this noble Areopagus by a brief little story of his life, which occupies the four portly volumes before us, and doubtless caused the ghostly inquisitors to wish they had been less precipitate with their questions.

The story is told in the first person. Commencing with his birth it marches on with the stateliness of an epic, swelling like a battle hymn, to close with his retirement from France and the committal of his person to the tender mercies of England, and the sad sequel of his death at St. Helena, whither the hospitable Britons exiled their guest. It is as interesting as a romance. We follow the victorious standard of the conqueror through campaign after campaign, and gaze upon his steady columns as they wheel into battle line, always certain of triumph and never dreaming of defeat—for Napoleon leads them. The Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Dresden, Montmirail, Ligny—there is a record to atone for one Waterloo, a scroll of fame to beacon soldiers on to meet even an exile's death. Our admiration is awakened for the wonderful man, so proud in his self-reliance, so quick in thought, so prompt in action, and so fertile inexpedient, never disheartened for a moment, though the tide of battle seems rolling against him, but by some brilliant inspiration of genius seizing the moment and snatching a splendid victory, where another less gifted in brain and soul had gathered only disaster.

It is, manifestly impossible for the civilian to sit in criticism upon the work of a thorough general. Were it possible, we would like to give copious extracts from this history, especially from those pages whereon the great battles are painted, but this is an indulgence which time and space necessarily forbid. Of course it is patent to the reader that the history is not an impartial one, for it is the work of an enthusiastic admirer of the hero. Napoleon is on trial, as it were, before the great generals of antiquity and the captains who made themselves illustrious in the era preceding his reign, and this work is a defense of his military conduct—an argument, and his own argument, in his favor. It is not confessed that he ever made a serious blunder, and very few errors are admitted. Grouchy is made responsible for Waterloo, and to the ingratitude of republics and not to his own ambition is laid his final downfall. He closes the recital of his life-history, however, by declaring that to the reproach of ambition he can say with Mahomet:

> Je fus ambitieux * * * * *
> Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef ou citoyen
> Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.

At the conclusion of the Napoleonic narrative the illustrious auditors express themselves satisfied—the Areopagus is content; Alexander applauds, Cæsar comments, and Frederick fires with enthusiasm. Having passed this ordeal safely, we scarcely think Napoleon will have anything to fear from catechism by any of our generals of the present war, should he chance to meet them in the shades. We omitted to mention that the notes which accompany the work are those of the translator and not of Jomini, the latter being embodied in the text.

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Thackeray says of novels that they are sweets: All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel-readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. We may add, it is also certain that a great many with unhealthy literary appetites love them, and that a great multitude of sentimental women and spoony men and girls and boys, who might be much better employed, dissipate upon them to a dangerous degree. Two novels claim notice this week. *Naomi Torrente* is written by Gertrude F. De Vingut, a portrait of the authoress forming the vignette of the book. It is a tropical face, and one which has its reflection on every page of the work. The story is of a girl who married a man for whom she had a feeling somewhat warmer than friendship but scarcely akin to love. After marriage affection came on her side, or something approaching to it, while the husband became indifferent and showed a weakness for another lady. Naomi had a passionate, proud heart, and, after catechising him on the subject, stole away the next morning, leaving nothing but a note behind her. We meet her subsequently as a *prima donna*, famous, successful, and, best of all, beautiful. A young Cuban, who, by the way, was already engaged to a pretty Havanese, falls madly in love with her and the passion is reciprocated, but neither tells it. There is a little by-play with the Havanese, and Naomi and the young man she is sweet upon become separated, each only conscious of an individual passion and not dreaming that it is returned. Finally they meet in Venice; Naomi faints, and after restoring her to consciousness the young man says adieu, *para siempre*. Naomi buries her pain in her pride, and by and by goes to sing in London. London is calculated to kill even coal-heavers—let alone *prime donne*—and Naomi dies there, her death accelerated by seeing a paragraph containing an announcement of Justo's marriage in the papers. Her body is buried in accordance with her wishes, and a package which she left in her escritoire is forwarded to Justo at Havana: it tells him her love. He, as in duty bound, is much agitated when he receives it, and his wife asks him what the matter is; he very wisely does not enlighten her as to details, and there the story ends—perhaps in the best way it possibly could, for Naomi had one husband alive, Justo was married, and another meeting could but have been productive of trouble. The story is by no means a bad one, and there is a deal of power in its plan as well as in its telling—the moral is a florid one.

The other novel which claims attention is *The Ladder of Life*, by Amelia B. Edwards, published in pamphlet form and bearing the seal of the Harpers as a "select novel." It has merit, and conveys the impression of being written by a woman familiar with the languages and music—an acquaintance which she at times takes pains to display—and also possessed of sufficient knowledge of the human heart and its workings to enable her to stumble upon occasional truths. The main plot, plan, moral or what you like of the story is, that first loves are not fatal, and that a woman may survive a separation and "marry another" without at all sacrificing her comfort and happiness. *Natalie*, the heroine, is left an orphan, and a youthful engagement springs up between her and the son of her patroness. This does not fill the mother's views, and so Natalie is packed away from Fribourg—where the scene of the story opens—to be shelved for awhile in England, having first kindly consented to thus sacrifice herself in order to please the ambition of the mamma, and further the future of the boy. On getting to London she is decoyed away at the railroad station and robbed, finally finding refuge with a poor but respectable musician. She has vicissitudes, and wades through a marvellous sea of experiences, eventually becoming a *prima donna* of wondrous success and an intimate of Malibran. To cut the story short and bring it at once down to a fine point, she at last meets Louis—her first lover—and his mamma, under very exciting circumstances, but without a single heart-throb, and marries a young sculptor, whom she had known in girlhood, and loved—as a brother. The story is somewhat improbable in plot, and the details are not artistically grouped, but it interests; and the *denoument* in not having Natalie marry her first lover, after all the long years of cruel separation, has the charm of novelty in the pages of a romance, though the sequel is a very common one in real life.

A Woman's Philosophy of Woman, or Woman Affranchised, translated from the French of Mme. d'Hericourt, is one of the best books ever written by a woman on the woman question. That women have ever written very good books about themselves we do not pretend to say, but the theme is one they are tolerably well acquainted with, and in treating of it they are apt to be less stupid than man. Of the book before us we can conscientiously say that the style is clear, the logic good; the ideas, in the main, are sensible. The greater part of the work is occupied with criticisms of Michelet, Comte, Legouvé, Girardin and other authors. The tone of thought is serious, but the authoress takes a very advanced position—a fact which will be manifest when we state that she is in favor of divorce at will.

"*David Gray's Poems*" appears on the back of a very neatly printed volume. But it is the sketch of David Gray's life which prefaces the book that lends an interest to the poems, for it is the old story. David Gray was a self-educated Scotch boy, the son of a hand-loom weaver of Markland. He had strong poetic aspirations, and an unbounded faith in his own destiny. And he sought London with a dreamy vision of bursting upon that city as a literary meteor and woofing the world with the golden tissue of his fame. Wearily and vainly he sought a publisher—and died. Before leaving Scotland he had made the acquaintance of Richard Monekton Milnes, through a letter, and upon him he called on his first arrival in London. Mr. Milnes tried to persuade him to return to Scotland and become the preacher for which his studies had fitted him; but no: he saw a brighter crown dancing before his eager eyes and was determined to grasp it. He seems to have written clever, bold, self-asserting letters to nearly all the eminent men of letters whom he knew, claiming kindred and asking help. The following is the beginning of a note addressed to Sydney Dobell, at Cleeve Tower, Cheltenham:

"*First*—Cleeve Tower I take to be a pleasant place, clothed with ivy and shaded by ancestral beeches; at all events, it is mightily different from my mother's home. Let that be understood distinctly.

"*Second*—I am a poet. Let that also be understood distinctly.

"*Third*—Having at the present time only 8s. a week, I wish to improve my position, for the sake of gratifying and assisting a mother whom I love beyond the conception of the vulgar.

"These, then, are my premises, and the inference takes the form of this request: Will you, a poet, as far as you can, assist another, a younger poet (of twenty) in a way not to wound his feelings or hurt his independency of spirit?"

Dobell became interested in the young man, though the following foolish vaticination rather provoked him:

"I tell you that, if I live, my name and fame shall be second to few of any age, and to none of my own. I speak thus because I *feel* power. Nor is this feeling an artificial disease, as it was in Rousseau, but a feeling which has grown with me since ever I could think."

A reply was elicited which David characterizes as "pretty heavy," and in a subsequent letter dismounts from his stilts, abandoning what Dobell calls a "flatulent 'consciousness of power,'" but writing a few days afterwards:

"People don't seem to understand me. . . . Westminster Abbey! I was there all day yesterday. If I live I shall be buried there—so help me God! A completely deprived consciousness of *great* poetical genius is my only antidote against utter despair and despicable failure."

With an estimate so exaggerated of his own powers, David's lot in life would have been a rough one, and perhaps it is better for him that he died. However, he found friends, who took the kindliest interest in him, and who, when the seeds of consumption developed and it was evident that a speedy grave and not in Westminster Abbey awaited him, attended him with gentle offices and words, secured him medical treatment and conveyance to his home, and even procured the publication of some of his poems in time for him to see one of the proof-sheets—he saw it the day before he died. It is worthy of remark that the longest poem of the book, "The Luggie," was sent to the *Cornhill Magazine*, with a note of recommendation by Mr. Milnes. Thackeray rejected it, and we cannot blame him, for a poem more unsuited to the pages of a popular periodical it would be difficult to conceive. Had David Gray lived, we fear he never would have tasted the realities of that fame whereof he dreamed. For it seems to us that he fell into the very common error of mistaking a faculty of appreciation for the power of creation, and that the poetic aspirations which filled his breast were mistaken by him for the welling fires of genius. His verse is pure and sweet and tender, but there is little in it to hand the author's name down the aisles of Fame.

The memoirs of his life—a life of which he himself pathetically writes—

'Twas not a life,
'Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away,

are eminently interesting, and the publishers say that a generous portion of any profits which may accrue from the sale of the volume shall be sent to the hand-loom weaver and his wife, the parents of David Gray, who still reside in Markland, on the banks of the Luggie.

We had thought the novel list ended, but another one claims attention. Virginia Townsend thinks that we do not hold our birthright in sufficient honor, and hence *The Battle-fields of our Fathers*. The story is a pleasant one, opening with New England life in 1774, gathering interest with the throes which were consequent upon the colonies' declaration of liberty, and culminating with the golden peace which followed when they had achieved it. We have the fragrant breath of meadows and of orchards, loving couples, contumacious, villainous tories, and all ends with happy weddings. Edward Dudley, the nephew of a clergyman, is foremost in the fight—laying aside his Bible for a musket—and his patriotism is blessed as it should have been; he escapes bullets and sabres, and lives to wed Grace Palmer and an enjoyment of domestic happiness and a parsonage. All are killed who ought to be, all are married that deserve the fate; and the authoress, after writing of our fathers' deeds of heroism and sacrifices, suggests that all over this land the old heroism and sacrifices have been made real again, and the children have stood up to dare and to suffer in the places of the fathers and mothers—dismissing her heroes and heroines with a benediction and the following devout prayer, in which all who read will join her:

"As for them the morning rose after the long night, so God grant it may arise on us, and that we keep unbroken and undivided the inheritance they left us—an inheritance for which is now being poured out on many a fearful battle-ground blood as free and life as precious as those which have rendered sacred the battle-fields of our Fathers."

Libby Life is the experiences of a prisoner of war in Richmond in 1863–64, pleasantly told by Lieut.-Col. Cavada. The gloomy narration of prison life is diversified and enlightened by amusing anecdotes and laughable episodes, so that all is not a history of horrors.

The remark with which the above paragraph closes does not apply to the *Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War*, for a copy of which we are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bellows. The evidence collected by the Committee of the Fort Pillow massacre, and the recital of the condition of returned prisoners, causes one to clench his teeth as he shuts the book, and ask if such enormities can be perpetrated and thunderbolts be while lie idle in heaven.

SUUM CUIQUE.

SAYS the old basket-maker in John Sterling's *Onyx Ring:* "I was a fool when I was young and I did not know it, and I thought myself ill-treated: I am a fool now, but I do know it, and so I am content." This is an illustration of a personal perception of one's own worth and position in society, and a philosophic contemplation of it, which is savory and smacks of wisdom. It recognizes that sound and inherent principle of human nature that there must be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Not all can be leaders if they would. Demagogism may talk otherwise, but the results of all intellectual-equality schemes will be failures Vanity, ambition, jealousy and the small weaknesses of men will try to elevate the machinist to the pulpit, or turn the artist to merchandise, or lead the farmer to the bar. It is thus that so much talent is wasted to the world. Good is good, and can be shown by the coal-heaver, the waterman, or the sculptor alike. They display, to be sure, a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit:

Who sweeps a room but by God's laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

It is the bounden duty of parents to study the natural bent of the minds of their children, and after discovering it, to lead them in the way thereof. There is a moral obligation in it. Many an otherwise happy soul has struggled through a wearisome life and failed of any success, from this utter misconception of taste or capacity on the part of friends, and perhaps a foolish prejudice against every occupation outside of one of the learned professions. If the professions were weeded of all their unsuccessful, incompetent and unskilful members, the other vocations of life might in many instances be enriched indeed, and theology, medicine and law be left none the more poorly represented. And so of every other calling. The circumstances of a man's birth may and oftentimes do control him for awhile, but his native talent if unrepressed will eventually assert itself.

It is better to be a good compositor than a poor editor; a good farmer than a disqualified judge; a good machinist than a poor preacher. Let it be discovered to each man his sphere, and he will walk therein easier and more successfully.

Because my neighbor produces from the kettle-drum harmonies unknown to the reach of my poor musical faculties, shall I therefore deafen my friends by a constant racket from a borrowed bugle? Because the poetry if not the religion of motion seemed to ripple out from the graceful bewilderment which allured us to Mlle. Ellsler, shall we all therefore become dancers? And, on the other hand, because critics praise my pictures and my books, or my parish holds within its limits the intellectual and the wealthy of my town, is it therefore wise, or heroic, or manly for me to stilt myself upon my talents and good fortune to overlook the invention of some great labor-saving machine, and decry the value to the æsthetic, moral or religious world of any minds but those which are altogether and only scholarly? Where is the generosity, where the magnanimity, where the chivalry of such a creed? For the well-being of mankind in all its phases we almost believe the writer of a good cook-book, the modeller of a yacht *America*, the inventor of a sewing-machine, to be as worthy as many artists, many authors, and many of our preachers.

But this is a digression. The object is to impress this one idea on our readers' minds, that if a man suspect he have one talent, even, let him discover it, cultivate it, and be content. He will receive his reward. The men or women who can do one thing well are rare, and when known are to be recognized and praised. The maxim, "Jacks-of-all-trades are good at none," is very sound. The great men of history are distinguished and historic for one thing alone, and with their names we associate always the successes they achieved in one path of business or profession.

"Each to his own" is one thing needful for our social prosperity, but we shall wait long before, if ever, it so inweaves itself into the character of our national Utopia that history will record, "Here flourished a nation of which its people found and increased each his own talent, and there was peace throughout its borders."

THE "JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY."

IT is now exactly a year ago that the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*, a teak-built, copper-bottomed steam-transport, started from Singapore with a cargo of Hindu convicts, sentenced to transportation in the Andaman Islands.

This transport, named after its original proprietor, the benevolent Parsee merchant, had been hired by our Government to carry native convicts, a most strange gang of whom filled it between decks on the June evening, 1862, that followed that in which the ship left its anchorage.

The first few hours after leaving port are full of bustle and excitement—there is rope to coil away, cargo to shake into its place; the men need an hour or two to forget their license on shore, and to return to steady discipline. By and by, every one gets into his own groove, the sails fill, the ropes tighten, the rudder works, the ship "gets her stride," she forgets the land, and away she goes, true and steadfast, on her destined mission.

This transformation, this taming-down, had taken place on board the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*. The carpenter was busy arranging the hatchway for the prisoners' sleeping-berths; the second-mate was superintending the transfer of stores from one part of the hold to another; the men were splicing and knotting, scraping and scouring; the doctor was rating the "loblolly boy," a tall, freckled, ungainly Scotch lad, Sandy Patterson, who was always pondering over an old copy of the *Seaman's Manual*, when he ought to have been compounding medicines; and the boatswain was reviling Jack Davis, the ship's boy, a brave little fellow, but rather too fond of mischief.

The ship was like a great sea-bird, which, ere it finally quits land, rests a moment on some foreland to prune its wings and ruffle out its plumage for its long flight. The great white canvas was shaking out aloft; the vessel rose buoyantly upon the large waves; cheering shouts ran from stem to stern; the boatswain's whistle piped shrill and chidingly; the vessel began to "walk," as sailors call it, before as fresh a gale as captain could desire to have at his back.

The convicts on board were Sikh fanatics, chiefly from Lahore and Umritsur. They were followers of that pseudo-prophet, Baloo Singh, who had all but excited an insurrection in the Punjaub. By trade a tailor, he had declared himself to be Baluk Singh, the founder of the sect, who died sixteen years ago, risen from the dead to preach down suttecism, and to expel the English. This dangerous man's disciples wore black and yellow turbans, rosaries of white woollen cord; practised military drill, and used the words "Wah Gooroo" as their mystic watchwords. The only good thing about the deported sect was, that they preached temperance, cleanliness and truth-telling. In all other respects, these Hindu fanatics were as sensual, blood-thirsty and insane scoundrels as ever abused the name of religion. They had been several days on board before the ship left port, under the somewhat loose guard of the second-mate, a mere youth, in the service of the company to which the steamer belonged.

It was just sunset—such a sunset as can only be seen in such seas as the convict vessel was now traversing—a sunset as unlike an English sunset as a daisy is unlike the Marvel of Peru—one of those volcanic outbursts of golden flame, and streams of crimson, and wafts of purple fire, and rainbow radiance of green and yellow, that seem to mantle the whole western sky and turn the ocean to a whirlpool of blood. It was coloring all the sails and ropes and every plank of the convict vessel, and bathed the walls of the state cabin, where the officers were just sitting down to dinner.

The bell had rung and the steward had brought in the soup; but one officer, the ensign in charge of the convicts, still stood at the cabin window, watching the burning path the setting had cast upon the tranquil ocean.

The doctor laughed, and said: "When I was eighteen I used to lock at sunsets; now, I only regard them as signals for dinner. Come, Crawford, the chaplain is waiting to say grace. We are not to wait for the captain."

The ensign colored, and took his place; he was thinking of other scenes far away across the sea.

The party consisted of the captain, Crawford, the doctor, the chaplain, the first-mate, and a second ensign.

"How's the Rajah to-day?" said the first mate to the doctor.

"Oh, well enough; but the rascal misses his opium, and shams ill. Soup, Jobson!"

"Thank you. I should like to give him a round dozen. I catch him sometimes looking murder out of the corner of his eye."

At that moment the captain entered, and laying his cap and double glass on a side table, bowed to the company and took his place at the head of the table.

"Always some worry," he said, "in this delightful life of ours. Now it is that boy Davis falls down the companion-ladder, larking; now it is a head-wind that keeps us at four knots an hour; by and by, we find all the coal on board is bad, and the engineer does nothing but grumble at the little heat it gives. And yet these young gentlemen (looking at the ensigns) rave over their cigars about the glorious life of a sailor! Pshaw! we always like what we haven't got. I should like them to have our work, Mr. Jobson, (to the first mate) for four-and-twenty hours—that'd sicken them."

Mr. Jobson laughed, as in duty bound.

"Glass of wine, Captain Favers?" said Crawford.

"With pleasure. Steward, hand Ensign Crawford the sherry."

"We shall have a fine passage," said the chaplain.

"May be, if the wind keeps up." The captain was evidently put out. "But hang me at highwater mark, if I would not rather carry parrots and monkeys than these niggers, with their particular food and their perpetual complaints."

The soup was removed and the second course was brought in. The steward had just lifted the cover from a magnificent joint of beef, that smoked like a great sacrifice, when Patterson entered and whispered in his ear.

The captain threw down the knife and fork in a big pet. "There again," he said. "Here, Mr. Jobson, take the joint. Not a moment, night or day, one's own. Excuse me, gentlemen; a sea-captain's everybody's servant."

There was a howl heard, and the next moment the captain entered, red and furious.

"Mare's nest again," he said. "By Jove, sir, if that boy Patterson didn't call me out, doctor, to tell me that there was a mutiny going to break out among the convicts. 'Why?' said I. 'Because I heard them whisper together,' said he, as cool as you like. 'Blockhead and lubber,' said I, giving him a backhander, 'what harm can niggers, whom I could snap over my knee, do by whispering? Let them whisper; and if you come and interrupt me again with your mares' nests, by Jove, sir, I'll keelhaul you.'"

"Well, that's very odd," said the chaplain, "for this morning, when Davis brought the coffee to my berth, he told me he was afraid to tell the mate, but he was sure that there was mischief brewing among the Hindus. He told me one of the men had seen the Rajah, as they call him, slip one hand nearly out of his handcuffs."

"Nonsense!" said the mate. "I examined every handcuff myself at eight bells. Those boys are the pest of the vessel with their cock-and-bull stories. If I see them again near the prisoners, I'll keep them all day scraping the mast."

"Crawford and I always sleep with revolvers under our pillows," said the second ensign; "and there's a sentinel at their door night and day."

"Mutiny be ——," said the captain testily, "and revolvers, too. If the fellows did rise, I'd tame them in five minutes with the ship's fire engine."

"An excellent thing for lowering the pulse," said the doctor. "By the by, Crawford, you must remember I challenge you to chess to-night."

"Here's the mate to check you," said Crawford, pointing to Jobson.

"Jobson's hard to beat," said the doctor; "but I back the chaplain."

That night, in the dead of the darkness, the boy Davis, who had fallen asleep in the cook's galley, was awakened by a storm of musketry, a splash overboard, a clash of sabres, groans, shouts and cries.

As he lay irresolute and frightened, a hairy, bony hand clutched him by the arm; then a voice he knew to be Patterson's cried: "Davis, the villains have risen and murdered every soul on board save us and the firemen—but three, and those they're chasing into the state-cabin. They've put a guard over the engine room. I stumbled over the captain just now; he was stabbed at the companion-ladder. O God, guide us! Davis, He is guid and great, and He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. He is a strong tower and a fortress. Davis, pray, for here they come."

A dozen ship's lanterns moved swiftly towards them, and the next moment the two boys were in the clutch of a dozen Hindus, whose white tunics were splashed with the blood of the murdered men.

They were about to plunge their bayonets into their kneeling victims, when their leader, the Rajah, appeared, and with his sabre struck up their weapons as he shouted the watchword of the sect, "*Wah Gooroo!*"

The Rajah was a fat, smooth-faced Hindu, with small, half-shut eyes, and a cruel mouth. He had the captain's double glass slung round him, and the captain's gold watch-chain twisted round his black and yellow turban.

Davis clung to his feet, and prayed for his life.

"Hooly, hooly, Jack," said Patterson to him, but without looking towards his companion; "let me alone wi' the bluid-thirsty deevil, and I'll try him wi' just a word or two of his ain lingo that I picked up at Singapore. They wunna twist our thrapples if I can help it. No fear, man; we must make the best of a bad business. Speak them gently, man, and don't screigh there as if you'd got a dizzen knives in your wame."

Patterson was a rawboned Scotch lad, ungainly in body, large-footed, red-haired, shambling. But he was a brave, thoughtful, shrewd lad, and forgot his own danger in his care for his younger companion.

He did not utter these exhortations in one breath, but piecemeal, as they were both led to the state-cabin, where Baloo Singh was now enthroned.

"Take heart, Jack," he said: "remember how David, the son of Jesse, slew the big thief of a giant wi' a wee flint-stane."

"I am not afraid, Sandy," replied the little fellow, his cheek flushing; "I'm only a wee skeared. Look! the murdering rogues, they've got poor Mr. Jobson."

"God help him!" said Patterson.

"Poor Mr. Jobson!" groaned Jack: "look, how he's cut on the forehead."

In the cabin, with one foot on the dead body of the murdered captain, sat the chief fanatic, Baloo Singh. He was a tall, thin man, with dead-colored eyes, a face of a corpse color, blue lips, and long shrivelled hands. He sat erect, with no trace of human expression upon his face. He certainly acted well the part of a resuscitated dead man. Thirty or forty Hindus, mad with excitement, stood round their leader, holding lighted candles, boarding-pikes, blood-stained sabres, and ship-muskets still smoking at the muzzles.

"Worship him, worship Baluk Singh," they cried, as they dragged the unfortunate mate to the feet of their chief.

The brave man stood erect, without a look of fear.

"I be cussed if I do!" he said, and turned his head, and spat on the ground.

The chief made a sweeping movement with his right hand, and the mate was dragged from the room. There was a struggle, a yell and a pistol-shot, then silence.

"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the fanatics with one voice.

"Wah Gooroo!" said Baloo Singh, with a voice that seemed to rise from a tomb. "So perish the unbelievers!"

A weasel-faced Hindu, thin as a girl, and his dark, mean features almost hidden by rank, straight, black hair, now seized Patterson, and, sabre in hand, dragged him to the feet of Baloo Singh.

"Guid-bye, Jack," said Patterson, with a rueful grimace, and clasping the boy's hand. "It's guid-bye to my harns [brains] now—the dour deevils. Yet God's still aboon a', and I'll hae a try for my life still."

"Hadji Hanna, the bloated wretch we have already seen, stepped forward, and sticking his fat fingers in the red hair of the Scotch lad, raised a carving-knife that he had snatched from the steward's pantry.

"Son of Heaven," he said to his chief, "let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the goddess Khalee: she has told us to purge sea and land of these infidels, who deny your resurrection."

"Good-bye to old Aberdeen!—the Lord have mercy upon me!" groaned Patterson. Then a sudden light came in his eye, and he struggled forward and seized the robe of the false prophet. "Baloo Singh, son of Heaven!" he cried in broken Hindustance, "I worship thee."—(Then, under breath: "Haud up your heart, Jack; there's precedent for it. Remember Naaman bowed himself in the house of Rimmon.") "There is but one god, and Baloo Singh rose from the dead to be his Prophet."

"Let him go—he is one of us! Wah Gooroo!" cried Baloo Singh.

"Wah Gooroo!" shouted the disciples.

Hadji Hanna put a yellow and black turban on Patterson's head, and bound round his waist the mystic knotted cord.

"This lad, too," said Patterson, pushing forward Jack, "is also a believer; the miracles wrought to-day have convinced us both. Baloo Singh, son of Heaven, we are your slaves."

Again the shout of "Wah Gooroo!" was raised.

"Sons of the unbelievers, saved by Heaven from the doom of thy race! your lives are given back to you!" exclaimed the corpse-like chief. "Hadji Hanna, put on this younger convert the turban and the cord: these converts will help us with the accursed vessel."

"The gabblin' skate," muttered Patterson; and then he shouted like a madman the watchword, "Wah Gooroo!" till he was out of breath.

"Stay below here till we have proved your fidelity," said the chief, rising; "you shall wait on ourselves, and help to steer the vessel. Khalee still cries for victims. Come, Hadji Hanna—come, my disciples—come, and let us perfect the work."

As he uttered these words, the chief left the cabin, followed by the other fanatics. Hadji Hanna stayed for a moment behind. "Beware!" he said, with a hand on the throat of either lad: "any treachery, and you die by my hand. You are now followers of the great Son of Heaven, Baloo Singh. I place two armed men on the cabin-door; if you move from the door, they shoot you both, and fling you to the sharks." As he uttered these threats, Hadji Hanna's bloodshot eyes glared on the two survivors.

The next moment, the door closed behind him, the key turned, and there was a sound of two muskets being cocked.

The moment the door closed, Patterson leaped up and hugged Jack in his arms. "God guide us and protect us," he cried, "and forgive me for telling the blackest and biggest lee man ever uttered! The accursed seed of Satan, the revin', God-forsaken blasphemers, the cut-throat sons of Belial; but I'll be even with them. Quick, Davis, help me with this table, that I may see ont of the skylight what they're doing. Eh, man, just hear them! They've found one of our poor fellows up in the rigging, and they're worrying him as terriers do a rat."

In a moment the ready lad was on the table, and with his eye cautiously raised to the level of the glass. He was silent for a moment; but his hands were clenched, and the perspiration dripped from his brow. There was a sound of a heavy body dragged over the deck, then a sound of shattered glass.

"Oh, what is it, dear Sandy? Do tell me. Oh, what dreadful things are they doing?" said Jack.

Patterson replied in a low voice, and with face glued to the glass: "It is the poor steward, Jack. They've tied him to the mast, and they're pelting him with champagne bottles. He is streaming with blood, and his hands are clasped. Hear the cries! Now one of them steps up with a drawn knife—O merciful Father! I dare not look again."

As he uttered this exclamation, Patterson leaped down from the table, and sat himself on a chair, and hid his face with his hands. "Jack," said he, at last, looking up, "as I live by bread, it would be doing a duty to set fire to the vessel, and burn these wretches. It had been better for us to have cursed their prophet, and died holy martyrs like Mr. Jobson."

"No, no, dear Sandy," said Jack, cuddling himself near him. "Think of David. God has not saved us without a good purpose. There's many a lowering morning, you used to say, that brings on a fine day."

"Ye're right; ye're right, bairn," said Patterson. "Come and kneel down, and pray the Lord Jehovah—who put to flight the armies of Assyrians, who set the stars to fight in their courses against Sisera, who made the Red Sea like bird-lime for those awful rascals, the Egyptians—to give our hands strength, and our brains wisdom to beguile these children of Belial."

The cruel massacre had been but too complete. Two sailors only were left, and they stood by the wheel, with six armed men with drawn sabres to guard them. The firemen below were left to manage the furnaces; and the scuttle leading down into the engine-room was also watched by a dozen men with loaded pistols. The murdered men's bodies had been flung overboard to the sharks, and the decks washed. Three or four of the Malays, who had been sailors, were up aloft taking in a sail, for the ship's course had been altered, and the little wind there was was now against them.

The chief and some twenty of the fanatics were eating their simple meal of rice and curry in the chief cabin. Patterson and Jack were waiting on the guests with feigned humility, closely watched by the suspicious Hadji Hanna. Once, and once only, Patterson contrived to get close to Jack as he removed a dish, and said: "If I could only get to the doctor's room, Jack, I could get enough arsenic to kill all these rats in half an hour; but they won't let me out of their sight."

A howl, as from a wild beast, made the boys start. It was Hadji Hanna.

"Red Head," he said, "thou hadst the care of the Hakim's drugs; where are they? The Son of Heaven desires opium: find it within half an hour, or thou diest."

Patterson's heart leaped for joy. "Son of the Faithful," he exclaimed, prostrating himself. "I know where there is opium, but it is unprepared. Let thy servant prepare it. One of thy followers can go with me, and stand over me, armed, till it is ready."

"Go; and Yassaktshi, go thou with him; so that we may have the dream-producer, that gladdeneth the heart of the Prophet and his followers."

When Patterson was gone, Jack's heart leaped for joy, for he saw, desperate as was their condition, some hope of deliverance.

In the meantime, the wretches in their language, unknown to the boy, discussed the murders of the day.

"And thou, too, wert not idle," said the chief to Hadji Hanna.

"I slew the captain with my own hand; and I slew and stabbed four of the infidels—one in the rigging, one in his hammock, one in the hold, and one on the cabin stairs. Be praised, Heaven, and glory to his Prophet!"

"And I threw an infidel overboard," said another.

"And I beat out the brains of the cook."

"And I chopped down the Christian priest as he tried to shoot me; but we are invulnerable. Glory be to Heaven and the Prophet! But here the Red Head comes with the opium. Wah Gooroo! it sends blessed dreams."

"It is good," said Hadji Hanna; "it is fit only for the faithful; it takes us to heaven before the time. Quick, Red Head; and you, Yellow Hair, bring the smoking tubes of the dead infidels; we can turn them into opium-pipes."

Patterson left, and returned in a moment with twenty or thirty pipes and some hot charcoal from the cook's galley. A large cake of the moist black paste was prepared; and the taciturn chief and his followers, arranging cushions on the floor, settled themselves to their intoxicated sleep.

Patterson eyed them with the eye of a raven watching a sick lamb. Jack was breathless, because he saw that Patterson had some scheme in contemplation, and he dreaded its failure.

The opium was powerful. One by one ceased to talk, and fell back in dreamy repose, with eyes fixed and dilated, upon their cushions, the pipes still in their mouths. One or two made faint efforts to rise, then fell back, with hands half raised to their swords; but the most, including the chief, Hadji Hanna, and Yassaktshi, lapsed slowly into a death-like torpor—pale, but breathing heavily and loud.

Patterson and Jack stood by the sideboard surrounded by twenty entranced and helpless men. "It gangs weel—it gangs weel," said Patterson, in a whisper, as if afraid of awaking the sleeping ruffians, "thanks to the *Papaver dioscorides* and the drachms of morphine. A little more, and I could have sent the blood-thirsty gang to their ain place; but I thought I'd keep them alive for an English gibbet. But, Jack, our work's not half done yet; quick, gather up the pipes; we must take them on deck, fresh loaded, to the scoundrels at the wheel and on the engine-room stairs. As sure as there is heather in the Highlands, another day and I'd have dosed their rice with arsenic, and they ought to be thankful. Come, Jack, quick! the pipes."

Jack and Patterson gathered up the pipes, and in a minute afterwards were on deck with him, fresh filled and relit.

"Brothers of the faith," said Patterson, "the Prophet has sent you two hours of heaven in these opium-pipes. The relief guard will be up before your sleep begins. Take them, and thank God for sending his blessed Prophet."

The men took them with shouts of "Wah Gooroo!" and needed no inducement to at once begin.

The Hindus at the engine-room stairs accepted them with no less alacrity. In a few minutes the irresistible drug worked its effects and the deck was strewed with sleeping men.

Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden to go stark staring mad—he hugged Jack; he danced the Highland fling; he shouted, he screamed; he ran away up the rigging, and down again; finally, he ran to the astonished men at the wheel, and dragging them on their knees, cried: "Down with ye, Johnson; down with ye, Jarvis; down with ye, Jack, and thank God—who smote in the night the whole camp of Assyria, who made the earth open and swallow up Dathan and the whole company of Abiram—for delivering the good ship *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* from the hands of the Philistines. Here let me take a hand at the wheel, while I turn her head back to Singapore and ye run and take a look at the God-forsaken sons of Belial, all lying like drugged fish down in the state cabin—thanks to the essence of morphine and the *Papaver dioscorides*."

"But you don't mean to say that you really have done this," cried Johnson.

"Sandy, you're mad," exclaimed Jarvis.

"Come and see for yourselves, returned Jack, taking their hands, as if they were children going walking. "Come, and see what the brave Sandy has been and done; call up the firemen too—all that can leave the fires—and give a hurrah, for the ship's our own, and we've got a rope round the blackguard's necks."

"Well, they have got pluck, eh, Bill?" said Johnson to Jarvis.

"It's the neatest go I ever see," said Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Baloo Singh under his foot.

"Well, I never," said one of the firemen.

"That chap'll be an admiral some day, or my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.

"And when I am," said Patterson, with a grim smile, "Jack shall be post-captain. But quick, lads—I'm in command now—to business before pleasure. Get some three-quarter-inch rope, and tie these fellows hand and foot, and throw them in the hold. Remove all their knives and pistols, and search their pockets; then batten down the hatches; and I and Jack will mount guard over them and tell them our minds when they come to."

"My eyes! when they they come to, old Hullabaloo'll think he's dead again," said Jarvis.

"And that fat butcher of his, won't he cut up rough?"

A passion of revenge suddenly shone in Johnson's eyes; he swore an oath and slowly cocked his revolver and bent over Hadji Hanna.

"He spared none of our messmates," he said, grinding his teeth, "and now I'll settle his account."

Patterson leaped forward, seized the revolver, and threw it into a side-cabin.

"Come; no mutiny, Jarvis," he said: "I tell you I'll not have a hair of their heads touched. They shall answer for these crimes in another way. We'll not repay murder with murder. Remember the holy book: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay it, saith the Lord.' Touch these men, and I will shoot you down as I would a mad dog."

"Well, I'll be hanged if Sandy is not a mixture of the parson and the king of the Sandwich Islands," grumbled Jarvis. "But I suppose we must knock under, for he got us out of the mess."

The sleeping men were collected, and thrown, not very gently (especially by Jarvis,) into the hold like so many cotton-bales. It took two days to get back to Singapore with that insufficient crew: and the quantity of food given to the prisoners during that time was hardly worth mentioning.

Small as the crew was, they were sufficient, thanks to Patterson's energy, to crowd up every piece of colored bunting that was in the vessel an hour before they entered Singapore.

It was soon known that the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* had had a mutiny on board; but, thanks to the courage and prudence of two boys—the cabin-boy and the doctor's boy—the mutineers had been seized, and the ship recovered.

An hour after the arrival of the *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*, Patterson and Davis stood blushing, and yet delighted, before the harbor-master and several officers, who had come to hear the convicts examined. Pale and scowling, the Prophet and his followers stood in the compound adjoining the harbor-master's house, guarded by a detachment of English soldiers.

"And now, my brave boy," said the harbor-master, "tell us by what means you succeeded in counterplotting these murdering niggers."

"Weel, it was just *Papaver dioscorides*," replied Patterson, pulling at the tuft of his Scotch bonnet. "I was doctor's boy on board the *Jamsetjee*, and when I was not reading the Word of God or the *Seaman's Manual*, I was just studying the nature of herbs, drugs and minerals, little thinking what use I should one day make of them against the sons of Belial."

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

Nothing could be truly learned, nor any value attached to experience, but for the invariable connection of cause and effect, and the certainty and fixity of the laws of creation. When providential government is admitted to be regular and undeviating, then, and then only, is an unlimited field of exertion and education opened to the intellect. Were the Creator liable to be influenced by caprice, or to be diverted from his purposes by entreaty, His works would not only be involved in ridiculous confusion, but would be intelligible to Himself alone, and destitute of meaning and instruction to his rational creatures. The philosopher would then be really no nearer to heaven than the ploughman. Nature must ever remain an object of childish wonder, not of intelligent study.—*R. W. Mackay—Progress of the Intellect, Book I., Sec. 7.*

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I read in the Scriptures the praises of meekness; but when I see a man meek or patient of injury through tameness or imbecility, or want of self-respect—passively gentle, meek through constitution or fear—I look on him with feelings very different from veneration. It is the meekness of principle; it is mildness replete with energy; it is the forbearance of a man who feels a wrong, but who curbs anger—who, though injured, resolves to be just—who voluntarily remembers that his foe is a man and a brother—who dreads to surrender himself to his passions—who in the moment of provocation subjects himself to reason and religion, and who holds fast the great truth that the noblest victory over a foe is to disarm and subdue him in equity and kindness—it is this meekness which I venerate, and which seems to me one of the divinest virtues. It is moral power—the strength of virtuous purpose pervading meekness—which gives it all its title to respect. *Channing—Self-Denial.*

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Here we see a young man, but little more than thirty years old, with no advantage of position; the son and companion of rude people; born in a town whose inhabitants were wicked to a proverb; of a nation distinguished above all others for their superstition, for national pride, exaltation of themselves and contempt for all others; in an age of singular corruption, when the substance of religion had faded out from the mind of its anointed ministers, and sin had spread wide among a people turbulent, oppressed and down-trodden; a man, ridiculed for his lack of knowledge, in this nation of forms, hypocritical priests and corrupt people, falls back on simple morality, simple religion, unites in himself the sublimest precepts and divinest practices—thus more than realizing the dream of prophets and sages—rises free from all prejudices of his age, nation or sect; gives full free range to the spirit of God in his breast; sets aside the law—sacred and time-honored as it was—its forms, its sacrifice, its temples and its priests; puts away the doctors of the law, subtle, learned, irrefragible, and pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, and true as God.—*Theodore Parker—Discourse III., 6.*

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The religion that the world is dying for is not a treasure, valued and cherished, indeed, but cherished under a glass case in the best room, carefully dusted, and visible only on days of high festival. We want a religion that is an atmosphere, wrapping us about, above and below: going down into the lungs in deep-drawn inspirations to purify and energize; filtering into the blood to tint and quicken; spreading out in the skin, to protect and adorn; piercing noisesome cellars to dispel the noxious, death-dealing vapors; mounting into the parlors and bed-rooms and kitchens, to keep them sweet and healthful; permeating and interpenetrating all things; a savor of life unto life. We want religion that softens the step, and tones the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and the harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors and considerate of friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinners from being late, keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat, keeps the mother pleasant when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant, amuses the children as well as instructs them, wins as well as governs, cares for servants, besides paying them promptly, projects the honey-moon into the harvest-moon and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit; a religion that looks after the apprentice in the shop, and the clerk behind the counter, and the student in the office, with a fatherly care and a motherly love, setting the solitary in families, introducing them to pleasant and wholesome society, that their lonely feet may not be led into temptation, forgiving occasional cases while striving to prevent them, and to supply, so far as may be, the place of the natural guardians by a vigilance that attract swithout annoying.—*Gail Hamilton's Stumbling Blocks.*

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A number of the [great] men [of Greece], exhibited by the biographers and historians, rose so eminently above the general character of the human race that their names have become inseparably associated with our ideas of moral greatness. A thoughtful student of antiquity enters this majestic company with an impression of mystical awfulness, resembling that of Ezekiel in his vision. In this select and revered assembly we include only those who were distinguished by elevated virtue as well as powerful talents and memorable actions. Undoubtedly the magnificent powers and energy without moral excellence so often displayed on the field of ancient history, compel a kind of prostration of the soul in the presence of men whose surpassing achievements seem to silence for a while, and but for a while, the sense of justice which must execrate their ambition and their crimes; but where greatness of mind seems but secondary to greatness of virtue, as in the examples of Phocion, Epaminondas, Aristides, Timoleon, Dion Cimon, and several more, the heart applauds itself for feeling an irresistible captivation. This number, indeed, is small compared with the whole galaxy of renowned names; but it is large enough to fill the mind, and to give as venerable an impression of pagan greatness as if none of its examples had been the heroes whose fierce brilliance lighteus through the blackness of their depravity; or the legislators, orators and philosophers, whose wisdom was degraded by imposture, venality or vanity.

A most impressive part of the influence of ancient character on modern feelings is derived from the accounts of two or three of the greatest philosophers, whose virtue, protesting and solitary, in the times in which they lived—whose intense devotedness in the pursuit of wisdom, and whose occasional sublime glimpses of apprehension received from beyond the sphere of error in which they were enclosed and benighted—present them to the mind with something like the venerableness of the prophets of God. Among the exhibitions of this kind it is unnecessary to say that Xenophon's *Memoir of Socrates* stands unrivalled and above comparison. Sanguine spirits without number have probably been influenced in modern times by the ancient history of mere heroes; but persons of a reflective disposition have been incomparably more affected by the contemplation of those men whose combination of mental power with illustrious virtue constitutes the supreme glory of heathen antiquity. And why do I deem the admiration of this noble display of moral excellence pernicious to those reflective minds, in relation to the religion of Christ? For the simplest possible reason: because the principles of that excellence are not identical with the principles of his religion; as I believe every serious and self-observant man who has been attentive to them both will have verified in his own experience.—*John Foster—Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion.*

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It is truly vexatious, eighteen hundred years after Paul's career, to have to fight Paul's battle against those who profess themselves not only his grateful children, but his unreasoning obedient disciples. It is, indeed, superfluous here to prove what is on the face of the New Testament, that Sundays are not Sabbaths; that Sabbaths are no part of Gentile Christianity, and that Sundays have in the Scripture nothing to do with abstinence from worldly business. The Puritan school of England and Scotland shuts its eyes to the plainest facts, because it believes it to be useful to hold that Sunday is Sabbath and Sabbath binding upon us. In vain shall we point to Paul's contemptuous disavowal of Sabbaths, and his declaration that he who disregards sacred days is justified, so that he only disregard them to the Lord. In vain may it be proved from the Christian history that, until Constantine, Sunday was a working day with Christians. In vain will it be shown that all the great reformers held the ancient and popular doctrine that the observance of Sunday is a mere ordinance of the Church, not a command of God; and that, until the English and Scotch Sabbatarians (towards the close of the sixteenth century) invented the Puritanical doctrine on this subject, it was unknown to the Christian Church. As long as Englishmen care more for supposed expediency than for truth they will, through thick and thin, stickle for a divinely obligatory Sabbath, unless one show them that this falsehood has its evil and dangerous side. Our ears are dinned with the false cry, "The Sabbath, the boon of the working man." In many cases say, rather, his bane. He rests from labor—true; but he labors only so much the harder on the other six days. Physically, he would be better for laboring six hours on Sunday and one hour less on every other day. Spiritually, also, this would be far better: First, for the irreligious man; for the irreligious are tempted to make it a day of carousing and sensuality, and the more its sanctity is preached, the greater is this danger; because it makes their conscience bad, and generally hinders them from getting any but bad companions. More sin of every kind in England and Scotland is committed on Sunday than on any other day of the week; and of this, the (so called) Sabbatical institution is in a great measure guilty. Then as for the less religious, yet conscientious man, the Sunday hangs heavy upon him; it is a stupid, sleepy day; superstition forbids his even improving his mind during its hours; and with one-seventh part of time left free, he still (strange to think!) has no leisure for cultivation. Puritanical notions about the Sabbath are thus, at present, the greatest of all impediments to the effectual education of the industrious classes. Thirdly, even for the sincerely religious poor, Sunday is far too long a day for continued spiritual thought. They have not inward energy enough to fill up the time with it, and they covet to be in church as much as possible; very generally *three* "services" do not seem to them too much; but this very fact proves that their souls are passive under it all, and get no more good than they might get from one. Far better would it be to have on Sundays hours of work, say from 6 to 9 in the morning and from 5 to 8 in the evening; with one meeting in church to last from 11 to 12.—*F. W. Newman—The Soul.*

It is not our beliefs and convictions that frighten us half so much as our fancies.

CHARADES—BY PRAED.

THE poet, Praed, excelled as a charade-maker. We copy the following from his published poems. The one beginning "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt," has never been satisfactorily answered, though many solutions have been attempted. The others are easy of answer.

MORNING is beaming o'er brake and bower,
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower,
Call ye my First from her chamber now,
With her snowy veil and her jeweled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,
Looking for her, as he curvets by,
With an arching neck, and a glancing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;
Ranged in meet order the menial throng,
Jerome is ready with book and stole,
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my Whole.

Look to the hill, is he climbing its side?
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget.

—

MY first was dark o'er earth and air,
As dark as she could be!
The stars that gemmed her ebon hair
Were only two or three:
King Cole saw twice as many there
As you or I could see.

"Away, King Cole," mine hostess said,
"Flagon and flask are dry;
Your nag is neighing in the shed,
For he knows a storm is nigh."
She sat my Second on his head,
And she set it all awry.

—

SIR HILARY charged at Agincourt—
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *First* to all the brave and prond
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies

—

HE talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though love was kin to grief,
He was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said
And all that he could say.

He said, my First—whose silent car
Was slowly wandering by,
Veiled in a vapor faint and far
Through the unfathomed sky—
Was like the smile whose rosy light
Across her young lips passed,
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,
It changed not half so fast;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath
Upon his raven hair,
And drew his rapier from its sheath,
Which made the lady stare;
And said, his life-blood's purple flow
My Second there should dim,
If she he loved and worshipped so
Would only weep for him;
But still the lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea and nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say.

"JUST BURN IT."—Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, Chump went into the coffee-room of the Golden Boot, Eastbourne, to take part in what was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, but two or three of the town folks were there, together with a strange man, who had arrived half an hour or so before, and who, tired, wet and muddy from a long Sussex ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap opposite the centre of a blazing fire. Any one who has travelled until 10 o'clock on a rough winter night can appreciate the fruition before that fire-place. The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and Chump, who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously a while, until the poker got red hot, and, becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he remarked the great toe of one of the stranger's feet protruding through a hole in his sock.

Here was a relief to our friend Chump. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe and began to lessen the distance between them.

One by one the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins and suppressed giggles, and one inconsistent fellow broke into a broad laugh.

Closer and closer the red-hot poker neared the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper to move his foot. Chump was about applying the poker, when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—the latter with one eye open, had been watching the whole proceeding, and silently brought a pistol to bear on Chump.

In a voice just audible, muttered in a tone of great determination, he said—

"Just burn it! *Burn it!* Just burn it. and I'll be hanged if I don't stir you up with ten thousand hot pokers in two seconds!"

Chump laid down his poker instantly, and remarked—

"*What will you take to drink?*—in fact, gentlemen, all of you?"

Chump afterwards said that was the cheapest treat he ever stood.

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

COLERIDGE was a very clumsy rider. When once ont on horseback an impertinent young fellow said to him: "Did you meet a tailor, sir, down the road?" Coleridgo replied: "Yes, and he told me I would meet a goose."

SWIFT wrote the following couplet for a man who kept an ale-house and a barber-shop in the same room:

Rove not from pole to pole, but stop in here,
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer.

THE following epitaph was written for a monument of Charles I.:

So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel shrubs that underneath him grew;
So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
So the rose withered twixt a knot of hurrs;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats;
So the whale perished by a shoal of sprats.

A POET asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production—*An Ode to Sleep*. The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without its whole weight.

"AFTER all," said a woman once to a man who was ridiculing her loquacity, "I know many men who talk more than women." "Yes," was the reply, "more to the point."

Whoe'er has travelled Life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.—*Shenstone.*

SYDNEY SMITH in his celebrated Peter Plymley letters, affords a notable illustration of the powers of rhetoric in written eloquence. As instance this passage, *apropos* of the English Embargo Act, by which, among other things, drugs were, for the moment, excluded from France:

"THEY may talk as much as they please," said Mrs. Partington to Ike, as she weepingly peeled the onions for her Saturday's stew; "I say, they may talk till dumbsday about their Ark of Triumph in Paris, but I resist upon it that the greatest ark of triumph known in the world's annals was Noah's, which triumphed over the deluge, and that," she continued, brandishing an onion, "is the opinion of all the distinguished arkeologists and learned aquarians who are familiar with the records of iniquity." Ike smiled broadly, but the old lady's tears blinded her to the disrespect of the youthful vagabond.

A CERTAIN baronet, having become bankrupt, a subscription was set on foot by his friends, and a letter soliciting a contribution was addressed to Lord Erskine, who replied thus:

MY DEAR SIR JOHN.—I am in general an enemy to subscriptions of this nature; first, because my own finances are by no means in a flourishing plight; and secondly, because pecuniary assistance, thus conferred, must be equally painful to the donor and receiver. As I feel, however, the sincerest gratitude for your public services, and regard for your public worth, I have great pleasure in *subscribing*—(here the worthy Barouet, big with expectation, turned over the leaf, and finished the perusal of the note which terminated as follows,)—in *subscribing* myself, My dear Sir John, yours very faithfully,

ERSKINE.

MY gravity in the pulpit was once very much disturbed. Very near me sat a pompous little man with a big bushy head of fiery red hair. In the pew behind him were two boys. The weather was very cold and these boys pretended to regard the red hair as a fire. One of them held up his open palms before it for a while, and then, as if the heat were too great, would withdraw them and rub the palms over the backs of his hands to distribute the heat equally; and so on. The other played blacksmith. He thrust the forefinger of his left hand into the imaginary fire, and, after leaving it there a while, pulled it out and held it up as a smith does a rod of iron, but thinking it not hot enough, he put it back and presently pulled it out again, and with his knee for an anvil and his right forefinger for a hammer, he began to pound it briskly, turning it from side to side at every blow.

"Such a project is well worthy the statesmen who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; it is not the distempered fancy of a compounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a masterpiece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the clamorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his majesty's ministers? At what period was their great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil, they might, for some months have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powder cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury?—'There's the rub.' Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of 'Bourbon and Bolus' burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean."

THE MUSTARD POULTICE.—A curious story is going the rounds of a mistake in a mustard poultice at a hotel. A lady whose husband was suffering from a cold, got up at midnight and went below to fetch a mustard poultice. In the agitation of her soul, she mistook the room on her return, and went into one where there was a light burning as dimly as in that she left—a room altogether similar, and apparently her husband in bed fast asleep. She applied the mustard poultice to his chest, and sat quietly at his bedside till it began to draw. It did draw; but it drew an infuriated scream from the poor fellow who had been the subject of her unconscious solicitude. At the sound of the unaccustomed voice, the nature of the accident which had befallen her and her patient was at once visible, and she rushed headlong from the mustarded man into the arms of her liege lord. Both parties told their story the next day, and had to leave amidst the derisive laughter of the hotel occupants.

CHIPPING AN EGG WITH NASMYTH'S HAMMER.—A statement recently made, that the Nasmyth hammer could as easily chip a piece of shell from an egg as thunder down at a ten-ton force having been doubted, an experiment was made in the presence of several persons. Mr. P dbury, of the dockyard, procured an egg, which was placed in a wine-glass. The ponderous iron hammer was raised, and down it came, not with its usual crash, but gently and surely. So delicate was the stroke, that the egg was chipped and the glass left unbroken

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SUFFICIENTLY REWARDED.—The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air to the intense discomfort of the president. "But where was the wolf?" inquires the latter, "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The president reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

VITALITY OF THE SAMBAR DEER.—"When the sun got low, the wild cry of the pea-fowl commenced; soon after, the deer began to call, and a stag showed himself, rising from a clump of fern. As soon as he had settled to feed, I moved to get the wind of him, lying down whenever he raised his head, and advancing again when he stooped to graze. Half an hour of intense excitement was passed. He fed on quietly, while I was creeping closer, closer, watching every movement he made, and ready to fire the moment he showed a symptom of alarm. At last I found myself within certain range, and taking a steady aim with the two-ounce rifle, fired. I heard the ball hit, but he never staggered, and stood perfectly still, gazing stupidly about him. Snatching up the double rifle, I gave him right and left, when he sprang into a gallop, and in his blind terror (for he did not appear to have any intention of charging) came right at me. Having no barrel loaded, I received him on my hunting-knife, the blade of which, eighteen inches in length, sank to the hilt in his chest, and again I buried it in his body before he was clear of me. On he rushed madly, with erected mane the blood pouring from his breast and dyeing the grass so effectually that I knew there was no chance of losing him now, go where he would; so I reloaded, and followed on his trail. When I came in sight of him he was going quietly along, following the bed of a ravine, and apparently seeking for water. Hearing me behind him he turned his head, and a two-ounce ball instantly crashed through his skull; but still he stood firm, although apparently insensible, and never moved till I had reloaded and planted another ball between his eyes, when he dropped at last. On examining the deer, I found one ball had passed right through him at the shoulder, a little above the heart; another through his neck, close to the shoulder; a third through his ribs; the fourth through his skull, but too high up to touch the brain: and the fifth, which finished him, between the eyes. After this who can wonder at losing a sambar even when well hit? Such extraordinary tenacity of life I could not have credited had I not witnessed it."—*My Indian Journal, by Col. Campbell.*

A CURIOUS PENANCE.—A singular penitential service has been performed at Whitby for the last seven hundred years It was first imposed upon Percy, Bruce and Allatson, three gentlemen boar-huntors, who wounded a hermit in Eskdale Side, October 16th, 1159. He died of his wounds December 8th, or 18th, which would be in 1160, as the ecclesiastical year begins with Advent. By this cruel murder the said Percy, Bruce and Allatson forfeited their lives and their estates; and the Abbot of Whitby, as in duty bound, had them brought to justice, and was about to enforce the law against them, when the dying hermit interposed, saying, "I will freely forgive these men my death, if they will perform this penance." And the men being present, said: "Impose what you please upon us, only spare our lives." Then the holy hermit entreated the Abbot that their lives might be spared, if they would perform penance for the good of their souls. And that they should also hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby on this condition: namely, that on Ascension Eve they should each of them cut a certain quantity of hedging near where he was killed, with a knife which shall cost one penny, and bring it on their backs to Whitby by nine o'clock, A. M.—if it be full sea at such hour, the penance to cease,—and each of them to make a hedge at the water's edge, and to fix it so as to stand three tides without being washed away. The Abbot's officer was to attend them and to blow "Out upon you, out upon you" three times with his horn, to remind them of their heinous crime, and move them to contrition. This service has been performed every year, as it never can be full sea at nine, A. M., on Ascension Day, and it is still continued by the Allatsons and their successors, whose land is in Fylingdales. It remained in the Allatson family till 1755, since which it has been owned by a family called Herbert, by whom the hedge has been regularly made every year, as it is expressly stipulated in their writings. Mrs. Keane, the wife of the present incumbent of Whitby, is a representative of the Allatson family, being fourth in descent from the last Allatson family who sold the estate; but the service is not now done in a penitential spirit, and with the original design. It benefits neither the living nor the dead. The historians of Whitby have strangely confounded it with the making up of the Horngarth, which was quite a different thing, being altogether for secular purposes, while the penny hedge was only a penance and could never serve any other purpose; besides, the Horngarth was made up long before 1159, and has long since been dispensed with, while the penny hedge is still made up every year by one of the parties, and the legal title to an estate depends on its being so continued. There are two versions of this legend: they are substantially the same, though they vary in several particulars. It is evident that they have not been copied or translated from the same original, but have come down to us probably from oral tradition. The curious reader can see one version in Grose's *British Antiquities*, and the other in the *History of Whitby.*

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.—We would call our readers' attention to the advertisement of the above Institute on another page. It is conducted by Physicians who are graduates of the first Colleges in Europe, and who have particularly devoted themselves to the cure of special Diseases. It is already taking its place as a most valuable Institute.

MOST OF OUR LADY READERS are, no doubt, aware of the fact that the beautiful embroidery on cloaks and dresses so fashionable, can only be executed on the Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine. This machine, always a favorite in the family, has now become indispensable. Unlike other machines, it is ever ready to perform, in the most perfect manner, every kind of plain or ornamental sewing that may be required; and we are not surprised to find it carrying off the highest premiums at the different State fairs now being held throughout the country.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF IT.

The following notices reach us from the Eastern press:

We have received the first number of THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman well known to New York journalism. Mr. Webb was for several years attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, where he occupied the responsible post of literary editor, and where his criticisms were the object of special remark for their freshness and piquancy. His new enterprise, THE CALIFORNIAN, bears the impress of his editorial skill on every page. It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. It is printed upon a quality of paper which in these days seems almost prodigally fine. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold. At all events judging from the first number, no man is more capable of directing its career in a successful path than its projector and editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new literary paper with this title comes to us from San Francisco. It is refreshing to the eyes of a printer to read its beautiful print upon clean white paper, and its contents are rich and varied, bearing mark of care and scholarship, enlivened with a vein of humor, that promises for it a position in the first rank of our native publications. It is edited by Charles H. Webb, Esq., formerly of the New York *Times*, and latterly the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, whose department of racy "Things" in that paper was read with delight by every one this way on whom the *Era* dawned. "Things"—snappy and epigrammatic as ever—have a place in THE CALIFORNIAN, and we would press upon our readers that they could do no better than send on and subscribe for it. The paper bears at its head the motto, appropriate for its own character, as well as for the State: "Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly journal just started in San Francisco, is a remarkably handsome paper of sixteen pages, printed in a superior manner and made up of editorial and selected matter indicating ability and excellent judgment. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a well-known New York journalist, is the editor, and he seems to have entered upon his work with a vigor that, if continued, will render his paper inferior to no literary newspaper in America. Mr. Webb has gained a name for freshness, piquancy and spirit in his writings, and will undoubtedly make THE CALIFORNIAN a household friend not in San Francisco only but in every Eastern city.—*Boston Post.*

THE CALIFORNIAN is the title of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published in a handsome quarto form, and conducted by Mr. C. H. Webb, formerly one of the editors of the New York *Times*. Mr. Webb is a pleasant and versatile writer, and won an excellent reputation during his experience of journalism in this city. He went to California one or two years ago, but ventured for the first time upon an independent enterprise in May last, when the first number of the CALIFORNIAN appeared. The paper claims to be "devoted to live topics and the best interests of California," and inasmuch as it shows a disposition to redeem this promise, being very lively and honest, it deserves success.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The following are a few of the notices which have appeared in our city cotemporaries:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this journal has made its appearance, and the character of the paper is established. But it is a character peculiar to itself. It is very different from any other paper. Unlike other quarto journals of its size, it would rather be entertaining than altogether original, but its selections are made with rare judgment. Here is gossip for newsmongers; there ghost stories for spiritualists and lovers of the marvellous; and again, an article that shows how our neighbors live, or how the nation is governed. But the original part of the CALIFORNIAN is the best. The novelette is probably good—as good as other novelettes. The political leaders are solid. The fashion articles are entertaining. But the wit is the spice of the paper. Webb can make fun without buffoonery or bad spelling, and apparently without effort and without end. He may not be equal to Holmes or Saxe in verse, but in prose we scarcely know where to find his equal. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who have become famous by abusing our language, but they all have been or will be forgotten. Webb, we imagine, is capable of "things" that will live. His paper is now, next to *Punch*, the wittiest publication known to us. The CALIFORNIAN is certainly a credit to the editor and to the State.—*Alta, June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have carefully looked over the first number of this literary weekly, and can say unqualifiedly that we like it. To make use of a trite comparison, newspapers, like individuals, have a certain character, apparent in a degree at first sight, and becoming more positive in proportion as acquaintance increases. The CALIFORNIAN impresses us as would a refined, well-bred man of the world. The style is that of charming repose, easy address and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as in the thoroughly graceful manner in which they are conveyed to the reader. If a really creditable weekly journal has been, as some suppose, a want in this community, there can be no reason to doubt that by the CALIFORNIAN it is supplied. If its success be equal to its deserving, the projector will soon find himself floating on the tide spoken of by Shakspeare; a tide which, alas! but rarely makes for journalists. *Daily Morning Call, May 29th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The fourth number of this very excellent weekly journal appeared yesterday. What we said of the first number applies with equal truth to its successors. It is a paper of a manly and a gentlemanly tone, fit to be read anywhere, in one's office or parlor, and no publication among us is better suited for perusal to-day. The present number has several good papers—such as *Mary Stuart and Chastelar, Things*, etc.—*Call. June 19th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of Mr. Charles H. Webb's new paper—the CALIFORNIAN—has been received. It contains sixteen pages, and forty-eight columns of reading matter. Its general appearance is similar to the *New Nation* and the *Round Table;* which means that the mechanical department is unsurpassed in elegance and neatness. Mr. Webb is very modest in his salutatory—only occupying five lines and a half, to tell the public about the CALIFORNIAN. He thinks, and very correctly too, that "the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself." We doubt not that the CALIFORNIAN will be liberally supported—it is certainly worthy of it in every respect. We bid it all hail and welcome.—*Daily Democratic Press, May 30th.*

THE NEW WEEKLY REVIEW.—The weekly journal we have already announced made its appearance yesterday. The CALIFORNIAN (such is its title) contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with an exquisite taste, worthy of the distinguished literary man who has conceived this work, Mr. C. H. Webb.

This compilation will be sought after by those of our compatriots who wish to become familiar with English literature, and read at the same time writings varied, instructive, amusing and always worthy of attention.

The modesty of the editor equals his merit, and in order to give a proof of this we translate the lines in which he presents this journal to the public:

"This is the first number of the CALIFORNIAN. Little has been said about it through advertisements, no prospectus has been published, not from motives of economy, but simply because the proprietor thought that the best advertisement and prospectus of a paper that can be published is the paper itself. Such we now offer."

We wish the CALIFORNIAN every success. It is published in sixteen pages, printed in three wide columns. The price is 50 cents a month, and $5 a year. The office is No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—*Echo du Pacifique.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly candidate for literary honors and public patronage made its best bow on the perilous stage of newspaperdom last Saturday. It is published by Mr. C. H. Webb, late local editor of the *Bulletin*. Its general appearance is good, and its sixteen pages are prolific with amusing reading matter. Long may it keep its head above water.—*Daily Despatch, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new literary weekly presents itself to the public with the modest but easy air and address of a well-bred gentleman making his *entrée* into a drawing-room. Since the decease of the short-lived *California Home Journal*, which was a compromise between a *belles lettres* publication and the common type of American "literary" journals, we have had no weekly on this coast that exhibited any of the higher features that characterize such papers as the London *Spectator, Saturday Review*, etc., or the New York *Round Table*, which is modelled upon them. The new paper furnishes evidence, in every department, of precisely the kind of ability required in such an enterprise. Its typographical appearance is excellent, with the exception of the "head," which is not in keeping, and strikes us as being more appropriate for a sporting than a literary journal. The first two numbers contain several graceful and lively articles on the lighter topics of the fashions and the minor conventionalities, which evidently emanate from some accomplished female pen.—*News Letter, June 11th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—We have been favored with a copy of the CALIFORNIAN, a new literary paper, which will make its first appearance to-day. The columns, in measure and style, are similar to those of the *Round Table*, published in New York, and its typographical face is very pleasing. Mr. Charles H. Webb, a gentleman of acknowledged literary attainments, and at one time one of the editors of the *Bulletin*, is its editor and proprietor. Mr. Webb's articles in the *Golden Era*, over the signature of "Inigo," were a great addition to that journal, and were eagerly sought for and read. We notice that "Inigo" is one of the features of the new publication. That the new issue will be a meritorious one there cannot be a doubt, and we wish Mr. Webb every success in his enterprise.—*Spirit of the Times, May 28th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new Saturday newspaper owned and edited by Mr. C. H. Webb, who has become well known to the public under the *nom de plume* of "Inigo," made its first forward step on the threshold of existence yesterday. It contains sixteen pages of matter, and promises to be conducted with ability. We are sincere in wishing the proprietor all sorts and sizes of good luck.—*Sunday Mercury, May 29th.*

TELEGRAPHIC EXCHANGE
—ON—
NEW YORK,
PAYABLE IN GOLD,
For sale in sums to suit by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

EXCHANGE
ON NEW YORK,
In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO CHORAL SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY will hereafter meet for Rehearsal on
THURSDAY EVENINGS, AT 8 O'CLOCK,
In the Hall of
THE "SAN FRANCISCO VEREIN,"
On the east side of Kearny street, a few doors south of Sacramento street.

☞ MEMBERS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE. ☜

Parties may become SUBSCRIBING MEMBERS by applying to the Secretary.
By order of the Board of Directors,
au20-2t W. H. DANIELL, Secretary.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Jy30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,
COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Offer for sale:
Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.
an6-tf

UNION COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Junction of Second and Bryant streets.
R. TOWNSEND HUDDART,
PRINCIPAL.

THE COLLEGE HAS BEEN ENLARGED DURING THE past year by the erection of a spacious Hall and Recitation Rooms, which have been furnished with Philosophical Apparatus and all these modern improvements that tend to facilitate the progress of Education, as well as to promote the health and comfort of pupils. The other buildings are commodious, the dormitories lofty and well ventilated, and the whole establishment is provided with every suitable accommodation. The grounds for exercise and recreation occupy a 100-vara Lot in one of the healthiest and most desirable parts of the city, near to South Park.

DR. HUDDART
Is assisted by efficient Instructors, who co-operate with him in constant supervision over the education of those entrusted to his care.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES, FRENCH, SPANISH and GERMAN, together with the accomplishments of MUSIC AND DRAWING, are under the best qualified Teachers.

A prospectus containing full information for parents and guardians, can be obtained on application at the College; or at the bookstore of A. ROMAN & CO., or C. Beach, Montgomery street. au6-1m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
—TO—
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the
RED BLUFF BOAT
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)
y16-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE
RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:
Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
SUNDAYS.
On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:
Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.
Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.
A. H. HOUSTON,
nu20 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:
Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the
BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as being
THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper, of a quality and weight not often brought to this market, is ordered from the East
EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,
THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE
Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to
C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

SELLING OUT!
TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL GOODS.
WE HAVE
Reduced the Prices
—OF—
OUR ENTIRE STOCK
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
25 PER CENT.
KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,
No. 7 Montgomery street.
au20-tf

REMOVAL.
HASKELL & CO.,
CANTON TEA STORE. | ESTABLISHED IN 1858.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS, AND GROCERIES,
515 Market street,
And 15 Sutter street, three doors below Metropolitan Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.
It is the LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND in San Francisco my28

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.
DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
EUGENE KELLY & CO.,
NEW YORK.
Bankers.
EXCHANGE ON
NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

GEORGE B. MERRILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.
au20

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.
Industrial Exhibition, 1864.
NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WILL BE PREPARED at the Pavilion, on Union Square, to receive goods intended for exhibition, on the 22d of August, and none will be admitted after the 31st. By order of the Committee,
au13-td C. B. PORTER.

A LADY WISHES TO EXCHANGE LESSONS in French, Music or Painting, for a room and board. Address "E. D. W.," care of W. H. BANCROFT, 609 Montgomery street: au13

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10.000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11.169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Insure against loss or damage by fire, on Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CAPITAL STOCK - - - - - - - - $750,000

The largest sum at present to be taken on any one risk is $30,000. All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

The following List of Directors is a sufficient guarantee of the stability and responsility of the Company :

Louis McLean,	Lloyd Tevis,
W. C. Ralston,	H. F. Teschemacher,
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Charles Mayne,	William Sharon,
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Herman Michels,	M. P. Jones,
H. L Dodge,	D. Stern,
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H. Hanssmann,	D. J. Oliver,
Morton Cheesman,	Jabez Howes,
H. M. Newhall,	F. W. Brooks,
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Edgar Mills, Sacramento.	T. R. Anthony, Stockton.
C. T. Wheeler, Sacramento.	D. W. C. Rice, Marysville.
J. H Jewett, Marysville.	W. S. Ladd, Portland (O.)
J. C. Ainsworth, Portland (O.)	

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my28

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, SAN Francisco, August 8, 1864.—Public notice is hereby given, that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco, for fisca, year 1864, '65, will be opened for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock, P.M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alteration and reduction of assessments upon Real Estate.

All applications for reductions of assessments are required by law to be verified by oath.

JAMES W. BINGHAM,

au13 Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

THE WORLD'S HORSE FAIR,

AT SAN FRANCISCO,

—AND—

Ladies and Gentlemen's Equestrian Exhibition ! !

THIS GRAND EXHIBITION WILL BE HELD AT THE Bay View Park, commencing SEPTEMBER SECOND, and continuing until the ELEVENTH, during which time the Mechanics' Fair will also be in progress—the great Pavilion of which will be open every evening—so that persons from distance can attend both Fairs during their visit to the city. For particulars and premium list, see large posters and California *Spirit of the Times.*

au6-td BEN. E. HARRIS, Secretary.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

jy9

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever ; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of

HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK

of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED ; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, WEE

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS !

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,

my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds : "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP.

For that is an article calculated to remove rather than to produce asthmatic affections. And as for COUGHS AND COLDS, the world never saw a better remedy, and never will, until nature produces some new ingredient out of which to prepare it. Don't be afraid to use it freely. Every article in it is from nature's own laboratory—the same today as they were a thousand years ago—all calculated to soothe, heal and strengthen. There is no

BETTER FAMILY MEDICINE!

Keep it in the house, use it freely yourself, and give it to your children upon the slightest indication of a cold. By so doing you may save yourself many days and nights of care, anxiety and watchfulness so inseparably connected with the chamber of the sick. jy2

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS

IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE

FIRST

PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.

my28 329 Montgomery Street.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE LARGEST

—AND—

BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,

And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.

One Door above Montgomery street. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING

HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

REMOVAL.

DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE . STEVENSON HOUSE,

Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. ROOMS 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

G. FORREST WALTER & CO.,

EXCELSIOR

PIONEER MERCHANT TAILOR

OF THE PACIFIC.

ESTABLISHED, 1849.

NO. 611 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Three doors above Montgomery,

my23 San Francisco.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,

jul1 No. 630 Merchant street.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deaf in feet and are barefooted :

GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!

No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS

We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of

$150,000 WORTH

OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,

25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,

Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,

ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,

PIONEER SHOE STORE,

Corner Washington and Kearny streets.

my28

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,

jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and

Dealers in

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Peake Medical Institute;

Established by Experienced European Physicians for the certain, safe and permanent cure of all Special Diseases.

Consulting Surgeon, Dr. PRATT, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

CONSULTATIONS FREE!

THIS INSTITUTE, CONDUCTED BY EUROPEAN PHYsicians of celebrity, who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, and who have acquired unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases during years of experience and study in the largest Hospitals of London and Paris, is to enable all sufferers from special or private diseases, to obtain with certainty safe and speedy cures from Physicians who have devoted entire attention to the various special diseases. These diseases have hitherto generally fallen into the hands of ignorant quacks and charlatans, and the amount of damage and number of deaths that are yearly owing to the ignorant treatment of these diseases by these men, *it is impossible to calculate.* With one drug alone—viz., Mercury—they annually destroy thousands of unfortunate sufferers, who are often confiding and unsuspecting enough to attribute to the disease what has been the effect alone of the medicine they have been so rashly taking for the cure of their disease.

OBSERVE THAT

The Peake Medical Institute will entirely remedy this great evil, by enabling sufferers from various special diseases which are so common on this coast to obtain, with as much certainty as if they were in London or Paris,

SPEEDY, SAFE AND PERMANENT CURES,

from educated, experienced and skilful European Physicians whose knowledge and skill in the cure of all special diseases is unsurpassed.

Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

MENTAL OR BODILY DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS

Arising from youthful excesses and indiscretions or from neglected and badly treated disease, will be treated at

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In the most certain and successful manner and in a very short time, by a Surgeon who possesses unsurpassed knowledge and skill in the care of these harassing complaints having been associated with Ricord and other most celebrated surgeons for years, in the largest hospitals of Paris.

Persons who imagine that they are not well or whose strength and vigor is not what it should be, would do well by calling at the Peake Medical Institute (consultations being gratuitous) and getting the opinion and advice of the Surgeon, as in many of these cases the malady is entirely mental, aggravated perhaps, by some disorder of the general health, and a little skilful and kind treatment is all that is wanted to make the patient hearty, robust and happy.

All the after ill effects of special diseases, caused by neglect, bad treatment and mercury, will be speedily and permanently cured at the

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

The sufferer being restored to hearty, strong and robust health.

RHEUMATISM, ULCERS AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

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SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

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New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No. 176
Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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FRENCH CHINA DINNER SETS,

WITH TEA SET, COMPLETE.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE to anything ever offered in this market.

Connoisseurs will find great pleasure in examining our stock of VERY RARE CHINA, and

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FRENCH BRONZE STATUARY,

Comprising some very fine pieces.

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jy30-tf

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HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
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300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
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395 Opera and Marine Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	Photographic Albums,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	SCISSORS, in Cases,
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Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

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A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

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PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

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204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
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NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1-3m

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Palace of Fashion,

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRENCH CORSETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER Valenciennes and Point Lace Collars, Sleeves and Handkerchiefs, French Embroidered Bands, new style Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Russia Leather Bags, Onyx Breastpins and Ear-rings, Jet Chains and Bracelets, Hosiery, Gloves; Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

Which are offered 25 per cent. less than New York Prices, on account of the high premium on gold, at

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Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, au20 Sacramento.

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

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H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

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FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

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SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

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This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

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IMPORTERS OF

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LEGAL.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—IN THE JUSTice's Court of the Second Township, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to H. A. CHEEVER, greeting: You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second Township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 17th day of OCTOBER, A.D. 1864, at 11 o'clock, A. M, to answer unto the complaint of SAMUEL H. GREENE, who claims to recover from you the sum of $220 (two hundred and twenty dollars) and interest at 1 1-2 (one and one-half) per cent per month, balance due on promissory note executed by you, as per copy of said note on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you for the said amount, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said City and County, greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, A. D., 1864.

H. J. WELLS,
(Seal.) Justice of the Peace Second Township,
City and County of San Francisco.
Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
John Lord Love, Plaintiff's Attorney. jy16-14t

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoratinn, nnd causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus,changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; beals the irritated parts; gives streugth to the digestive system, hrings tho liver tu its proper action, and imparts, heyond the possihility of douht, strength to the whole system. Sucb is the immediate and satisfactory effect,that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* If nnt of too long standing. *It is warrnnted* to give entire satisfaction even in tbe *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect tho bead, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring tbo system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of tbe vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold hy all Druggists.

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DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold hy all Druggists.

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THE GREAT

UNEQUALLED

PREPARATION

FOR

RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING

AND

DRESSING

THE

Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the bead, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may he relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two botttles—Price $1.

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Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

REFUGIO MINING COMPANY, CHIHUAHUA, Mexico—Office, Old Fellows' Hall, Montgomery street—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above company, for the election of Trustees for the ensuing year, will he held at this office on THURSDAY, the 8th of September next, at 2 P. M. COLL DEANE, Secretary.

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

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— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
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GROCERIES.

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au27-tf

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W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MR. W. H. O'NEIL,
—IN—
BARNEY THE BARON,
—AND—
THE LIMERICK BOY!

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27th, 1864,
The first night of
Mazeppa!

MAZEPPA - - - - - - - - Mrs H. A. PERRY
Abder Khan - - - - - - - - Frank Mayo
Koscar - - - - - - - - - W. H. O'Neil
Thamar - - - - - - - - - C R Thorne, Jr
Droliusko - - - - - - - - - W Barry
Olinska - - - - - - - - - Miss Lulu Sweet
Zeimla - - - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. au27

"DRIFTING ABOUT!"

DRIFTING ABOUT!

Mr. Stephen Massett,

(JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE,)

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

MR. MASSETT (WHO GAVE THE FIRST ENTERTAINMENT in California in 1849, and in 1850 and '51 was editor of the Marysville *Herald,*) has the honor of announcing to his friends and the public of San Francisco that he will deliver his New Serio-Comic Lecture entitled

DRIFTING ABOUT!

Which has been so successful,and drawn crowded audiences in New York and the principal Eastern cities, and which was also received with MARKED FAVOR, on the 20th of June last, at the

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,

BEFORE THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET.

MR. MASSETT will also introduce for the first time to a California audience, the exciting poetic sketches called "BEAUTIFUL SNOW" and the "VAGABONDS."

TICKETS - - - - - ONE DOLLAR EACH

MR. MASSETT, in meeting once again his friends of the Pacific, would respectfully inform them, and the public generally, that as his winter engagements in the Eastern States, to deliver the above Lecture, commence the middle of November his stay in California is therefore limited. He will visit San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Virginia and Carson Cities, appearing for ONE NIGHT ONLY in each place, returning to New York by steamer of 1st October au27.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Sole Owner
Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - Manager
G. T. EVANS - - - - - - Musical Director

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,
THE RICHINGS'
English Opera Troupe!

Will appear in the new and successful comic opera of
THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA!
Received upon each representation with marked approbation.

Doctor Paracolsus - - - - - - Mr. E. Seguin
Senor Balthazar - - - - - Mr. Peter Richings
Carlos, his son - - - - - - - Mr. W. J. Hill
Don Pomposo - - - - - - - Mr. H. C. Peakes
Donna Isabella - - - - - - Miss J. Kempton
Donna Lucrezia - - - - - - Miss Kate Martin
Inez - - - - - - Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:
THE BOHEMIAN GIRL!

MONDAY EVENING,
A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
Tendered by the Proprietor, Mr. Thomas Maguire, to the Manager,
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
For his exertions in the rapid production of the English Operas, during the past six weeks at this house.

TUESDAY EVENING,
Anber's grand opera of
FRA DIAVOLO.

In active preparation, and will speedily be produced,
MARITANA, DON PASQUALE, and CROWN DIAMONDS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. au27

WILSON & ZOYARA'S
Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH NEW HIPPOTHEATRON
Will exhibit in this city on the OLD CIRCUS LOT,
On Jackson st., between Montgomery and Kearny,
During the coming week.

THE NEW AND SPLENDID COMPANY, brought by Mr. Wilson from New York and Havana at immense cost, have a world-wide reputation, enabling the management to produce all the ELEGANT, SENSATIONAL, THRILLING, COMIC, and ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES OF THE DAY. At the head of the Equestrian Department is the world-renowned

ELLA ZOYARA,
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And a number of elegant and daring Riders, whilst
MESSRS. ROSS AND CARLO
Head the Acrobatic Corps;
MESSRS. DURAND AND PAINTER
The Gymnastic;
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The Comic Department.

The Ring is under the supervision of MR. VINCENT; with TRAINED and PERFORMING HORSES, PONIES and MULES—being the most complete Company that has ever appeared in the State.

KIDD'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND accompanies the entertainment. WILSON & ZOYARA, Proprietors.

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THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and enlivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

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Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOSEPH GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOSEPH GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 26th day of SEPTEMBER, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of August, A D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. au23-5t

HEALTH
AND AMUSEMENT,
COMBINED!
C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,
In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of
LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,
Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

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From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.
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E. F. BUNNELL, D. D. S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

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VOL. I.--NO. 15. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- Funny Things that funny men have said.

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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:
- A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage for the Week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BURIED HEART.

"I sleep, but my heart wakoth."

TREAD lightly, love, when over my head,
Beneath the daisies lying,
And tenderly press the grassy bed
Where the fallen rose lies dying.

Dreamless I sleep in the quiet ground,
Save when, your foot-fall hearing,
My heart awakes to the old-loved sound
And hents to the step that's nearing.

Bright shone the moon, last eve, when you came—
Still dust for dust hath feeling—
The willow-roots whispered low the name
Of him who weeps while kneeling.

The lily-cup holds the falling tears,
The tears you shed above me;
And I know through all these silent years
There's some one still to love me.

Oh, softly sigh; for I hear the sound
And grieve me o'er your sorrow;
But leave a kiss in the myrtle mound—
I'll give it back to-morrow.

Whisper me, love, as in moments fled,
While I dream your hand mine taketh;
For the stone speaks false that says "She's dead;"
"I sleep, but my heart awaketh."

DENNAR STEWART.

BIRDIE BELL.

SAT a robin in a tree,
Warbling, oh, so merrily;
Underneath the blossoms fell,
Spangling our sweet Birdie Bell.
"Birdie Bell,
Where's its wings?"
Thus the snuey
Robin sings.

Birdie Bell, the winsome fay,
Seeming but a stolen ray
Through the rustling, blooming bowers,
Heedless sings and strings the flowers.
"Birdie Bell,
Where's its wings?"
Still the peeping
Robin sings.

Happy robin, mite of glee,
Singing in the apple tree,
Dost thou think our sunny elf
Pinioned as thy little self?
Birdie Bell
Wears no wings,
Though she like a
Robin sings.

Doubtful, Robin? Look again,
Thou wilt cease to wonder then:
For her plumage, golden hair—
Not the down that birdies wear—
Birdie Bell
Gently flings
From her bosom
As she sings.

T. R. N.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING a rule printing advertisements in a separate part of the paper, allowing nothing to go on the reading pages the publication of which is paid for, we make an exception in the case of the Pacific Water Company, and print their prospectus in the most prominent place, even giving it the benefit of this editorial notice. Several reasons urge us to this. Aside from the public utility of the scheme, the plan proposed is so sensible that the only wonder is that it had not been thought of before, while its ingenuity is apparent at a glance. Personally we have no interest in the establishment of this new water company, nor do we bear any ill-will towards the Spring Valley, the Bensley, or the several other new water companies proposed. But the one to which subscription is invited in the annexed prospectus affords such eminent advantages in cheapness and in the abundant supply which it promises, that we would be derelict in duty did we not urge the public to come forward and subscribe liberally. One thing must be taken into consideration, and that is the advantage it has over the Spring Valley, in the fact that its reservoir cannot be tapped by the Bensley without an immediate discovery of the deed. The only objection to be urged against the company is that it bases its operations in the clouds. But are there many joint stock companies, mining, mercantile, or manufacturing, that rest on a much more stable foundation? A guarantee of the success of the enterprise will be found in the list of well-known capitalists and citizens who have been invited to act as directors, and who will probably consent, since their names are always foremost in every scheme that promises to contribute to the public welfare, entirely regardless of their own individual benefit. But we will allow the prospectus to speak for itself:

PROSPECTUS

—OF THE—

PACIFIC WATER COMPANY.

A SUBJECT of vast importance to those interested in the permanent welfare of any great metropolis is that of an abundant supply of pure water; and to no city in the world does the remark apply with more force than to San Francisco. With an almost boundless future of wealth and prosperity before us, the experience of the last year has abundantly shown that our water supply, from ordinary sources, is but limited, and, with the rapid growth of our city, must soon become entirely insufficient.

Modern engineering skill has exhausted itself in bringing to our doors the hitherto needed supply of the indispensable element; but the greatest skill cannot create water where none exists; and it was reserved for science to turn to practical account one of the most beautiful operations of nature.

With these facts before him, the originator of our plan has endeavored to guard against the evil that must in time effectively check our prosperity; and so complete has been his success, that we are enabled to guarantee a superabundant supply of the purest and softest water, were the population of San Francisco to increase one hundred-fold.

It would be difficult to give full details of the plan in the limits of an advertisement, but enough can be stated to show its entire feasibility.

It is a fact perfectly well known to navigators, that water-spouts draw up the sea-water into clouds or vaporous bodies, and that rain descending immediately from the clouds so filled is no longer salt water, but fresh and sweet. This phenomenon is caused by a peculiar faculty of absorption, which it is not necessary to describe, by which the water-spout, by a natural process, takes up only the moisture, and is enabled to reject the saline particles.

It is apparent, therefore, that the quantity of fresh water thus attainable is limitless as the ocean itself; but two difficulties present themselves in the way of bringing these scientific facts down to the basis of general utility: the first, to create water-spouts at pleasure; the second, to control the vast bodies of water so produced; and to the solution of these problems, our inventor has devoted the last ten years of his laborious life.

After repeated experiments necessarily made at great risk to human life, from being carried on in the closest proximity to, and in fact upon the very edges of the most violent water spouts, it was discovered that the power of suction, so to speak, was caused by strong electric currents passing from the ocean to the clouds, bringing the two into close affinity, and causing the beautiful spiral motion so much admired by those who have watched these interesting phenomena from a distance.

This electric current can be produced at will by means of a powerful galvanic battery which may be placed upon, and operated from, an ordinary fishing boat—the only drawback at this time being that it has not yet been thoroughly tested in very rough weather. This, however, is an obstacle that will undoubtedly be overcome in time, and meanwhile we hope to answer all necessary purposes during the calm, smooth weather with which we are so abundantly favored.

Having thus settled the question of the supply, an apparently insuperable difficulty arose as to the mode of storage and distribution; and for these we are obliged to fall back upon the engineers; we can only fill the reservoirs that they furnish. We can place any required quantity of water at any designated spot, but more than that we cannot at this time promise.

Some five years since, our inventor succeeded in filling his aerial reservoirs from electrically-created water-spouts, but like many great discoveries, his bade fair to be useless, owing to his inability to direct the movements of his reservoirs after they were filled; and it was reserved for a San Francisco peculiarity to remove this difficulty. It is now thoroughly demonstrated that the well-known summer winds of this section, are but currents of air, rushing in through the Golden Gate to supply the vacuum caused by the rarification of the atmosphere under the burning sun and absence of moisture on the plains beyond us. Upon this hint, and the principle that nature abhors a vacuum, our discoverer boldly acted, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that by this means he had the power to move his vast aerial reservoirs at pleasure, and by the application of his electric current, elongated for the purpose, he could arrest their progress and bring them sufficiently near to the earth's surface, and also retain them in any desired position until their contents were exhausted.

It is not proposed to build reservoirs or lay down supply pipes; we will content ourselves with supplying others with water in large quantities and at wholesale prices. We need no legislation, and will be but at trifling expense; a couple of fishing-boats, a dozen galvanic batteries, are all the machinery required. The discoverer, however, expects, and with justice, to be remunerated for the time and toil he has spent in bringing this matter to its present state of perfection; and for this purpose the formation of a joint stock company with a limited capital is proposed.

It may be as well, however, to remark at this time that the discoverer and his immediate friends are possessed of abundant resources to put their plan into practical operation, and mean to do it, but they are unwilling to enter upon an undertaking that will confer such vast results without giving to all an opportunity of participation.

The following well-known citizens, to whom enquiries may in the meantime be addressed, will be invited to act as

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THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

NOW, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping,
What are yon waiting for, sweet little man?

Yon with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a Colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan:
Muster the Apron-String Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by our boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster—
That is the crest for the sweet little man.

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began;
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent horsemaids and blood-thirsty Quakers,
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his feather they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady-love? sweet little man.

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-Home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man!

—*Holmes.*

JOHNSONIANA.

ABOUT a hundred years ago Dr. Samnel Johnson occupied a position in English literature such as no other man ever held before or since. He was the Jupiter Tonans, the superior divinity of the world of letters, infinitely above everybody else. Such at least was the place accorded to him by many illustrious men. His dictionary was regarded as an unparalleled and unequalled work. His *Lives of the Poets* was another most important contribution to the standard works of the language. His poetry, his romances, his political pamphlets were all good in their way. He was the centre of a clique, with the greatest painter, the greatest tragedian and the most versatile literateur of the day for his satellites. The man whom Reynolds, Garrick and Goldsmith worshipped could be no common man. Through the later part of his life he was surrounded by men who took note of everything he said, and after his death the world was flooded with Johnsoniana. But now Samuel Johnson has sunk to a very moderate position. His dictionary is an antiquarian curiosity; most of his poets have been completely eclipsed; his tales, verses and political writings have lost all interest, and, instead of going down on our knees before his dictatorial decision, we merely laugh at him for his conceit and foolish prejudices.

Many good things are told of him, and the following are a few examples:

A WOMAN said, "Ladies are most pleasing when engaged in conversation."

Johnson.—"No, madam; I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

Smith.—"I wonder what pleasure those drunken men can take in making beasts of themselves."

Johnson.—They get rid of the pain of being men."

SOMEBODY said Foote had been kicked in Ireland. Johnson said:

"He's rising in the world; when he was in England, nobody thought it worth while to kick him."

WHEN Johnson was a youth he wrote, on a piece representing a battle between pigmies and cranes, the following conplet:

Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And killed the yet unanimated young.

A COUPLE of ambitious blue-stockings visited Johnson, and one of them addressed him in a long and bombastic speech which she had committed to memory. He listened to it all, and, when it was finished, said, simply, "Fiddle-dee-dee, my dear."

A SCAMP, who came from Jamaica, having died, Johnson said: "He will not, whither he is now gone, find much difference, I believe, in either the climate or the company."

SOMEBODY commended the following line:

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

Johnson replied:

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

THE following is a burlesque written by Johnson on ancient ballads:

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom, Sage! and tell
What is bliss, and where the way?"

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed—
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied:
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

WE have a triumphant piece of logic in the followiug lines:

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

A YOUNG woman met Dr. Johnson soon after the publication of his dictionary and complimented him for omitting all obscene words. "So ho," said the old bear, "the first thing you did was to look for them."

SWIFT would say, "The thing has not life enough in it to keep it sweet."

Johnson—"The creature possesses not vitality sufficient to preserve it from putrefactiou."

TWO DIALOGUES IN IMITATION OF JOHNSON'S STYLE OF CONVERSATION.

JOHNSON AGAINST GARRICK.

Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Reynolds—Let me alone, I'll bring him out. (*Aside.*) I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, this morning, on a matter that has puzzled mo very much; it is a subject that I dare say has often passed in yonr thoughts, and though *I* cannot, I dare say *you* have made up your mind upon it.

Johnson—Tilly fally! what is all this preparation? what is all this mighty matter?

Rey.—Why, it is a very weighty matter. The subject I have been thinking upon is predestination and free will, two things I cannot reconcile together for the life of me; in my opinion, Dr. Johnson, free will and foreknowledge cannot be reconciled.

Johns.—Sir, it is not of very great importance what your opinion is upon such a question.

Rey.—But I meant, only, Dr. Johnson, to know your opiuion.

Johns.—No, sir, yon meant no such thing; yon meant only to show these gentlemen that you are not the man they took you to be, but that yon think of high matters sometimes, and that you may have the credit of having it said that you held an argument with Sam. Johnson on predestination and free will—a subject of that magnitnde as to have engaged the attention of the world, to have perplexed the wisdom of man for these two thousand years; a subject on which the fallen angels, who *had yet not lost their original brightness*, find themselves *in wandering mazes lost.* That such a subject could be discussed in the levity of convivial conversation, is a degree of absurdity beyond what is easily conceivable.

Rey.—It is so, as you say, to be sure; I talked once to our friend Garrick upon this subject, but I remember we could make nothing of it.

Johns.—O noble pair!

Rey.—Garrick was a clever fellow, Dr. J.; Garrick, take him altogether, was certainly a very great man.

Johns.—Garrick, sir, may be a great man in yonr opinion, as far as I know, but he was not so in mine; little things are great to little men.

Rey.—I have heard you say, Dr. Johnson—

Johns.—Sir, you never heard me say that David Garrick was a great man; yon may have heard me say that Garrick was a good repeater—of other men's words—words put into his mouth by other men; this makes but a faint approach towards being a great man.

Rey.—But take Garrick upon the whole, now, in regard to conversation—

Johns.—Well, sir, in regard to conversation, I never discovered in the conversation of David Garrick any intellectual energy, any wide grasp of thought, any extensive comprehension of mind, or that he possessed any of those powers to which *great* could, with any degree of propriety, be applied.

Rey.—But still—

Johns.—Hold, sir, I have not done. There are, to be sure, in the laxity of colloquial speech, various kinds of greatness; a man may be a great tobacconist, a man may be a great painter, he may be likewise a great mimic; now you may be the one and Garrick the other, and yet neither of you be great men.

Rey.—But, Dr. Johnson—

Johns.—Hold, sir; I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and to discriminate character to men who have no discriminative powers.

Rey.—But Garrick, as a companion, I heard yon say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table—

Johns.—You tease me, sir. Whatever you may have heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mr. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me, yon misapprehended me—you may not have heard me.

Rey.—I am very sure I heard yon.

Johns.—Besides, besides, sir, besides—do yon not know—are you so ignorant as not to know, that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?

Rey.—But if you differ from yonrself, and give one opinion to-day—

Johns.—Have done, sir; the company, yon see, are tired, as well as myself.

T'OTHER SIDE.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gibbon.

Johnson—No, sir; Garrick's fame was prodigious, not only in England, bnt over all Europe. Even in Russia I have been told he was a proverb; when any one had repeated well he was called a second Garrick.

Gibbon—I think he had full as much reputation as he deserved.

Johns.—I do not pretend to know, sir, what your meaning may be, by saying he had as much reputation as he deserved; he deserved much, and he had much.

Gib.—Why, surely, Dr. Johnson, his merit was in small things only; he had none of those qualities that make a real great man.

Johns.—Sir, I as little understand what your meaning may be when you speak of the qualities that make a great man; it is a vague term. Garrick was no common man; a man above the common size of men may surely, without any great impropriety, be called a great man. In my opinion he has very reasonably fulfilled the prophecy which he once reminded me of having made to his mother, when she asked me how little David went on at school, that I should say to her that he would come to be hanged or come to be a great man. No, sir, it is undoubtedly true that the same qualities, united with virtue or with vice, make a hero or a rogue, a great general or a highwayman. Now, Garrick, we are sure, was never hanged, and in regard to his being a great man you must take the whole man together. It must be considered in how many things Garrick excelled in which every man desires to excel; setting aside his excellence as an actor, in which he is acknowledged to be unrivalled; as a man, as a poet, as a convivial companion, you will find but few his equals, and none his superior. As a man he was kind, friendly, benevolent and generous.

Gib.—Of Garrick's generosity I never heard; I understood his character to be totally the reverse, and that he was reckoned to have loved money.

Johns.—That he loved money nobody will dispute. Who does not? But if you mean, by loving money, that he was parsimonious to a fault, sir, you have been misinformed. To Foote, and such scoundrels who circulated those reports, to such profligate spendthrifts prudence is meanness and economy is avarice. That Garrick, in early youth, was brought up in strict habits of economy, I believe, and that they were necessary, I have heard from himself; to suppose that Garrick might inadvertently act from this habit, and be saving in small things, can be no wonder; but let it be remembered at the same time that if he was frugal by habit, he was liberal from principle; that when he acted from reflection he did what his fortune enabled him to do, and what was expected from such a fortune. I remember no instance of David's parsimony but once, when he stopped Mrs. Woffington from replenishing the tea-pot; it was already, he said, as red as blood; and this instance is doubtful, and happened many years ago. In the latter part of his life I observed no blameable parsimony in David; his table was elegant and even splendid; his house both in town and country, his equipage, and I think all his habits of life, were such as might be expected from a man who had acquired great riches. In regard to his generosity, which you seem to question, I shall only say there is no man to whom I would apply with more confidence of success for the loan of two hundred pounds to assist a common friend, than to David, and this too with very little, if any, probability of its being repaid.

Gib.—You were going to say something of him as a writer—you don't rate him very high as a poet.

Johns.—Sir, a man may be a respectable poet without being a Homer, as a man be a good player without being a Garrick. In the lighter kinds of poetry, in the appendages of the drama, he was, if not the first, in the very first class. He had a readiness and facility, a dexterity of mind that appeared extraordinary even to men of experience, and who are not apt to wonder from ignorance. Writing prologues, epilogues and epigrams he said he considered as his trade, and he was, what a man should be, always and at all times ready at his trade. He required two hours for a prologue or epilogue and five minutes for an epigram. Once at Burke's table the company proposed a subject, and Garrick finished his epigram within the time; the same experiment was repeated in the garden, and with the same success.

Gib.—Garrick had some flippancy of parts, to be sure, and was brisk and lively in company, and by the help of mimcry story-telling, made himself a pleasant companion; but here the whole world gave the superiority to Foote, and Garrick himself appears to have felt as if his genius was rebuked by the superior powers of Foote. It has been often observed that Garrick never dared to enter into competition with him, but was content to act an under-part to bring Foote out.

Johns.—That this conduct of Garrick's might be interpreted by the gross minds of Foote and his friends as if he was afraid to encounter him, I can easily imagine. Of the natural superiority of Garrick over Foote, this conduct is an instance: he disdained entering into competition with such a fellow, and made him the buffoon of the company, or, as you say, brought him out. And what was at last brought ont but coarse jests and vulgar merriment, indecency and impiety, a relation of events which, upon the face of them, could never have happened, characters grossly conceived and as coarsely represented? Foote was even no mimic; he went out of himself, it is true, but without going into another man; he was excelled by Garrick even in this, which is considered as Foote's greatest excellence. Garrick, besides his exact imitation of the voice and gesture of his original, to a degree of refinement of which Foote had no conception, exhibited the mind and mode of thinking of the person imitated. Besides, Garrick confined his powers within the limits of decency; he had a character to preserve—Foote had none. By Foote's buffoonry and broad-faced merriment, private friendship, public decency, and everything estimable amongst men were trod under foot. We all know the difference of their reception in the world. No man, however high in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and was glad to have him at his table; no man ever considered or treated Garrick as a player; he may be said to have stepped out of his own rank into a higher, and by raising himself he raised the rank of his profession. At a convivial table his exhilarating powers were unrivalled, he was lively, entertaining, quick in discerning the ridicule of life, and as ready in representing it; and on graver subjects there were few topics in which he could not bear his part. It is injurious to the character of Garrick to be named in the same breath with Foote. That Foote was admitted sometimes into good company, (to do the man what credit I can,) I will allow, but then it was merely to play tricks. Foote's merriment was that of a buffoon, and Garrick's that of a gentleman.

Gib.—I have been told, on the contrary, that Garrick in company had not the easy manners of a gentleman.

Johns.—Sir, I don't know what yon may have been told, or what your ideas may be, of the manners of a gentleman. Garrick had no vulgarity in his manners. It is true Garrick had not the airiness of a fop, nor did he assume an affected indifference to what was passing; he did not lounge from the table to the window, and from thence to the fire, or, whilst you were addressing your discourse to him, turn from you and talk to his next neighbor, or give any indication that he was tired of your company. If such manners form your ideas of a fine gentleman, Garrick certainly had them not.

THE LITTLE MAID AND LAWYER BROWN.

"They say," little maid, quoth lawyer Brown,
"I'm the cleverest man in all the town."
"Heigho!" says she,
"What's that to me?"
"But they say, little maid," quoth lawyer Brown,
"You're the prettiest maid in all the town."
Says she, "If they do,
What's that to you?"

"They say, little maid," quoth lawyer Brown,
"I'm the richest man in all the town."
"Heigho!" says she,
"What's that to me?"
"But they say, little maid," quoth lawyer Brown,
"You ought to be dressed in a finer gown!"
Says she, "If they do,
What's that to you?"

"They say, little maid," quoth lawyer Brown,
"That John Hodges is an awkward clown."
"Heigho!" says she,
"What's that to me?"
"But they say, little maid," the lawyer said,
"That you and Johnny are going to wed!"
Says she, "If they do.
What's that to you?"

MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY.

SOME fiend created ill-timed and ill-fated benevolence in my heart. Satan is like scrofula, he always seizes a man by the weakest part of his constitution.

"I'll tell yon, Aunt Fanny," I said, under the impulse, with the joyous smile of one who brings relief at a crisis, "go you to church with uncle and the boys. You must not lose this fine day. I'll take eare of the baby."

Aunt Fanny looked at me with some little doubt.

"Oh, yes," I said, with a calm and confident dignity, "of course I can. Just as if a man of my size couldn't take care of a baby for three hours! Besides, I know exactly what to do. I've seen you do it more than a hundred times. And children always like me."

If my Aunt Fanny had but this only one darling, she would have seen me in—Hackensack, before she would have done it.

"Well," said she at last, "baby's a dood yitty ting, (warn't oo, baby?) and I'll put him to sleep before I go; perhaps he won't wake up until we get back. I'll try for once."

So my small cousin was nicely arranged in some mysterious but clean white garments, the details of whose arrangements I did not see, and donated with (as they say about gifts to infant colleges—*ergo*, why not to infants, though the phrase be insufferable?—a bounteous repast of—from—by, in short, the maternal fount: I thank you, Mr. Micawber!) and soothed with gentle oscillation and oft-repeated chanting of that wondrous ancient rhyme of magic song, which commences with an allusion to our country's flag, to wit:

"By-lo baby bunting,"

and thus was the young immortal prosperously dismissed within the realms of dream-land. Then my Aunt Fanny adorned herself with speed, and forthwith the old, lean, overworked farm-house horse shambled down the sun-shiny summer road towards the church, two miles and more away. As she stepped over the threshold, she looked back for an instant, and some shadows flitted indistinctly across her face. Was it presentiment?

Human prosperity is a deceitful thing. I passed half an hour in profound quiet, reading by the window. I had been perusing a sermon from that stately work, *Theology Explained and Defended*, in a series of sermons, by Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D.

I was in a sort of paradise, with a little angel for my companion; and as I gazed upon the sleeping child, I felt "no end" of benignity, universal friendship and pure delight, in having attained to the honor of so lovely an office of superintendence.

"Yah!"

Thus remarked my darling Sammy, suddenly waking up and writhing about and digging in a helpless, wavering manner, at his eyes with his fists.

I mentioned that some fiend had, doubtless, inspired me with benevolence. As early as I can calculate, it was now that the said fiend did, in my opinion, leave me and enter into that baby. As the above-mentioned suggestion about Sammy's exceptional disposition arose in my mind, an expression of confusion appeared upon my face—I remember it accurately. This Sammy perceived as I arose, and, with what I fancied an unexceptionable demonstration of parental rapture, approached the cradle of my chubby and innocent companion angel.

"Ah, oo. pooty, yitty ting. Did he want to tum and see his tuzzen? So he should."

I appeal to every mother's heart; is not that a first-class blandishment? I can't print the affecting drawl that I put into it, the recitative style and *portmonte di voce* with which I garnished *secundem artem*. But as far as types will show it I contend that the very mother of Moses, if you like it, couldn't have turned out a more superior article of verbal endearment.

The baby listened with some complaeency to my dulcet tones, and encouraged by my success I thought it proper to communicate to him the peculiar circumstances which rendered me his guardian for the time. Thus, therefore, to him, I said:

"Ah, pooty! Was oo muzzer gone oo church? Es ee was! An lef oo wiz oo tuzzen Feddy (my baptismal name is Frederick). all es morning? Aa-a-a-a, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher. Ha-a-a-a prrrrrrri, jiggle, jiggle!"

Not being satisfied with the expression of Master Sammy's minute features during the first half of this address, I began somewhat to doubt my ability to communicate with him in language half baby and half English, and therefore repeated my statement as above, in pure baby as near as I can judge pointing to him in a free and jovial manner during the words, "Aa ketcher," etc., making a kind of swoop at him with outspread fingers during the remark, "Ha, prrr," etc., smiling very sweetly at the word "jiggle."

As I said, in despite of the profound theory and masterly execution of this manœuvre, I did not perform it without a secret and embarrassing apprehension. The evil spirit in the child—for no human baby could have failed to respond to such affectionate reproaches—perceived this hidden mystery of mine, and took instant advantage therefore, namely: by returning, not demonstrations of reciprocal affection, but what I may truly call demonstrations of anger unmingled except with fear and aversion. While I spoke and struck out my paws at him. (for I will admit my gestures may have been susceptible of that interpretation,) Master Sammy preserved an ominous silence, a grave and attentive expression, and entire quiet, only opening his eyes and likewise his mouth. But no sooner had I ended than he looked hastily about after his mother. She not being forthcoming, a species of fearful contortion passed over his visage—his mouth opened to an extent unparalleled in my experience, occupying a space that left no room for the rest of his face, which was, therefore, shrivelled or heaped up together in a little pile of wrinkles in the region of the nose—no eyes whatever being visible, and only two little pink holes indicating the "smellatory organs," as Mrs. Baggles hath it—and from this preternatural orifice he discharged such a shriek as really hit me on the forehead and knocked me straight up again into a frightened perpendicular.

I think I stood, astounded and incapable of action, for a minute. And really, now that I am retrospecting the thing, in what a fix was I? Well-meaning, but assuredly ignorant young bachelor that I was, how was I calculated, either by nature or by art, for assuaging the dire alarms of an unweaned child—much more for dealing with such an instance of precocious demoniac possession as this? *Confuro te* would not tell on a baby, nor by-lo baby bunting on an imp.

All, that, however, I had no leisure to consider, and Quintus Curtius did not show more nerve and hardihood in riding into that crack in the ground of the Roman forum than I did in stoutly bending me to the task of quieting Sammy. I may safely say that in the wild and fearful struggle which followed, all the resources of an active mind, a vigorous and healthy body, (masculine,) and an excellent disposition, were nobly devoted to the work, and if it failed, it was an attempt beyond the powers of any mere man.

I picked Sammy up, in the first place, and carried him to the window, jumping him up and down as I went, and aiming to divert his mind both by action and by speech.

"Poo itty fello; was ee tired sleepin' in his tadle? Did ee want to turn and see ola cock-a-doodle-doo and all ee biddy hens? Da, see um. Urk, o-r-r-k, a-chackle, chaekle. Ducky go quaek, quack, quaek!" Shriek continued; nurse tries another class of impressions, and jumps him vigorously up and down, accompanied with a noise similar to the following: "Ha ti deedle deedle dum dum, tidy I widdlety widdlety widdlety, quee quee quee, poor little fella, ha, ha, ha."

"Full well I laughed with counterfeited glee,"

hoping that a genial sympathy might create a smile upon the "open countenance" of Sammy. Vain hope! All my jumbling only served to modify that surprising and steady yell, by introducing a kind of pulsation or measured emphasis upon it. My words might as well have been wasted on a Fourth Warder in a row at the polls; and my hollow merriment, although its merits as an imitation did, in fact, make the baby stop a minute, catch breath and look at me, did no more. His face curled up again, and out came the yell.

I had observed, upon lifting Sammy from the cradle, that he seemed to stiffen himself in a somewhat writhed attitude, as if to resist my purpose. He now began to squirm in a manner rather alarming, so I fancied it might be about to indulge in the pleasant diversion of a fit. All at once I reflected that he must be hungry; that very possibly both screeching and squirming might be referred to that cause. I accordingly placed the little one, still indefatigably howling in a manner that would have exhausted a Mohawk war chief in three minutes, in his cradle, raked some live coals out from the buried kitchen fire, warmed some milk in an old tin cup, watered and sugared it according to the regulations in such a case provided, put it in the "suck-bottle"—as I believe it is called—took a small precautionary pull at the preparation myself, finding it a perfect nectar for lukewarmness, and proceeded to invite Master Sammy to partake, so to speak, of the festive bowl.

Lying yelling, on his back, with eyes close shut and mouth wide open, he heeded not the seductive viand. I half lifted him, but he wouldn't look. I jerked some drops into his mouth, as "Job" peppered vinegar or tomato catsup through a cruet cork at eating-houses—but he appeared not to perceive it. I cautiously inserted the bottle into his mouth, until the tip of the sucking thing, whatever they call it, fairly poked upon his epiglottis. He only gagged, writhed and yelled on. Evidently he was not hungry;—I put away the bottle.

The business grew dreadful, Sammy began to purple, and I to feel blue, but still he continued that ear-torturing cry. I looked about me in forlorn and hopeless perplexity. There was a rattle—one of those coral things, with half a dozen sleigh-bells on it—and a penny whistle. I shook the former and blew the latter, in an industrious, but rather imbecile way, near Sammy's phiz. I might as well have used the same means to scare a lioness robbed of whelps, or a New York city alderman nosing out a job. I lifted the infant, who stiffened himself again at my touch, almost into a stony arc, and shivered as a dying fish will sometimes do in the captor's hand, and with a feeble effort to preserve further the benignity and universal friendship which I had flourished so largely, and which I felt growing thinner and thinner, I sang to the child the inevitable "by-lo baby bunting," and then, "now I lay me;" also the affecting ballad of "The Three Little Kittens," and as my stock of truly juvenile literature gave out at this point, I proceeded with "Rise, my Soul," and one or two other hymns. These efforts were all in vain; I felt as sheepish as if I had been caught trying to sing a tornado to sleep; and my voice died away as I tried to raise the square-built strains of old Amsterdam, like those of "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," around the coffin of the wicked old woman of Berkley, in a quiver of consternation.

It was at this point of my long-tried patience utterly failed, and with a sudden revulsion of wrath, I found myself, mentally speaking, slung around into a position of absolute opposition to this terrific child, of positive anger and spite, not entirely unmixed with fear. I perfectly recollect that precisely as I was feeling myself carried away by this impulse, Sammy, who lay in a stiffened attitude, with his head well back over the one arm, opened his eyes a moment. As I am a living man the pestilent infant winked his left eye at me! Never tell me there wasn't a devil in that baby.

Well, it occurred to me in this new frame of mind, that possibly I might intimidate the child, or simply out-yell and overwhelm it by sheer superiority of vociferation. So I held him up by both arms on my knees, looked right down his ugly little red throat, and gave him

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,"

in a style that would have electrified the whole British navy. It didn't discourage him at all. I tried the "Pirate's Glee," containing some fearful chromatic whining, which I made the most of, but to no end. Then I degenerated. I am afraid, into mere mindless, ignoble spitefulness; and opening my mouth again, I spent some ten minutes in a series of the most hideous, complicated and disgusting yells that probably it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, until my throat felt as if I had a peck of teazles poked into my lungs and pulled out again. Great Cæsar's ghost, what a baby! He never flinched, nor "bated a jot of heart or hope." He yelled away as peaceable as if nothing had happened.

But as for me, this finished me. I fancied that under these frightful discouragements, my intellect was beginning slightly to waver. King Herod came into my mind. I thought of the great bed of live coals in the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace. Not altogether free from uneasiness as to what I might be led to do, I put Sammy into his cradle, and shut the kitchen door.

But I quickly grew ashamed of this. Dignified indifference, I remembered, would suit me better. Besides, I recollected having heard that letting babies alone would stop their crying when everything failed. I think it would—when they had yelled themselves to death. So I erected a little fortification in the middle of the floor, of pillows and blankets, ensconsed Sammy within it, stuck his rattle in his hand, took up Dwight's *Theology*, and sat down by the window to read.

I had no perception of the flight of time. For what I know, Sammy squalled there for a week. Once, with a grim smile, I started up and emptied about half the milk out of the bottle, that I might permit it to be supposed he had fed to that extent. I had also presence of mind enough left to shape a scheme as equivocation wherewith to elude the necessity of confessing the facts of the morning to my respected aunt. Otherwise, the period which supervened is a miserable blank in my recollection, nothing more except a yell. It was some time in the distant future—as regards my reading of that ominous delineation of the abodes of the wicked—that the sudden noise of stamping feet, rattling wheels and mingled voices, smote upon my ear and waked me from a kind of awful stupor. Before I had composed my countenance, my Aunt Fanny entered the room, glanced at her voeiferous progeny, and bent a keen and suspicious look upon me. I fairly bowed before her—an abject being—as miserable as if I had been taken in the act of stealing sheep from my best friend. I knew I had a hang-dog look, and felt, to use a certain figurative expression, "like a boiled owl."

"Well, Fred," said she, in her sharp, decisive voice, "how do you get along?"

"Well," I said, feebly, "pretty well on the whole. He cried some latterly, but on the whole I think he enjoyed himself."

Did I lie? I don't care much if I did. But I think he did enjoy himself.

As the people came trooping in, Sammy was apparently diverted by the noise, and "ceased firing"—that is, the devil went out of him because there was no further chance to torment me. He was soon in the enjoyment of his stated means of support, and seemed to appreciate them fully.

"Rather hungry," said my Aunt Fanny, when he had been dining strenuously for half an hour, and looking queerly at me.

"I am sure," I answered, "I gave him quite a lot of milk. It's half gone, at least."

No lie there. I did give him quite a lot—quite a small lot. But I have always labored under the impression that my Aunt Fanny suspected that the proceedings had been a little irregular that morning. I let her think so. I didn't care to press the subject much.

I've speculated often upon the causes of that failure of mine, for it was a failure. I did everything the right way—but I invariably fall upon my demoniacal possession. No other solution is possible.

WITH BROTHER BROWN.—At a conference meeting, held in one of the Western States during the great revival season of '58, were present, among others, brother Brown—a weak, shy, but a good man, considerably "forehanded," and a childless widower—and sister Ames, a strong-minded spinster, somewhat loud of voice and fluent of speech, who, report said, was not adverse to the thought of securing the control of brother Brown and his fine house and farm. In due course of proceedings, brother Brown was called on to relate his experience. As usual, he was humble and slow of speech. "He had very little to say—could not speak to the edification of his brethren and sisters—the time would be better occupied by others. For his part, he felt that it became him to be silent, and that his place was behind the door of the sanctuary." And so he sat down, and sister Ames was soon called on to speak. She, too, was humble and subdued; had little to say, and that in a low tone; concluded by remarking that she felt "her place was to sit behind the door with brother Brown." Not even the solemnity of the occasion could prevent the meaning smile that run round that circle of grave faces.

SYDNEY SMITH cites a French traveller, who was much given to the use of declaiming upon common-place subjects, and says: "He goes on, mingling bucolic details and sentimental effusions, melting and measuring, crying and calculating, in a manner which is very bad if it is poetry and worse if it is prose. In speaking of the modes of cultivating potatoes he cannot avoid calling the potato 'a modest vegetable,' and when he comes to the exportation of horses from the Duchy of Holstein, we learn that 'these animals are dragged fragged from the bosom of their peaceable and modest country, to hear in foreign regions the sound of the warlike trumpet, to carry the combatant amid the hostile ranks, to increase the *eclat* of some pompous procession, or drag in gilded car some favorite of fortune.'"

THE LARK AND THE POET.

A YOUNG bird rocked on an apple spray,
A-trilling a little lay,
Not full-grown was the yellow coat
Wrapping his slender throat,
And the piping notes had not grown strong,
But trembled in the song.

A school-boy cried with thoughtless glee,
"I will try my skill on thee;"
And the apple blooms with blood grew red,
Where the poor heart quivering bled.
Now, sad winds through the branches mourn
For the song that died unborn.

A poet sat in a solitude,
Playing a faint prelude—
Snatches of tunes and faltering words,
And one or two grand chords—
And angel lips to his young ear bent
As he touched the instrument.

A critic, skilled, and learned, and strong,
(But who never sang a song,)
Aimed a cruel arrow carelessly
As the shy strain floated by;
It brushed the whispering spirit's wing,
It broke the best and finest string,
And sent the young heart sorrowing.
And angel songs, that the poet heard,
Never found tune or word.

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER this remark, we walked out. Bastien locked the stable-door; five minutes afterwards we were in our carriage.

"Where are we going to?" this devoted companion asked me.

"First to Montherme, then perhaps to Germany—I don't know where."

"All right. What is this all about?"

"To find the Countess, to take her out of Placide's hands, while I fight a duel with my guardian, whom I shall kill."

"Ha! ha! there is work enough, but to serve you I will do anything: dispose of me as you wish."

"We reached Montherme at one o'clock at night. Bastien had laid his plans.

"If the Countess is here," said he, "we will find her by daylight."

He led me down street after street, until we reached a common-looking hotel. "Knock hard," said he to me, "they are dull of hearing."

I knocked; no one replied.

"A good sign, they are cautious," continued the smuggler; "my friends are here."

In his turn, he rapped in a peculiar manner on the door, and gave two or three shrill whistles. The door was immediately opened and we entered a low, smoky room. The landlord rubbed his eyes as he shut the door.

"Any of my comrades here?" continued my companion.

"Three," replied the old fellow; "the Alsatian, the beggar, and Constance.

"Call them, and tell them to hurry."

The landlord obeyed, and an instant after the wooden stairs creaked under the feet of men, among whom I recognized two of the smugglers that I had met at the Wild-boar's Glen.

"Now," said Bastien, "bring our carriage into the court-yard with as little noise as possible, and put the horse in the stable."

As soon as the landlord was gone, "Are you at liberty?" demanded my guide of his companions.

"Well, that depends," replied one of them.

"That word means, 'Yes.' To work, then! you can render me a great service."

"If that's the case," said another, "speak—you are among friends."

"Thanks. Let us start; I will explain everything on our way."

I had a gleam of hope. One could attempt anything in an enterprise like mine, with such men, whom a constant struggle with the law had accustomed to every ruse.

We went out silently: a hundred yards from the house Bastien held me back.

"If you will take my advice, M. André," said he, "you will leave us now, for, to-morrow, you will need steady nerves and a light hand."

"What does that matter?" replied I, "I have perfect confidence in my cause."

"I beg of you follow my advice. Besides, you can do nothing here, and you embarrass us. We have certain signs that my comrades would not be willing for you to know. I give you my word that if the Countess is in town she will be in safe hands by daybreak. Do not delay us while night is yet with us."

Although convinced by such reasoning, I quitted them with regret. It was arranged that Bastien should acquaint me if the slightest trace was found of either Placide or my god-mother.

My good lawyer had given orders to await my return; a supper was ready. I drank a glass of water, and threw myself all dressed on the bed, so as to get rid of an officious valet. But in my excited state I could not sleep. As soon as I was alone, I began walking to and fro in my room. I opened the window; I listened to the slightest sound, hoping that something would tell me of Bastien's success. Poor Diana! where was she at this hour? what torments was she not enduring? My inaction maddened me. I was in despair at having quitted the smugglers; that at least distracted thought. For four hours, I waited thus, anxious and breathless. I saw the day dawn. People commenced to move about the street; they passed by, indifferent or joyful, without a sign that they had heard of some midnight adventure. The cold of the morning overcame me. Time after time, I tried to leave my sad position. I returned in spite of myself to the window from whence I could see the messenger who was to bring me despair or joy. At last Bastien turned the corner of the street. By his discouraged air, I saw that he was unsuccessful.

"The Count is alone at Montherme," said he to me, on entering; "the Countess has not been here."

"That is impossible," exclaimed I. "You are mistaken, you are misinformed."

"I am sure of what I say," continued he; "the Count returned at three-quarters past eight to the house of the Baron de Pages. You know he always stays there when he comes here; he has not been out, and neither Placide nor the Countess have joined him. We are acquainted at all the hotels; no travellers arrived last night, and for a final and certain proof, I have seen the gate-keepers, among whom I have friends. I spoke to the men who have been on duty for the last twelve hours; you know they examine all the carriages that enter the town. They know the Countess and Placide well, as he comes to town very often: the coupé has not entered by any of the city gates, I guarantee."

"Where have they taken her!"

"Don't despair, M. André. Constance and the Alsatian are on guard before M. de Pages' house, watching your guardian. If he comes out to go and join the Countess, why we have him. They will not hesitate to pick a quarrel with him in front of the house to which he is going to prevent him from entering. I sent "The Beggar" to Maufert; he will follow, if it be possible, the track of the coupé from the chateau, which probably did not take the high road—it's a chance!"

"Bastien, you see my uneasiness. On your life save her, save me!"

"Compose yourself; we have eyes and legs. Ah! I forgot—last night, an hour after us, Martin, your guardian's servant, arrived here in a cabriolet with a valise; he is also at M. de Pages'; we will have him. Now you know all; so I must leave you, for if the Count leads us to his prison, it will be well for me to be on hand to reassure the Countess. We will carry her off, if that is necessary. Anyhow, I will see you before you leave; I will have time to tell you something."

"I leave you the horse and buggy. Take this money and pay your men liberally."

I gave him four or five thousand francs in gold that I had about me.

"But for yourself," he said to me, "will you keep nothing for yourself?"

"For what I have to do, I have plenty of money; besides I can write to Granger. Go, and remember that my life is in your hands."

"Count on me. But on your side, M. André, no faltering—no foolish generosity, for he will profit by it. Are your nerves steady?"

"Oh, fear nothing. I will kill him as I would a snake, without pity; for the happiness of my godmother depends on it."

He left me; the arrangements that he had made bade me hope again. Diana could no longer evade such a thorough search. Almost reassured about her, I began to think of myself. The Count was a rude adversary. I had often seen him use a sword, and a fight between us would be no play. I tried my muscle; I was satisfied at the examination. The excitement sustained me, and I experienced no physical fatigue. I rang for breakfast. The servant soon entered, followed by Granger.

My old friend met me with consternation plainly depicted on his countenance, and I was obliged to affect a stoicism which was far from my heart, in order to soothe his alarms.

"Then you do not know the decision of the Assembly yesterday?" said he to me.

"I can guess it: I lost my case, and I have been censured. Well! it is only one game lost, that's all. Console yourself, my dear Granger, and give me your friendly hand, that I may press it in gratitude for what you have done for me."

"See here, my child; there is a mystery in all this. What took place between your guardian and you last evening?"

"Excuse me, but I cannot tell you."

"The doctor said that you feigned madness."

"That is true."

"Then you are not mad?"

"No, I am not mad; but to some eyes I must be so for a time—at least until I have delivered some one who is in great peril."

He understood me, without doubt, for he asked no more questions.

XXIV.

M. DE MAUFERT arrived at eight. He pretended not to know of my ride the night before; he was almost courteous in speaking to me, and never did his impassibility appear so implacable. I was ready; the carriage was at the door to take us to the railway station. I embraced Granger, and we went down stairs. As I passed the kitchen, I perceived Bastien. He asked me for a light for his cigar, and I stopped.

"Everything is going on well," said he to me quickly. "I was afraid that he would take Martin with him, but he remains; we have him, and the old rabbit will probably lead us to the warren. The Alsatian goes with you, to follow the Count when he returns—if he comes back. Aid him, do not let him lose sight of you; make use of him if you have need of him. If the luck is on our side, as I hope, when you come back here go to the inn and there will be news for you."

My guardian was already in the carriage; I took my seat near him, and we drove off. I remarked with astonishment a valise on the front seat belonging to me.

"There is your baggage," murmured the Count.

"Is it permitted me to ask you where we are going?" said I, stiffly.

"To Carlsruhe."

I bowed in silence. I thought we were going very far, but it delighted me, because it left an open field to Bastien. The choice of this place seemed perfectly apparent: the Count had friends there—among others, Col. de Jonval, Diana's uncle—and for this remarkable duel he would want a discreet second.

We reached the station. I was still more surprised at finding a car reserved for us, a luxury little in keeping with the avaricious spirit of M. de Manfert. But I thought that he probably intended making me pay the expenses of the trip. A few steps off, I recognized my friend, the smuggler, dressed as a well-to-do farmer. He took up his position in the car next to ours.

The cars started. M. de Manfert, still silent, unfolded his newspaper. I could not help admiring his perfect coolness. I stretched myself out in one corner, and abandoned myself to my reflections. It was certainly a strange thing, this mortal combat between my guardian and myself, but fate had determined it, and I must be either the victim or the victor.

About noon the train stopped at an eating-place.

"Will you take your breakfast here?" said the Count; "we do not dine until we reach Carlsruhe."

He left the car; I followed him. I soon saw the Alsatian coming along, and he seated himself next to us, in order to hear everything we said; but M. de Maufert did not utter a word. I imitated him. As I was entering the car a rumpled paper was slipped in my hand. I walked off a few steps and read: "The conductor is a friend; tell him all you wish me to know, and where you are going."

The bell rang. "All aboard, gentlemen," said the conductor, and, turning to me, asked, "Where are you going?"

"To Carlsruhe," replied I, in a low tone of voice.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

We started. Soon, overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep and did not awake until we reached the frontier. It was dark when we arrived at Carlsruhe. Col. de Jonval, no doubt informed by telegraph, was at the depot with his carriage. I got ready to leave them, and told my guardian that I could be found at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

"No, no; come with me," he replied imperiously.

By his tone of voice I saw that he feared an evasion. I was about replying in a bitter tone, when the Colonel invited me to his house in such terms that a refusal would have been rude. All this passed so quickly that I had not time to think of the Alsatian. We had hardly started, however, when the thought seized me that he would lose trace of us, for we were going at a rate fast enough to defy the stoutest legs. I leaned carelessly out of the window; we were in a retired street. I saw no one; no carriage followed us.

This contretemps worried me; how would Bastien be able to keep sight of us? I hoped for a moment that he had heard me say Hotel d'Angleterre, and that he would go there; but that was only a vague hope. To complete my distress, we were rapidly quitting the town and supposing the man was following us, it was not probable that he would overtake us. The Count conversed with M. de Jonval on indifferent subjects. I saw plainly that a letter had explained everything. The Colonel never mentioned Diana's name, though she was his niece. At last our driver stopped before a handsome house. While waiting for the gate to be opened, two or three light blows against the carriage attracted my attention; then, as the horses turned, I perceived a man under the shadow of the wall. I then recognized the signal that Bastien had used the preceding night to open the door of the inn. My smuggler has accompanied us, without doubt, occupying the place of the footman, who had remained at the station to take care of the baggage. Delivered from this care, I breathed again. We got out before a porch supported by columns, and I followed my host. He led us to the rooms prepared for us. I remarked that to reach the room intended for me it was necessary to pass that of my guardian, and there was no other way. I could not help smiling at such a tender precaution.

"Supper is ready," said the Colonel to us; "I will wait for you down stairs."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, we entered an elegant dining-room, where German cleanliness was united with Parisian luxury. The dishes which covered the table reminded me of the happy days at Heidelberg; but I was almost immediately recalled from my abstraction, by the entrance of a young lady, whose resemblance to Diana was striking.

"Herménégilde," said M. de Jonval, presenting me, "Baron André d'Orbach."

I replied awkwardly to her graceful and timid bow. I could not help blushing at the sound of her name, remembering how brutally I had refused her hand.

The supper was a very silent one; an indescribable embarrassment seemed to hang over all the party. Mlle. de Jonval sat next to me, and two or three times I saw her eyes fixed on mine, with an indescribable expression of sadness. I imagined that she knew of the projects formed by her aunt, and my embarrassment increased at the sorrow I saw expressed in her face.

We went into the drawing-room where a bright fire blazed. My guardian and the Colonel seated themselves on a sofa and conversed in an under-tone; Mlle. de Jonval took some embroidery and seated herself near them. I thought that I ought to remain quiet, so I took my place near a table covered with albums, and looked them over mechanically, examining my rejected bride, whom I imagined, from her name, resembled the Canoness. I could no longer see in her that resemblance to my god-mother which had at first attracted me. She was nevertheless charming, and her face expressed great goodness; but with her eighteen years she seemed older than Diana, and I searched in vain on her brow for that poetic halo, the recollection of which I kept in my heart.

Tea was brought in; she served it. M. de Maufert and his friend came forward. My reserve threatened to degenerate into a lack of good-breeding. I approached Mlle. Herménégilde and addressed a few words to her, to which she replied with a gayety that seemed forced. The moment her father and the Count left us to ourselves, her face suddenly assumed an agitated expression, and she said rapidly:

"Your window opens on the garden: the key will be in the gate that leads to the woods—fly to-night!"

I was so much astonished at this remark that she placed her fingers on her lips to prevent my betraying myself. At the same moment M. de Maufert returned to us.

"We have kept you up very late, my dear Herménégilde," said he. "Pardon me; and as I probably shall not see you to-morrow, I will bid you good-by to-night."

I bowed in silence, thanking her by a glance. She replied by an almost imperceptible gesture, which seemed a prayer, and I followed my guardian, whom M. de Jonval preceded. At the door of our apartment our host left us. I thought it as well to acquaint myself with the designs of the Count.

"The Colonel will doubtless serve you as second, sir," said I to him. "Shall I write to two friends that I have in this city, to beg them to serve me, and to bring arms?"

He raised his head quickly, but remained silent. One could almost believe that my calmness astonished him.

"Sleep quietly," replied he, at last. "I will arrange everything."

"At what hour shall I be ready?"

"At seven, if it suits you."

I acquiesced by a nod, and entered my room.

I thought it would have lowered me to notice the queer precautions that were taken against my flight. The view from my window recalled the singular counsel of Mlle. Herménégilde. I thought she had surprised a few words that made her fear a duel; and, at the same time thanking her for her interest in me, I could not remember, without ruffling somewhat my *amour-propre*, the idea that she had of my bravery; but I had too much besides to think of. Everything aided me. I neared the decisive moment. Only a few hours more and I would have accomplished my task as liberator; and, supposing the Count escaped my sword, the Alsatian was there, and I was sure to discover Diana's retreat.

WANTED, A PLACE,

BY a young Protestant woman of respectable and eminently fashionable family. She can give the highest testimonials as to character, but no references to a "last place," as unfortunately, although twenty-two years of age, she has never been of service to any one. To save herself from idleness, she is willing to do any useful work for which she may be competent, and wages are not so much an object as something to do. Having tasted all the comforts town life can afford, and found them only temporary distractions, losing all their efficacy when frequently resorted to, she would prefer a country life, but has no serious objection to any situation which which will procure for her useful occupation.

She is healthy, active and cheerful, and, what is highly to her credit, considering the perfect vacuity of life, to which custom, since the completion of her school-days, has doomed her, she neither gambles nor eats opium. She is a finished musician; speaks French and German with fluency; is well read in the literature of her own language, and is said by competent judges to possess considerable dramatic talent. She would, ere now, have become, either an instructor in these accomplishments, or an actress, had she not felt that, being herself in affluence, she had no right to add one more to the number of competitors against whom patient need must struggle. She does not wish to take the place of any one who has any appointed and appropriate work to do. But she wants her *own* place, her *own* work.

A personal interview may be obtained in the genteel circles of any large town, at any fashionable watering place, in many an easy and luxurious home. She is well known to one part of the community as a sprightly, amiable companion. To the others as a chattering, dancing, foolish thing, made up of hollow smiles, without brains and without a heart. At home she is considered a dear, affectionate, incapable visionary, fit only to be petted, to be scolded, to dress, to shine and nothing more. But being herself aware that she has, perforce, to live, to die, and to give in a last account of life, she would fain have some work done, ready for the Master when He shall come, that he may have His own with usury. Kind and experienced friends have tried to persuade her that her place is with her lap-dog, on the brocaded sofa in the parlor; she has tried to fill it patiently and faithfully; and, though not in itself an unpleasand occupation, she finds it leaves a good deal of valuable time on her hands—time of which eternity is to be the reflex—time which she would be glad to use, so that one mortal being might be the happier or the better for it. But how shall she do it? Ignorant of life, inexperienced in the world, and left very much to her own guidance, she may easily—as others equally pure in purpose have done before her—by ill-directed effort retard the work of wiser people than herself.

Who will guide her? Who will teach her? Her father, an excellent man and successful merchant, she sees only occasionally at dinner; the sound of his voice is rare in his own house, for he, too, is absorbed in his own work. Her brilliant and [illegible]iable stepmother is capable and content to shine alone, to fill the gay circle of the hours with mirth and beauty and sunshine. Truly, she, too, fulfils her work, and, pitying, cannot understand the foolish girl whose humbler gifts cannot be put forth in the same sphere. Troops of uncles and cousins and friends deplore or reprehend her fruitless search, warning her that the feebleness of her mental constitution and the delicacy of her physical organization must preclude the possibility of her work being profitable to any one; that she must consent to be like a flower borne on the breeze—like the sea-weed, fixed firmly on the rock, but dragged hither and thither as the current may drift; they urge her to forget the words of an old man, whom they hold more crazed than wise, who told her that "the Lord's kingdom is a kingdom of uses." But the flower and the sea-weed were made for a purpose, each for its own work and its own place. Is she of less account than they? What is her individual purpose, place and work? She does not wish that old age shall come upon her and find the problem unsolved. She cannot consent to sit down and let the tide of emigration from Here to the Hereafter pass by and leave her stranded, a worthless hull on the beach of life, useless alike to herself and to others, nor does she wish to sit idly and see the caravan of workers go by without an effort to join them, that haply she may find some load unlifted not too heavy for her to carry—some place in the ranks where no idler can stand. Not with loud cries would she disturb the busy ones at their own work; but, unanswered in her own home—as so many are—she ventures to put forth this little notice, in the hope that it may catch the eye of one wiser than she, who in charity may suggest the right and proper work, not for her alone, but for the many who like herself are condemned to be idle, doomed to be frivolous, reproached with their inevitable uselessness—some one who may send them word that they are not self-deceived; that they were not born in vain; that there is work for them to do; that there is indeed a place found for them.

NEW BOOKS.

THE house of Roman again lays us under obligations for an invoice of books received by the last steamer. *Captain Brand, of the "Centipede,"* by "Harry Gringo," (H. A. Wise, U. S. N.,) is published by the Harpers from their *Weekly*, in the pages of which it first found place as a serial. As the name would indicate, it is a sea-story, and tells the life of a rascally pirate, and his death by the same cruel exposure he had planned for another. Lashed to a plank on a barren islet, he was left there to perish of hunger and thirst, if not stung to death by blue-bottle flies and gallinippers.

The Early Dawn; or, "Sketches of Christian Life in England," is by the author of *Chronicles of the Schoneberg-Cotta Family.* Like its predecessor, this book has a religious character, the scene being transferred from Germany to England. Commencing with the dawn of Christianity through the mists and shadows of the ancient Druidical faith, the history of Christian life in England is brought down by a series of simple sketches to the great Reformation. This covers a period of fifteen hundred years. The contests of the Saxon and the Norman are vividly pictured, their different traits are outlined, and the story of the Crusades is well told. The book is furthermore interesting, as furnishing a portraiture of the customs and traits of the olden times, which the author seems to have made a special study.

Azarian, by Miss Prescott, has all that floridity of style which characterizes the authoress of *The Amber Gods.* The plot of the story is much more simple than the language; altogether, it reminds the reader of one of her *Atlantic* articles.

Margaret and her Bridesmaids is by the author of *The Queen of the County.* It is a story of English life, and of course a reprint. It has freshness and originality, and the character of the heroine is one which men and gods admire, but which is seldom found on earth—all beauty, gentleness, goodness, affection and love. On the whole, however, the story is one which will have more interest for lady readers than to those of the masculine persuasion, and the criticism applies to it that we so often have to use—it would have been better if told in less compass.

Talk on Women's Topics is a charming little volume by "Jennie June," well known as a contributor to Eastern Periodicals. Jennie discourses so freshly and so pleasantly and so sensibly withal—a good thing in woman—that in lieu of criticism we cannot refrain from making a few extracts. Jennie's head is level, so far as babies are concerned, and girls may gather a hint from the other articles we subjoin: We predict that the book will take like a bunch of June roses:

THE BIGGEST BABY.

What is the reason of the singular passion which mothers seem to have for enormous babies? From the delight and triumph with which a ten-pound baby is exhibited, one would imagine that babies, like Chinese wives, were valued according to their weight. It makes a modest woman, whose baby only weighs six or seven pounds, feel a certain kind of mortification, as if she had failed in her duty in some way. In fact, to be admired, it has become necessary for a baby, in some sort, to be a monster. It must have a very large head, or a quantity of unnatural hair, or a development of intelligence totally at variance with all received ideas of babyhood, or limbs which give promise of a young Hercules, or a premature beard to elicit the exclamations of wonder, surprise, and pleasure, which are so gratifying to maternal instincts. A simply plump, sound rosy baby, who knows just enough to attend exclusively to its particular baby business of eating and sleeping, and does both well, is not half fast enough for this fast age—it finds no special favor in any but its mother's eyes until long afterwards, when it is found that the baby faculty of doing every thing well, and at the right time, clings to it and makes it a useful and valuable as well as pleasant member of the family and of society.

CHATTING AT HALL DOORS.

Girls, don't do it; it inevitably makes the young gentleman, whoever he is, imagine that you are desperately in love with him. Take an instance: A young gentleman, not a very intimate friend, calls in the evening. You had been lonesome, or had the blues, and feel grateful; you exert yourself to be as agreeable as possible, and, when he makes a move to leave, accompany him to the hall door, laughing and chatting in a way which you imagine is making a very favorable impression—in fact, positively bewitching. He, in return, is all bows and smiles and compliments, and assurances, and, if it isn't too freezing cold, becomes quite tender before he parts from you on the steps. But, my dear, just watch his look when the door is closed, and he superciliously pulls up his shirt collar as he steps out upon the pavement. It says, as plain as words could speak, "Poor girl, I must not go there too often; it is evident what is the matter with *her;* she's in love. What fools girls are! Why can't they give us a chance to do a little on our own account?" And from that time Mr. Modesty labors under the impression that a certain young lady is desperately in love with him, and is only waiting for him to throw the handkerchief, and nothing on earth could ever make him believe otherwise.

Not until the right man comes, and the wedding-ring is bought, should girls indulge in lingering adieus at the hall door.

HOW TO LEAN ON A GENTLEMAN'S ARM.

A short essay might be written on this subject, as one sees it practised on the evening and moonlight promenades. Without knowing a single person, it is possible to determine the exact degree of relationship they sustain by this simple and involuntary indication. There is the comfortable *lock* matrimonial, allowed only to stout respectable fathers and mothers of grown-up sons and daughters; and the lounge confidential, indulged in by cousins, and sometimes, when there is mischief afoot, and they are not fighting, by affectionate brothers and sisters. Then there is the gentle pressure of trust from the young wife, and the daring pressure, shameless, of a married flirt. The light touch of a young girl upon a strange coat sleeve, and the tender fold of a lover and his pretty *fiancée.*

A hundred other methods might be enumerated, especially if one could follow the promenaders out of the glare of the gaslight and into the shadow of the walks and avenues; but the most disagreeable of all is the formerly fashionable juxtaposition of shoulder to shoulder, the gentleman's arm held in at an angle, to support the elbow of a young lady. This close and confidential style is still affected by some very loud talking and showy young ladies, but whether gentlemen generally admire it or not in young women is a doubtful question.

THE author of *The Pleasures of Hope* was somewhat provoked by J. M. W. Turner, who spoke of painting and painters as superior to all other arts and artists. The poet arose, and after alluding with mock gravity to his friend's skill in varnishing painters as well as paintings, proposed the health of Mr. Turner and the worshipful company of Painters and Glaziers. Turner responded; acknowledged the honor conferred on him; made some allusion to blotters of foolscap whose works are appropriately bound in calf; and finished by proposing the health of Mr. Campbell and the worshipful company of Paperstainers.

IZAAK WALTON says: "Put your hook through the mouth [of the frog] and out of his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of the hook, and in so doing, use him as though you loved him."

AN Irishman boasted that he had skated sixty miles in a day. "Sixty miles!" said a person who heard him; "it must have been when the days were longest!" "To be sure it was," replied the Irishman: "I admit that."

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

SECTION VII.

1.—*Statement of Mr. Henderson.*

IN the concluding portion of the evidence we have now a double object in view. First, to lay before you the various links by which the circumstances already detailed are connected into a single chain; and, secondly, to elucidate the general bearing of the whole upon the particular case of the death of Mme. R., into which it is my more immediate duty to inquire. It was this apparent connection with the entire story which first led me to investigate matters otherwise quite beyond my province, and you will, I have no doubt, after reading the evidence, concur in the propriety of my so doing.

It is unfortunate that, in this important part of the case, as previously with regard to the no less important point of the suspicious circumstances attendant on Mme. R.'s first illness at Bognor, the evidence of the principal witnesses is open to very grave question. It is not indeed, as then, that the moral character of the individuals themselves rests under any suspicion, for, so far as I have been able to learn, both the servant-of-all-work, and her lover, John Styles, are perfectly respectable people, whilst the young man Aldridge, though certainly a foolish and perhaps rather a dissipated young fellow, has a very fair character from the house of business in which he is now employed. But the evidence of the two former is, as will be seen, greatly diminished in value by the circumstances under which it was obtained, whilst, in the latter, there is so clear a suspicion of *animus* as cannot but throw still greater doubts upon evidence in itself sufficiently questionable—and rendered yet more so by other circumstances which will hereafter more fully appear.

It was this man Aldridge, whose letter, as you will remember, led to the investigation, of which the result is now before you; and his statement, hereto annexed, that first gave substance to the suspicions of foul play on the part of the Baron, and, in conjunction with the discovery of the enclosed papers, subsequently induced me to extend my inquiries to the cases of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton. I confess that, notwithstanding the doubt with which his statement is surrounded, I am still inclined to accept it as substantially true, though possibly somewhat colored by personal feeling against the Baron. The point, however, has seemed to me of sufficient importance to justify the occupying a considerable portion of this present division of the case with such evidence as I have been able to gather respecting the circumstances of his final ejectment, and it will be for you to determine between the story as told by himself and that of Baron R.

With regard to the other two witnesses who, by one of those singular coincidences that, in criminal cases, seem so often to occur, are able to confirm in some degree the evidence of Aldridge, there is, I think, less difficulty. They had certainly no business where they were, but the circumstances are such as to fully acquit them of any felonious intent, while even had such existed, it would be difficult to see how the fact of such intent could have exercised any influence over their present statements. It is moreover quite clear that there has been no collusion on the subject.

I have now only to refer, in conclusion, to the fragment of paper found in the Baron's rooms in Russell Place, and the marked copy of the *Zoist*, belonging to the late Mr. Anderton, to which Mr. Morton referred in his statement [See Section II., 2] as having formed the subject of discussion at Mr. Anderton's house on the evening of the 13th of October, 1854. The first of these is a portion of a letter, which I have endeavored, so far as possible, to complete. Admitting that I have done so correctly, and coupling it with the fact of the visit which, as I have been able to ascertain, was paid by a foreign lady to the Baron "very early in the morning" following the death of Mme. R., it appears to throw no inconsiderable light upon the extraordinary circumstances of the death of Mme. R. The bearing of the latter upon the case will be perhaps less clear. I have no hesitation in admitting that when the connection first suggested itself to my own mind, I at once dismissed it as too absurd to be entertained for a moment. But I feel bound to add that the further my inquiries have progressed, the more strongly this apparent connection has forced itself upon me as the only clue to a maze of coincidences such as it has never before been my lot to encounter, and that while even now unable to accept it as a fact, I find it still more impossible to thrust it altogether on one side. I have therefore left the matter for your decision, merely pointing out, as I have before, in the opening portion of my report, that, even admitting the influence of these passages upon the mind of the Baron, and the ultimate success of the plan founded upon their suggestion, that success, however extraordinary, may not necessarily involve, as at first appears, the admission of those monstrous assertions of the "mesmeric" journal on which it was based.

With these observations, I now submit to your consideration the concluding portion of the evidence, after which it will only be necessary for me to take a brief review of the whole case before leaving it finally in your hands.

2.—*Statement of Mrs. Jackson.*

My name is Mary Jackson. I live in Goswell Street, City Road. I am a monthly and sick-nurse. In June, 1856, I was engaged to nurse Mme. R. I was recommended to the Baron by Dr. Marsden, who lodged in the same house. I have often nursed for him. Mme. R. was not very ill. I don't think she was ill enough to require a nurse. Of course she was the better for one—everybody always is—but she could have done without one. I came by the Baron's wish. He was anxious like. The poor gentleman was very fond of his wife. I never saw such a good husband. I am sure no other husband would have done what he did, and she so cold to him. I don't think she cared about him at all. She hardly ever spoke to him unless it was when he spoke first. She never spoke much. She always seemed frightened; especially when the Baron was there. She certainly seemed to be afraid of him, but I can't tell why. He was always kind to her. He was the nicest and most civil-spoken gentleman I ever knew. It was not that he was not particular. Quite the reverse. I wish all husbands were half so particular, and then nurses wouldn't so often get into trouble. Everything used to be done like clockwork. Every morning he used to give me a paper what was to be given in the day. I mean medicine and food. A list of everything, with the time it was to be taken. Everything used to be ready, and I used to give it regular. No one else ever used to give anything. *The Baron never gave anything himself.* Never at all. I am quite sure of that. He used to say that it was nurse's business, and so it is. He often said he had seen so much sickness he had learned never to interfere with the nurse, and I only wish all other gentlemen would do the same. He used to be very particular about the physic. We always have the bottles for our perquisites. We get a shilling a dozen for them all round if they are clean. The Baron objected to this. He allowed me a shilling a dozen instead. The bottles were all put away in a cupboard. They never used to be quite emptied. The Baron always made a point of having fresh physic in before the old was quite finished. He said he always liked to have them to refer to in case of accident or mistake. He was a very careful gentleman. I nursed Mme. R. every day until her recovery. I am quite certain that during the hours I was there nothing was ever given to her but what passed through my hands.

3.—*Statement of Mrs. Ellis.*

My name is Jane Ellis. I am a sick-nurse, and live in Goodge street, Tottenham Court Road. In about the end of July, 1856, I was engaged as night nurse to Mme. R. Perhaps she did not exactly need one. She was ill, but she could help herself. At times she was very ill. It was more comfortable for her, and she could afford it. Baron R. never seemed to spare anything for her. She was generally worse at night. The worst attacks used to come on about every fortnight. It was generally on a Saturday. I took turn and turn about with Mrs. Jackson. She took the day work and I took the night. I used to come at ten o'clock, and leave at breakfast time. During that time I was never out of the room. It was the Baron's particular desire. When I first came he made it a condition that I should never go to sleep and never leave the room. He was the most particular gentleman I ever nursed for. I have nothing whatever to say against him. Quite the contrary. He was always civil and pleasant spoken, and behaved most handsome, as a gentleman should do. He was uncommon fond of the lady. She didn't seem to care much about him. She was ill, poor soul, and could not care about anybody. She seemed quite frightened like. When the Baron came into the room she used to follow him about with her eyes as if she was afraid of him. I never heard him say an unkind word. Other times she would lie quite quiet, and not speak a word for hours. She seemed afraid of everybody. If I moved around the room, I could see her eyes following me about and watching me everywhere. I think it was part of her complaint. The Baron was most attentive. I never saw such an attentive husband. He used to lie in the next room. It opened into the bedroom. He always had the door wide open. He was a wonderfully light sleeper. If either of us spoke a word he would be in the room directly to ask what was the matter. I couldn't even move across the room but what he would hear it. He was a wonderful man. He seemed to live without sleep. I think it must have been the meat that did it. He used to eat enormous quantities of meat. I never saw a man eat so much. When I first came he used to joke with me about it. Mme. R. was not so bad then, and we used to talk sometimes. He told me it was because he was a mesmeriser. I don't believe in mesmerism. I told him so. He didn't say anything; he only laughed. One night he offered to send me to sleep. That was when I had been there about a week. I said he might try if he could. He looked hard at me, ever so long, and made some odd motions with his hands. I did go to sleep. I don't believe it was mesmerism. Of course not. I think it was looking at his eyes. I told him so. He asked if he should do it again. He did it once more. That was the night after. I went to sleep then almost directly. Of course I knew it was not mesmerism, but I couldn't help it. He did not talk about it any more. He only said that I must take care not to go to sleep of my own accord. I did drop asleep three or four times after that. That was not from anything the Baron did. He was not in the room at the time. He must have been in the next room. I suppose the door was open. It always was. The first time I went to sleep was about a week after we talked about the mesmerism. It was on a Saturday night, or Friday. I am not quite sure which. It was one of the nights when Mme. R. was ill. She had gone to sleep at about 11 o'clock. She seemed very well then. She was sleeping quite quiet. I suppose I must have dropped off. I was awoke by her moaning in her sleep. That was about 1 o'clock. She soon woke up in great pain, and had a very bad attack. The Baron came into the room just as I awoke. Something woke him, and he came in directly. He told me what it was that woke him. It was me snoring. He said so. I fell asleep again a fortnight after in the same way. The Baron was not there. Mme. R. was asleep. She had not slept for many nights. I must have dropped off in a doze hearing her so nicely asleep. The Baron woke me. That was at about 1 o'clock. He was very much displeased. He told me Mme. R. had been walking in her sleep and might have killed herself. He said she went into the kitchen. I am certain that was where he said. I can swear it. He asked what I had taken for supper, and tasted what was left of the beer. He seemed very much vexed and disturbed. I was very sorry, and promised to be very careful another time. I never had such a thing happen in any other case, and I told him so. He said he would look over it that time, but it must never happen again. He went up-stairs afterwards. I think it was to speak to somebody. He said somebody had seen her, I think. Mme. R. was ill that night. She began to moan while we were talking, and had a very bad attack. The Baron said she must have caught cold, and I am afraid she did. I determined to be particularly careful for the time to come. I was very careful for some time, particularly when she was asleep. She hardly slept at all for two weeks, but when she did I was very careful. At the end of that time I must have fallen asleep again. I was hardly aware of it. I know I must have been asleep, because when I looked at the clock it was two hours later than I thought. Mme. R. was ill again that night. I was very much vexed. I began to think somebody was playing tricks upon me. It was so strange, coming every fortnight. I did not tell the Baron that I had fallen asleep. I know it was wrong, but I was afraid. Next fortnight I was on the look out. Mme. R. went to sleep again. I was determined not to go to sleep. I thought somebody must have played tricks with the beer, so I couldn't drink it. I ate no supper and drank nothing but some strong green tea I made for myself. I was quite sure the tea must keep me awake. It did not. I awoke with a great start about 1 o'clock, and found Mme. R. bad again as usual. I was very much bothered about it. I made up my mind to tell the Baron if it happened again. It did happen again, but I did not tell him. Mme. R. was so bad then I was really afraid, and, after that, it never happened again, and she got well. I know I ought to have told the Baron. I am very sorry I did not. Such a thing never happened to me before. Of course I have slept in a sick-room before, but not when it was against orders. I was there about three months. I dropped asleep in that way, I think, six times, but I am not quite sure. It was always while Mme. R. was asleep. She was always bad afterwards. I did not say anything to her about it, or about her walking. The Baron particularly desired I would not. He said it would frighten her. He never asked me again whether I had been asleep, or I would have told him. I was really going to tell him once or twice, but something always happened to stop me. I can swear that nothing of the kind ever happened to me before. There must have been something wrong. I have sick-nursed twenty years, and have the best characters from many doctors and patients. —[This I find to be the case.—R. H.]

4.—*Statement of Mr. Westmacott.*

"LONDON, 20th September, 1857.

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that in compliance with your request I have submitted to the most careful and searching examination and analysis, the contents of three dozen and seven (43) medicine phials forwarded by you for that purpose.

"The number and contents of these phials correspond exactly with the prescriptions, etc., furnished by Messrs. Andrews and Empson, [the chemists from whom the Baron obtained his medicines,] and after the most exact analysis I have been unable to detect the slightest trace of either arsenic, antimony, or any similar substance.

"I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

"THOMAS WESTMACOTT, Analytical Chemist."

5.—*Statement of Henry Aldridge.*

My name is Henry Aldridge. I am a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Simpson & Co., City. In the summer of 1856 I came to lodge at Mrs. Brown's, in Russell Place. I did not come there first as a lodger, but as a friend of her son. I had known him in Australia. We were together in the same store in Melbourne, and got to be great friends. We did not come home in the same ship. That is a mistake. I came home some weeks before he did, and was in Liverpool when he arrived. I think he came in the *Lightning*, but cannot be sure. I used to board so many ships that I can't call to mind. I was in a Liverpool house then for a time, and it was my duty to board every ship as she came up. I agreed to go with him to London. I could not go directly, as I had to give notice to my employers, but I was to follow him. He asked me to stay with him for his wedding at his mother's house, and I did so. That was how I first came to Russell Place. After that he arranged with his mother for me to take a room regularly, and I was to pay so much a week and so much more when I got a situation. I was not aware of the Baron making any objection. I saw very little of him. I slept on the floor above, and was always very careful not to make any noise on account of Mme. R. She was ill and I took particular care not to disturb her. I used sometimes to be out late. I have been intoxicated in my life. Not very often. Not at all while I was in Russell Place. I have been out to my friends while I was there, and have drank wine and spirits, but never to be the worse for it. I may have been merry. I don't say I have not been once or twice excited with wine. What I mean is, that I have never been in such a state as not to be conscious of what I was doing, and quite able to control myself. I am quite certain that I never made the slightest disturbance or could have done so without knowing it. That I will swear to. I believe the Baron accused me of it to Mrs. Brown. He spoke to her several times about it, and wished her to turn me out. She said she had never seen anything wrong, and couldn't say anything till she did, because I was her son's friend. At last he got her to do it. The reason was that I was found by a policeman on the doorstep at about twelve o'clock one night insensible. The policeman knocked and rang and woke up the house, and the Baron said I was drunk. I was perfectly sober. I had nothing whatever but one small bottle of ale. The facts of the case were these and I will swear to them. I had been kept late at our office with some heavy correspondence, and had then walked home with another clerk from the same office—Wells—having taken nothing but one small bottle of ale, which I had at a public house in High Holborn, as I felt quite tired. Wells had some brandy-and-water. He left me at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. When I got to Russell Place I tried to open the door with my latch-key, but the latch was fastened. I then rang at the bell, but could not make it sound, and the handle came out loose as if the wire was broken. I tried the key once more, and was just thinking whether I should not go to some place, as I did not like to disturb Mme. R. by knocking, when the door was opened from the inside. I turned round to go in when something was thrust into my face, and I can remember nothing more. I must have fallen down insensible, and the policeman found me. This is the truth. I could not see who opened the door. There was a street lamp close to the area gate, but the person was in the shadow. I cannot account for it. I made sure at the time it was a trick of the Baron to get me turned out. I think so still, but am not so sure of it as I was. What I mean is, that, on reflection, I do not think it was certain enough to accuse him of such a thing. I will swear to the truth of what I have said. I will swear that I was perfectly sober—as sober as I am now. My employers and Will Wells can prove it. I do not know why the Baron should have wished so much to turn me out. We never had words about anything. I don't think I ever spoke to him but once. I mean not more than "Good morning," or such like. That was on the occasion about which I wrote to the Assurance Office after Mme. R.'s death. It was one Saturday night. I had had a half-holiday, and had been up to Putney in a boat with some friends. We had drank a good deal of beer and shandy-gaff, but I was not drunk. I was quite sober, though perhaps a little excited. Nothing to speak of.

I got home at about eleven o'clock. I had a latch-key then, but the lock was hampered; and when I got back home I found the servant girl sitting up to let me in. I went up very quietly not to disturb Mme. R. I saw her bed-room-door ajar as I passed. The door of the next room to it was wide open, and there was some sort of a lamp burning. No one moved or said anything as I went by. I took off my shoes to go more softly, but the house was old, and it was impossible to move without the stairs creaking a little. The stairs below the Baron's room were stone and did not creak. I had a candle which I shaded carefully with my hand. I went to bed, but I suppose I was over-tired, for I couldn't get to sleep. The night was very hot. When I had been in bed about a couple of hours I thought I would have a good wash and see if that would cool me. I got up and went to the washhand-stand. I found the jug empty. The maid often forgot to fill it. I took the jug and went out on to the landing to fill it at the tap. I went out very softly, so as not to disturb Mme. R. As I got on to the landing, I saw some one coming out of her room, and went to look over the bannister. From the landing of my room you can see that of the floor below. I looked over, and saw that it was Mme. R. She was in her dressing-gown, but had no candle. She went to the stairs, and there I lost sight of her. As I watched her past the door of the other room, I saw the shadow of a man's head and shoulders upon the wall, as if somebody was watching her. I leaned against the bannister to watch her, and it creaked, and the shadow vanished directly. When I looked up again it was gone, and at first I thought it must have been fancy, but I am quite certain about it now. I was only doubtful for the moment; it was so sudden; I could swear to it now; I saw it perfectly plain. I saw it all the time Mme. R. was going down the first flight of stairs; about twelve of them. She was at the corner when I turned and leaned over to watch her. I felt convinced that Mme. R. was walking in her sleep. The staircase was quite dark beyond the corner, and she had walked straight down: I was afraid she would hurt herself, and went down to the Baron's door. He was asleep; at least I had to knock twice. He then came to the door, and I told him what I had seen. He seemed a good deal annoyed, and at once took up the lamp, and went down stairs. I looked over the bannister, and saw him go down. From that place you can see right down to the door which leads to the kitchen stairs. There is a glass partition between them and the hall. I saw him go in at the door, and I saw the light through the glass as he went part of the way down stairs. Presently he came up again, and stood back from the door while Mme. R. came up past him and walked up stairs, and he then followed her. When I saw her coming up, I went back to my own landing and looked over. She went back to her own room, fast asleep still, as it seemed to me, and he followed. I heard whispering in the room, and then the Baron came up to me. He thanked me very much for telling him, and said that Mme. R. had gone down into the kitchen, and was just coming out as he got to the foot of the stairs. He particularly begged me never to mention it, as it might come to her ears and do her harm, and I have never spoken of it to any one till I wrote to the Assurance Office. I had almost forgotten all about it when it was recalled to my mind by seeing that poor Mme. R. had killed herself in a sleep-walking fit. I then wrote. I had no malice against the Baron, nor have I now. I don't know why he tried to turn me out; I suppose he really thought I disturbed his wife. He was very fond of her, and I dare say he was anxious and fretful about her. I was very angry at the time, but when I come to think of it, I dare say I was hard upon him. He never seemed to bear me any grudge about what I had seen; on the contrary, he always said he was very much obliged to me. This is all I know on the subject, and I can swear to the truth of every word. I am quite positive he said Mme. R. had been into the kitchen.

6. *Statement of Miles Thompson.*

I am a police constable. In August, 1856, I used to be on night duty at Russell Place. I remember Baron R. speaking to me one night, and asking me to keep a lookout as often as I could of a night to keep the street quiet. He gave me five shillings for my extra trouble. I was on the beat one night about 12 o'clock when I saw some one lying on the Baron's door-step. It was a young gentleman, and at first I thought he was dead, but found he was only insensible. I set him up against the railings, and was going to ring the bell, when I saw a latch-key in his hand. I tried it in the door, and it opened directly, and I took him into the hall. I then knocked and rang till somebody came. The bell rang quite well. The Baron came down in his dressing-gown, and two other people. I offered to go for a doctor, but the Baron said he was only drunk. I helped to carry him up-stairs and get him into bed. The Baron gave me half a crown for my trouble. He seemed very much annoyed, as was natural, and said he wished I had taken the young man to the station. I think he was drunk myself; he smelt a little of beer, but not much. I helped put him to bed, and went away. That is all I know.

[N. B.—By letters from Messrs. Simpson and Mr. Wells, Mr. Aldridge's assertion that he was sober is borne out up to the time of the latter's leaving him at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, certainly not more than half an hour before he was found as above stated by police constable Thompson. —R. H.]

7. *Statement of Johnson.*

to
mister endusson sir obeadent to yore Comands i hev eksammd tha belwir in russle please wich in my humbel Hopinnium it hev ben Tempid wit by sum Hunperfeshnl And wich tha Wir it hev ben tuk hof tha Kranke & putt bak hall nohowlik wich hany Purfeshnl and wud bo a Shamnd fur 2 du It I am sur yore hobeadnt survnt too Comand
jon jonsun
Plommr hand belanger
totunmcort rode
lundou

8. *Statement of Susan Turner.*

My name is Susan Turner. In August, 1856, I was general servant to Mrs. Brown in Russell Place. I remember the night that Mme. R. came down-stairs. I had sat up to let Mr. Aldridge in because the latch was broken; Mistress broke it that afternoon. I don't suppose the Baron knew anything about it. Mr. Aldridge came in rather late. I cannot justly say the time. He was quite right; I mean quite sober. He went straight up to bed. I did not go up to bed. My young man was in the kitchen. He is a very respectable young man upon a railway; I don't know what railway; I know he goes to Scotland sometimes with his engine, that is all. He is what they call a fireman. He was going down with a luggage train somewhere that night very late, and came to see me. Mistress didn't know he was there: he came in after she was gone to bed. He was to start at 2, and we sat till about 1; he was just going away, and we were standing at the kitchen door when we heard somebody in the hall. I said: "O Lord! that's missis." He said: "She'll be coming to look for you," and wanted me to go and meet her while he cut out by the area. I said no, that wouldn't do, by reason of it being all glass and a gas lamp at the top of the area steps. I pulled him along to the lumber-room; the lumber-room is behind the kitchen and the cellar. There are some old boxes and things there, but nobody ever goes into it; I thought my mistress would not think of looking there. Just as we got to the door we saw somebody come from the hall and down the stairs. I whispered to John: "Why that's not missis—that's Madame." My mistress was very tall and stout, and Mme. R. was small and thin. I could see her as she came through the door, because there was some sort of light in the hall. She came right down-stairs and past where we were. She went right on into the little place at the end where the Baron kept all his bottles and stuff. She did not go into the kitchen; not at all; I will swear to that. She went into the Baron's place; the laboratory, I dare say it is—I don't know—it was where the bottles are. John and me crept to the window and looked out. The window of the lumber-room looks right into the window of the back room where the bottles are. You could see it quite plain. It was a bright moonlight night, and there is a sort of tin looking-glass over the back room window to make more light like. We saw Madame go into the room and take a bottle from a shelf. She poured out a glassful and drank it. Then she put the bottle back in its place. It was the last in the second shelf. Then she went out again, and when we turned round we saw a light shining into the room from the kitchen stairs. It stayed there till madame had gone past our door again, and then it went up again. Just as it got to the top of the stairs I peeped out and saw it was the Baron. The madame was close behind him. I said to John, "Why, John, there's the Baron." He said he supposed he had come to look after his wife. After they had gone John and me went into the bottle place. We found the glass on the table; there were a few drops of stuff in it. John and me smelt it, and it was just like wine. It tasted just like wine, too. Then we looked for the bottle. It was at the end of the second shelf. It was about half full of stuff that looked like wine. There was something in gold letters on the bottle. I can't tell what it was. It was "vin" something. I know that, because John and me settled it must mean wine. I think I should know the rest if I saw it—[being here shown several labels, witness picked out the following: "Vin. Ant. Pot. Tart.," designating antimonial wine, a mixture of sherry and tartar emetic]—I am pretty sure that was the one. I remember it because they were funny words. I remember John and me joking about "pots" and "pies." The stuff in the bottle smelt just like wine. It was just like sherry wine. I did not taste that. John wouldn't let me. He said I might go and poison myself for aught I knew. We put the bottle back and then John went away. I said nothing about it to anybody, not even when madame was taken ill that night. I was afraid by reason of John. I have never said a word about it to any living soul till I was asked to-day. Certainly not to Mr. Aldrich, nor he to me. I will swear to the truth of all I have said. I am quite positive that the madame never came near the kitchen. I am quite positive that the Baron must have seen her come out of the bottle place. He was standing with the candle in his hand waiting for her. That I can swear.

[N. B.—The statement of the "young man" referred to fully corroborates the above statement.]

9.—*Copy of a letter from a leading Mesmerist to the compiler, with reference to the power claimed by mesmeric operators over those subjected to their influence.*

DORSET SQUARE.

MY DEAR SIR.— . . . . Many times after throwing Sarah Parsons into the mesmeric state, I have *willed* her to go into a dark room and pick up a pin or other article equally minute, and however powerless she might be at the time out of the state was quite immaterial. My will and power being employed was sufficient. Then, Mr. L——, a paralytic, under my influence, without losing consciousness or undergoing any recognizable change, has many times, with the lame leg, stepped up on to and down again from an ordinary dining-room chair. This, of course, was a masterpiece of mesmeric manipulation. I wish I could write more and better, but my eyes forbid. . . .

"With kindest regards, yours most truly,

"D. HANDS."

10.—*Fragment of a Letter found in the Baron's room after the death of Mme. R.*

pendrait n'e
auvre philippe? E
t enfant, ce pauvre
ui nous regarde du
'est ce pas philipp
ns ne reverrons ja
t enfant je te le j
is bien capable j
core un fois, aujo
13, le 15, de grand
rai chez toi; il fa
e trouve seul, tu n
ul au monde! n'
pas bien le moy
h! philippe je t'ai
is tu cc qu
cumme ja

COMPLETED.

. . . On (?)
tc..pendrait n'e...st ce pas mon p...auvre philippe? E...h bien par ce...t cufaut, ce pauvre...petit ange (?) q...ui nous regarde du...haut du ciel, n...'est cc pas philipp...e et que no...us no reverrons ja...mais, par e...t enfant je te le j...uro. Tu m'en sa...is bien capable j...c crois. En..corc un fois, aujo...urd'hui c'est le....13, le 15, de grand....matin je sc...rai chez toi; il fa...ut que je t...e trouve seul, tu n...e comprends; se..ul au mondel n'...en sais tu...pas bien le moy...en? O...h! philippe je t'ai...me (je t'aime?) sa...is tu cc qu...e c'est qu' une f...emme ja...louse?

Translation of above.

(They) would hang thee, would they not, my poor Philip? Well, by that child—that poor (little angel) who is now—is it not so, Philip?—looking down on us from heaven, and whom we shall never see again—by that child I swear it to you. Once more. To-day is the 13th. On the 15th very early in the morning I shall be at your house. I must find you alone—you understand me, alone in the world! Do you not well know the means? Oh, Philip, I love thee (I love thee.) Knowest thou what a jealous woman is?

11.—*Extracts from the "Zoist Magazine," No. XLVII., for October, 1854.*

"MESMERIC CURE OF A LADY WHO HAD BEEN TWELVE YEARS IN THE HORIZONTAL POSITION, WITH EXTREME SUFFERING. By the Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, B. D., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

* * * * *

"In January, 1852, I was calling upon ———, when she happened to tell me that she had been in considerable pain for a fortnight past; that the only thing that relieved her was mesmerism; but the friend who used to mesmerize her was gone. . . . I continued to mesmerize her occasionally for some months. . . .

"*April* 21st.—I kept her asleep an hour and a quarter in the morning and the same in the evening. She said* her throat looked parched and feverish; at her request *I ate some black currant paste, which she said moistened it.* She said, 'Before you ate, my stomach was contracted and had a queer-looking sort of moisture in it; now the stomach is its full size and does not look shrunk, and part of the moisture is gone.'

"I. 'But you could not *get nourishment* so?'

"A. 'Yes; *I could get all my system wants.*'

* * * * *

"*April* 26th.—In the evening I kept her asleep one hour, *and took tea for her.*

"*April* 27th.— . . . I ate dinner and she felt much stronger.

* * * * *

"I kept her asleep two hours and a quarter in the morning and one hour in the evening, *eating for her as usual.*"

* In a former portion of the case we are told that this patient was a clairvoyant and could see her own internal condition.—R. H.

HEDGING TO SAVE A DOWRY.

THE turf, for the first time in French stable history, has commanded intense interest by the victory which *Vermouth* won over *Blair Athol.* Everybody bet who could procure money to stake or could find that indispensable *vis-a-vis*, a brother better. A good story is told in connection with the late race which will bear repeating. M. de —— is one of the most zealous members of the Jockey Club, and passes here for quite an authority in all matters connected with the turf. Of course he is a heavy better on all races, and his estate has been embarrassed somewhat by his lost debts. Chance's courtiers are all unlucky dogs; none ever grow wealthy, and the majority of them die bankrupt. He has a daughter fast approaching the marriageable age, and her dowry is still below the horizon, to the great distress of her mother, who knows if her daughter's charms are not set in a golden frame nobody will admire them so far forth as matrimony. When she heard that her husband had bet 100,000f. that the French horse would would win, she was greatly alarmed. She, as well as ninety people out of every hundred here, believed that *Blair Athol* must win; and she knew that if her husband lost the 100,000f. he had staked, her daughter's dowry would not be amassed till the advent of the week with seven Sundays. What could she do? The night before the race she wrote to a very wealthy and very gallant member of the Jockey Club a pressing and polite note begging him to meet a lady the next morning at 6 o'clock, A. M., at the *Arc de Triomphe*, who appealed to his honor and delicacy to do her a great service. The note bore no signature. A pair of woman's eyes will attract a Parisian to the ends of the earth. The gentleman to whom the note was addressed, assured that there was an adventure of gallantry suggested in this letter, was punctual to the hour, early as it was, and he found even more punctual than himself the hack with closed curtains which the note had indicated as containing the lady who would see him. As he approached the door, she thickly veiled, opened the door and pointed to the vacant seat by her side. He entered. She raised the veil, and to his astonishment he discovered Mme. de ——, the wife of his old chum and friend, the zealous member of the Jockey Club. He was greatly puzzled to imagine what she could want, for her honor is too well established for so much as a suspicion to her disadvantage to enter his mind. She did not leave him long in this perplexity, for he was scarcely seated than she said: "It was not a woman, it was a mother who appealed to you—a mother uneasy about the fortune of her children. Louise ought to be married. She will require about 100,000f. dowry, and this sum may still be borrowed on our estate, despite the existing mortgages. Now, pray tell me—you see the important interests I have at stake—is it true that my husband has bet 100,000f. on to-day's races?" "I am not very familiar with his bets for to-day, but I believe the sum total of his bets must be very nearly 100,000f." "Very well, that is just ten times more than he ought to bet. I have remonstrated with him in vain. I have besought him ineffectually. Only one thing is left for me to do: I must bet on the race. I bet 90,000f. that the English horses win. Will you accept my bet?" "Willingly, madame." They parted. After the races the husband came home almost delirious with joy. He had won 100,000f. His wife became very pale, when she found that it was necessary for her to confess that she had hedged his book, and that so far from winning 100,000f., he had only won 10,000f. Imagine the disappointment a man must feel who tumbles from profits of 100,000f. down to a beggarly 10,000f.! The husband stormed a good deal, but there was no help for it; and the mother bore the storm with patience, for at all events Louise's dowry was saved.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday marnings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to C. H. WEBB, Office of "The Californian," 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

With the present number, The Californian passes out from the editorship and proprietorship under which it has hitherto been conducted. Its control is committed to competent and experienced hands, and in no essential features will the character of the journal be changed. In retiring from the chair which he has occupied since The Californian first appeared as a candidate for public favor, the editor takes occasion to thank his contributors for the help they have given towards the establishment of the journal; and while he clasps his friends and readers warmly by the hand in this brief word of farewell, he trusts that they will render to the new management that support of which he is confident it will prove eminently worthy.

THE CHICAGO NOMINATIONS.

THE Democratic Convention at Chicago has resulted, as was predicted it would from the first, in the nomination of Gen. McClellan for the Presidency. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was nominated as Vice President, but this office is one which is not taken much into account in making up the book. It is on the head of the ticket that the fight is to be made, and with it the battle will turn. The platform on which Gen. McClellan's feet are placed is called a peace platform, but to our thinking there is not a plank nor the piece of a plank in it that can float the candidate any nearer the White House than he was when he stood on the Virginia Peninsula. It will be hard to persuade the people of the North "that the war has lasted long enough," simply because every tick of the telegraph and every whisper that comes from the battle-fields tells them that it has not. The war was not inaugurated for a summer-day's sport; it was undertaken for a serious purpose. When that purpose is accomplished it will have lasted long enough; until it be, its existence has been of too brief duration though it had begun in the year 1800 and this were the close of the century. There is something more than a mere struggle for supremacy in arms involved in this present contest; the vindication of a principle is aimed at. The world has always questioned whether a republican form of government possessed in itself the elements of that cohesive power necessary to make a government lasting. It was claimed that a government based on the voice of the people would totter and fall when that people became disunited in their counsels; that a republican government is a thread of silk which can be cut at pleasure by a dissatisfied minority, while monarchial rule is a band of iron, so far as national unity is concerned—a chain which individuals cannot shake off at pleasure. Our yeomen exchanged their plough-shares for swords to teach the world a useful lesson—to make it plain to Hapsburg, Braganza and Guelph that a President's chair stands on a foundation as firm as a king's throne; to show to nations that a ruler whom themselves elect is hedged by as much divinity and clothed with as much right to govern as could be possessed by the descendant of any man upon whose head their remote ancestry chose to place a crown; to show the world, in short, that a compact entered into by the people of a nation establishing a form of government is as binding as any traditional tenets of allegiance that can be handed down from the dusty shelves of antiquity. When this truth is fairly established the Democratic proposition that "this war has lasted long enough" can be accepted, but until then all appeals to the people based upon it must fall on unheeding ears. This is not the time to confess that all the blood and treasure poured out so lavishly in vindication of a great principle has been spilt in vain, and propositions of peace, if any are to be made, must come from those who first loosed the red thunderbolts of war.

A better nomination than the Chicago Convention has made that Convention could not possibly have effected. Gen. McClellan stands well with his party, for the simple reason that they know very little about him politically. He is an excellent exponent and representative of the Peace policy, because even when at the head of one of the finest armies ever the world saw he did not make war. He evidently thought from the first moment of being appointed to command, that "this war has lasted long enough"; he was moderate at Manassas, peaceable on the Peninsula, courteous at Centerville, not especially active at Antietam. That he will display much more force in the coming political campaign than he did in his past military ones, we do not imagine or believe. Before it is half over he will probably conclude that the thing has lasted long enough. His chances for election can be summed up in the compass of a cipher, for even were he competent to the Presidency, he is the exponent of a doctrine which the nation will not listen to. There is mourning in nearly every home in the land, and it will be hard to persuade our people that their hearthstones have been made desolate in vain, and that it is right now to adopt a policy which the unanimous national voice rejected in the beginning. It will be found hard to persuade even those who are loudest in anticipations of McClellan's election to back him with their betting-books, though the long odds are laid against him. There is money in the market looking for investment, and a better one than five to three on the defeat of the Peace Party's ticket could not be asked for.

THE OPPOSITION LINE.

IT is generally understood that the line of steamships between this port and New York, known as the Opposition Line, has ceased to exist as an opposition line, having sold their ships to the new company who are reopening the Nicaragua route. There are still two lines of steamships plying, but they have adopted about the same rates of fare, and the competition between them is reduced to a simple struggle for public patronage based upon the claims of the respective routes.

Since this change has been made there has been but one opinion expressed by the travelling community, and that is one of regret. Even the very newspapers which on all occasions gave the Opposition line the cold shoulder—publishing the trivial complaints of those dissatisfied passengers who are to be found at the end of all voyages, and indirectly using the means best calculated to create a popular prejudice against the new line—these very newspapers now complain because it has ceased to exist, and rather find fault with the proprietors for its suspension. They say that the interests of California must suffer materially in consequence, and that the growth of the State will be retarded; that nothing is more calculated to provoke immigration and induce a vitality in business interests than an opposition line of steamships and the consequent cheap fares which rule.

The fact of the matter is there is, always a public howl for an opposition, and there is always a failure on the part of the public to support it when one comes. Recognizing what seemed to be a legitimate and a permanent demand, Mr. Roberts tried an experiment which will not be tried again, we fancy, this century. He re-opened the old Nicaragua route, put on an excellent line of boats, and put down the prices of passage very materially. He gave his passengers the best accommodations that it was possible for him to provide, he carried them at less rates than they would have been compelled to pay under other conditions—and lost money in the enterprise with a commendable liberality and fortitude. How did it end? Hardly had the *Moses Taylor* got regularly to running when she was plastered over with passenger-suits. Those who took passage to this coast in the steerage, paying about half the rates which the other line charged, grumbled because they were not furnished with cabin comforts and cabin fare, and brought suits against the vessel. A woman who sprained her ancle in jumping ashore from a gang-plank upon which passengers were forbidden to tread, sued the line for a new leg. And California Courts gave the plaintiffs verdicts; California papers took up the cry of bad food and ill-treatment, and endorsed the verdict. Under all these adverse circumstances and combinations, the Opposition line struggled on until now, when it has become a thing of the past, and of the two ocean routes by which California may be reached the choice has become simply a matter of taste, the rates of passage being the same. The people and the press mourn that there is no longer a cheap avenue to and from their Golden Gate, but they have only themselves to blame for it. Those who were brought out cheaply will find it quite another thing getting home. Perhaps they will have better fare and more room than the Opposition line gave them, but they will have to pay more. And it may possibly happen that their friends on the other side who wish to join them will be prevented from doing so simply by the difference between the regular prices and those which the Opposition Company inaugurated; a few dollars in gold, now-a-days, may very well interpose as an insurmountable barrier between the two coasts. Opposition is said to be the life of trade; if people want it, however, they must support it. They can perhaps revive it by giving such encouragement to the Nicaragua route as will prompt that company to make theirs the quickest and most desirable, thus inaugurating a competition which will insure comfort and safety, and make all Californians feel that there is no Vanderbilt gulf of despair between them and their Eastern homes.

Rather Inconsistent.—An English journal points with scorn to the present incumbent of the Presidential chair, and remarks that it is no wonder that the South desires emancipation from such a rule and is making vigorous efforts to obtain it. This does not come with good grace from a nation that sat so patiently under the sceptre of the imbecile Georges. A plain sensible man of the people is preferable as a ruler to one of the gibbering idiots that have occasionally filled the English throne, and are likely to fill it again in the divine order of royal succession.

The *Yosemite* has again been running her nose into the *Washoe*. Capt. Poole publishes a card saying the occurrence was accidental. We hope so; but another accident of a similar nature would have a rather suspicious look.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, September 3d, 1864.

I HAVE held a Christian Commission during the week; not in the regular army of Christians, but in a volunteer corps that has been organized at Union Hall.

I like it. Red roses, fuschia flowers, ribbons, pretty girls and bewitching women—of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Who says that sectarianism holds close communion in this charity? Here we have representatives of all churches, as well as representatives of no church at all. In this great Hall, with its magnificent decorations of stars and strips and lips and glorious eyes, all creeds and conditions meet, and we have a faint foreshadowing of the Millennium. The music and all, through the week, made it a "place of delights," a Paradise, wherein Bianchi disported himself as a fudgy little cherub, while blooming Eves exerted themselves on all sides in peddling candies and apples to any number of easy Adams. So fragrant are the memories, that religion to me will hereafter be represented by a rose, Christianity by a camelia.

Enter with me for the moment. "I have that within me which passeth show," viz., a season ticket.

This vernal pagoda in the centre is the shrine where the multitude worship—they bow at this bower, I imagine, because it is the bower of Love—a right-bower at that. It is here that my saint resides, or, rather, presides—not a patron saint, understand, but a matron saint, which is much better. Were I a saint instead of a sinner, I could rightfully claim to be a patron one, for I have nearly ruined myself in a vain attempt to buy up all her floral favors so that no other man can enjoy the luxury of wearing one. But who would not be willing to be ruined in such a cause, or even to go willingly to perdition were the path lighted by the splendor of such smiles! On my last visit to the Fair, I came away with a rosebud in every button-hole, and a number in my pocket which nobody knew anything about, as I lifted them lightly but surreptitiously from the stand when no one was looking. Alas! that so charming a lady should sell such execrable cigars! Little the wonder that so many manifest preference for a widow's "weeds."

I have already remarked that this is the bower of Love. It is commonly said that Love laughs at locksmiths; to my thinking he smiles on other Smiths quite as rosily. Oh, bower! bower!! bower!!! what have you to answer for? Is it not here that confiding and guileless men have been taken in and Dexterously done for, to get their Walker papers when all was over and their pockets depleted. But can we say that all this with the multitude goeth against the Grain? Oh, bower! bower!! bower!!! we will have our revenge when you are stripped of your green leaves and adornments, when the beauty and the beauties have left you, and you shall stand there in the garish light of day, a poor, miserable left-bower.

On the right hand side of the room as you enter you see a cool-looking hole in the ground. If any one asks you how you like this, reply, simply: It is Well!

"Jacob's well, sir," remarks a red-lipped girl with a cup in her hand.

"Glad to hear it; how's the rest of the family?" you can reply in a kindly tone, as you lift up your legs like the Arabs and as silently get away. It is better to curb your thirst while in the vicinity of this well—it's none of your "bit-houses," and you may as well drop in at the Bank Exchange, or Barry & Patten's, or Porter & Collins', at once, so far as economy is concerned. And Jacob's well, though it be, you are not permitted to stand and Leah at the maidens who come to it.

Further down, you encounter the figure of a man who is perpetually holding out his hand in one everlasting appeal to passers-by. Drop a dollar in it, and the coin goes down his throat like a shot, snap goes his mouth over it, and the hand is put out for more. I suppose it is meant as a statue of Dr. Bellows.

The "President's quilt," a piece of patchwork of many colors, is displayed in a glass case, and you are requested to subscribe to it. Do so. If any man on this continent needs a comforter it is Abraham. I hope, however, he will not return the donation in kind and give us a patchwork peace.

That pretty girl with a basket on her arm sells mignonette. "Alas!" you sigh to yourself, "She is not my *mignon*, yet," and pass on.

You pass, because your hand would not justify you in assisting her.

Subscribe to this stitch-in-time-saving invention. It is intended as a present to the widow of one whom we all miss here to-night; one whose kind, generous heart and impulsive Christian charity were competent to surmount any bars or barriers which sectarianism or even Arianism could raise.

Low and behold! Halloo and behold! for that matter. This opera cloak is meant for the wife of the Governor. I suppose it is contributed by the Low Church.

You see that pretty girl, with a face like the Madonna, standing where that fuschia tree casts its scarlet shadows? Don't speak to her; she has a fool for a father. If in tribute to her beauty you gave her a rose-bud, even a four-bit one, he'd fling it back at you accompanied by a rock.

Bold man though you be, you'd have to back down when a boulder came.

That unfortunate father sees a cloven-hoof in every masculine boot-leather that walks the earth. Tuck that handker-

chief in to your coat-pocket quickly, or he'll think it's a tail. Or, worse still, he may think it a rope-ladder that is destined to be pendant from his daughter's window some night next week, unless he goes careful rounds. Drop a tear for the young lady, and step on the old gentleman's toes the next time you meet him on a corner.

Here is a door with "25 cents admittance" pasted on the lintel. You tap on a panel:

"Come in; you are welcome."

"Incomes are always welcomo," you reply, and walk rapidly on, happy in the consciousuess of virtue and of having saved a quarter.

This booth, near the perch where the cherub Bianchi sings, gives shelter and protection to a pretty girl. You canuot help breathing oaths to her if you assume the vocative. You wouldn't mind playing Booth yourself for the occasion. There is a dressing-case here, and you are requested to vote as to whom it shall be given to, paying a dollar for the privilege.

Write "Mazeppa" on a card and slip it in the ballot-box. If the Tartar Boy does not need a dressing-case, who does? He certainly presents a case that needs dressing.

There are other things to be seen at the Fair, but I have not time to attend to them now. And it is doubtful whether I shall continue to find time between this and Tuesday; for I've lately found auother vein for silver and a place for gold, where they fine you.

So I throw up my Christian Commission, and the ladies of the Fair will please accept my Christian resignation.

THE FIERY AND UNTAMED.

When Mr. Charles Thorne stepped before the foot-lights, tho other evening, to explain to a curious audience the sudden dropping of the cnrtain, he remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am authorized by the management to state that the horse having been out at pasture for a few days, it is impossible to make him lay down, and the play cannot go on while he is standing!"

I can only account for Mr. Thorne's substitution of the active verb for the neuter, in the matter of that "lay," by supposing that the excuse was hatched in his fertile brain at a moment's noticc.

However, I step beforc the foot-lights, authorized by my own observation to state that the managers of our theatres have sold the dressing-rooms that were formerly attached to their establishments, having no further use for them.

Theatrical wardrobes for the ladies of tho stage are to be dispensed with, a coat of paint being all that the exigencies of this new era will demand for actresses, and this is to be worn on the checks.

For the reign of the legitimate drama is over and a new rein is inaugurated.

Probably, were I to lament tho change, a number of astonished and indignant peoplo would cry: "Why, we've seen you at *Mazeppa* a dozen times!" To which I reply, "What of it? That does not prove that the play is good; nor does it exactly establish that I am bad." A model husband and an exemplary father, it is safe for me to go where the feet of impulsive youth may not be safely trusted. Besides, I'm not at all squeamish, and can stand all the Mazeppas that can possibly be put upon the stage. If the ladies who play the part are trying to make me blush, or drive me out of the house, they might as well quit at once, for they are only losing their timo.

And the older portion of the community, I fancy, are much like me. Anything that could harm them, or undermine the solid foundations of their morality, would raise such a hue and cry in town that the police would bo obliged to suppress it. The only thing that I deprecate is the effect on the future wives and mothers of the population, now wearing clothes that one would think should be short enough. But, no; they are emulous of Mazeppa. True, they have not seen the play, but they have the pictures. The father of a family—and, for that matter, of children enough to make one or two families—informed me, with tears in his eyes, that going out into the wood-shed the other day he found the pride and pet of his household, a lovely little girl with blue eyes and only six summers old, lashed to a saw-horse, whilo her younger brother stood by in a frenzy of tears, playing the Khan as well as he could, and declaring that he had at last discovered his long lost son and tho heir of his Empire.

On being unbound from her dangerous position, tho little blue-eyed girl struck an attitudo and shrieked in a childish treble: Once more I stand erect, and assumo the god-liko attitude of freedom and a man!

Sitting in the dress-circle at tho theatre and seeing the play go on, I never think much of the consequences to society at large, my attention being principally absorbed by wondering why the orchestra are so lavish with diapasons when the hero of tho piece is without a diaper. Viewing the question as a family man, however, I think that when little girls get to riding rail-fences and sliding down bannisters, clad in tho costumes they wear when the nurses tuck them into their trundle-beds and their mammas kiss them good night, in imitation of the Tartar Boy, it is well enough to stop and inquire whither theso wild and untamed steeds are dragging us.

As an instance of what people are coming to expect, many, the other evening, who had never before seen the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, actually thought that Miss Richings was going to take an opera-tuneity of gratifying the popular taste. A nervous start was visible among the ladies as she began to disrobe in the bed-room scene, while a look of delight and expectation sat on the faces of the male majority; but all were disappointed.

Had it been otherwise, I suppose the piece would have drawn immensely for a month—the nightly cry, with the multitude, being: My soul's in arms and eager for the *Fra*.

In conclusion, as regards the Mazeppa mania, I can only say, I'm glad that I'm not a fiery untamed steed, for it would be very embarrassing to have to go cantering over the mountains with a woman in that attire sprawling on my back; and it is possible—barely possible—that if I once got well up in the mountains, I might never return; and that the people below couldn't call me down even by shaking oats at me—wild oats, at that.

INIOO SAYS GOOD-BY.

In saying good-by, I do not intend to perpetrate a bad sell.

I was employed by the editor of this journal, in its very inception, to assist him in its conduct. Since that time, my position has been a very pleasant one. I had not much salary, it is true—in fact, none at all; but then I had constant employment, and what more could be desired?

The journal is now in a flourishing condition, and I leave it. It has for some time been paying its own expenses, and they tell me that the question of its paying mine is simply a matter of time.

To me it looks very much like a matter of eternity. And as life is brief, I intend to take the present opportunity and go a-fishing.

The journal passes into hands eminently capable of conducting it. In the editor who assumes my friend's place, the readers will recognize one whose graceful contributions to this and other journals have already made his name a household word on this coast. In the proprietor they will find a gentleman with a pen as well as a purse, who will fill my accustomed corner, and make it evident that the change is for the better.

So, good friends all, for the present good-by. We may meet again in some quiet corner; if not, none have occasion to regret it more than myself. For in endeavoring to amuse you, I have certainly contrived to amuse myself. Even if in the former attempt I have not succeeded, give me at least credit for the attempt, and think kindly of INIOO.

THE Bay View Park Fair had an auspicious opening to-day, notwithstanding the inauspicious weather which blew sand and dust in all directions, and put one's hope and faith and charity to a severe test long before reaching the track. A long line of buggies filled tho range of sheds, and fences had to be called into play as temporary hitching posts. Want of time and space prevents our giving the mention to the affair that it deserves. No accident happened, however, greatly to the disgust of a medical friend of ours, who drove out there with his buggy balanced with plasters and surgical instruments. One might well have happened, however, as a collision occurred during one of the best three in five heats, throwing Jim Eof from the the sulky, and canting the other driver out from his box so that for nearly a hundred yards he had the outside of his trap if not of the track. The consequence was that Eof's horse, *Gentleman George*, distanced his driver in the heat, though he did not win the race, notwithstanding he made the most remarkable time ever made where it was horse and sulky against a fence—a race in which the fence is sure to win in the long run. Tho Fair has opened successfully, and that it will be brought to a successful consummation canuot be doubted.

WE are indebted to Mr. E. S. Cummings for a lithograph of the wonderful bunch of pears grown in Briggs' orchard at Marysville, now on exhibition at the Christian Commission Fair. In this phenomenal bunch we have fifty pears with but a single stem, fifty pears to eat like one! An explanation of the curiosity is found in the fact that the lower branches of the tree were killed by frost, consequently all the sap and juices of the tree went up into the few branches which were sheltered by the foliage from the frost, and of theso branches this is one. But how could so small a stem—only eight inches long, and about a half inch through—convey nourishment to so many pears? It is something like one little woman nourishing fifty babies. And the question arises, as we count this bunch, should we say there are fifty pears or twenty-five pairs? Anyhow, the bunch weighs nineteen pounds.

SAM WELLS, the popular negro-minstrel, diod in Virginia City lately from injuries received by being thrown from a horse. Poor Sam, it is "lay down the shovel and the hoe," with him now. He has sung his last song and spoken his last jest. Tho same cold hand that quiets the sound of sobs and weeping comes to the house of laughter and hushes the minstrel's song forever. The funeral takes place to-morrow, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, from the Church of tho Advent. The friends of tho deceased are invited to attend.

D. E. APPLETON sends us a copy of *San Francisco at the Fair*—a presentation by the artist Jump, of the notabilities of the press, pulpit, bar, bench, and stock boards of the city. Some of the caricatures are excellent, though they are not so much caricatures as perfect likenesses. Others require considerable study to find them out, and the publicatiou of an explanatory key might not prove a bad idea. The picture is for sale by Mr. Appleton at 508 Montgomery street.

SIR HILARY'S PRAYER AT AGINCOURT.

IN answer to the charade by Praed, beginning, "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt," published last week, "W. C. J." sends the verses below, remarking that they were contributed by him to *Harpers'* in reply to the same charade. We can but say that the solution, though ingenious, does not fill the requirements of the charade, and manifestly is not the right one. "My next, with her cold and quiet shroud," can by no construction be explained by "*Dieu*," the second syllable of the answer which our correspondent sends. The best and most palpable solution we have ever seen is "Good night"—though this supposes Praed capable of the perpetration of a pun in the reward promised—

To all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

The supposition that this is the true answer is somewhat strengthened by the fact that the charade was orignally printed in *Knight's Magazine*—the device on the title-page being one that would suggest the poem, while at the samo time tho answer was a word of praise for the magazine. The chief objection is that "Good night" can scarcely be construed into a prayer. These are the verses "W. C. J." sends:

THE Christian knight Sir Hilary's prayer
At Agincourt, is of two words—
All the brief moment he can spare,
As for the fight he girds.

And these the words that in the heart
Of Christian knight would first arise—
The first that to his lips would start,
As upward turned his reverent eyes:

Bon Dieu! is good Sir Hilary's prayer
For all who in this day have share.

Bon for the ones who through this day
Shall live to see to-morrow's sun;
Dieu for the ones who 'midst the fray
Shall find their lives and duty done.

Bon Dieu! those tender ones in pity hold
Who through this long night, dark, and wet and cold,
Weeping shall kneel beside their loved ones slain,
Or, frantic, seek them 'midst the mire and rain:
'Tis Thou alone, great Ruler of the skies,
Canst soothe their hearts and dry their streaming eyes.

MR. C. J. ROBINSON'S classes in Light Gymnastics at Miss Aldrich's Academy are closed for vacation, to re-open on the 15th of September. Mr. Robinson's classes have proved eminently successful, the attendance having more than equalled his best expectations. The uses of a more muscular development than can be obtained by running the fingers over pianoforte keys are coming to be appreciated by the female world. With the re-opening, an evening class of young men for instruction in military drill will also be formed. No uniform will be required, the only expense involved being the tuition. In these war times it is well that the youth of the land should know how to carry muskets.

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD'S very comfortable rooms are located at 127 Montgomery street, and would furnish a very comfortable lounging place for his friends, if they were not so constantly filled by patients—unfortunates who come to be trepanned and phlebotomized and amputated and all that. Dr. Woodward has had many years experience in surgery at the East, having also had an extensive practice in that most fertile field for the exercise of his art—the battle-field. It can scarcely be called a pleasure to have a leg or arm removed under any circumstances, but it certainly lessens the pain to have the thing skilfully done.

THE INDUSTRIAL FAIR opens with much promise. A great quantity of articles have been entered for exhibition, and altogether it promises to be the Fair of the coast. Perhaps before its close the managers will conclude that newspapers are specimens of the mechanical arts, and permit an exhibition of them among other specimens of art and industry—a permission they at present refuse. We are indebted to the publishers of the *Mining and Scientific Press* for a copy of a very excellent engraving they have issued of the Fair building and the Fair grounds.

THE election for officers of the San Francisco Olympic Club will take place on Monday next. There are two tickets in the field; the Regular Nomination, and an Independent one, both bearing names that speak well for the Club. The election promises to be warmly contested, the young athletes in this instance contending for the laurels of popular approval rather than for tho parsley of the Cestus.

A FANCY

WHAT would you call the Sun, as he falls
Out of the heavens, while shadows dim
And rosy are draping tho broad sky-walls—
What would you call the Sun as he falls
Far down to the ocean's rim?

All of tho sky is gathering webs
Of shadow about it, and the tide—
The lazy tide—as it flows and ebbs,
Is quite entangled with crimson webs,
And with crimsom bloom is dyed.

Perhaps the sun is an egg of gold
In a nest of cloud, and Night must be
A fidgety hen—for look! she has rolled
Out of the nest the egg of gold
And spilled the yelk in the sea!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

WHY SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

COULD it be virgin bashfulness
That still concealed the tender thought?
Or fear she might perchance confess
A love that was not sought?

Was it mere womanly caprice?
Or pride? or maidenly reserve?
Was it respect for mental peace?
Or merely want of nerve?

She could not choose but understand,
He thought, his little game of sighs,
Slow parting pressures of the hand,
Soft words, and "speaking eyes."

"The reason why" (this was above
Ten years ago) he now knows well;
She simply never told her love,"
Because—*she'd none to tell!*

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

"SIR, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murderers!"

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman, (Mr. Leslie by name,) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen; and as our routes lay in the same direction, we very naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at a roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling; and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed with heavy green curtains, a light-stand, and a couple of chairs. Everything was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the wall near the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words:

"Jim saw three travellers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to-night. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight.

"TOM SEYTON."

We engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then, without arriving at any conclusion, I left the father and daughter alone for a few moments, while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the hall below, I stole through a long narrow passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment, in which I knew the family of our host, together with our would-be murderers, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?"

This was the voice of our host addressing the new-comer.

"How have you disposed of them?"

"Why," said the host, "I gave the old man and the girl the two rooms on the left, and that young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so *convenient* last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case I don't think we shall find hard work at all. The very instant you hear the report of my pistol you and Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But when will all this come off?"

"At twelve; they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted but thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened to retrace my steps up-stairs.

I visited my own room first, where I found that the "convenient fixture" I had heard spoken of below was merely a small square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large to insert the barrel of any moderate-sized pistol—a very easy method to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I was about to propose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet them together while Seyton has his loaded pistol at hand, one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand-to-hand struggle, in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly; and, luckily for your scheme, I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with the bed-clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this, I glanced at my watch in the moonbeams. It wanted five minutes of 12!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtains move aside a little. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low, despairing moan as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed; but meanwhile I had grasped a long, heavy bar of wood which, I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall near by, and when he had arrived within convenient distance I sprang out upon him, and with a single well-directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged insensible, upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and it was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in the charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton. He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had expected, had rendered him insensible for a time and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure was, to take away from our hostess the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for this purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could safely venture forth, and then stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand. By some mistake, our host and Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves he fired at the one in advance, who happened to be our host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the inn for the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

WHAT A TRUE WIFE SHOULD BE.—*Macaria*, a work just issued by Miss Evans, of *Beulah* renown, contains, among many things, the following, to which we give place for the benefit of the wife *in esse* and the wife *in posse:* "Noble wives, who properly appreciate the responsibility of their position, should sternly rebuke and frown down the disgraceful idea, which seems to be gaining ground and favor in our cities, that married women may, with impunity, seek attentions and admiration abroad. Married belles and married beaux are not harmless, nor should they be tolerated in really good society. Women who so far forget their duties to their homes and husbands, and the respect due to public opinion, as to habitually seek for happiness in the mad whirl of so-called fashionable life, ignoring household obligations, should be driven from well-bred, refined circles, to hide their degradation at the firesides they have disgraced. That wives should constantly endeavor to cultivate social graces, and render themselves as fascinating as possible, I hold their sacred duty; but beauty should be preserved and accomplishments perfected to bind their husbands' hearts more closely, to make their homes attractive, instead of being constantly paraded before the world for the unholy purpose of securing the attentions and adulation of other gentlemen. I do not desire to see married women recluses; on the contrary, I believe that society has imperative claims upon them which should be promptly met and faithfully and gracefully discharged. But those degraded wives who are never seen with their husbands when they can avoid it, who are never happy unless riding or walking with strangers or receiving their attentions at theatres, concerts or parties, are a disgrace to the nation which they are gradually demoralizing and corrupting. From the influence of these few deluded weak libels on our sex, may God preserve our age and country! Statesmen are trained up around the mother's arm-chair, and she can imbue the boy with lofty sentiments and inspire him with aims which, years hence, shall lead him into Congressional halls to adhere to principles, to advance the truth though, thereby, votes for the next election fall away like stricken leaves in autumn. What time has the married belle for this holy hearthstone mission? The conscientious, devoted and patriotic Christian women of a nation are the safeguards of its liberties and purity."

A LITERARY SWINDLER.—W. G. Graham was the most superlative coxcomb that ever took his daily lounge through Bond street or the Park, his Hessian boots of the nicest fit, his lavender gloves of the most spotless hue, his tie perfect, his "conduct of a clouded cane" more than "nice." I scarcely dared to talk of common literary drudgery to the exquisite editor of the *Museum*, but I was not repulsed with scorn. Yes, he would endeavor to find time to do what I wanted. Very rapidly did he accomplish his task. He got out of a hackney-coach in all imaginable haste, placed a sealed packet in my hands, explained that he was suddenly called from town and—would I give him a check on account. The bulk of the parcel was an evidence of his industry, of his talent I had no doubt; so off he went with his check and very quickly cashed it. I am not sure that I ever saw him again. Indeed, I never desired to see him; for when I opened the packet, guarded with seal after seal as a most precious treasure, lo! the half-dozen quires of which it was composed, though seeming to be as honest copy as ever went to the printer, were as false as the coin with which the magician in the *Arabian Nights* deluded the stall-keepers of the oriental bazaars. The outer leaves of each section were the fairest of manuscripts; the inner leaves were blank paper.—*Charles Knight.*

THE following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a London paper a few years since: "If this should meet the eye of Emma D., who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heart-broken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she is not totally lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay, send back the key of the tea-caddy."

THE VULTURES OF PARIS.

THE gay city of Paris has again been made conscious of its extreme credulity. A brilliant gentleman has just disappeared, and some $600,000 of what was held to be good debts have slided to the wrong column of profit-and-loss. $600,000—a good many tears, a good many heart-aches—for 3,000,000 francs can purchase a great deal of pleasure in Paris. Of course, nobody would have thought it of him! As if herein did not lay the very essence of the trick played; had he advertised in the newspapers that he was a penniless adventurer whose design was to swindle people, he could not have gotten a centime. He sung suspicion asleep with the sweetest lullaby heard this many a day, and the watchmen dozing in the castle vaults were his. He was the best dressed man in Paris. He was not excelled as a horseman and swordsman and pistol-shot. He spoke six languages perfectly and was thoroughly acquainted with the classical authors and current publications of England, Germany, Italy and France—and was a rogue after all! Such disenchantments are disheartening, and make one think of Timon of Athens without ill-blood. The same week which saw the hawk fly revealed the fate of a pigeon. Hen-hawks relieved it of its glossy attire. Knowing that Paris hen-hawks (the most brilliant ones) require $75,000 annually for their livelihood, no one need wonder at the great consumption of pigeons in Paris. There is not the slightest probability of an exhaustion of the supply, since, from the days of the Prodigal Son to yesterday, as fast as breaches were made in coveys young birds hastened to fill the gaps. There are always to be found multitudes of industrious, hard-working, self-denying men occupied in accumulating treasures for their children to waste in providing hen-hawks with comfortable nests and choice food. At Chantilly t'other day, several young men closely scanned a postilion who drove the leaders of a coach-and-four which brought down a fashionable lorette.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one of them, "if I was not sure the Baron de —— was killed in the horrid American war, I'd bet there he stands."

"Where?" asked the others.

"To your left; the tenth carriage from the Emperor's stand."

"That postilion?"

"Yes."

"Get out."

"Gentlemen, 'tis he! the very same eyes, nose and round shoulders."

"Why, the Baron de —— is dead; he was killed in Virginia."

"So went the rumor, but it was probably false, for I am certain that he was the Baron de ——."

"I'll bet you one hundred louis you are mistaken."

"Done."

They shook hands and turned their horses heads towards the postilion. There was evidently something wrong, for as they drew near, the postilion became more embarrassed and very anxious to hide his face. When they got up to him the postilion quickly leaped off his horse and said:

"François, Arthur, my dear fellows, I see you recognize me, but for heaven's sake don't betray me. If you do I shall be obliged to leave France, and my position, as it is, is bad enough without adding the evils of exile to it; so don't let my secret leak out."

"But tell us first, what the deuce you are doing in the costume of the Postilion du Lonjumeau? this is not Mardi Gras."

"Boys, I'm earning my living. The girls ruined me. Be warned by me and don't let them with their smiles and caresses eat you out of house and home as they have done me. I cannot tell you what anguish wrings my heart when I see them driving about this field as gay and blithe as ever, unable to recognize me, although I sacrificed to them the last house—and the last grape vine I had in the world."

JOHN RUSKIN'S THUNDER.—In a letter to the *Morning Post*, Mr. Ruskin says:—"The cession of Savoy was the peaceful present of a few crags, goats and goatherds by one king to another; it was also fair to pay for fair work, and in the profoundest sense, no business of ours. Whereupon Mr. Kinglake mewed like a moon-struck cat going to be made a mummy of for Bumbosis. But we saw the noble Circassian nation murdered, and never uttered a word for them. We saw the noble Polish nation sent to pine in ice and never struck a blow for them. Now the nation of our future Queen calls to us for help in its last agony, and we round sentences and turn our backs. Sir, I have no words for these things, because I have no hope. It is not these squeaking puppets who play before us whom we have to accuse; it is not by cutting the strings of them that we can redeem our deadly error. We English, as a nation, know not, and care not to know, a single broad or basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit anybody who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets; and we are characterised in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity whereon generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardless of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavements of whites, proper horror of regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy with those whom we can no longer serve and reverence for the dead whom we have ourselves delivered to death.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.—The new volume of poetry from the pen of the Poet Laureate is not to receive the title of *The Idylls of the Hearth*, as was recently stated. The word "Idylls," in connection with the poet, had become familiar to most readers by reason of his last work, the "Idylls" of the famous King Arthur, and at the ninth hour it was decided that an entirely new title had better be given to the volume in press, in order to guard against confusion with previous publications, and so prevent public misconception. Mr. Tennyson has now decided upon calling his forthcoming book, *Enoch Arden*. It will form a volume of about the same size as *In Memoriam*, and will be published at the same price.

SIMPLICITY.

THERE is no gift of expression that tells more than simplicity in its right place. A simple style of talking or writing is an engine of power in good hands, enabling them to undertake tasks forbidden to the world at large. It even fits a man for talking or writing about himself, which only persons endowed with the art of being plain, transparent and natural ought ever to attempt. Simplicity, as we would view it here, is by no means a merely moral or negative quality. It is so in some cases, but it is then only noticed or appreciated for its suggestiveness. Children do not admire each other's simplicity, but we admire it in them, because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child, is full of meaning to us. It was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating, "We are seven," but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet. The weeping child apologising at sight of the unfolding handkerchief, "My tears are clean," meant no more than the literal sense of his words, but to the hearer they brought thoughts of guileless innocence and of other tears that do leave a stain. After childhood no one can retain a simplicity worthy of admiration without some intellectual power. The unconscious simplicity of a child, when childhood is past, is disagreeable and painful, and is never recognized without a shade of pity or contempt. Manly simplicity is intelligent, and knows what it is about. And though, to win our respect, it must of course be real, it may, and often is, only one side of a many-sided character; that is, the quality may attach to part and not to the whole of a man's nature.

The charm of full-grown simplicity always gains by—and, we believe, even requires—contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value that quality in him. Thus the style and manners of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable, and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they confound with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendor. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it, because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbors; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretence that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. When the Duke of Wellington said publicly, "I should be ashamed to show my face in the streets," under such and such circumstances, the simple phrase, occurring in an important debate, had a noble effect; but there were not many men in whom it would have been becoming to bring forward self in this artless way in the House of Lords. There is no greater testimony to the weight of a name which once made itself known and felt than the manner of speaking of self in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*. Nothing can be more engaging than the simplicity of tone; the touches of personal feeling and recollection, of likes and dislikes, and of self-defence, are given in language the most artless and natural; but the tone would have been inadmissible if the writer had not had a right to rely on his past influence, and on the interest that still attaches to his name. Nobody can write in this way who does not feel that what he says will be well received—that people will care to hear things personal to himself told in the plainest way because it *is* himself. Very few men could venture to write their life, even though in self-defence, in this fashion. Indeed, if it comes to a venture, it is all over with him. Simplicity of the great sort is serenely confident.

All simplicity, however paradoxical it may sound, ought to conceal something—rank, or achievement, or high purpose, or extensive knowledge, or covert meaning, or a strength of modest purity, or an incorruptible honesty, or a power of self-command; or, in a child, innocence. In mature life it must be backed by some inner sense of worth, or, at least, by a self-respect founded on just grounds, though, perhaps, never consciously dwelt upon. It should have some touch of the heroic. It is impossible for some people to be simple. They are not great enough; they are born with that foppery which Dr. Johnson called the bad stamina of the mind, which, like a bad constitution, can never be rectified—"once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb." Indeed, people who are not coxcombs often dare not be simple, because they would feel naked and insignificant; their thoughts must be dressed up to be fit to be seen; in fact, they would not know how to set about it, and could not be simple if they would.—*Saturday Review.*

A REHEARSAL AT ANNA THILLON'S.— * * However, having finished, the room was ventilated by throwing open doors and windows; and then our charming hostess invited us to partake of a draught of that exhilarating fluid called Champagne. She also said she would cool us after the manner of the South Americans, which operation was executed by pouring *Eau de Cologne* into the palm of her hand, and rubbing it over our heads. And we also enjoyed breezes produced by the action of a monstrous Chinese fan. The relief experienced was delightful. But one of our party came to grief, in the person of the then *primo tenore* of the Drury establishment. When it came to his turn to enjoy the refresher, he kept bobbing his head up and down. At last our hostess got him steady, and rubbing his head vigorously, away went the scratch, leaving him under a bare poll, to the great amusement of the assembled party. The disconcerted tenor made a rush to recover the fugitive jascy; but Madame was beforehand, and, grabbing hold of the curly, flaxen decoration, she refused to give it up until he consented to the cooling and balmy process, so much enjoyed by the lookers-on. That completed, she said, "My dear Mr. T., I'm deceived; I did not think there was anything false about you."—*Recollections of Paul Bedford.*

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

THE DRESS FOR OUR ARTILLERYMEN.—"Shell jackets" and "percussion caps."

"IDEAS," says Voltaire, "are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

"COME here, Tommy," said a schoolmaster, "do you know your A B C's?" "Yes, zur, I know a bee sees."

IN a country churchyard we find this epitaph, "Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath the text: "Their warfare is accomplished."

ONE who is rather loose in his opinion says that the Millerite theory ought to be more in vogue now than ever, since there is such a tendency in everything to rise.

A MAN said to some of his friends that when he married he loved his wife so much he could have eaten her up, and ever since had regretted he didn't.

A COUNTRY individual, who was caught in the water-wheel of a saw-mill, says he intends to apply for a pension, as he is a survivor of the revolution.

A PLAIN SALAD.—The Southerners at the commencement of the war being asked what they wanted, replied, "lettuce alone;" and the Northerners have, out of sheer perversity, been trying ever since to give them a dressing.

A MAN being asked by a young lady what phonography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following telling her that was phonography: "U. R. A. B. U. T. L. N. I" (You are a beauty, Ellen.)

A WAG, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and specimens of mortality all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

THE other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child and proceeded to hunt up its parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

THE INSULTING ROOM.—A lady of distinguished rank, wishing to consult a celebrated physician in Grosvenor street, called last week with her daughter. The servant took in her card, and returned overpowered with politeness, begging her "Ladyship would follow him to the *insulting* room."

A LAWYER, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, "In company with two friends." "Friends," exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose you mean." "That may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers."

WHAT a delightful correspondent was Dr. Thomas Chalmers! When in college he wrote very regularly to his mother, as all good boys should do. The good lady adjusted her glasses, and reading the superscription of the packages from the post office, would carefully put away his letters, remarking, "I ken our Tammy weel when he writes. Ever he comes home he'll read it for me."

A PAINFUL WORD.—Lord Louth wrote an excuse to a dinner invitation upon the plea of his having a bad fit of the gout. His friend inquired the next day after his gout. "Gout!" replied his lordship, "I have had no gout." "Why, what do you mean?" said his friend; "you yourself made the excuse for not dining with me." "Oh, now I understand," was Lord Louth's comment; "but show me the man who can spell rheumatism."

ARCTIC DISCOVERY.—George Colman, the younger, was dining at Lord Mulgrave's, when, just before joining the ladies, he was loitering about the picture of Lord Mulgrave's brother blocked up in the ice, in the Arctic expedition in which Nelson sailed as a middy. Lord Mulgrave, holding the lamp said, "What is that my brother has hold of? Is it a boat-hook?" "No my lord," said Colman in his half-throttled, witty voice, "it's *the North Pole!*"

CURE FOR WEAK EYES.—An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do any good." "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get round again."

CANON GODALL was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made Provost of Eton he also received a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about. Upon which the Doctor exclaimed, "My dear, you can get the powder out of the canon, but not the ball."

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.—A young curate, fresh from the home of his youth and his mother's superintendence, being invited to dine at the great mansion recently, was excessively nervous, and most lavish in his praise and admiration of everything that came before him. He relished a tart much, and partook of it three times. "I am glad you like it, Mr. Spooks," said her grace. "Much, I assure you," was the ready and unabashed response, and with a delicate bit of flattery, which was intended to aid in church preferment, continued, "because I think your grace made it."

"WANTED—Expert needlewomen to make babies' bodies.' Well, that beats all!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the newspaper in which, during the last fifteen minutes, she had been spelling out the advertisements, and peering indignantly over her spectacles across the breakfast-table at Ike, who was busily excavating his fourth egg-shell. "Did anybody ever hear the likes! I always said it was as good as tellin' Natur' she didn't know how to do her own work when they instructed them steam-rams and donkey-engines. But this imposterous idea of making slop-work babies is enough to make the poor thing shet up shop altogether! Mark my words, Ike—them sewin'-machines will be pressed into this new-tangled business before long; and then all the emigratin' in the world won't be able to keep down the surplice poppylation."

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

THE history of the world shows that Religion is the highest of all human concerns.—*Parker's Discourse—Introduction.*

MAX MULLER, in his Book on *Budhism and Budhist Pilgrims*, says that Budhism enforced the duties of morality, justice, kindness and self-sacrifice, and exercised a decided beneficial influence, not only on the natives of India, but on the barbarians of Central Asia.

IT need not puzzle us that Malay and Papuan, Celt and Roman, Saxon and Tartar should mix, when we see the rudiments of tiger and baboon in our human form, and know that the barriers of race are not so firm, but that some spray sprinkles us from the antediluvian seas.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

TRUTH is no more innate within the mind than light within the eye; yet from its inability to trace the origin of those earliest impressions, which by long continued and uncontradicted association have been implicitly received as incontrovertible, the mind hastily assumes the basis of its knowledge to be something intuitive or divine—a part, as it were, of itself. —*R. W. Mackay.*

THE temper which produced it [persecution] still remains; its parent, bigotry, is still in existence; and what is there more adapted to excite thorough disgust, than the disposition, the feelings, the motives, the kind of intellect and degree of knowledge, discovered by some of those who pretend to be the sole defenders and patrons of religious truth in this unhappy world, and the true and exclusive heirs of all the mercy of God.—*Andrew Norton.*

THE phenomena of feeling, of desire and aversion, of love and hatred, of fear and revenge, and the perception of external relations manifest in the life of brutes, imply, not only through the analogy which they display to the human faculties, but likewise from all that we can learn or conjecture of their particular nature, the superadded principle [of a soul] distinct from the mere mechanism of material bodies. That such a principle must exist in all beings capable of sensation, or of anything analogous to human passions and feelings, will hardly be denied by those who perceive the force of arguments which metaphysically demonstrate the immaterial nature of the mind.—*Pritchard—Natural History of Man.*

THE narratives of the Evangelists bear the marks of truth beyond all other histories. They set before us the most extraordinary being who ever appeared on earth, and they are as artless as the stories of childhood. The authors do not think of themselves. They have plainly but one aim—to show us their Master; and they manifest the deep veneration which he inspired, by leaving him to reveal himself, by giving us his actions and sayings without comment, explanation or eulogy. You see in these narratives no varnishing, no high coloring, no attempts to make his actions striking, or to bring out the beauties of his character. We are never pointed to any circumstance as illustrative of his greatness. The Evangelists write with a calm trust in his character, with a feeling that it needed no aid from their hands, and with a deep veneration as if comment or praise of their own were not worthy to mingle with the recital of such a life.—*Channing's Character of Christ.*

Now that [by the progress of geology] a wonderful opportunity has occurred of comparing, in this matter of classification, the human with the Divine idea—the idea embodied by the zoologists and botanists in their respective systems, with the idea embodied by the Creator of all in geologic history—we cannot perhaps do better, in entering upon our subject, than to glance briefly at the great features in which God's order of classification, as developed in Palæontology, agrees with the order in which man has at length learned to range the living productions, plant and animal, with which he is surrounded, and of which he himself forms the most remarkable portion. In an age in which a class of writers not without their influence in the world of letters, would fain repudiate every argument derived from *design*, and denounce all who hold with Paley and Chalmers as anthropomorphists, that labor to create for themselves a god of their own type and form, it may be not altogether unprofitable to contemplate the wonderful parallelism which exists between the Divine and human systems of classification, and—remembering that the geologists who discovered the one had no hand in assisting the naturalists and phytologists who framed the other—soberly to inquire whether we have not a new argument in the fact for an identity in constitution and quality of the Divine and human minds—not a mere fanciful identity, the result of a disposition on the part of man to imagine to himself a God bearing his own likeness, but an identity real and actual, and the result of that creative act by which God formed man in his own image.—*Hugh Miller.*

EATING THE FIRST OYSTER.—It has been often said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day picked up one of these savory bivalves, just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shells, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit, with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them into their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in Elia's essays having burnt his fingers first tasted crackling. The savor was delicious; he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oysters, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And unlike most fashions, it has never gone and is never likely to go out.

OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

FAR out, in the dim and the dark of the waves
That have gone through the Golden Gate,
Chanting a requiem over the graves
Of sailors who sleep in the coral caves,
My thoughts are wafted by fate—
Sad thoughts!
Wafted out through the Golden Gate.

Far over the rolling ocean-hill,
O'er the hill where the white ships go,
I see the barks that are rolling; and still
My thoughts go out far o'er the hill,
While my heart is aching so—
Ah, heart!
While the white ships come and go.

All around me is very fair; and, oh!
There is much in life to love!
Yet—strange that my dreams should wander so
Over the hills where the white ships go—
Why do they ever rove?
Sweet dreams,
Ah, truants that ever rove!

Oh! wandering thoughts and fairy-like dreams,
Ever roving against my will,
What star do you see? has it fairy beams
To lure you away o'er the ocean streams,
Ah, heart that is wandering still?
Truant heart!
Far over the ocean-hill! INGLE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AT the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, the *Daughter of the Regiment* was given for the benefit of Mr. Peter Richings. The compliment tendered by Mr. Maguire was but a fair acknowledgment of the steady labors and managerial skill of Mr. Richings, under whose supervision and control so many new operas have been successively, and with but few exceptions successfully, brought out. The amount of work done by the troupe since their engagement has been enormous, and if there has been any failure or shortcoming, the fault should lie rather with the exigency that demands such continuous labor than with either manager or troupe. Certainly, if any one deserved a bumper it was the Director, into whose hands the task of overcoming difficulties, flanking impossibilities, keeping the taste of the opera-going community alive with novelties, as well as imparting his own energy into the flagging exertions of a troupe who have performed for over fifty consecutive nights, not to speak of his own individual excellencies as a performer. But, alas for the inconsistency of the public! the attendance on that night did not equal that of either the preceding or subsequent performances. Even the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the best opera of their *repertoire*, did not draw its accustomed audiences. Either the public thought that the uniform success and the popularity of the troupe was a sufficient acknowledgment of the manager's skill, or that the benefit of Miss Caroline, which they largely attended, was a family affair, or that the brass of *Mazeppa* was "a metal more attractive; anyhow they did not come.

The very popular *Doctor of Alcantara* was repeated on Monday evening, with the substitution of Miss Kate Martin for Miss Julia Gould in the *role* of "Donna Lucrezia"—a change, but scarcely an improvement in the acting or singing of the character. On Tuesday evening *Fra Diavolo* was produced for the first time by the Richings' troupe. It did not go off so smoothly as other operas have, but the excellences of Auber's composition make themselves evident under the most adverse circumstances. We scarcely think that the troupe, as a whole, is equal to the task, and probably the management was somewhat apprehensive in attempting to produce it. In dramatic vigor and lyric power Mr. Hill was not up to the requirements of the *role* of "Fra Diavolo," and in the famous and somewhat difficult solo "Proudly and wide," the absence of these qualities rendered the execution of the song hardly tolerable. The "Zerlina" of Miss Richings was as perfect in toilette as that lady's characters always are, but it seemed to us that she was dispirited at times by the weakness of her support; and the continuous and unceasing tax upon her powers is beginning to make itself apparent. Her labors have been too ardent and uninterrupted. But she sang "On yonder rock reclining" with exceeding gracefulness and artistic beauty; it was the one true diamond sparkle amid all the glitter of the opera. Mr. Richings' "Lord Allcash" was an inimitable piece of acting; this old and popular favorite seems to improve like the best of wine, with age, and there is no telling how good he may become if he is spared to the stage a score of years longer. "Lorenzo" (M. Charles) sang his first solo very fairly and in good style. "Lady Allcash" (Miss Jenny Kempton) was not very spirited in action though recovering from the physical disorder of her voice. Messrs. Peakes and Seguin as "Beppo" and "Giacomo," without displaying much lyric strength, were dramatically good and amusing. Some of the enacted pieces might have borne a few more rehearsals; there were jarring, discord and false notes—infelicities that might naturally attend the production of an opera of this quality by a troupe not evenly effective and already wearied by excessive labors. We are pleased to record that the house was an excellent one, and subsequent representations have been given to fair audiences. This evening we have Flotow's *Martha*; on Sunday evening the French Dramatic Company appear in *Les Trois Loges* with an Italian intermede. On Wednesday evening Mr. Hill takes a benefit in *Norma*.

About the theatres there is but one thing to say—all are possessed of *Mazeppa*. Wheatleigh has gone or is going to Stockton; as for the other sensitive artists they have gone few know whither. Mrs. Hayne, Miss Ince, Mrs. Stark and Mrs. Woodward express a desire

Swift to be hurled
Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

and Mrs. Judah is taking an active interest in the Christian Commision. Mrs. Perry, however, maintains her part, perfectly satisfied, and she has reason to be. Her *début* as "Mazeppa" on Saturday evening last, proved, as we predicted, a success. A slight nervousness of manner was visible at first, not to be wondered at when we reflect that in her *soubrette* parts she was accustomed to wear pinafores, and that the sudden disembarrassment from any clothes to speak of might have embarrassed even an older lady. The character, however, was dressed with propriety, so far as it could be. The audience was more polite than that which assembled in a rival theatre on the occasion of another lady's *début* in the same part. Mrs. Perry presented a very pretty figure as the Tartar Boy; so pretty as to take the galleries by surprise and win them to a decent demeanor. Her fencing was very good, and the runs up the mountain were well done. A slight difficulty occurred with the horse, but this Mr. Thorne explained in a few brief and appropriate words. Mr. Barry's performance of a Polish baboon was second only to Mrs. Perry's Tartar Boy; the only objection that can be made to it being that the part is an interpolation of his own and not to be found in the book. It is a pity that he is not content with giving us a respectable Chimpanzee, but this favorite actor is nothing if not troglodytic to excess. Mayo, Thorne, Mrs. Saunders and Miss Sweet filled up the balance of a bill which leaves little room for acting on the part of any one but the hero and the horse. If the horse on the opening night had done as well as the hero, he would probably have enjoyed a call before the curtain; but the truth compels us to say that he deserved hissing on one or two occasions. That he "would not lay down" was bad enough, but it was worse and positively indecent of him to kick a hole through the drop-curtain while Mr. Thorne was improvising an apology for him, startling that gentleman to such a degree, that he came very near falling into the kettle-drum. Even the horse's best friends must allow that he put his foot in it that time. And if we cannot conscientiously praise his behaviour coming down the mountain, what shall we say of the manner in which he went up? A miller's horse carrying a grist, could not have displayed a greater indifference to his burden. It is pleasant to turn once more from censure of the horse to praise of the hero. As Mazeppa, the latter carried off the part with so much of grace and dash, that comparisons have been instituted between her and the Menken, which turn not altogether to the advantage of the latter. If any doubt existed that she was well and properly put together, that suspicion has been most triumphantly removed by a demonstration which certainly left no room for deception. Mazeppa is on the bills, like one of Miss Braddon's tales, to be continued until further notice. In the meantime the mania is spreading, and we are informed that at the present time there are five Mazeppas in the field. That the interior will take the contagion, there cannot well be a doubt. Sacramento will probably lead off, Stockton following suit. What a fiery and untamed time there will be among the enthusiastic lunatics of that latter place! Critics may mourn, but what else can they do? Their sad protests are disregarded, and while they stand with hands uplifted in mute horror, the multitude are jumping over them to get front seats. It is the people who have the power of controlling these things, not the press. Experience demonstrates, that to speak of a play as "improper," crowds the house; that to denounce a book as "shocking," exhausts the edition at once. Every principle of art prompts us to detest dramas of this kind. The stage should be suggestive, Mazeppa leaves nothing to imagination. True, the mirror ought to be held up to nature, but the reflection should show us nothing but the face. We look with eager anticipation to that good time which we hope is coming, when a pure and elegant popular taste shall once more revive, and sweep the nude and sensational from the stage, as with a besom. We notice that *Dick Turpin* is announced at the Opera House for Sunday night, and that the *French Spy* is underlined for next week, Mrs. Perry appearing in both pieces.

We last week announced the return of Mr. Wilson and his troupe from their country campaign. Last evening the hippotheatronic entertainment was re-opened at its old place on Jackson street, and once more the great tent shook its canvas sides in the breezes which make free with that locality. That it would be well attended was a foregone conclusion, for horses are the popular attraction just now. What with the Bay View Fair, the five Mazeppas, and Mr. Wilson's excellent equestrian entertainment, these are gala days for admirers of the turf. If we may call the public pocket a ledge whereof managers are the workers, it might be said that at the present time they have struck a "horse." We must confess to a preference for the style and manner in which Mr. Wilson gives his entertainment, for he preserves all the unities. We have the ring and the sawdust and the clown and all the other concomitants of the circus; it is the amusement that with its blandishments and its spangles moved us when we were boys, and separated us by an eternal divorce from all our spare "quarters." Then circus days were only equalled and not excelled by training days; huge posters with winged horses and postnring riders in all the colors of the rainbow decorated the fences and lent a new and fresh ornamentation to the smoked walls of the tavern bar-room, already well covered with inscriptions in chalk and pencil, and advertisements offering small rewards for stray sheep and steers. Our parents always gave us permission to do as we pleased on circus day, and sometimes the courts adjourned to see the show. It was a glorious epoch altogether in school boy life; uncles gave us money, and pretty little cousins were placed under our escort for the day; we treated them to ginger-cakes and lemonade, assuming for that day the prodigality of princes. The side-shows, too, where dwarfs and the lamb with two heads, and the anaconda were; the auctioneer who sold razors and combs and papers of pins, and was *so* witty—how they come up as memory turns her retrospective glass! The female equestrians were bright and beautiful to us as angels, and our little cousins would get fairly jealous as we launched out in open admiration of their rivals in the ring. It was something to sit in the tent with the wind blowing through, and the brass band blowing out its melodies in those warm July days. And now that early enthusiasm has all vanished, our pretty cousins are married, and we sit the best theatrical display through with the resignation of one who performs a duty, and are grateful to the managers if it be short. But it suddenly occurs to us that we have as yet said very little about Mr. Wilson's excellent entertainment, which we hope every one will go and see, if only for the sake of once more living their old circus days over.

"Jeems Pipes of Pipesville" had an audience at the Music Hall, Thursday evening, that would have been an excellent population for Pipesville in the days when he laid out that flourishing colony. Among the audience he saw many old friends, many whose heads as well as his own have become plentifully sprinkled with grey since the theatrical entertainments he gave in the old times when Stephen C. Massett was manager, actor, scene-shifter, scenery, and everything but audience. The entertainment of Thursday evening is well outlined in the title, *Drifting About*. It was a recital of the lands he has visited and the things he has seen, not in the didactic style of travellers but in the amusing vein of one who sits down to entertain a circle of friends. It was interspersed with imitations and with anecdote, recitals of pathetic poems and narratives of adventure. The imitation of Mme. Anna Bishop was excellent; as a mimic Mr. Massett is good, and his caricatures of people he had met, of indigenous geniuses and exotic characters, were very well done. Altogether, Mr. Massett gave value received, and the audience so accepted his entertainment, interrupting him with frequent applause. Encouraged by the success of his *soirée*, Mr. Massest intends giving a *matinée* on his return from an interior tour.

Gilbert's Museum is advertised to be teeming with wonders—an Irish Giant Boy, just returned from the interior, where he grew some three inches in height and sixty pounds in weight, being the driver of the team. There is also an Albino family on the bills, and a snake-charmer, and a Lightning Calculator—whom we remember at Barnum's Museum, where he was an institution—and the wonderful Tyrolean Warbler, and a ceroplastic group of life-like figures, and upwards of two thousand other curiosities. The Museum certainly offers a bill.

"EGOMET" writes to know why we do not generously set aside a busines rule and notice all the theatres in our dramatic column—even those that do not advertise. Simply because this *is* a business rule with all newspapers. If, as he suggests they are too poor to advertise, the sooner they close their doors the better. An entertainment that is too poor to advertise is manifestly too poor to deserve public patronage.

OCEAN WAVES.—Great exaggeration has existed in respect to the altitude of ocean waves. Even learned writers, until very recently, continued to speak of their rising forty or fifty feet high. In November, 1840, I encountered, during a voyage from New York to Barbadoes, in a small bark, one of the severest hurricanes of the present century. It was one of those great cycloidal storms reported on by the late Colonel Reid, which swept down the whole length of the Caribbean sea, and, turning with the Gulf Stream, followed the coast of North America to Newfoundland, and finally crossed the Atlantic to the shores of England. Owing to the ignorance and stupidity of the captain, we received the whole force of the storm for four days. When we reached the middle of the Gulf Stream, where the current was three knots an hour, off the capes of Carolina, we had the wind at its greatest force from the north, raising the waves to what people delight to call, in poetic language, "mountains high." Being a good sailor, I mounted the mast to get a better view of the terrible desolation which surrounded our little bark, and to measure the height of the waves. I was quite surprised when I mounted thirty feet to find that I was on a level with the waves when the ship was at the bottom of the "troughs." I therefore arrived at the conclusion that they never rise over sixteen or eighteen feet above the ocean's level when at rest. The violence of the waves was such, (as we found when we came into port,) that nearly one-third of the copper was torn from the ship's sides and bottom.—*Wilson's Ship-building.*

MR. CHRISTIAN PFISTER has the honor of calling public attention to his great assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, fine Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Peruques, Toupes, Combs—tortoise-shell, buffalo and Irish horn, ivory and rubber; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves, ladies' and gentlemens'; silk Suspenders and common ones; Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, etc. Having made new arrangements with Paris houses, it is within his power to offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the gentlemen's room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.—The fashion of having embroidery on cloaks, ladies' dresses, and in fact, garments of almost every description, is rapidly on the increase in this country—imported, as are other fashions, from Paris. Fortunately for the ladies, the *crisis* has not caught them unprepared, and left them with no means of ornamenting their articles of dress but the tedious and tiresome one by hand. There is at least one of our popular sewing machines (Grover & Baker's) which is adapted to both sewing and *embroidery*—the latter as well and as rapidly as it sews the plainest sewing.

(COMMUNICATION.)

THE LATE COLLISION—STATEMENT OF CAPT. POOLE.

Editor Californian: Taking it for granted that you are willing to have a fair statement as to the collision between the *Yosemite* and *Washoe*, on Tuesday night, I send this communication for publication.

The *Washoe* had just left Rio Vista wharf; the *Yosemite* was close to her at that time, and gaining very rapidly on her, and, on getting within a few feet of her stern, blew a single blast of her whistle, in accordance with the laws, indicating to the *Washoe* the intention to pass her to the right, but which was not answered. We turned out to pass her to the right, and when we had passed her so far as to bring our boat's wheel ahead of the *Washoe's* bow, (and we were passing her rapidly,) the latter boat caught the suction of the *Yosemite* and remained alongside for a few moments. As I suppose, she was drawn against my boat by the suction, and, her guards being lower than those of my boat, went under my guards, breaking in her side houses. No injury was intended to be done the *Washoe*, either by myself or any of my crew. In fact, no injury of any account was done, as two good carpenters can repair her in half a day, as could have been seen to-day while she was lying at Pacific Wharf. I have no disposition, and never have had, to injure the *Washoe*, and my orders from the officers of the Company are to do everything possible to avoid collision with her, as well as with all other boats. My pilots and officers are sober and capable men, and have an experience of nearly twenty years in handling boats. I claim that myself and crew have a better knowledge of the business than the Captain and crew of the *Washoe* can have, as their experience on steamboats is very short and limited; and therefore we are more liable to be right in all cases of collision. Very respectfully, E. A. POOLE,
Master steamer *Yosemite*.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
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REFUGIO MINING COMPANY, CHIHUAHUA, Mexico—Office, Odd Fellows' Hall, Montgomery street—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above company, for the election of Trustees for the ensuing year, will be held at this office on THURSDAY, the 8th of September next, at 2 P. M. COLL DEANE, Secretary.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
—TO—
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the
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Parties may become SUBSCRIBING MEMBERS by applying to the Secretary.
By order of the Board of Directors,
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WHAT KILLED HIM?

DR. HALL, in his "Journal of Health," speaking of the death of Washington Irving, asks the above question, and adds: "He might well have remained with us for some years to come had it not been for advice kindly intended, no doubt, but given in thoughtlessness and reckless ignorance.

HE HAD A COLD!

Which by some injudicious prescription had been converted into an asthma." Let me say to Dr. Hall, that that "prescription" was not

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.—FANNY L. GREEN, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and permitting plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Fanny L. Brown, and for costs of suit and general relief. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. Stevenson, Plaintiff's Attorney. sc3

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and

Dealers in

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of

SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,
Of every description. Best quality of
MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
Together with a complete assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.

Store fronting on
514 Market & 15 Sutter St.
☞ THREE DOORS ☜
BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,
San Francisco.

Our Motto, ☞ "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash. ☜

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Gnesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,
Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

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INSURANCE AG INST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.
Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.
WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.
All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
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NEW YORK.
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EXCHANGE ON
NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

UNION COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Junction of Second and Bryant streets.
R. TOWNSEND HUDDART,
PRINCIPAL.

THE COLLEGE HAS BEEN ENLARGED DURING THE past year by the erection of a spacious Hall and Recitation Rooms, which have been furnished with Philosophical Apparatus and all these modern improvements that tend to facilitate the progress of Education, as well as to promote the health and comfort of pupils. The other buildings are commodious, the dormitories lofty and well ventilated, and the whole establishment is provided with every suitable accommodation. The grounds for exercise and recreation occupy a 100-vara Lot in one of the healthiest and most desirable parts of the city, near to South Park.

DR. HUDDART
Is assisted by efficient Instructors, who co-operate with him in constant supervision over the education of those entrusted to his care.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES, FRENCH, SPANISH and GERMAN, together with the accomplishments of MUSIC AND DRAWING, are under the best qualified Teachers.

A prospectus containing full information for parents and guardians, can be obtained on application at the College; or at the bookstore of A. ROMAN & CO, or C. Bench, Montgomery street. au6-1m

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS
IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE
FIRST
PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.
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UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

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THE LARGEST
—AND—
BEST ASSORTED STOCK IN THE STATE,
And everything to be found in a well-conducted

Carpet Warehouse,

For Sale at the Lowest Rates.

WM. M. HIXON'S

CARPET WAREHOUSE,

NOS. 606 AND 608 CLAY STREET.
One Door above Montgomery street. my28

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of
WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.
It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.
Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
ju11 No. 630 Merchant street.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,
Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.
A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.
jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

FEET! FEET! FEET!

Listen all ye that deal in feet and are barefooted:
GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST!
No Assessments to Pay, but Dividends Secured at Once!

FOR SIXTY DAYS
We will dispose of our IMMENSE STOCK
AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

We have in store and arriving, upwards of
$150,000 WORTH
OF
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
Which we are determined to give the public, and all our customers, for cash,
25 PER CENT. BELOW NEW YORK COST.

5,000 PAIRS LADIES' BUTTON, LACE AND CONGRESS GAITERS,
Suitable for House Shoes, Regardless of any Cost,
ON ACCOUNT OF HIGH PREMIUM ON GOLD.

We solicit a call to convince, then send along your friends, to the largest RETAIL SHOE STORE in the State.

HOLCOMBE BROTHERS,
PIONEER SHOE STORE,
Corner Washington and Kearny streets.
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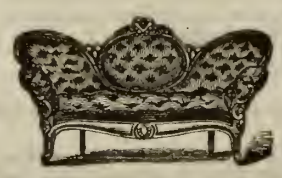

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,
—AND—
LATEST STYLES
—OF—
Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,
No. 528 Washington street,
Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.
☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*
GOODWIN & CO.,
jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

AUSTIN & SCHMITT, Importers and
Dealers in
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
Offer for sale the best assortment of the above goods to be found in the city, consisting in part of
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
MANTILLAS,
LACES,
DRESS GOODS,
Of every description. Best quality of
MOURNING GOODS,
HOSIERY,
EMBROIDERIES,
Together with a complete assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
247 Montgomery street,
Between Sacramento and California streets.

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First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
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EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
517
CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
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728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the
BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
But also as being
THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper, of a quality and weight not often brought to this market, is ordered from the East
EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,
THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE
Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for
EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year by mail to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to
C. H. WEBB,
Editor and Proprietor CALIFORNIAN,
728 Montgomery street.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a new weekly bearing the above sententious title was laid upon our desk last Saturday. Its editor and proprietor is C. H. Webb, the "Inigo" of the *Golden Era*, and the late local editor of one of our permanent dailies. We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community, and should its existence be prolonged, unlike many of its predecessors, we shall look for a healthier tone to home-made literary merit. It has our best wishes for its success.—*Police Gazette.*

CALIFORNIA literature has been enriched by a new weekly paper, the CALIFORNIAN, published under the direction of Mr. C. H. Webb, who has already known how to make his capacities as a distinguished writer appreciated. This new organ is consecrated to the propagation of literature and scientific works, and merits a kind reception.—*Franco-American Union, June 1st*

THE CALIFORNIAN, a new literary journal, C. H. Webb, editor and proprietor, made its first appearance Saturday morning, May 28th. Mr. Webb is widely known as the writer of "Things," in the *Golden Era*. He has also been connected editorially with the *Bulletin*. His paper (16 pages) presents an elegant and attractive appearance.—*Golden Era, May 29th.*

And the following we clip from the country exchanges which have reached us:

THE CALIFORNIAN.—The first number of a literary paper (weekly), bearing this title, has been received from the Sacramento agent, C. A. Carolan. In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table*. The contents of this number, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least. To render the CALIFORNIAN acceptable to the State at large, however, San Francisco, the locality of its publication, should not occupy too much space in its columns. C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable journalistic experience, and a facile, lively, piquant writer, is responsible for the advent of this publication.—*Sacramento Daily Union May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the name of a new literary paper in San Francisco, published by C. H. Webb, a literary gentleman of considerable ability. It is the best looking paper ever printed in the State, and well filled with good reading matter. Carolan is the agent for this city.—*Sacramento Daily Bee, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This new weekly paper, published in San Francisco by Charles H. Webb, has been handed us for perusal. It is a literary paper of the highest order of merit, and deserves success. It contains, among other things, a highly humorous rhyme—*The Ballad of the Emeu.* Charles A. Carolan is agent for this city.—*Sacramento Evening Star, May 30th.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—This is the title of a new weekly literary journal which has just made its appearance in San Francisco, the first number of which has found a place on our table. It is got up in very fine style, and edited by C. H. Webb, a gentleman of considerable newspaper experience. From what we have seen of its contents, we believe the CALIFORNIAN will be a welcome visitor to the family fireside. Its editorials appear to be of a high-toned, liberal and finished order, while the selections are of such a character as should have a place in a respectable literary journal. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express, June 1st.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.—A new candidate for public favor, in the shape of a Saturday literary sheet, made its appearance yesterday under the above title. It is a handsomely printed paper of sixteen pages, and the issue before us gives an earnest of the capacity of Mr. C. H. Webb to conduct such a journal with credit to himself and the literary progress of California. It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Daily Alta, May 29th.*

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
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CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
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Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

ROSENBLATT'S Palace of Fashion,

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRENCH CORSETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER Valenciennes and Point Lace Collars, Sleeves and Handkerchiefs, French Embroidered Bands, new style Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Russia Leather Bags, Onyx Breastpins and Ear-rings, Jet Chains and Bracelets, Hosiery, Gloves; Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

Which are offered 25 per cent. less than New York Prices, on account of the high premium on gold, at

ROSENBLATTS PALACE OF FASHION,
123 and 125 Montgomery street.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets,
au20 Sacramento.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
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H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

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WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS
(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.
San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jul1-3m

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,

SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.

OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.
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DR. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

Office, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny street, San Francisco. au27

SAVE YOUR

E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low. ☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. au27-3m

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DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE,

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WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

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AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Pluted Frames
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
Aneroid Barometers,

20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
260 doz. Pocket Knives,
120 doz. Razors,
50 doz. Razor Strops,
130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
169 doz. Thermometers,
25 doz. Hydrometers,
Galvanic Batteries.

☞ COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

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R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

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TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
ju25

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A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. nu6-tf

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GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture, in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,
or for Dealers' Supplies, from a coal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:
CARRINGTON & CO.,
au6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Industrial Exhibition, 1864.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WILL BE PREPARED at the Pavilion, on Union Square, to receive goods intended for exhibition, on the 22d of August, and none will be admitted after the 31st. By order of the Committee,
au13-td C. B. PORTER.

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.
LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.
au20

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9.

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOSEPH GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOSEPH GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 26th day of SEPTEMBER, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of August, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. au23-5t

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES!

Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A
TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY
MACHINES,

With recent improvements for

HEMMING, FELLING,
TUCKING, GATHERING,
BINDING, CORDINO,
QUILTING, BRAIDING, etc.,

Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

SINGER'S STANDARD
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

☞ Call and examine, or send for a pamphlet.

THE SINGER MANUF. COMPANY,
No. 139 Montgomery street.
WM. BRODERICK, Agent. se3-3m

QUINCY HALL

Clothing Emporium!

THE Largest and Finest Store in the State is QUINCY HALL, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street, where can be found clothing of every description, of the finest quality and latest style. Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

se3-tf

$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRISTIAN PFISTER,
se3-tf No. 227 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

S. F. O. C.

REGULAR NOMINATIONS
—OF THE—
San Francisco Olympic Club.

☞ The following list of Candidates is recommended by your Nominating Committee to fill the respective offices for which they are named, to serve for the ensuing six months:

For President - - - - - - JOHN McCOMB
For Vice President - - - - - H. K. MOORE
For Treasurer - - - - - W. H. ELDRIDGE
For Secretary - - - - - EDWIN BONNELL
For Leader - - - - - - CHAS. C. JACKS
For Directors: ROBINSON GIBBONS, JOHN H. COLEMAN, JAS. S. TOWNSEND, HENRY DUTTON, Jr.

☞ The Election will be held at the Hall of the Club on MONDAY, September 5th, 1864, from nine o'clock, A. M., to nine P. M.

WM. P. MERRIAM,
se3-1t Secretary Nominating Committee.

S. F. O. C.

MEMBERS' INDEPENDENT TICKET
—OF THE—
San Francisco Olympic Club.

☞ GENTLEMEN: In accordance with your numerously signed petition, we, your Committee, unanimously recommend the following-named gentlemen as eminently qualified to serve as officers, and worthy of your support at the approaching election.

W. A. WEST,
F. BARNARD,
J. C. EDWARDS,
ROBT. CUNNINGHAM,
J. W. GOULD,
Members of Independent Nominating Committee.

For President - - - - REUBEN H. LLOYD
For Vice President - - - - FRED A ELLIOTT
For Secretary - - - DANIEL H WHITTEMORE
For Treasurer - - - - - EDWARD W SMITH
For Leader - - - - - DURBIN VAN VLECK
For Directors: DAVID WILDER, ARTHUR NAHL, JOHN K ORR, JOSEPH MANSUR.

☞ The Election will be held on MONDAY, September 5, 1864, at the Club Rooms, on Sutter street, from nine o'clock, A M to nine P M.

JOHN W. GOULD, Secretary.
se3-1t Independent Nominating Committee.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MAZEPPA!

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1864,
BENEFIT OF MRS. H. A. PERRY,
And the last night of
Mazeppa!

MAZEPPA - - - - - - - Mrs H. A. PERRY
Abder Khan - - - - - - - Frank Mayo
Koscar - - - - - - - W. H. O'Neil
Thamar - - - - - - - C R Thorne, Jr
Drolinsko - - - - - - - W Barry
Olinska - - - - - - - Miss Lulu Sweet
Zeimla - - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING,
MRS. H. A. PERRY,
In the Equestrian Drama of
Dick Turpin;
OR, THE RIDE TO YORK.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. nu27

NOVELTY! NOVELTY! NOVELTY!

WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S
Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT
Is now PERFORMING EVERY EVENING until further notice, in the
LARGE AND ELEGANT PAVILION,
Adjoining International Hotel,

When there will be presented to the San Francisco public a host of novelties.

The CARLO GROUPE are new and make their first appearance in this city.

The Manager, Mr. JOHN WILSON, is determined that the entertainment shall excel in every particular, and be worthy of patronage; he having concentrated in this company not only the largest and most complete Circus in the World, but the elite of the Equestrian, Gymnastic, Acrobatic, Juggling, Vaulting and Posturing performers of the country.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle - - - - - - - - - $1 00
Second Circle - - - - - - - - - 0 50
Reserved Chairs - - - - - - - - 50c extra

☞ Grand Afternoon Performance for families every Saturday.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances commence at 8.
se3 JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - Stage Manager

GRAND OPENING NIGHT!
MONDAY EVENING - - - SEPT. 5TH.

THE EVER POPULAR
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!
Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Ahecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Groh, and
MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

LAST WEEK OF THE
GRAND FAIR
OF THE
Ladies' Christian Commission

For the benefit of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers and Sailors, now being held at UNION HALL.

This Fair will close during the coming Week.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, SEPT. 3.
The following Tableaux will be exhibited:

1. A Hospital Scene.
2. The Soldier's Dream.
3. Statuary—The Three Graces.
4. Cromwell and his favorite Daughter.
5. A Country Choir.
6. Past and Future.
7. Statuary—Death of Virginia.

Tickets.....50 cents.
Children, half price.

Tickets for sale at the principal Book, Music and Jewelry stores on Montgomery street, and at the principal Hotels.

LIGHT GYMNASTICS.

C. J. ROBINSON'S GYMNASTIC CLASSES, at Miss Aldrich's Academy, will be closed for two weeks from date; the new Term opening on THURSDAY, September 15th. An Evening Class of young men for instruction in Military Drill, will also be formed. For admission to membership, apply at the Academy, Stevenson street, near the corner of Market and Second streets.

San Francisco, September 1st, 1864.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

OPENING
—OF—
The Industrial Exhibition.

The Grand Pavilion will be thrown open to the Public THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, at 9 o'clock, and in the evening, at 8 o'clock, there will be a display of Fireworks by Messrs. Church & Clark, at Union Square, corner of Stockton and Geary streets.

Season Tickets for Lady and Gentleman - - - $5 00
Season Tickets for one person - - - - - - 3 00
Tickets for Single Admission - - - - - 50

Tickets may be had at the Institute, on California street, or of any member of the Executive Committee.

By order of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Sole Owner
Mr. PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - Manager
G. T. EVANS - - - - - Musical Director

ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

For this evening only.
SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1864.
Flotow's popular Opera of
Martha!
THE RICHINGS'
English Opera Troupe!

In the principal characters:

Lady Harriet - - - - Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS
Nancy - - - - - - - - Miss J. Kempton
Lionel - - - - - - - - Mr. W. J. Hill
Plunkett - - - - - - - - Mr. E. Seguin
Sir Tristan - - - - - - - Mr. John Gregg
Sheriff of Richmond - - - - Mr. H. C. Peakes

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:
The French Dramatic Company will appear in the play of
LES TROIS LOGES,
And an Italian Intermede.

MONDAY EVENING,
First night of LA SONNAMBULA.

WEDNESDAY EVENING,
For the benefit of Mr. W. J. Hill, the opera of NORMA

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. se3

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. A. ROWE, - - - - - - - Manager

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

HOME AGAIN!
JAMES MURPHY, THE IRISH GIANT BOY,
Who has just returned from the Interior.

This wonderful young man has grown some three inches in height, and is some sixty pounds heavier; he therefore now weighs over three hundred pounds, and stands nearly eight feet and a half high, making him really the most Colossal Giant—old or young, man or boy—the world ever saw. Don't fail to see him.

Also, just engaged, the celebrated
ALBINO FAMILY,
Consisting of brother and sister, with beautiful snowy, wavy hair, perfectly white skin, and pink eyes—the most novel, wonderful and instructive exhibition ever presented to the public. Every student of nature should witness this extraordinary phenomena.

Still astounding and startling the world, the
GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER, M. DE BAR.
Also, the great Mathematical Wonder,
THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR,
From Barnum's Museum.
THE WONDERFUL TYROLEAN WARBLER

Will give his interesting Musical Exhibitions throughout the day and evening.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND
UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

The Willows.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S
CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

A grand opening of the WILLOWS will occur on the first of August, when the Billiard Room, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, will all be in readiness for occupancy. In the meantime, ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. jy2-tf

HEALTH
AND AMUSEMENT,
COMBINED!
C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,
In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of
LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At Miss ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,
Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jy23-1m

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A. Roman & Co.,

Are constantly in the receipt, by Steamer,
—OF—
ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS
OF THE DAY.

Among those recently received are the following:

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic. By Ik Marvel.
Macaria; a Novel. By the author of "Beulah."
Bridal Eve. By Mrs Southworth;
Self-Sacrifice. By the author of "Margaret Maitland;"
Linnet's Trial; a Tale. By "S. M.," author of "Twice Lost;"
From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.
The Silver Sunbeam; a Practical and Theoretical Text Book on Sun Drawing and Photographic Printing, by Towler;
The Blannerhasset Papers. By Safford;
Phantom Flowers; a Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Illustrated;
Wax Flowers: How to Make Them;
Hotspur; a Novel. By Walworth;
Denise; by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 2 vols.
Patriotism, and other Papers. By T. Starr King;
Parton's Life of Franklin. 2 vols;
Haunted Hearts; by the author of "The Lamplighter."
History of President Lincoln's Administration. By H. J. Raymond;
Darkness and Daylight. By Mrs. Holmes.

☞ We have on hand the largest stock of
Standard, Miscellaneous and Library Books
to be found in this city, embracing every department of
LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
417 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET*,
SAN FRANCISCO.
jy30-1m

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:
Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
au20 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 16. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance. 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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THE COUNTESS DIANA—A Translation.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.
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MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:
Interesting Items from Exchanges.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles."—*L'Allegro.*

THE present week commenced business by putting on a great many airs, and the man at the bellows (I don't mean the Reverend Doctor) gave it his undivided attention, and free remittances of dust came down from the sand hills, filling, not the purses, but the eyes of the public. The vote being taken at the meeting, the ayes had it, and had it good and strong. There has been a great deal of other blowing done in one way and another besides. September certainly came in like a lion, and if it don't go out like young mutton, then put not your faith in almanacs.

SPEAKING of lions, cannot that discontented animal that is caged at Gilbert's Museum be induced to roar more gently? Crossing Market street at a quiet hour the other night, I was startled by an attempt on the part of his lionship to charm the surrounding sleepy denizens of that classic precinct. He first struck up in a major key, probably for the ear of Major Van Voast, the Provost Marshal, down the street; thence into a minor key, for the edification of that honest class who rejoice in an appellation given in an ironical or other metallic sense, who were drinking mit the friends of Sigel in the lager saloon near at hand. That lion roars the most unhappy, discontented roar I ever listened to. What a bore to his surrounding comrades, who are trying to get a little rest and quietness, after having been poked with parasols and stirred up all day by Young America! There is evidently something on his mind, or very little on his stomach—possibly, an undigested recollection of a dainty supper on a stray Sepoy or neglected baby which he had seized and done for in the shady jungle of India; or, being in a museum, conceives that it will amuse him to set the neighborhood to saying hard things. If it arises from indigestion, or melancholic consequences of surfeit of beef *a la mode*, we hope Mr. Gilbert will take some other mode of satisfying his lordship's appetite, and let peace reign in that locality; and I won't bono him any more about it—it is meet that I should not.

WHO owns that diminutive chap that is put out in the night air to sell bouquets to gentlemen who keep late hours? He may be seen near Wells Fargo's every night, all doubled up in a little wad, with a big bouquet in his hand, intercepting the belated wanderer with piping, childish tones: "Buy a bouquet, sir?" It is all wrong to put that juvenile on a midnight watch in that way. He should be at home, asleep, tucked up in his trundle, dreaming of heavy winnings at marbles and riding a pony down a lane studded with molasses-candy pitching-posts. Such early years cannot stand late hours without driving the bloom from his ruddy little face more rapidly than his own flowers fade and die away.

I hope that young lady will forgive me for the unpleasant predicament an accident placed both of us in the other day, when the unruly breeze blew her long trail under my feet. Now, if she had stopped as I did, the string that gathered the skirt about her waist would not have parted, and the garment would not have fallen in such an ungraceful manner about her feet. It was a sudden transformation from a tall lady in a long (too long) flowing robe, into a girl in a short white dress not adapted to the street. She gave a delicate scream and sprang into the door of a store close at hand. I picked up the garment on the end of my cane and pitched it in after her, and would have followed with any number of apologies, had she not struck at me spitefully with her parasol, and screamed, "Go away!" I thought myself it was not a very good opportunity to offer apologies, and did go away.

THIS was worse than the awkward predicament of a friend of mine who has been very desperately in love with a young lady for two years past, and who now takes it out in silent and distant admiration—standing on street corners to see her pass, and following sometimes in a reverential and modest manner the graceful form of his inamorata. The other day, venturing too near, the mischievous wind caught his hat, and in its wanton glee whirled it at the very feet of the object of his Platonic affections, where it lodged apparently contented, and where its owner ought to have been long ago. The lady could not well avoid coming to a halt, and, of course, looked towards the head belonging to the hat with as much as to say, "Why don't you come for it?" There was a struggle between the legs that wanted to carry him off the other way, and "appearances." He smote his watch-pocket, and exclaiming, "I'll do it, or die!" bounded forward, bent his knee to the prettiest girl in the city, and reclaimed his hat; while she, with her face all rose-blushes and mischief, looked triumphant. She had brought him to it, and made him kneel at the shrine where he had long distantly worshipped. I can't do anything with the fellow since. He thinks of joining Albert Smith, and going into the walking-on-throne business permanently. As an indisputable evidence of his insanity, he went off and paid all his mining assessments. You have only to say "feet!" and down he goes on his knee-pans. What it will pan out remains to be seen. Ever since, he has sought sweet relief from the agitation of the interview at the altar of the twin deities, Music and Literature, as personated by Miss Richings and Lord Lyttleton, to whom he bows, an ardent, earnest devotee, after the Oriental style and fashion, which knows no difference between love and madness.

THE Fairs have been the feature of the week, and a great many fair features were there visible.

Is the Christian Commission Fair an institution started, got up, carried on in opposition to the Sanitary? Is it an opposition to the Rev. Dr. Bellows because he is a Unitarian? Information is wanted on this head. Why should there be jealousies and heart-burnings when the object is the same? Is the wounded soldier going to question the source from whence comes the spiritual or bodily comfort? Is he expected to ask if it is a cup of Unitarian tea or Episcopalian toast that is offered him? Are good deeds marked and numbered like pledges in a pawn-broker's shop, and put away, that due credit may be given to this or that particular sect? I heard a missionary once, in Hongkong, ratiug soundly a degenerate John for not attending to his religious duties in the school where the experiment of educating them to early piety was being tried. John says: "You talkee me do all same you do, and I go topside (Heaven.) By and by another missionary man he talkee me, 'No, John; not do so; but do all same as me and you go chop-chop.' All very 'curio'—s'poso must go two ways one time. What difference mo no shabbee—no shabbee." And we may say, with John, what difference does it make which way? Let us do good in our generation, and not stand on the order of doing it. Speaking of the Fair, let it be said that the ladies deserve a general recommendation for honesty and fairness in their dealings—unusual under similar circumstances. I have never known a Fair where business was done on such equitable principles. As a general thing, a man gets but little for his money—usually gets that little only—and the ladies might justly claim credit for constancy, and advertise "You'll find no change in me." At the Christian Commission they return correct change, and their dealings are conducted on a basis of fair-play that enables a man to form some idea how long his money will last. Now, I handed a half-dollar to the tall, graceful lady that attends the entrance to the picture gallery, and considered it cheap to look upon her face as the sweetest of the collection; but she handed me the change with such a positive air that I was afraid to express the modest "Keep it, ma'am," that was upon my lips.

Utility and appropriateness are not always the study of the crinolined clerks behind the tables. A very nice young woman sold me a net for my hair, and a bunch of what seemed to me be corset-strings. She urged me strongly to buy a machine called a "page"—some kind of a thing to reef up one's frock, I believe; I showed her my coat-tail—one of the regular Young America pattern, very brief—and asked her if she thought that would stand another reef. She said she thought it wouldn't; and she was correct, for if brevity is the soul of wit, it was a very funny coat.

CHEAP music for the million is what is wanted. There has been a little something in that way the past week, contributed by the Circus Band, the omnibus filled full outside with brazen gentlemen who blow for Billy Williamson, and the van used by all the political aspirants to announce, (through the medium of a small boy and a big drum inside, and an immense placard outside,) that there is to be an enthusiastic meeting somewhere, to be addressed by Mr. Somebody, who generally proves to be the victim who must pay the bills. It is an understood thing that the incipient politician begins his apprenticeship by standing the expense of the bubble reputation gained at Platt's Hall, against which heavy bills come in for gas, in its primitive state, and moisture for the thirsty souls who cry "Hear! hear!" and do most to prevent any one from hearing. Nobody objects to political meetings. They give business to sundry styles of blowers—those that blow on the instruments and those that are the instruments themselves. Platt makes his rent, and it serves to keep up the excitement. But about music: In most cities there is some arrangement for treating the public to a little melody. In Washington, the Marine Band plays in the Capitol grounds—a capital arrangement. In New York, Central Park is illuminated, and sweet notes float upon the air, moonlight evenings, that there is no discount on. Why can't the city go to the trifling expense of having music on the Plaza—say one evening each week. The great Bensley Watering-Pot might perhaps be induced to "operate" on such occasions, and dampen the old boots and shoes that are lying there cracking for want of moisture. It won't cost much, and it will please the dear people "muchly." It will keep them good-natured, in good spirits, and out of mischief; for no one can deny that the influence of music softens the hardest heart, leads us to think of purer and better things, and makes us better men.

IN the multiplicity of names for mining companies, to obtain which the arts, sciences and even heathen Mythology has been exhausted, and so many different offices in the same building, it is not strange that mistakes should occur. An instance of the kind worth mentioning happened recently at a meeting of the Board of a prominent mine. An individual who owned stock in a company appeared at the meeting, as he supposed, and made a long speech, "giving it" to the Trustees soundly for bad management, etc., and only sat down for want of breath when the Chairman remarked to the gentleman, "That's a very good speech, sir, but you have made a slight mistake, sir. You are one floor too low. You are in the wrong room, addressing the wrong company. That speech belongs in No. 6, up stairs. This is a Railway meeting."

RESTLESS.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the receipt of the following sums during the past week from various sources: From the *Camanche*, $358 95; from the Great Cheese on exhibition at the Industrial Fair, $506 70; from Martinez, $50; proceeds of the sale of Mrs. J. R. Crandall's fruit, from Auburn, at the Industrial Fair, $16 75; from Healdsburg, $5; the proceeds of Frank M. Pixley's lecture at San José, $277 50 in coin, and $135 in legal tender notes; from this city, $160—making a total for the week of $1,214 90 in coin, and $135 in legal tender notes.

We desire to call attention to the card of the California Branch of the Commission in another column, which designates the office to which all communications and remittances should be addressed. There can be no more worthy channel through which our generous and loyal people at this time can pour their bounty.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with: but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle—and you quiet bird
That rides the stream is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them up in their wonted fashion.

[*O. W. Holmes.*

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men in ——, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practices it there at present, except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to a distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fable animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest: and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasioually echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but, at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame-work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupefying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity. I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupefied eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding: my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.—*Dr. Maginn.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE AT WINDSOR.—Mr. S. H. Hayes, of the 2d Life Guards, has written the following explanatory letter: "Finding the story which I relate below has gained greater publicity in London than I should ever have imagined, I should feel much obliged if you would allow my version of it to appear in your columns. On Monday night, July 4, I was returning from Maidenhead to Windsor on horseback. When about half-way, I was met by two rough-looking men, (on horseback also,) who asked me what time it was. I answered that, not having my watch, I could not tell them. They then said, 'Oh, yes, you have, and we want it!' Upon this, seeing that they were bent on mischief, and being utterly unarmed, (not even a riding-whip in my hand,) I put my horse to his best pace, dashed through their comrades on foot, (four in number, and armed with pistols and sticks,) and kept straight along the high road, the two mounted men following me full gallop. We went, I suppose, two miles in this way, during which time they twice came alongside me, but failed in stopping my horse, notwithstanding they endeavored so to do, when I suddenly viewed a public house, with several men standing before it. I immediately pulled up, and allowed my pursuers to pass on. I here obtained a heavy stick in hopes of meeting my friends again, and arrived in barracks in due course—to find that the two rough-looking men were two of my brother officers, and their comrades four others. Their intention, they told me afterwards, was to pull me off my horse and regularly act the highwaymen. This, as will be seen, however, they failed in doing. In conclusion, I can only say that I do not publish this in any spirit of animosity, as, I rejoice to say, I am on the very best of terms with all my brother officers; but think it only fair, as I hear the story told in all sorts of different ways, that there should be an authentic account given."

DEATH OF SAILORS IN CALCUTTA.—There is no port in the world where the normal rate of mortality is so high as in the port of Calcutta. This partly arises from the fact that seamen commonly drink the abominable water of the river, or a still more deadly poison which is sold to them in the bazaars. Even in the best of the bazaars, those intended for the supply of Europeans, the things sold are often most abominable. But the poor are compelled to live on what an Irish peasant would throw away as offal. Our sailors, when they come here, find that they are in a very thirsty land. They stick a thin cap on their heads and make all sail for the bazaars, where they can get something cheap to drink; for at our hotels a rupee is the standard price for what is called a "peg." The sailor cannot afford that, and so he strolls towards a den of unspeakable infamy called Flag street. If he does not get struck down with sun-stroke on the way, he finds himself in a narrow thoroughfare, the usual open festering drain on each side, and with little low native huts to which access is gained by a plank. In one of these places he pays two annas (3d.) for a glass of what is called champagne cognac, and which is in reality a native preparation drugged with datura, a deadly poison, or *cocculus indicus*. Out of these sinks of iniquity some of these poor fellows never come alive, and in Calcutta there is no registration of births and deaths, so that it is quite impossible to get exact returns of the number of men who thus perish. It has been estimated by Dr. Chevers, President of the Medical College, that the proportion of deaths among our sailors is "a very near approach to annual decimation, or total extinction in ten years." In a single year one hundred and seventy sailors were taken to an hospital in Calcutta suffering from *delirium tremens.—Letters from Calcutta.*

AN ale-house had up this sign "Bear sold here." It may be remarked that the word was spelled properly if he meant to inform the public that the article was his own *Bruin*.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"WE sailed ou the 9th of April, which happened to be on a Friday. The owners were enlightened gentlemen who laughed at unlucky days, and both wind and tide being favorable, there was no reasonable excuse for delay, and we slipped our moorings.

"We arrived 'all well' in the Pacific, the men iu high rollicking spirits. The *Condor* was a model of what a whale-ship should be from stem to stern, from try-works to cutting-falls. Our boats can be dropped into the water at a moment's notice; sharp eyes sweep the sea in all directions, and all listen eagerly for the cry of 'There she spouts!' knowing as we do that sperm-whales are not far off. It is uot we only who know the business we are upon and the probable success which will attend our efforts. Countless flocks of birds hover round the ship, knowing by some mysterious instinct that they will soon be provided with abundance of food. But the fish just beneath the surface of the sea are far more numerous than the birds. For half a mile on every side the water is literally blackened with albacores. They will wait upon the ship for weeks, and unless a gale should rise and force the vessel along at the rate of something like nine knots, will keep up with her. An albacore is about a yard in length, is easily caught, and is excellent eating. The poor flying-fish are frightened into taking their feeble flight in the air, where, f not snapped up by the birds, they are instantly seized and devoured by the hungry albacores the moment their feeble powers of flight are exhausted and they drop helpless into the sea. How true it is that all Nature is at war; for the albacore has a terrible enemy in his turn; the sword-fish, namely, many of which free-lances of the deep make a rush in column, as it were, upon tho albacores, transfix them, often two together, with their projecting swords or lances, then shake off the victims and devour them. It sometimes happens that the sword-fish misses his aim and drives his sword into, and sometimes through, a merchant vessel's side.

"On the 19th of October, our look-out man hails in a stentorian voice the officer on deck, which happened to be myself, 'A large school of whales, sir!' 'Where away?' 'Off the weather bow, sir; about three miles distant.'

"In a moment the ship is brimming over with eager life. The boats are let fall manned, all is ready, and away we start upon a chase far more animated—the excitement stimulated by the well-known danger—than ever fox-hunter followed. I will give but one example of a whale hunt. We have not traversed half the distance from the ship to the school of whales wheu the huge monsters take the alarm aud are off at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. They spout clouds of vapor, which ascend like steam from the valve of a hundred steam-boats, and each leaves a foamy track behiud it equal to that made by a ship of moderate tonnage.

"Presently, one fine fellow—a male we are sure from his tremendous bulk—leaps up and displays himself in the air, possibly to reassure the cows and calves—that is to say, female and youngster calves—by the view of their immense protector, the cow whale never reaching to half the size of the bull whale. That vainglorious exhibition is an ill-advised one. We select him for our day's sport and prey; and a splendid day's fishing it will be if we secure him—the experienced harpooner venturing a confident opinion that he cannot be less than sixty feet in length, and half that in girth. Fancy a fish measuring eighteen hundred feet in bulk!

"The men bend exultingly to the oars; we skim over the water like sea-birds, and come up with our friend hand over hand. We are within striking distance, and a vigorously-thrown harpoon pierces deep into the cachalot's side. Another and another follows. The wounded animal springs with convulsive strength into the air, then with a crash and a whirl of foam falls back into the sea and makes off with astonishing speed. The whale-line, about one hundred fathoms, in our boat is soon run out, but another is bent on; and though the monster *sounds*—that is, dives to an immense depth—we contrive by bending on a fresh line to keep our hold of him. He cannot remain more than half an hour at the utmost beneath the water. Probably he will re-appear in about teu minutes. He does so. We pull towards him quietly, and a few strokes of the lance finish him. He now spouts life-blood, crimsoning the sea for many yards around. Soon he turns over, and the cheers of our men proclaim an easy victory. We were destined on the same day to experience a terrible reverse of fortune. The huge whale we had killed was towed by the other boats towards the ship, and we should have followed, were following leisurely, when one of the men roared out, 'There she spouts—there she blows!—another big 'un, too!' We were instantly in chase. Two sperm-whales in one day would be marvellous luck. We were soon up with the monster, and our harpooner struck his weapon vigorously into the whale, which received the blow with a plunge which half filled our boat with water. The next moment he sounded. It was another huge male—we knew that from his size—and it was with dificulty we paid out rope fast enough. The whale-line, as I had contrived it, from observation of other whale-vessels, ran through a groove lined with tin to prevent its getting on fire with the swiftness of running out. Two hundred fathoms of line were very soon gone; a second and a third were bent on. By-and-by our enraged captive re-appeared at the surface and tore on at a furious rate. For nearly an honr, I should think, he continued on with unflagging speed, but despairing, as it seemed, of escape, and resolved on revenge, he suddenly turned, and with bellowing roar and distended jaws rushed back as if to devour us. We shouted, waved our oars, to deter him from attacking us. He heeded not, and immediately he was near enough raised his enormous tail into the air and with one blow thereof smashed our boat to bits, leaving us all struggling in the water, except the unfortunate harpooner, who, caught in the coils of the harpoon-rope was carried off by the furious fish.

"The accident was witnessed from the towing boats, and two were immediately detached to the rescue. We were picked up and taken back to the ship—of course with the exception of poor Tomkins. The fish, I hardly need say, escaped—for the time.

"The captured whale was cut up, the blubber converted into oil—the head matter, spermaceti, carefully eliminated and put safely away. This operation lasted quite ten hours. However, our work was done. The skeleton of the huge sea mammal was dropped into the sea to sink or float as chance or the sharks directed. A task successfully accomplished is a great joy. I slept soundly. All my preparations and devices had turned out well.

"I turned out early. Morn rose in beauty. It was a cloudless dawn which came blushing o'er the sea; and before I had been ten minutes on deck, the look-out in the crow's-nest—a slight fabric lashed to the cross-trees to protect the watcher in some degree from foul weather—the look-ont iu the crow's-nest shouted, 'Whales on the bow! There she spouts! There she flukes!'

"I did not pipe the crew. There was but one whale in sight, and I felt almost sure it was the gentleman who had played us such a pretty trick the previous evening. One boat was let fall manned, and we were off 'iu a jiffy.'

"It was as I expected. The wounded whale still lived, bnt was jettiug forth the life-blood. The animal was in its *flurry* when we neared it, and how exactly it happened I know not, cannot distinctly remember, but the tail of the whale again struck the boat, not smashing it as in the former instance, but turning it bottom upwards. There were twelve in the boat, and all but four—amongst which four was myself, very happily—perished. I meau that I was happily saved, though for weeks and months subsequently I often wished that I had been oue of the drowned ones.

"Four of us survived—myself, (Robert Chenies,) Richard Young, James Travers and Henry Smith. We with vast effort gained the bottom of the boat and tried to save our friends. One, Edward Thornley, an oldish man, I caught by the hand, but could not hold my grasp. He was gone with the rest. God pity them!

"We could not right the boat, but by-aud-by it drifted close to the dead whale, floating belly upwards. We got upon the monster, and pulling upon the harpoon-rope, fished up poor Jenkins, partly devoured. It was a night of horror. But soon real not fancied terrors shook our souls.

"The cloudless blue of the southern sky, which when we left the ship lit up the bright waves, adding to the dazzling whiteness of their surgiug crests and to the radiance of the gem-like spray, became, as often happens in those latitudes, suddenly and as rapidly overcast. A hurricane—a tornado—set in; the sea roared in foaming billows; the *Condor* was shut out of view in the thick blackness, and poor Travers was washed off by the furious sea. I shall never forget his cry of agony as he was swept amongst the sharks which beset us and had already began to devour the dead whale. It was a terrific, maddening shout. I myself almost envied Travers! he was past fearing death—bitter, horrible, yet brief, as has been his passage from life to eternity. But for us!—

* * * * * * *

"The boat again drifted close to the whale, and by almost superhuman exertions we contrived to right her. Most fortunately four oars were saved by the coutrivance I have described. We got into her, and were so far rescued from imminent death! Yes, from immediate death! but our fate was apparently merely postponed. The boat could hardly live amid that waste of raging sea; and wilder, fiercer waxed the storm, and louder roared the foaming waves, and we knew not whither we were being driven. Night at last closed over us, aggravating the horrors of the tempest. We ceased at last to pull—to struggle; abandoning ourselves in sullen despair to the mercy of the winds and waves. It chanced that myself and Smith had each a closely-corked brandy flask in our pockets. That alcohol was our salvation; without it we could not have survived the night aud storm—uot have lived to witness, to hail the bright dawn which broke from the glorious southern sky, and kissed into roseate blushing beauty the still heaving but fast calming sea.

"But where were we? whither had we drifted—been driven? The *Condor* was not in sight. We were alone upon that vast expanse of sea—alone, without a drop of water, (the brandy was long since spent,) to quench our raging thirst!—without an ounce of food to still the ravening pangs of hunger. Happily, as the horizon lightened beneath the cloudless sun-smile, land was seen at no great distanco. Au island—one of the Ballenys we conjectured. It seemed no more than three marine leagues away, and we should hope to reach it before thirst had driven us mad—hunger rendered us incapable of exertion. Peopled by savages, no doubt; but death by the torture of hunger and thirst was a more terrible fear than to front the possible enmity of even cannibals.

"The distance seemed to increase as we tugged at the oars. Very soon failing strength compelled us to work by relays—one resting, two pulling. Our progress was very, very slow; and but that about uoon we were caught in a strong current settiug direct for the island, we should never, I think, have reached it. Blessed, thrice blessed hour—moment of life, when the boat's keel grounded on the shelving beach of au islaud abounding in cocoa-nut trees, turtles innumerable, and it seemed unpeopled. The fruit was ripe; and never shall I forget the ecstacy, the sense of re-created life which ran through every artery—every vein of my body, as I quaffed the delicious, thrice delicious cocoa-milk!

"We returned God hearty thanks, and being filled, lay down to rest, after pulling our boat up high and dry. We slept soundly, sweetly; I at least can answer for myself. I know not what particular noise awoke me, but opening my eyes—I having, not without difficulty, recalled to mind all that had passed since the previous day-dawn, saw that we—I and my companions—were in prcsence of two meu, evidently sailors, armed with muskets, and ragged, forloru in attire. They were silently watching us, and seemed to have no hostile intent. Had they meant us harm—death or bondage—their purpose could easily have been accomplished whilst we slept. I spoke first, calling loudly, so that my sailors might awake and spring up, as I did. One of the strangers answered me in French, a language I knew well. He assured us that we were in the presence of friends, and that only himself and companion were the habitants—human habitants—of the island. They were shipwrecked mariners, and had beeu on the island more than a twelve-month. They had seen our boat approach from the look-out, whence one of them was always searching the ocean for a sail. Many had been seen, but not one had touched at the island, or noticed the signals they hoisted, or heard their musket-shots. It was *not* oue of the Balleny islands; they knew not its proper designation, but themselves had named it 'Turtle Island.' There was no lack of food, they said—game was iu abundance as well as turtle—but the wildereess was alive with beasts of prey. We had fortunately been cast upon a part of the coast which the more formidable animals did not frequent, or we should have been devoured as we slept. 'But,' added Lefranc, which was the elder Frenchman's name, 'we will talk further-by-and-by. Come with us to our place, on ship-board—a ship with the bottom stove in; but our breakfast will not be so bad. Roast game—a kind of elk, sweet water, and excellent brandy. *Allons*, friends!" Considering all things we were certainly very lucky fellows.

"The habitation of our French friends was the cabin of the *Sylphide*, a whaler from Marseilles, which had been abandoned by the crew during a terrific storm. They believed she would soon founder, and took hastily, much too hastily, to the boats. But that is the failing of French mariners; they are prone to panic. Land was in sight, and, like the man in the play, they preferred a dry death. That, however, was vouchsafed to but few of them. Of the four boats in which the sailors quitted the ship, all but one was swamped by the wild sea. If they had stuck to the vessel they would not have lost their lives—not at least, by drowning. The *Sylphide* was driven ashore by the hurricane, and must have been lifted by a tremendous surf wave to a great height, and let fall as it receded upon a bed of sand and gravel. Except such another hurricane came on, the vessel was safe enough, though her bottom was smashed in.

THE DANISH IRON-CLAD IN ACTION.

THE special correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the part played by the Danish iron-clad *Rolfe Krake* duriug the fighting in Alsen: At about 2 after midnight the officer on duty in one of the boats came on board, after having run down the sound for four or five miles, *i. e.*, till close upon Kjer and Ulkebel, without heariug or seeing anything; yet hardly had he stepped upon the deck of the *Rolfe Krake* when the report of brisk musketry fire was heard by all on board. Capt. Rothe was under way in a few miuntes; he doubled the point of Arnkellsore and advanced into the Als Snnd as far as the narrowness of the channel allowed him to do so with safety. The Sound was all swarming with Prussian boats, laden with soldiers, and making the best of their way towards the Alsen shore. Among these he let fly his shell and grape with such good effect that he sunk several of them and completely swept the water of the remainder. He fired oue hundred and eight shells from his four 68-pounders, and twenty-eight grape-shot. The batteries at Hoveskoi let fly at him with all their might, but with no great effect on the vessel and without the least hurt to a single person.

That day was a remarkably fortunate day for the *Rolfe Krake*. Two of her masts werc shot down by the enemy's fire, and the steel round-shot came grazing the deck, and striking with all its might the front turret, plunging several inches deep into the iron plate, but without piercing it or sensibly injuring the revolution of the turret. The *Rolfe Krake* was hit about one hundred and fifty times during the day. As the morning advanced, the captain had already ventured as far within the narrow Als Sund as he could do with safety, and on this side, within reach of his guns, there was no enemy in sight. The din of battle, which had begun at Kjer, was rapidly dying away, the fugitive Danish army and its Prussian pursuers having moved to the southward towards Aikebo and Vollerup, in the direction of Horup Hav. There was nothiug more to be done for Capt. Rothe ou this spot, and, backing out of the Sound about 9, he went back to his former shelter behiud the Arnkellsore point at the entrance of Augustenburg Fiord. Having here rapidly cleared away the wreck of his masts, and assured himself of the good condition of his ship, the captain put to sea again, and steaming through the broad part of the Sound to the northwest, or Als Fiord, he doubled the Cape of Hellesgaard, on the northern summit of the island, with the purpose of steaming all around Als, and bringing such aid as he could to the army at Horup Hav. On arriving off Hellesgaard, however, he sent one of his boats on shore, and learned that the steamer *Hertha*, which was anchored within the small creek called Rogs Vig, was in ueed of assistance; so, rounding the cape once more, Capt. Rothe made for the Little Vig, and, placing the helpless wooden steamer by the right side of the iron-clad, steamed out of the vig with her, and sheltering her with his mighty iron-side from the shot that was showered down upon them by the Prussian batteries on the main land, conveyed her safely round the cape, and round the northern extremity of the island. The same assistance was extended to two gun-boats that were lying inside the Augustenburg Fiord.

The vessels thus rescued performed the most useful service in behalf of the Danish troops on shore, as they took up at various points no less than one thousaud of the scattered corps that were quartered in the Nordborg districts, and which were cut off from the main body of the army under Gen. Heinmann, when the Prussians had rushed forward upon Augustenburg, and the Danish general was in full retreat upon Horup and Kogencœ. Together with the minor vessels and with the rescued troops, the *Rolfe Krake* theu made her best way to Svenborg, in Fuen, whence she proceeded to Middelfahrt, aud arrived at her present station off Fano Island on Thursday evening.

I found the *Rolfe Krake* minus two of her masts yesterday in the afternoon, but otherwise safe and sound, with steam up, ready for action, employed in watching the enemy across the Belt, and hastily repairiug the damages inflicted upon her front turret. Her bulwarks were down, and she looked as trim a craft as a monitor can. She has now her screw on board, which does not make her, as it was said, the swiftest vessel in the Dauish navy, but enables her to steam at the rate of niue and a half kuots an hour. The captain's turret is now made as invulnerable as any other part of the ship, and the plates on some parts of the deck have been strengthened. A few trifling improvements will soou make her a perfect vessel of her kind, and she proved lately, in a heavy gale on the Baltic, a tolerably safe and buoyant sea-boat.

MEN and women make the world, as head and heart make human life.

TRUST.

MY love is little, but she's very wise,
And sometimes she my little patience tries:
Whene'er she kisses me she shuts her eyes.

When first I noted it I, silent, thought:
'Tis a new trick my wizard love has caught;
It may not be, she shuts her eyes for naught.

And then I said, What can the reason be?
My love is mine, and few can love as we;
There's naught but love between my love and me.

My self-love whispered, Here the reason find:
She'd be like Cupid, truest Love when blind.
As she is wise, my winsome love is kind.

Still, not contented,—'t were a pleasure new
If that my love herself would whisper too,
And tell my self-love what it told was true.

And so I said, my love must make me wise,
And tell me this, which all my wit defies:
Why, when she kisses me, she shuts her eyes.

"You must not ask me." "Nay, love, but I must;
Love is not love without supremest trust.
As you are wise and kind, you will be just."

So, smiling, "Then 't is, you've so plain a face,
I could not, darling, kiss you else with grace;"
And hid herself, nor blushed at my disgrace.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

CONTINUATION OF CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the following day the sun rose gloriously, the ground was dry and the air a little sharp. Strengthened by the night, I began to consider my position. The over-excitement of the previous day had yielded to the grave meditations which are apt to fill the soul about to form an important decision. Forgetting mercy, I was going to kill the man whom my father had selected to fill his place towards me, and although he was degraded in my eyes by the foullest treachery, still in the depths of my heart I heard that great voice of humanity which is never silent, they say, even in the heart of the hangman. However, I could not draw back; the life of Diana was in my hands: I must strike relentless as destiny itself. A slight noise was heard at my door—I opened it: it was M. de Jonval. He came, very obligingly, to know if I was in need of him or any of his people. I thanked him. I perceived my guardian, who had just completed his toilet.

"Ah, so you are up!" he exclaimed; "I will be with you in a moment."

I had thought of going out to see if the Alsatian was at his post.

"Well, where are you going?" said the Count to me, in a tone that offended me.

"Indeed, sir, I am going out! Are you afraid that I shall escape?"

"Perhaps so," replied he. "At all events, I am expecting some one for a conference, at which it is indispensable you should assist."

I bit my lips till the blood came, to keep from making any reply. Just then a valet entered and spoke to his master.

"Let him wait in the saloon," said the Colonel.

"Oh, no," returned M. de Maufert; "let this gentleman come up here; we can converse more at ease. Is he alone?"

"There are two men with him," replied the valet.

"I will ask him to come up," said M. de Jonval, at a sign from the Count, and he went out.

I supposed that these were our witnesses. I threw myself in an arm chair in an indifferent attitude, which sufficiently declared that I was disposed to let this affair be settled without my interference. Almost immediately, the colonel re-appeared followed by a personage, whose peaceable manners little accorded with the *role* of second in a mortal combat. The Count went before him, offered him a seat, and then spoke: "Has my friend, De Jonval," said he in German, "informed you of the state of things?"

"He has, sir," said this personage, who was looking with curiosity at me.

"It then remains for me," continued my guardian, "to justify to you the circumstances which have led me to take this rigorous measure, and the rights in virtue of which I must act. Here are the documents drawn up and endorsed by our legation."

And he presented him with two or three stamped papers that the little gentleman read with the most minute attention. I thought I must be mistaken as to the character of this interview, and that the Count, who owned property in Germany, had sent for a lawyer to entrust him with testamentary arrangements, made justifiable by our duel. I was about to retire.

"Stay," said M. de Maufert; "we want you. First," added he, "let me present to you Dr. Schultz."

"I hope, sir," then said the little man to me, "that you are inclined to see a friend in me, and that my hospitality will be agreeable to you."

"What signifies?" stammered I.

"It signifies, my dear," returned my guardian, "that you will enter for treatment at the house of this skilful physician, who undertakes to render you sane."

"I do not understand you, sir."

I thought myself the sport of some aberration.

"It is, however, very clear. You are mad. I feel too much interest in you to neglect any method for your recovery."

"Will you dare to shut me up against my will?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Oh, I do not consult you. I have just given this gentleman an order issued at the instance of your guardian."

"And you have hoped that I would submit to this infamy?"

"I have, at least, taken my measures to make sure the execution of my will. Thus your resistance will be useless. Don't excite yourself, for fear of giving this good Dr. Schultz a bad opinion of you. He comes to seek you. You are ready: I will conduct you as far as his house."

"Ah, you will not conduct me living, I swear to you!"

And suddenly springing up, for I saw myself already surrounded, I leaped to the other end of the room, determined to defend my liberty even at the price of the life.

"Come, come, sir," said the doctor, in the tone of voice which they use to the insane, "be reasonable."

"Enough!" interrupted the Count. "You have your people—let us end this ridiculous scene."

The Colonel called; two men appeared at the threshold. At a word from their master they advanced to seize me. I disengaged myself by an effort so powerful that one of them went rolling on the ground. Intimidated by this first check, they hesitated. At a sign from M. de Maufert they returned to me but exasperation had redoubled my strength, and twice I repulsed them. Driven into a corner of the room, I could not be surrounded. In an instant, I threw myself towards the chimney and returned to my corner, armed with a bronze candelabra that I brandished in so menacing a manner that one of my aggressors took flight. The noise brought the domestics to the room. I was blind with rage.

"Ah, you think to hold me," cried I, seeing their indecision; "Ill luck to you, however. I am mad, and can kill you with impunity. Woe to him who finds himself in my way!"

Already I made a start to throw myself in the midst of them and gain the street, when all of a sudden the door against which I was leaning, opened behind me—the man who had previously disappeared threw over my head a wrapper which blinded me, and enveloped me to my feet. In a second I was on the ground and bound. Extended on the floor, I was almost stifled. They cut the covering to give me air.

"Cowards!" cried I, in delirium, "you will assassinate me!"

The man approached. I still defended myself, fighting and striving to bite them. They were afraid of me; but I finally succumbed to their numbers. They again drew over my head the hood formed by the cutting of the wrapper; and restraining my screams, they carried me, thus enveloped, to a carriage waiting in the court-yard. Dr. Schultz and my guardian mounted near me.

"If you will be reasonable," said the Count to me, "they will give you more air.

And he threw the hood back. I kept immovable. One last hope remained. The Alsatian ought to be at his post. He would come at my call and deliver me by stirring up the populace.

The carriage flew along, but instead of passing before the front steps it turned and entered under the trees of the garden. They opened a railing, and we went out through the woods. One half hour later, I was incarcerated in a mad-house dungeon.

XXV.

ONE morning I woke up in a cell of Dr. Schultz's house. I believed myself to be just rousing from a horrible nightmare. My old Fritz was near me—he had arrived in the night. He told me that on the day following my departure, my guardian had made him transmit to him by Martin the order to join me at the house of M. de Jonval at Carlsruhe. After the time passed since my imprisonment, Diana was in the hands of her executioner, if Bastien had not succeeded. My first thought was to attempt an escape.

The Doctor was announced. At the first glance it was easy to see that he was somewhat embarrassed at the odious part he was playing towards me.

"I desire, Sir Baron," said he to me, "to inspire you with the confidence of a friend; and however painful the circumstances which have brought you to this house, I wish to assure you, from this moment, of my sincere good will."

"My confidence and my friendship, sir?" replied I. "Oh, that is a good deal to ask in one day, for a man whom I only know as yet by the most iniquitous of actions."

"Yes, I confess it," returned he, "appearances are against me; but also think, if I had not accepted this sad mission, another in my place would have been entrusted with it."

"Which would have been a pity for your establishment and a profit for one of your colleagues!" . . .

"In one word, sir," replied he, "I can make you regret this language. I know that you are persecuted by enemies, and it is to aid you in baffling their plots that I have lent them my co-operation."

"Then you do not believe me mad?"

"I should not merit the celebrity that I enjoy if I had doubted a moment—"

"And you will give me my liberty?"

"I engage to do so—at the moment that the thing will be possible without danger to you."

"How without danger to me?"

"Good heavens! do you imagine that your enemies do not mistrust each other? Oh, they have taken every precaution. See here," added he, in a low tone, "see these two men walking in the court—they are policemen, disguised as nurses; there is one at the door—others surround the house outside; at the least suspicion you would be surrounded, seized, re-incarcerated, I know not where, for M. de Jonval is very powerful, and you are spoken of as a dangerous madman. The French legation cannot reclaim you, since it is obliged to require from the authorities the execution of an arrest rendered against you by a French tribunal."

I hesitated to believe these words; he perceived it.

"Will you risk the proof?" said he. "Then leave any wrong which results to me. I should prefer to suffer rather than pass in your eyes for an accomplice in a crime against humanity. Remember, however, that I have done my duty in warning you. If, meanwhile, you prefer to wait here till the surveillance is sufficiently relaxed to permit you to fly, I am a physician, and not a jailor."

"And if you allow me to write, I can receive letters from my friends?"

Without replying, he rang a bell—a man appeared, and I recognized him as one of those who had arrested me.

"Hermann," said the Doctor, "bring my desk here. If my lord the Baron gives you some letters to post, you will carry them immediately and execute his orders, whatsoever he commands."

The man went out.

"I ought not to conceal from you," said Dr. Schultz, with a smile, "that it would be very imprudent for you to speak to him on the subject of an escape."

I was more and more astonished.

"Am I enjoined not to leave this room?"

"Let us take a turn in the garden," replied he; "you will find air and space."

I followed him, always with suspicion. We crossed a yard and entered a little park, scrupulously well kept. The two men, constituted as my guards, whom I had seen from the window, immediately took their position directly behind us.

"Here, here!" said Dr. Schultz, impatiently, to them; "oblige me by fulfilling your duties without endangering my heels. You can observe us at your ease a little distance off, but so that I do not see you." Then turning to me he added, "You will come here as much as it pleases you. I have another garden for my patients."

My suspicions were somewhat shaken.

"This is not the prison they perhaps would prefer for you," added he; "however, it is not my fault that this is not a prison. I can assure you, in short, that as long as you choose to stay I will render it bearable."

I returned to the house, still feeling very perplexed, but surrounded by so many dangers, it would have been imprudent to take any resolve without receiving news from abroad. Profiting by the privilege accorded me, and desiring to put to the test the sincerity of my doctor, I wrote to Bastien in terms which could not compromise any one in case my letter should be intercepted.

I passed four days of poignant suffering. Nothing arrived from Montherné. I began again to suspect Schultz. At last Hermann entered one morning with a letter in his hand. It was from Bastien. I broke the seal with a horrid palpitation of the heart, and read as follows:

"I am very unfortunate, M. André, to be able to give you none but bad news. Immediately after your departure I went to join the companion who was to scour the country around the spot where the person (of whom you know) had departed. I did well to send him at night, for he had discovered the traces of the carriage, already effaced on the highway when I arrived, and he had followed them to a cross-road where they remained quite fresh; he waited here for me. We then marched carefully along, and the direction showed me at once that this beggarly Placide, who led the way, had not been toward the city. At the end of half an hour we observed a spot where the carriage must have stopped. I soon understood that the person in the carriage must have descended at this place, the footprint was so small and light there could be no doubt. A little further on, two holes made by the heels of boots, showed that Placide had jumped from his seat. I have supposed that as she, doubtless, perceived the road that the steward took, she had ordered him to stop, and that she had, perhaps, refused to go any farther; but I feel sure she had not gone alone and had remounted. All this brought us to the road to Viray, where, unhappily, we lost all trace.

"However, my annoyance did not last long. Following the track towards Viray, I felt certain they could only have chosen that way in order to reach the railroad. There I discovered everything. The man at the station recollected very well that a lady with a very sad countenance, also an individual resembling Placido, had waited nearly an hour for the conveyance to Dinant. I had no longer any doubts, for, on inquiry at the inn, I found the carriage and horses, which I easily recognized. I visited the coupe to see if she might have left any sign, but found nothing. Once sure of my facts, I left my comrade (who is installed in the house so as not to miss Placide, who ought to be back at the end of two days for the carriage,) and then went to Dinant; but there, on account of the great number of travellers on that route, I could not hear any news. After

a day of inquiries, I was convinced that they had continued their journey without stopping. I could do nothing but assure myself of Placide's return. I watched every train, and the second day, I perceived the steward in a first-class. I quickly took my seat in a third. Arrived at Viray station, I ran to the man who takes the little tickets on leaving, and I promised him a hundred sous if he would set aside for me the ticket of the passenger about to pass; it was night. I covered my face with my handkerchief to prevent recognition, and when Placide appeared I touched the man's elbow. The ticket bore the postmark of Spa.

"Finally, on going back home, I heard of the departure of of your old Fritz; and soon after, to heighten my misfortunes, the Alsatian returned, announcing to me that he had lost you because you had left by a back door with your companion, who has not reappeared at M. de Jonval's, and thus you escaped him. I tore my hair with rage. I await your orders—you know I have friends. Placide has discharged all the domesties—even Catherine; and he says publicly that Monsieur and Madame will not return for a long time. While I am waiting, I watch: some letters must come here from master to valet. I will examine the postmarks and we will see. I have scarcely spent five hundred francs of your money. I shall not stir, as I think the surest method of receiving news is to watch this rascal Placide. In any case, you know you have only to give me some sign and I will go on, either to join you or—travel elsewhere."

This sad news drove me to despair. Diana was at this very hour in the hands of her executioner, and I, far from her, was unable to defend her. Fool that I was! One day I had held the Count at arm's length! I must discover the retreat he had chosen, and I must kill him this time without mercy! . . . I felt a sudden inspiration; I summoned the Doctor:

"Sir," said I, "I have just received an important letter, about which I desire to communicate immediately with my guardian. I shall be grateful to you for his address, which, of course, he has left with you.

"I wish I could be of use to you," replied Dr. Schultz; "but the truth is, I am completely ignorant of the Count's whereabouts. It is through M. de Jonval that I correspond with him."

I was in consternation.

"But," said the Doctor, "I will beg M. de Jonval to come to you: he will tell you, without doubt, what you wish to know.

I clung to this last hope. An hour later, M. de Jonval entered. Calmly and stoically I made my request. He offered to take charge of my letter; he formally declared that M. de Maufert was travelling, and that it was his expressed wish that I should be left in ignorance of his movements. I besought, I prayed, but he was inexorable.

"I will repeat to M. de Maufert," said he, "the details of our interview. As soon as I receive his answer I will bring it to you."

He went out, and the night gathered dark around me.

THE PNEUMATIC DISPATCH.

Skeptics and unbelievers who have rejected the Prospectus of the Pacific Water Company in our last issue, will read with some caution the following from a reliable English paper:

The latest phase of the utility of the Pneumatic Dispatch has yet to be witnessed by the public, and will possibly have been seen by hundreds before these lines are perused by our readers. A large tunnel, 9 feet high by 8 feet wide—capable of containing the largest carriages of the Great Western Railway—and a quarter of a mile long, has been built in the Crystal Palace grounds, for passenger traffic. The tunnel, which is of a fine brickwork, with its closing valves, is already completed. The fan-wheel, 21 feet in diameter—which will be temporarily worked by a fixed locomotive—is erected and enclosed in its plate-iron case; a model station has been formed, and the model carriage, built at Manchester, is at this moment in the ground. It will be travelling in darkness, no doubt, or rather by lamp-light; but as the front head of the front carriage is sucked along by the exhaustion of the tunnel, the air will follow it instantly, and afford a plentiful supply of the life-supporting gas to the inmates of the carriages, while, just as the balloon, travelling at the same velocity as the currents of the air which waft it, presents a perpetual calm to the aeronaut, no matter how rapidly it may progress, so the passengers by the Pneumatic Dispatch will perceive not the least gusty effects from the gale which follows their passage closely up, or that torrent of air which, in the reverse method of propulsion, will blow them through in the opposite direction. One cannot contemplate either the dispatch of goods or passengers by this means, without perceiving the invaluable advantages which this method possesses for the under-ground traffic of our vast metropolis. Passengers will have as rapid transit as the locomotive affords, while they will experience nothing of the choking sulphurous vapors which the locomotives leave in our present under-ground railways. Moreover, one line of railway would be sufficient, and no collisions of trains could take place. Out of London, the locomotive would still be the engine for traffic of all sorts over large tracts of country. Again, for goods. To have our over-crowded streets relieved of much—perhaps of most—of their heavy traffic, and to have the thousands of tons now conveyed by weary horses quietly and silently transmitted unseen beneath our roads and houses, will be, indeed, no slight boon. Still more, we may hope to see a network of smaller pipes traversing London and all its suburbs for the transmission of parcels. A parcel-post thus established will be almost as great a benefit as the penny postage. It seems to us, also, that great advantage might be taken of the system for effecting communications with or between military fortifications. Goods and men might be packed through a tunnel of very great length; and if such tunnels were constructed at some considerable depth, it would be unassailable by an enemy. Gunpowder and stores so sent could not be fired, captured or destroyed: and although it would be a costly thing to make such a means of ingress and egress for a distance of five, ten or twenty miles, even such an expense might be worth its cost in actual warfare, while certainly in shorter lengths, within the region of a fortification, or between contiguous forts, it would undoubtedly have the highest claims to consideration. This, however, may be the last and least profitable of the many uses we shall see this system turned to.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

A fool utters all his mind; but a wise man keeps it in till afternoon. Even a fool, when he holds his peace, is counted wise, and he that shuts his lips, a man of understanding.—*Solomon.*

—

I have seen reason to change the greater part of my opinions. Let me confess to you, Quintus, we oftener say things because we can say them well, than because they are sound and reasonable.—*Cicero, in Landor's Imaginary Conversations.*

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God hath divided his benefits so equally that there is noe country which excelleth not all others in some things or other; so, as it borrows, it lends. Likewise in men, there is noe one so excelleth in one thing, but hath need of another's witt in some other, and from these two proceed all trafick and society. —*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

—

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with the shadows on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to day. "Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood." Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythogoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—*R. W. Emerson, on Self-Reliance.*

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A stated exaltation and emotion is a desecrated one. The prayers of children are empty and cold, and are, in fact, only the remains of the Jewish-Christian belief in sacrifices, which will reconcile and win the favor of God by means of innocent beings, not of innocence; and the child secretly regards the God whom you give him by word of mouth, as the Kamschatkadale and every savage does his. A grace before meals must make every child deceitful. As he grows older, let a day of prayer or of any religious observance becomes more rare, but on that account more solemn. What the first affecting Lord's Supper is to the child, that let every home be in which you consecrate his heart to religion. Let children go to church, but rarely, for you might as well take them to hear an oratorio of Klopstock or of Handel as that of the church; but when you do take them, impress in them the value of a sympathy with the devotional sentiments of their parents. Indeed, I would rather —since there is no special public worship of God, and no special preachers for children—you should lead them on the great days of the seasons, or of human life, merely into the empty temple, and show them the place of their elders. If you add to that, twilight, night, the organ singing and a father's preaching, you will at least leave behind on the young heart more religious consecration by that one church-going than you could on an old one by a whole year of church attending.—*Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*

Dr. H. O. Marcy, Surgeon of the 35th U. S. C. Troops, in a letter to the Boston *Journal*, reports having "direct and positive information received from several parties of prisoners as well as deserters—soldiers in the battle of Olustree, and perfectly conversant with the facts—that the morning after the battle a South Carolina regiment and the Second Georgia Regulars took possession of the depot for the wounded, and not as an armed mob seeking plunder and destruction, but under orders of their officers—who with their swords actually set the example—in cold blood murdered the colored soldiers who, wounded and helpless, lay there under the charge of an assistant surgeon, who was left to attend to their wants."

When Mirabeau (who was strongly pockmarked) was a candidate for election to the National Assembly, he made a long speech to the voters, minutely pointing out the precise requisites that a proper and efficient member ought to possess, and, of course, drawing as accurate a likeness of himself as possible. Talleyrand, who was the opposing candidate, contented himself with the following short speech in reply: "It appears to me, gentlemen, that M. de Mirabeau has omitted to state the most important of all the legislative qualifications, and I will supply his deficiency by impressing upon your attention that a perfectly unobjectionable member of the Assembly ought, above all things, to be very much marked with the small-pox." Talleyrand got the laugh, and won the election.

An elderly lady acted the part of "Calypso" in a *tableaux vivant*. In answer to the compliments which she received afterwards, she declared that she had done her best, but added that to represent Calypso properly, youth and beauty were necessary. "Not at all," replied an old General, "Your ladyship is a proof to the contrary; nothing could look better from the further end of the saloon, and nothing could be better acted; as to youth and beauty, the distance supplies all that." "In that case, General, I wonder that you do not always keep at a distance," was the retort.

A miser having been solicited to grant a favor, said, "On one condition I will do what you require." "What is that?" "Never to ask me for anything."

LIFE IN CORNWALL.

THE prospect was not an inviting one, either locally or morally, look at it how you might. Once you had quitted the Montacute demesne, and its still considerable plantations, and you found yourself in the midst of desolation; great heaps of refuse in every direction, as if all the rubbish in England had been shot out in the place. Mine chimneys dotted here and there as far as the eye could reach, and shabby rickety-looking counting-houses with their little balconies, from whence the work was let out to the miners. A tree was now a rare object, and those that did grow in the neighborhood were almost all stunted ashes, bent from the effect of many a westerly gale. The clay-built cottages more resembled Irish cabins than anything else; with this difference, however that few of them were without their bit of garden ground where myrtles and fuchsias and geraniums might be seen all the year round, and attaining a size which we look for in vain anywhere but in Cornwall. It is Gudgodah, a "land of waters," too; you are constantly coming to little streams and "stamps" where they wash the tin. All day long may you see those dark-eyed Cornish maids, with their picturesque sun-bonnets, busily employed in this way. Such was the view which presented itself daily to Trelawney, as he looked out of the windows of his picturesque parsonage, built, to be in keeping with the little English church at no great distance off, in the most approved Gothic style. It was quite an oasis in the desert, that pretty little parsonage, with rose-trees climbing all round the windows, and clematis and honeysuckle hanging in rich clusters about the porch. A well-kept garden, too, and flower-beds, bright with geraniums and heliotrope and verbena, gladdened the eye of the owner of this paradise. While right in front of you was that lofty, majestic, unchangeable hill which had looked down upon so many generations, and which, as the lights and shadows rested upon its side, assumed so many varying appearances. But now what of the people? what of that little flock in the wilderness whom Trelawney had come to feed? As may be said also of their own country, when you open your mouth to disparage, some redeeming trait presents itself and checks your utterance. Blessed with insatiable and ever-extensive curiosity about your affairs, yet are they equally communicative of their own and habitually civil and courteous in their demeanor. Fickle as their own climate, they are only too easily led after any novelty. The Cornish mind, like the Welsh, is eminently a religious one. They sing hymns and carols ("carls") instead of the drinking and amatory songs wherewith the peasantry in other parts of England refresh their spirits. You may often come upon a "young youth," standing in the middle of the road singing a hymn at a loud pitch, either as a trial of his voice or to summon his companions, rather than as a religious exercise, and he is sure to be joined by other youths before long, who make the welkin echo with their melody. For the Cornish, like the people of Lancashire, are fond of music, and whether in church, or going to "bal," or returning home from the mine, naturally betake themselves to this source of recreation. There is little drunkenness among the miners. Coffee and ginger-beer are the two beverages most in demand. But still it must be said of the Cornish miner that only let him sing "carls" to his heart's content, and he does not want any other species of "refreshment." It would be well if all this psalm-singing and chapel-going (for church-going is decidedly the exception and not the rule in Cornwall) commended itself by the ordinary tests of morality which we are in the habit of it applying. But it must be allowed, as in the kindred case of the Welsh, that female virtue is at a remarkably low ebb among the mining girls and farm servants, and is seldom, indeed, ever to be met with. However, we are not writing a history of Cornwall or its inhabitants. Enough has been said to give the reader, who perchance has never been in Cornwall, (he would be called a "foreigner" down in those western parts—for the inhabitants often speak of themselves, and still oftener are spoken of by others, as if occupying some island, or dependency of the British Empire, and not as forming part and parcel of Great Britain,) enough has been said to give the non-Cornish reader some idea of the place and people whither Reginald Trelawney's fate had brought him.

On Ancient Jests.—The Kynge with a goodlie companye rydinge thoro' cheape one daye espied a very fat woman, and he asked who she was, whereupon ye Lord Mare, with reddie wyt answered that she was Barklie and Perkyns, his stout, if it might please his Majestie; and his Majestie graciouslie replied, "Barklie and Perkyns, his stout, well pleases me, but yt seemeth me she is not XXX but X L-ent stout." At which everyone laughed ryghte merrillie. Then the Kynge asked the Lord Mare if he wold have that woman for hys wife; but, quoth he, "We thanke yr Majestie, but there is a proverbe, "Waste not, waste not!'" which pleased ye Kynge muche, and he gave to the Lorde Mare a dygge in ye rybbes, and caused him to fall off hys horse into ye conduit whych greatlie delyted ye Kinge and his Courtiers, and he sayed, "Rise uppe, Sir Thommas de Muddinose." So he becayru a knight that daye. And ye chroniclers saye that Sir Thommas de Muddinose was the only Mare that ever made 2 jests, and that ye Cittie of London is famous for its wittles and not for its witt.

A Delicate Costume.—A Paris letter, in speaking of riding at Longchamps, says: "Now and then came a turnout so very exquisite, that all eyes were fixed upon it; one in particular, a phaeton, looking as delicate as a sea-shell; the coachman and footman in white liveries faced with scarlet. The occupant, a fair creature, looking almost too fragile to be trusted out of a glass case, but all in keeping with her surroundings, wore a pale violet *(de Parme)* silk dress, edged with *ruches* of silk a shade darker; a *paletot* of the same color as the dress, trimmed in the same way; a white lace bonnet, with a soft crown, a spray of delicate flowers falling backwards toward the cape; and holding in her delicate lilac kid-gloved hands a parasol of lilac silk of exactly the same shade as the dress."

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.

Section VIII.—Conclusion.

THERE now only remains for me, in conclusion, to sum up as briefly and succinctly as possible the evidence contained in the preceding statements. In so doing, it will be necessary to adopt an arrangement somewhat different from that which has been hitherto followed. Each step of the narrative will therefore be accompanied with a marginal reference to the particular deposition from which it may be taken.

I. First, then, for what may be called the preliminary portions of the evidence. With these we need here deal but very briefly. They consist almost entirely of letters furnished by the courtesy of a near relation of the late Mrs. Anderton, and read substantially as follows :

Some six or seven and twenty years ago, the mother of Mrs. Anderton—Lady Boleton—after giving birth to twin daughters, under circumstances of a peculiarly exciting and agitating nature, died in child-bed. Both Sir Edward Boleton and herself appear to have been of a nervous temperament, and the effects of these combined influences is shown in the highly nervous and susceptible organization of the orphan girls, and in a morbid sympathy of constitution, by which each appeared to suffer from any ailment of the other. This remarkable sympathy is very clearly shown in more than one of the letters I have submitted for your consideration, and I have numerous others in my possession which, should they be considered insufficient, will place the matter, irregular as it certainly is, beyond the reach of doubt. I must request you to bear it particularly and constantly in mind throughout the case.

Almost from the time of the mother's death, the children were placed in the care of a poor but respectable woman at Hastings. Here the younger, whose constitution appears to have been originally much stronger than that of her sister, seems to have improved rapidly in health, and in so doing to have mastered, in some degree, that morbid sympathy of temperament of which I have spoken, and which in the weaker organization of her elder sister, still maintained its former ascendency. They were about six years old when, whether through the carelessness of the nurse or not, it is immaterial to us now, the younger was lost during a pleasure excursion in the neighborhood. Every inquiry was made, and it appeared pretty clear that she had fallen into the hands of a gang of gypsies, who at that time infested the country round, but no further trace of her was ever after discovered.

The elder sister, now left alone, seemed to have been watched with redoubled solicitude. There was nothing, however, in the years immediately following Miss C. Boleton's disappearance having any direct bearing upon our case, and I have, therefore, confined my extracts from the correspondence entrusted to me to two or three letters from a lady in whose charge she was placed at Hampstead, and one from an old friend of her mother, from which we gather the fact of her marriage. The latter is chiefly notable as pointing out the highly sensitive temperament of the young lady's husband, the late Mr. Anderton, to which I shall have occasion, at a later period of the case, more particularly to direct your attention. The former give evidence of a very important fact; namely, that of the liability of Miss Boleton to attacks of illness equally unaccountable and unmanageable, bearing a perfect resemblance to those in which she suffered in her younger days sympathetically with the ailments of her sister; and, therefore, to be not improbably attributed to the same cause.

II. Thus far for the preliminary portion of the evidence. The second division places before us certain peculiarities in the married life of Mrs. Anderton; its more especial object, however, being to elucidate the connection between the parties whose history we have hitherto been tracing, and the Baron R., with whose proceedings we are properly concerned.

It appears, then, that in all respects but one, the married life of Mr. and Mrs Anderton was particularly happy. Notwithstanding their retired and often somewhat nomad life, and the limits necessarily imposed thereby to the formation of friendships, the evidence of their devoted attachment to each other is perfectly overwhelming. I have no less than thirty-seven letters from various quarters, all speaking more or less strongly upon this point, but I have thought it better to select from the mass a small but sufficient number, than to overload the case with unnecessary repetition. In one respect alone their happiness was incomplete. It was, as had been justly observed by Mrs. Ward, most unfortunate that the choice of Miss Boleton should have fallen upon a gentleman who, however eligible in every other respect, was, from his extreme constitutional nervousness, so peculiarly ill-adapted for union with a lady of such very similar organization. The connection seems to have borne its natural fruit in the increased delicacy of both parties, their married life being spent in an almost continual search after health. Among the numerous experiments tried with this object, they at length appear to have had resource to mermerism, becoming finally patients of Baron R., a well-known professor of that and other kindred impositions.

Mrs. Anderton had not been long under his care when the remonstrances of several friends led to the cessation of the Baron's immediate manipulations, the mesmeric fluid being now conveyed to the patient through the intervention of a third party. Mlle. Rosalie, "the medium" thus employed, was a young person regularly retained by Baron R. for that purpose, and of her it is necessary to say a few words.

She appears to have been about the age of Mrs. Anderton though looking perhaps a little older than her in years; slight in figure, with dark hair and eyes, and in all respects but one answering precisely to the description of that lady's lost sister. The single difference alluded to, that of wide and clumsy feet, is amply accounted for by the nature of her former avocation. She had been for several years a tight-rope dancer, etc., in the employ of a travelling-circus proprietor, who by his own account, had purchased her for a trifling sum of a gang of gypsies at Lewes, just at the very time when the younger Miss Boleton was stolen at Hastings, by a gang whose course was tracked through Lewes to the westward. Of him she was again purchased by the Baron, who appears, even at the outset, to have exercised a singular power over her, the fascination of his glance falling on her whilst engaged upon the stage, having compelled her to stop short in the performance of her part. There can, I think, be little doubt that this girl Rosalie was in fact the lost sister of Mrs. Anderton, and of this we shall find that the Baron very shortly became cognizant.

It does not appear that on the first meeting of the sisters he had any idea of the relationship between them. He was, indeed, perfectly ignorant of the early history of them both. The extraordinary sympathy therefore which immediately manifested itself between them was not improbably set down by him as a mere result of the mesmeric *rapport*, and it was not till he had been for some weeks in attendance on Mrs. Anderton that accident led him to divine its true origin. Nor, on the other hand, does this singular sympathy—a sympathy manifested in a precisely similar manner to that known to have existed years ago between the sisters—appeared to have raised any suspicion of the truth in the mind of either Mrs. Anderton or her husband. From the former, indeed, all mention of her early life had been carefully kept till she had probably almost, if not entirely, forgotten the event, while the latter merely remembered it as a tale which had long since ceased to possess any present interest.

The two sisters were thus for several weeks in the closest contact, the effects of which may or may not have been heightened by the so-called mesmeric connection between them, before any suspicion of their relationship crossed the mind of any one. One evening, however—and from certain peculiar circumstances we are enabled to fix the date precisely to the 13th of October, 1854—the Baron appears beyond all doubt to have become cognizant of the fact. I must request your particular attention to the circumstances by which his discovery of it was attended.

Upon that evening the conversation appears to have very naturally turned upon a certain extraordinary case professed to be reported in a number of the *Zoist Mesmeric Magazine*, published a few days before. The pretended case was that of a lady suffering from some internal disorder which forbade her to swallow any food, and receiving sustenance through mesmeric sympathy with the operator, who "ate for her." From this extraordinary tale the conversation turned naturally to other manifestations of constitutional sympathy, as an instance of which Mr. Anderton related the story of Mrs. Anderton's lost sister, and the singular bond which had existed between them. The conversation appears to have continued for some time, and in the course of it a jesting remark was made by one of the party in allusion to the story of eating by deputy, to which I am inclined to look as the key-note of this horrible affair.

"I said," deposes Mr. Morton, "I said it was lucky for the young woman that the fellow didn't eat anything unwholesome."

From the moment these words were spoken the Baron appears to have dropped out of the conversation altogether. More than this, he was clearly in a condition of great mental pre-occupation and disturbance. Mr. Morton goes on to describe the singularity of his manner, the letting the cigar expire between his teeth, and the tremulousness of his hands, so excessive, that in attempting to re-light it he only succeeded in destroying that of his friend. There can, I think, be no doubt whatever that from that moment he believed thoroughly in the identity of Rosalie with the lost sister of Mrs. Anderton. What other ideas the conversation had suggested to him we must endeavor to ascertain from the evidence that follows.

II., 5. On the morning of the day succeeding that on the evening of which he had become convinced of Rosalie's identity, we find Baron R. at Doctor's Commons inquiring into the particulars of a will by which the sum of £25,000 had been bequeathed, under certain conditions, to the children of Lady Boleton. Under the provisions of this will, the girl Rosalie was, after her sister and Mr. Anderton, the heir to this legacy. We need, I think, have no difficulty in connecting the acquisition of this intelligence with the steps by which it was immediately followed. Ar. Anderton at once received an intimation of the Baron's approaching departure for the continent, and at the end of the third week from that time leave was taken, and he apparently started upon his journey. In point of fact, however, his plans were of a very different character. During the three weeks wich intervened between his visit to Doctors' Commons and his farewell to Mr. Anderton, there had been advertised in the parish church of Kensington the banns of marriage between himself and his "medium," Rosalie,—not, indeed, in the names by which they were ordinarily known, and which would very probably have excited attention, but in the family name—if so it be—of the Baron and in that by which Rosalie was originally known when with the travelling circus. By what means he prevailed upon his victim to consent to such a step is not important to the matter in hand. The general tenor of the subsequent evidence shows clearly that it must have been under some form of compulsion, and, indeed, the unfortunate girl seems to have been made by some means altogether subservient to his will.

The marriage thus secretly effected, the Baron and his wife leave town, not for the continent, as stated to Mr. Anderton, but for Bognor, an out-of-the way little watering-place on the Sussex coast, deserted save for the week of the Goodwood races, where, at that time of the year, he was not likely to meet with any one to whom he was known. Before endeavoring to investigate the motive of all this mystery, it is necessary to bear in miud one important fact:

Between the wife of Baron R. and Mr. Wilson's legacy of £25,000, the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton now alone intervened.

The first few days of the Baron's stay in Bognor seem to have been devoted to the search for a servant, he having insisted on the unusual arrangement of himself providing one where he lodged. It is worthy of note that the one finally selected was in a position, with respect to character, that placed her entirely in her master's power. It is untortunate that this same defect of character necessarily lessens the value of evidence from such a source. We must, however, take it for what it was worth, remembering at the same time, that there is a total absence of any apparent motive, save that of telling the truth, for the statement she has made.

It appears, then, from her account, that after trying by every means to tempt her into some repetitiou of her former error, the Baron at last seized upon the pretext of her taking from the breakfast table a single taste of jam upon her finger, to threaten her with immediate and utter ruin. One only loophole was left by which she could escape. The alternative was, indeed, most ingeniously and delicately veiled under the pretext of seeking a plausible reason for her dismissal; but, in point of fact, it amounted to this, that as a condition of her alleged offence not being recorded against her, she would own to the commission of another with which she had nothing whatever to do.

The offense to which she was falsely to plead guilty was this: On the night succeding the commission of the fault of which, such as it was, she was really guilty, Madame R. was taken suddenly ill. The symptoms were those of antimonial poisoning. The presence of antimony in the stomach was clearly shown. In the presence of the medical man who had been called in, the girl was taxed by the Baron with having administered, by way of a trick, a dose of tartar emetic; and she, in obedience to a strong hint from her master, confessed to the delinquency, and was thereupon dismissed with a good character in other respects. Freed from the dread of exposure, she now denies the whole affair, both of the trick and of the quarrel which was supposed to have led to it, and I am bound to say, that looking both to internal and external evidence, her statement seems worthy of credit.

Nevertheless the poison was unquestionably administered. By whom?

Cui bono? Certainly, it will be said, not for that of the Baron; for until at least the death of Mr. and Mrs. Anderton his interest was clearly in the life of his wife. It is not, therefore, by any means to be supposed that he would before that event attempt to poison her. Of this mystery, then, it appears that we must seek the solution elsewhere.

III. Returning then for a time to Mr. and Mrs. Anderton, we find that the latter has also suffered from an attack of illness. Comparing her journal and the evidence of her doctor, with that given in the case of Mme. R., it appears that the symptoms were identical in every respect, with this single but important exception, that there is no apparent cause for the attack, nor can any trace of poison be found. A little further inquiry, and we arrive at a more mysterious coincidence.

It is a matter of universal experience, that almost the most fatal enemy of crime is over-precaution. In this particular case the precautions of the Baron R. appear to have been dictated by a skill and forethought almost superhuman, and so admirably have they been taken, that, save in the concealment of the marriage, it is almost impossible to recognize in them any sinister motive whatever. His course with respect to the servant girl, though dictated, as we believe, by the most criminal designs, is perfectly consistent with motives of the very highest philanthropy. Even in the concealment of the marriage, once granting—as I think may very fairly be granted—that such a marriage might be concealed without any necessary imputation of evil, the means adopted were equally simple, effective, and unblameable. They consisted merely in the use of the real, instead of the stage names of the contracting parties, and in the very proper avoidance of all grounds for scandal by hiring another lodging in order that before marriage the address of both parties might not be the same. In the illness of Mme. R., too, at Bognor, nothing can, to all appearance, be more straightforward than the Baron's conduct. He at once proclaims his suspicion of poison, sends for an eminent physician, verifies his doubts, administers the proper remedies, and dismisses the servant by whose fault the attack has been occasioned. Viewed with an eye of suspicion, there is indeed something questionable in the selection of the medical attendant. Why should the Baron refuse to send for either of the local practitioners, both gentlemen of skill and reputation, and insist on calling in a stranger to the place, who in a very few days would leave it and very probably return no more? Distrust of country doctors, and decided preference for London skill, furnishes us, as usual, with a prompt and plausible reply. It does not, however, exclude the possibility that the expediency of removing as far as possible all evidence of what had passed may have in some degree affected the choice. Be that as it may, this precaution, whether originally for good or for evil, has enabled us to fix with certainty a very important point.

Mrs. Anderton was taken ill, not only with the same symptoms, but at the same time, with Mme. R.

Before proceeding to consider the events which followed, there are one or two points in the history of this first illness of the sisters on which it is needful to remark. The action of these metallic poisons, among which we may undoubtedly rank antimony, is as yet but very little understood. We know, however, from the statement of Prof. Taylor, certainly by far the first English authority upon the subject, that peculiarities of constitution, or, as they termed, "idiosyncracies," frequently assist or impede to a very extraordinary extent the action of such drugs. The constitution of Mme. R. appears to have been thus idiosyncratically disposed to favor the action of antimony. There can be no doubt that the action of the poison upon her system was very greatly in excess of that which under ordinary circumstances would have been expected from a similar dose. The poison, therefore, by whomsoever administered, was not intended to prove fatal, though from the peculiar idiosyncracy of Mme. R., it was very nearly doing so.

The narrowness of Mme. R.'s escape seems to have struck the Baron, and to have exercised a strong influence over his future proceedings. Whether or not he knew or believed her to be exposed to any peculiar influences which might tend to render her life less secure than that of her delicate and invalid sister, it is impossible positively to say. There was no question, however, that her death before that of Mrs. Anderton would destroy all prospect of his succession to the £25,000, and with this view he proceeded to take as speedily as possible the necessary steps to secure himself against such an event. The obvious course, and indeed that suggested at once by Dr. Jones, was that of assurance, and this course he accordingly adopted. after having previously, by a tour of several months, restored his wife to a state of health in which her life would probably be accepted by the offices concerned. The insurances, therefore, with which we are concerned, were effected in consequence of a previous administration of poison to Mme. R., producing an illness far more serious than could have been anticipated, and accompanied by precisely similar symptoms on the part of her delicate sister, Mrs. Anderton, whose death, *if preceding that of Mme. R.*, would more than double the Baron's prospect of succession.

Between him, therefore, and the sum of either £25,000 or £50,000 there now intervened three lives, those of Mr. and

Mrs. Anderton, and of his own wife, Mme. R., and on the order in which they fell depended the amount of his gain by their demise. The death of Mr. Anderton before that of Mrs. Anderton, would open the possibility of a second marriage, from which might arise issue, whose claim would precede his; that of his own wife preceding that of either Mr. or Mrs. Anderton, would destroy altogether his own claim to the larger sum. It was only in the event of Mrs. Anderton's death being followed first by that of her husband, and afterwards by that of her sister, that the Baron's entire claim would be secured.

Within one year from the time at which matters assumed this position, these three lives fell in, and in precisely the order in which the Baron would most largely and securely profit hy their demise.

We now proceed to examine the circumstauces under which they fell.

Immediately on his return to England, and before apparently completing his arrangements with respect to the policies of insurance, the Baron, we find, calls upon Mr. Anderton, and by dint of minute inquiries draws from him the entire history of the attack from which Mrs. Anderton had suffered several months before. Supposing, therefore, that the information was of any practical interest, the Baron was now fully aware of the perfect similarity, hoth of time aud syuptoms, between the cases of his wife and her sister. It is essential that this should be borne in mind.

He now proceeds to estahlish himself in lodgings in Russell Place, in a house in which, for five days and every uight in the week, he is entirely alone. The only other tenant
V. is a medical man, whoso visits are confined to a few hours on two days in the week, and who lives at too great a distance to be called in on any sudden emergency. Here he establishes himself upon the first and second floors with a laboratory in a small detached room upon the basement floor, where his chemical experiments can be carried on without inconvenience to the rest of the house. It is essential that the position of this laboratory should he very clearly borne in mind, as it plays a most important part in the story which is now to follow.

In these lodgings, then, Mme. R. is again takeu ill with a return, though in a greatly mitigated form, of the same symptoms from which she had previously suffered at Bognor. The attack, however, though less violent in its immediate effects, was succeeded at regular intervals of about a fortnight by others of a precisely similar charaeter. And here we arrive at what is at once the most significant, the most extraordinary, and the most questionable of the evideuce we have heen able to collect.

It appears, then, that upon a night in August, a young man of the name of Aldridge, who, as a matter of special favor, had been taken into the house since the arrival of the
VII. Baron, saw Mme. R. leave her bedroom, and, apparently in her sleep, walk down the stairs in the dark to the lower part of the house. The room in which the Baron slept was next to hers, and on the wall of that room, projected by the night-lamp hurning on the tahle, the young man saw what seemed to be thc shadow of a man watching Mme. R. as she went hy. He looked again and the shadow was gone—so rapidly that at first he could scarcely believe his eyes, and was only, after consideration, satisfied that it really had been there. He went down to the room, but the Baron was asleep. He told him what had happened to Mme. R., and he at once followed her. Young Aldridge watched him until he had descended the kitchen-stairs and returned, followed closely by the sleep-walker. He then went back to his room, to which the Baron shortly afterwards came to thank him for his warniug, and to tell him that, in some freak of slumher, Mme. R. *had visited the kitchen.*

So far the story is simple enough. There is nothing extraordinary in a sick woman of excitahle nerves taking a sudden fit of somnambulism, aud walking down even into the kitchen of a house that was not her own. Thc Baron's conduct in all respects but that of the watchiug shadow—was precisely that which, from a sensible and affeetionate hushaud, might most naturally have been expected. Nor is it very difficult, even setting asidc all idea of malice, to set down the shadow portion of the story to a mere freak of imagination on the part of the young man who, though "not drunk," was nevertheless on his own admissiou, "perhaps a little excited," and who had been "drinking a good deal of beer and shandy-gaff." But the evidence does not end here.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences by which the simple course of ordinary events so often baffles the best laid schemes of crime, there were others in the house, besides the young man Aldridge, who witnessed the movements of the Baron and Mme. R. It so happened that, on the afternoon of that particular day, the woman of the housc had hampered the little latch-lock by which young Aldridge usually admitted himself, and, as this occurred late in the day, it is more than probable that the Baron was uaware of it, as also of thc fact that, in consequence, the servant-girl, Susan Turner, sat up beyond the usual hour of going to bed for the purpose of letting the young man in. This girl, it seems, had a lover—a stoker on one of the northern lines—and him she appears to have invited to keep her company on her watch. Aldridge returned and went up to bed, but the lover—who was to he on duty with his engine at two o'clock, and who was doubtlessly interrupted in a most interesting couversation by the arrival of the lodger—still remained in the kitchen, and was only just leaving it when Mmc. R. came down stairs. Taking her at first to he the mistress of the house, and fearful lest the strect-lamp gleaming through the glass partition should betray her "young man's" presence, Susan Turner draws him to the lumber-room, the window of which, it appears, looks into a sort of well between the housc and the two rooms built out at the back, after a fashion not unusual in London houses. Into this well, also, immediately opposite to the window of the lumber-room, looks that of the backroom or laboratory, furnished with what the witness describes as a "tin looking-glass," but which is really one of those metal reflectors, in common use, for increasing the light of rooms in such a position. The distance between the two windows is little more than eight feet. The night was clear, with a bright, full harvest moon, and its rays, thrown by the reflcctor into the laboratory, made every part of its interior distinctly visible from the lumher-room. The door of the latter room was open, and the staircase illuminated by the Baron's approaching light. The hiders in the lumher-room could see distinctly the whole proceedings of both Baron and Mme. R., from the time Aldridge lost sight of them to the moment they again emerged into his view.

And this is what they saw:

"*Madame R. never went into the kitchen at all;*" "*she went straight into the laboratory,*" and "*the Baron watched her as she came out.*"

A glance at the place shows the bearing of this evidence aud the impossibility of the Baron (who, if he had not been in the kitchen, must at least have thoroughly known the position of his owu laboratory) having made any mistake on this point.

What, then, was his motive in thus imposing upon Aldridge, to whose interference he professed himself so much indebted, with this false statemont of the place to which Mme. R. had been?

There does not seem the slightest reason for discrediting the evidence of these two witnesses. Their story is perfectly simple and coherent. There is neither malice against the Baron nor collusion with Aldridge, in whose case such malice is supposed to exist. The only weak point in their position is the fact, that they were both doing wrong in being in that place at that time; but the admission of this, in truth, rather strengthens than injures the testimony which involves it. We must seek the clue, then, not in their motives, but in those of the Baron. The errand of Mme. R., in her strange expedition, may perhaps afford it. What did she do in the laboratory?

"*She drank something from a bottle.*" "*It smelt and tasted like sherry.*" "*It was marked* VIN. ANT. POT. TART." *That label designates antimonial wine, which is a mixture of sherry and tartar emetic.*

Let us see if from this point we can feel our way, as it were, backwards, to the motive for concealment. The life of Mme. R. was, as we know, heavily insured. It had already beeu seriously endangered by the effects of precisely the same drug as that she was now seen to take. If the Baron knew or suspected the motivo of her visit, here is at once a motive sufficient, if not perhaps very creditable, for the eoucealment of a fact, the knowledge of which might very probably lead to difficulty with respect to payment of the policy in case of death.

But here another difficulty meets us. The incident in question occurred at about the middle of the long illness of Mme. R. That illness consisted of a series of attacks, occurring as nearly as possible at intervals of a fortnight, and exhibiting the exact symptoms of the poison here shown to have been takeu. One of these attaeks followed within a very few hours of the occurrence into which we are examining. Was it the only one of the kind?

The evidence of the night-nurse bears with terrible weight upon this point. Her orders are strict, on no account to close her eyes. Her hours of watch are short, and the repose of the entire day leaves her without the slightest cause for unusual drowsiness. The testimonials of twenty years bear unvarying witness to her care and trustworthiuess. Yet every alteruate Saturday for eight or ten, or it may even have heen nearly twelve weeks, at one regular hour she falls asleep. It is in vain that she watches and fights against it—iu vaiu even that, suspecting "some trick," she on one occasion abstains entirely from food, and drinks nothing but that peculiarly wakeful decoction, stroug green tea. Ou every other night she keeps awake with ease, hut surely as the fatal Saturday comes round she again succumbs, and surely as sleep steals over her is it followed by a fresh attack of the symptoms we so plainly recognize. She caunot in any way account for such an extraordinary fatality. She is positive that such a thing never happened to her before. We also are at an equal loss. We can but pause upon the reflection that twice before the periodic drowsiness began, a similarly irresistible sleep had been induced by the so-called mesmeric powers of the Baron himself. And then we pass naturally to her who had been for years hahituated to such control, and we cannot hut call to mind the statement of Mr. Hands: "I have often *willed* her (S. Parsons) to go into a dark room and pick up a pin, or some article equally minute."

And then we again remember the watching shadow on the wall.

And yet, after all, at what have we arrived? Grant that the Baron knew the nature of his wife's errand in the laboratory; that the singular power—call it what we will—by which he had before in jest compelled the nurse to sleep, was really employed in enabling the somnambulist to elude her watch. Grant even that the pretensions of the mesmerist are true, and that it was in ohedience to his direct will that Mme. R. acted as she did, we are no nearer a solution than before.

It was not the Baron's interest that his wife should die.

We must then seek further afield for any explanation of this terrible enigma. Let us see how it fared with Mrs. Anderton while these events were passing at her sister's house.

And here we seem to have another instance of the manner in which the wisest precautions so often turn against those by whom they are taken. Admitting the illness of Mme.
III. R. was really caused by criminal means, nothing could and be wiser than the precaution which selected for their
V. first essay a night on which they could be tried without fear of observation. Yet this very circumstauce euables us to fix a date of the last importance, which, without it, must have remained uncertain. Mme. R., then, was taken ill on Saturday, the 5th April. On that very night—at, as nearly as can be ascertained, thc very same hour, Mrs. Andertou was unaccountably seized with an illness in all respects resembling hers. Like hers, too, the attacks returned at fortnightly intervals. For a few days, on the Baron's advice, a particular medicine is given, and at first with apparently good effect. At the same date the diary of Dr. Marsden shows a similar amelioration of symptoms in the case of Mme. R. In both cases the amendment is but short, and the disease again pursues its course. The result in both is utter exhaustion. Iu the case of Mme. R. reducing the sufferer to death's door; in the *weaker constitution* of her sister terminating in death. Examination is made. The appearances of the hody, no less than the symptoms exhibited in life, aro all those of antimonial poisoning. No antimony is, however, found; aud from this and other circumstances, results a verdict of "Natural Death." On the 12th of October, then, Mrs. Anderton's story ends.

From that time dates the recovery of Mme. R.

The first life is now removed from between Baron R. and the full sum of £50,000. Let us examine briefly the circumstances attending the lapse of the second. Here again events each in itself quite simple and natural, combine to form a story fraught with terrible suspicion. I have alluded to the inquest which followed on the death of Mrs. An- VI.
derton. That inquiry originated in circumstances which cast upon her husbaud the entire suspicion of her murder. To whose agency, whether direct or indirect, voluntary o involuntary, is an after question, may every one of these circumstances be traced? Mr. Anderton insists on heing the only one from whom the patient shall receive either medicine or food. It is the Baron who applauds aud encourages a line of conduct diametrically opposed to his own, and tending more than any other circumstance to fix suspicion on his friend. A remedy is suggested, the recommending of which points strongly to the idea of poison, and it is from the Baron that the suggestion comes. Two papers are found, the one hearing iu part the other in full, the name of the poison suspected to have been used. The first of these is brought to light by the Baron himself—the second is found in a place where he has just been, and by a person whom he has himself despatched to search there for something else. He draws continual attention to that point of exclusive attendance from which suspicion chiefly springs. His replies to Dr. Dodsworth respecting the recommendation of the antimonial autidote are so given as to confirm the worst interpretation to which it had given rise, and even when, on the discovery of the second paper, he advises the nurse that it should be destroyed, he does so iu a manner that insures not only its preservation but its immediate employment in the manuer most dangerous to his friend.

The evidence fails. What is the Baron's connection with the catastrophe that follows? He knows well the accused man's nervous anxiety for his own good name. He procures on the ground of his friendly anxiety, the earliest intelligeuce of his friend's prohable acquittal. He euters that friend's room to acquaint him with the good news. Returning he takes measures to secure the prisoner throughout the night from interruption or iuterference. Iu the morning Mr. Anderton is a corpse, and on his pillow is fouud the phial in which the poison had heen contained, and a written statement that the desperate step had heen taken in despair of an acquittal. By what marvellous accident was the hopeful news of the chemical investigation thus misinterpreted? By what negligence or connivance was the fatal drug placed within his reach? One thing we know:

It was the Baron who conveyed the news. It was from his pocket medicine case, left within the sick man's reach, that the poison came.

Thus fell the second of the two lives which stood between the Baron and the full sum of £50,000. Of this sum the £25,000 which accrues from the relationship betweeu Mrs. Anderton and Mme. R. is already his as soon as claimed, but there is no immediate necessity for the claim to he preferred. He may perhaps have thought it better to wait hefore making such a claim until the first sensation occasioned hy the double deaths through which he inherited had passed away. He may have been putting in train some plausible story to account for his only now proclaiming a fact which he must have known for at least a year. Whatever his reason, however, he certainly for some weeks after Mr. Anderton's death made no movement to establish his claim upon the property, and during this time Mme. R. was slowly but surely recovering her strength.

But while wisdom thus dictated a policy of delay, the irresistible course of events hurried on the crisis. A letter comes filled with threats of the vengeance of jealous love if its cause be not that night removed. It is but a frag- VII.
ment of that letter that is preserved, hut its meaning is clear enough, and it is that under threat of revelation of some capital crime, the connection hetween himself and Mme. R. should be finally hrought to an end.

"*N'en sais tu bien le moyen?*"

That night the condition is fulfilled. Once more the sleeping lady takes her midnight journey to her husband's laboratory. Once more her unconscious hand pours out the deadly draught. But this time it is no slow poisou that she takes. It is a powerful and burning acid that even as it awakes her from her tranee, shrivels her with a horrible and instant death. One shrill and quickly stifled shriek alarms the iumates of the house, and when they hurry to the spot they find only a disfigured corpse, lying with bare feet and disordered night dress in the darkness of the stormy November night, with the fatal glass still clasped in its hand.

My task is done. In possession of the evidence thus placed before you, your judgment of its result will he as good as mine. Link hy link you have now heen put in possession of the chain. Is that chain one of purely accidental coincidences, or does it point with terrible certainty to a series of crimes, in their nature and execution almost too horrible to contemplate? That is the first question to be asked, and it is one to which I feel myself unable to reply. The second is more strange and perhaps even more difficult still. Supposing the latter to be the case, are crimes thus committed susceptible of proof, or even if proved, are they of a kind for which the criminal can he brought to punishment?

THE HUMAN EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows that he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there he no holiday in the eye. How many future invitations are avowed hy thc eye, though dissembled by the lips! A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark; but, if, in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eyes. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blackberries; others arc liquid and deep wells that meu might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. Thcre are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.—*Emerson.*

MONTHLY MEMS, BY A CABBY.—*September*—Town gets flat, and you must look sharp. Gents and 'osses ankers after waterin' places. If pulled up ahout distance, swear through thick and thin, but avoid pedometers. "Measures, not men," doesn't suit Cabhies. Drains is werry wholesome, and if neglected, is apt to hring on fevers and colera. Avoid unripe fruit, especially 'winkles.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publicotion.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

In the change of a name at the head of this paper, and of a personal influence in its columns, the undersigned trusts will hereafter be found the only essential alteration in that general character and desigu which have made it acceptable to its readers. F. B. Harte.

OUR OPPONENTS

UNDERRATING an adversary undoubtedly facilitates one's preparations for battle, but does not always ensure a termination that shall be pleasant to one's-self. The loyal press have, with but few exceptions, underestimated the importance of the uomination of Geo. B. McClellan by the Chicago Convention. Looking upon him merely as the nominee of a party whose platform is utterly obnoxious to the Union-loving majority—viewing him altogether as an abstract principle, to be defeated and overcome by another abstract principle, they have counted on an easy victory. Even those who are willing to admit the ambiguity of his position—who contrast his West Point war speech with the peace platform of the party that nominated him—refuse to make any but a favorable prognosis of its effect upon the campaign. War Democrats, they argue, will avoid him because of his party; Peace Democrats because of his principles. The effect of a simple transposition of these propositions is a logical sequence that never seems to have entered their minds.

If the campaign could be confined to a contest of principles, there would be little doubt of the result. But the popularity of men enters strongly into our struggle; principles which are in themselves unchangeable are absorbed by leaders who are changeable and inconstant. We, who have been fighting these three years for a principle, find ourselves no longer "Radical," "Abolitionist," or "Union," but simply "Lincoln men," and it behooves us to take the popularity of an opponent into some account. That he is popular cannot be doubted. He has a grievance. The odor of persecution, whether real or assumed, clings to his garments. This offers an irresistible charm to many honest people who would never allow themselves to be attracted by recognized and exalted merit. What justice could be so poetic as the succession of the much-abused servant to the master's chair, and what idea would occur sooner to the well-regulated American mind than the making of a poor President out of a good General? In the great cities he is an especial favorite. His reticence after his disgrace—so different from the national aptitude for "Explanation" and "Defense"—whether the result of incompetency or not, endeared him to a respectable class who had grown suspicious and wearied of advertising egotism. His West Point education, his fondness for review and military pageantry and his European experience, made him popular with those aristocratic loyalists, who love their country rather for its symbols and traditions than its faith and principles, and who hate rebellion because it implies anarchy. He has a larger class of worshippers in these timid, vacillating souls, who, though professing loyalty to the government, would not like to commit themselves to any party. Such are the adherents of the leader of the West Point-Chicago faction. Let us soundly consider if we can afford to despise a champion who is able to enlist in his favor so many of the prejudices and weaknesses of our people. But we need not fear him, nor abate one iota of our efforts to return our present honest Executive to the Presidential chair.

The Christian Commission Fair.—The Fair of the Christian Commission closed last evening with an auction of the various articles remaining unsold and donated by individuals. Good prices were realized, and the ladies, to whose untiring energy and labor the Christian Commission is so much indebted, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the perfect success of their project, which from the first has been a labor of love, and in the face of obstacles and other attractions, calculated to discourage them. But they persevered, and the crowds that have filled the Hall, and the dollars that have gone into the big purse of the Treasurer, are substantial proofs of the success of so praiseworthy an undertaking. And in the record of good deeds, the names of these good women will appear, written in letters of love, and verily they shall be rewarded. A Samaritan is a loveable object under any circumstances, but when done up in crinoline is perfectly irresistible. Such were they of the Christian Commission Fair.

No Draft!—In consequence of the rapidity with which the old regiments are filling up, and the great number of enlistments daily, there will be no necessity for resorting to a draft in this State. We have positive official information that no draft will be ordered.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

WHAT an error it was which that man made who first proclaimed that human life was a matter of importance to all the people. If that ever was true, we have come, by great familiarity with the subject, to treat it as of little consequence as the most commonplace event. But when we regard with what tenacity each individual still selfishly clings to that peculiar life which belongs to him, we believe it could have been only through a series of singularly petrifying events that we must have lost the sympathies that make us feel for others' pains. It is scarcely out of memory now that men pleaded a principle as an excuse for ridding the community of certain lives, as if they had gradually taught themselves to believe that some great truths must live, even though the truth only found the roots of its existence nourished in the graves of worthy men. It is, perhaps, an easy transition from the belief that principles are better than human lives, to the comfortable consciousness that petty interests, rivalries and whims, though possibly several degrees below principles on the moral scale, are of such estimation that men's lives are not a groat's worth in comparison.

It is quite plain that we who sail on the Sacramento are much more progressive in thought than they who fight by the James, for they have only revealed the poor fact that human life, though sacred once, is now only second to an eternal principle. We can place principles second, and our own whims far ahead, and know that a fleet vessel brings praises that tickle our personal vanity. We seize Time by the forelock and coax half an hour's advance out of him by an offering of a little extra steam, while our slower-footed rival must succumb to the poor defects of a weaker idea of humanity, or poorer machinery. The chances prove always in our favor for longer or shorter time, till Destiny, who is quite apt to hide behind the corner where we cannot see her, sends us stumbling across the Valley of Shadows into the Great Presence that we were not thinking about.

It is only a little while ago that we had quietly resolved the problem of individual murder as a mathematical certainty; but now the genius of our people displays a still greater progress, and we shall soon get quietly into the belief that wholesale slaughter—though possibly a little exciting to people of unquiet nerves—is only a refinement, by multiplication, of the individual murder, and an easy way of decimating the community of superfluous humanity. Our legislators, in their wisdom, are too shrewd to be caught so far napping as to put a check upon the satisfaction of man's jealousies, or put a halter around the necks of those who commit the meagre indiscretion—if it be even that—of murdering a hundred or so, in utter disregard of everything but their own individual wishes.

It is very pleasant to have progressed as a people to such a height or depth of philosophy. The Epicureans thought very kindly of their lives and bodies, and perhaps were oversensitive as to their physical nourishment. The Stoics poohpoohed at the Epicureans, and ate shingles and hard-tack with the easy digestion of cast-iron stomachs. The ages that have followed them have been wavering up and down between the two beliefs without developing a creed better than either, till we of the present climate, age and country have eschewed both, and step out as the champions of the worthlessness of humanity as a people, though perhaps our own selfish instincts may persuade us to use and guard carefully those individual bodies for whose benefit we become subordinate to tailors and cobblers. The trifling slaughter that happened last Monday night, that thrilled us each with horror and heart-sickness—that caused broken-hearted widows and made husbands wifeless—will be soon forgotten, and we will begin again a reckless, murderous race for gain and fame, till the Providence that spared us once shall wrathfully strike us down, who, if not speaking, are every day acting out the brazen lie against humanity, conscience and God!

How and When it is Done.—The following extract is taken from a small pamhlet, tentiled "A brief statement of the Sanitary Commission's work." It is not necessary to reiterate the story of the Commission here, nor to define their claims upon those people who share the result of the soldier's sublime devotion without experiencing one pang of his heroic sacrifice:

When the army moves it seeks *victory*. It can think of nothing else. Victory is its first duty; food for the men and powder for the guns, its first want. The surgeon's stores may or may not be sent on. Food and powder *must* go first. Victory is the first duty. The movement of the battle may leave surgeons and stores twenty miles away, while every team is busy pouring forward ammunition and food.

Here is where the Sanitary Commission comes in. It has teams ready for this very emergency. It waits nobody's motion. When the army moves, it follows. When the battle begins, the Commision is on the spot. Its tents are spread; its red flag is hoisted; barrels of lemonade, milk-punch, tea, and coffee are made ready; ice is there to cool the feverish thirst of the wounded; splints, sponges, bandages, lint, are on hand. Midst the whistling of bullets, the fallen heroes are gathered in. The huge tents are soon filled with the patient, grateful sufferers; and thus, in the very shadow of the battle-cloud, the work of mercy goes on.

The Pavilion.—The Fair of the Mechanics' Institute at the Pavilion is a great success, and has been thronged by thousands during the few days it has been opened to the public; it bids fair to continue to be a great attraction for the coming week. In our next we shall give an extended review of the Fair and its striking features.

MINING ASSESSMENTS.

TO say "assessment" is to touch almost any man on the "raw," and the entire community may be said to know the "smart" of this blister which draws out their life and substance. Just now the public are suffering under mental depression, caused by depression of stocks; for, say what you will, no man can feel real jolly, and laugh a good loud sincere laugh, when poverty and want stare him in the face, nor can he shout very loud even when somewhat removed from that state but still feeling that, if the sharp-eyed clerks at the Bank of California look askance at him as he enters the doors, it is because his account is so small that the weakest boy in the Bank can carry it forward without fatigue; and it all comes of depression in stocks. The time was when stocks were money. That time has passed for the present, and the "Woolly Horse" and "Bob-tailed Pony" will no longer "spout" for even a night's lodging or a "smile" at Jones' or John Harris' sample rooms. A fictitious value has been placed, undoubtedly, on all stocks, and they have been too high; but now they are too low—that is, some of them; others never ought to rise, because they never had any value at the beginning—but there are still a great many good mines that must lay "*perdu*" until money is easier and stockholders can better afford to pay assessments than at present. This system of going on to levy assessments regularly every month is ruinous to stockholders and the credit of the mine. Very few men can afford to pay assessments, so hard are the times now; and yet the merciless slaughter goes on, and stock that was purchased at high prices on the enthusiastic opinions and recommendations of trustees and particular friends interested, is assessed, advertised and sold at auction every day, for fifty cents or a dollar a foot.

We don't say that the "freeze-out" game is systematically played, but there are instances that look wonderfully like it. Is it not better to stop expenditures, and let unproductive mines rest easy at present? It is of more consequence to the individual stockholder to hold on to his interest until he *can* afford to contribute to the development of the mine than it is to minister to the general prosperity of the country by impoverishing himself in paying assessments. Finally, after paying month after month, he invokes blessings on the heads of trustees, secretaries and all concerned, and lets his stock go. The consequence is, he becomes disgusted with mines and mining stocks, and swears audibly whenever the subject is mentioned. The best thing to do is to do nothing until times are better, and "go slow" for the present. Don't crowd people who have all they can do to keep their heads above the dust (there being no water.) Don't assess them to death, and exasperate poor stockholders until they are ready to smash the bones of any secretary who appears before them with his tax book in his hand. It will be all the better for every one concerned to to stop levying these Irish dividends; reduce expenses, and let the mine and the stockholders rest until better times. A good mine will keep—we know it is all there, safe; and, if poor, this is no time to spend money to ascertain that pleasant piece of information.

There is talk in France of reviving a batch of extinct dukedoms. Gen. Goyon is to be Duke de Feltre; Count Corovonnel, Duke de Laral; Viscount Digeon, Duke de Sauly Tavaunes; Count de Morny, Duke of Dalmatia; Count Brissae, Duke de la Moltre-Hondencourt; M. de Gosstout, Duke de Lauzum. [There is also some talk about making an old political friend of ours a something of this sort. His title will be "Duc del Punta de Limo, or Knight of Go-in." Semmes is to be made Marquis of Cur-sa(r)ge brush. His crest will be a Hound in full flight one side, and a Frog and a Bull on the other, with the motto, "*Aut* (to) *Cæsar*, (sieze-her,) *aut nil fit.*"]

Grand Ratification Meeting.—The State Central Committee have given notice of a grand Ratification Meeting and Union Rally, to be held on the 13th inst., in which a number of distinguished speakers will participate. The place of meeting will be designated hereafter. Let there be a full attendance, and an interest displayed commensurate with the importance of the call and the coming struggle.

The officer in command of the expedition to explore the country between Salt Lake City and the Colorado river, at a point supposed to be the head of navigation, reports that the intervening country gives excellent mineral indications, and that a good wagon-road can be made between the points above stated, at a very small expense.

Epaulets have gone quite out of use in military circles, their places being supplied by the less ostentatious shoulder-strap. Before the war nearly every militia company, privates and all, was supplied with all these gaudy ornaments, and no military organization was supposed to be completely equipped without them. The only use to which they are put is to figure in pictures on the shoulder of generals, and in some highly colored representations of battles, it is not unusual to see the commanding Federal general superbly mounted, and his shoulders loaded with these ornaments. One of these pictures is now exhibited in the window of a print-shop in this city, purporting to be a representation of the battle of Shiloh. In this print General Grant, with drawn sabre, bedecked with huge yellow epaulets, mounted on a furious war-horse, is charging at the head of his troops, in the very teeth of the whole rebel army. The undemonstrative Lieut.-General would smile to find himself thus caricatured, and put on paper in a position that, if occupied upon the field, would insure him a removal from the head of the army to the walls of a State lunatic asylum.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE POTOMAC.

AH, mourn, thou wild Potomac!
Flash high thy shouldering ranks;
A Nation's tears run down with theo,
And brim thy rocky banks:
The pride of all our homes is strewed
In wreck along thy shore;
Our loveliest and best go down,
But they come back no more.

Ah, rave, thou wild Potomac!
Thy fierce and sullen flow
Is like the nation's mighty rage
With its undertone of woe;
The gleam along thy white-lipped crags,
The brawl along thy shore—
But, ah! our loved ones walk by theo,
And they come back no more.

Ah, mourn, thou wild Potomac!
Yet mingle with thy moan
The Triumph song of Liberty
Where legions still march on!
The hopes of future years resound
Along thy glorious shore,
But, ah! our loved ones, where are they?
They come to us no more.

Oh, war-polluted river,
As shudderingly ye flee,
Deal gently with the martyr dust
Ye hurry to the sea!
The fevered sod your cold lips kiss
Grows greener than before,
But, ah! our loved ones sleep by thee—
They come to us no more!

H. C. B.

OUR CLUB.

NUMBER ONE.—INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a very significant fact, and one which the members of the club want all their friends and admirers to remember, that years ago, in old England, where the language we speak and write was much used and improved upon, there were associations of talkative wise men, who sipped tea, and talked wise gossip together, and called themselves The Club. In the wise and frivolous reign of the great Queen Bess, when the good Queen Anne held sway, these wielders of learned English chatted and ate together, and made all people who read about their agreeable assemblies envy the centuries that went away without bringing them forth to enjoy such incomparable wisdom, instead of leaving Fate to have her own way, and usher them into the light in these very busy, but, may be, very monotonous and unwise days. How Ben Jonson used to sit and pat Will Shakspeare on the back in a very patronizing way, and then quietly say to his friends that the sheep-stealer was a writer of some little merit, while he chuckled to himself that, though he be ever so wise, none could quite equal the felicitous wit of the great "rare Ben!" It were a wonder, too, if Sir Walter Raleigh didn't say occasionally a wise thing, though half the time one wonders if he didn't sit planning over some other great, gallant feat, which every one would take off their hats to and acknowledge it were more than worthy the man who could bravely soil his best garment that the wise Queen's slippers might be unstained. Rare times were they at the "Mermaid," and rare when gruff Sam. Johnson would snub the vain Goldy, or when Garrick laughed in his sleeve at the incomparable impudence of Dr. Sam himself, or when Goldsmith, if not always wise without his manuscript, would remember the vulnerability of the whole circle, and seize the admiration point of all in his genial "Retaliation."

While we remember kindly—history aiding us—those long-gone-by days of wonderful wit and wisdom, the Professor and his friend the editor have called us all together and painted the possibility of a like age for us if we would only live it. It is a short story to tell, but I shall not tell it: how we came together without line and rule, and now sit, (as the almanac rotates the Thursday evenings around to us,) and talk in our wise way of more than the poor world's-people could dare to comprehend. The unfledged attorney of the circle has even dared to whisper that it may be we are only crudities ourselves who try to comprehend and solve the mysteries of chaos. But we really say very wise things and laugh immeasurably at such witticisms as the learned Professor utters. His wit rolls down upon us like a new April shower upon the parched cattle, and we look up after it, like the flowers that have caught new life and are awaiting the sunshine to renew them in strength. Our sunshine sits there looking wise indeed, as indeed he is, whom we address as "the Doctor," and who looks out from the calm depths of his maturity and says such wise things to us as make us sober and reflective. Over there across the table is our nervous and energetic disciple, always active with his fingers while he waits for the immature thought to be formed, and then he tosses it out in his genial, clever way that makes us, (who claim less genius, but a share of wise stupidity,) smile patronizingly and declare there is promise there, where there is youthful verdure, and that those little buds of truth will by-and-by develop great glowing flowers of truth and beauty. There is a true philosopher among us who makes the immaturity of Our Club wonder where he keeps all that wisdom, and if some day we shall not find that the old theory of Pisistratus is so marvellously true, that a great Plato or Socrates has been waiting behind the fence for Time's caravan to move along, and has finally taken his place again with a new christening. The sage that has written volumes and can talk folios, has such claim upon our admiration, that doubting if we can write anything but interrogation-points after his propositions, in the place of argument, we listen for his coming footsteps and hide his volumes ere he enters. Some time, if you will wait, we will invite you to sit close to our table and hear what we say. We may paint more openly the pictures of the talkers, if you will promise not to look when you meet them as if you knew all about them, and carelessly twit them upon some temporary weakness of theirs. We are most of us terribly mortal, but try as we can to shift about among the vices and not wear too long the uniform of any special woe. So say we all of us, and saying, ask you to wait till we may speak again, promising always, however, to tell nó tales.

THERSITES.

BORES.—No. II.

THE story-telling Bore flourishes in all communities with considerable vigor, and he is one of the most dreary and hopeless of the whole species. He is the modern "old man of the sea." He singles you out for attack, fixes on you like a leech, and frequently succeeds in making you his exclusive property for the evening, in which case he exercises his power in the most tyrannical manner, scrupling not to do as he pleases with his own. A bold effort in the onset may sometimes disconcert and shake off the enemy. Thus a friend of ours, sauntering along Montgomery street the other afternoon, was attacked by a story-telling Bore, who hooked on, as these animals have a habit of doing, to his button-hole.

"Anything going on?" drawled the Bore—an insidious leading up to one of his own narrations—"Anything going on?"

"Yes," retorted the victim, "I am."

And bursting off, he darted amid a crowd of double teams and street cars to the opposite sidewalk. He risked his life, but he evaded the Bore.

The peculiarity of the stories enunciated by this species of Bore is, that they never have any end to speak of; that they are hooked together by the most bewildering stitches of "says I's," and "says he's," linking all manner of parenthetical impertinences; that they seldom relate to any subject other than the personal grievances of the narrator, and that the only notice required to be taken of them by the unhappy listener, is the utterance of a connected series of "oh's," "oh yes's," "exactly's," and "you don't say so's."

Bores, too—immeasurable Bores—are literary men when they insist on reading manuscript to their friends. On these occasions their pertinacity, their awful determination to bring about a first reading—perhaps the first and best ever to be obtained by the work—is something incredible. Johnson must have suffered deeply from this species of Bore, when, on observing what a showman would call "a literary man of the period" slowly and insidiously producing a manuscript, the lexicographer jumped up, and, with a shout which sent Boswell quaking into a corner, roared: "At your peril, sir! At your peril!"

We know one illustrative story. It is worth a wilderness of description:

A man was dying. He had a friend—an author. The friend came to him. To comfort him? No! to read manuscript. He produced a packet, and drew his chair to the bedside of the dying man. "Only a few chapters," he said insinuatingly. "But, my dear friend," urged the faint voice of the departing one, "the doctor says I've only half an hour to live." What was the reply? "Yes, yes, I know all that; but this will only take you twenty minutes.

An undoubted Bore is the man who talks "shop." Stock-exchange men, we regret to say, are much given to this unsociable practice. We dined the other day with a party of five, and not a word was spoken but about Gould & Curry, El Dorado, Wide West, "bulling" the market, "selling short,' dividends, assessments, and Savage *vs.* North Potosi. But we will not pursue the roll of Boredom farther. They are endless. Why, at this moment we are persecuted by Bores. A well-meaning but dismally-minded friend is informing us that we never looked halt so ill in all our life, and that we ought, seriously, to "do something—give up work and run up to Napa Springs and indulge in swimming baths for a week or two." A messenger, who has brought a note and is waiting for an answer, is creaking up and down the room, grinding away for dear life at a quill tooth-pick. An idle scamp of a friend has just dropped in to have a gossip, and won't take a hint to drop out. The lady down-stairs who is learning the piano is thumping away at the gamut, like a man running up and down a musical flight of stairs. The secretary of the "Dead Broke" has just stepped in to remind us that our stock will be sold at 11 o'clock for delinquent assessments if not previously redeemed, (it is now 10:30,) while the young man who is imbibing instruction on the cornet, on the first floor from the roof, has just commenced "When this cruel war," with a break-down at every third note. Can we write farther of Bores? You might as well expect a man stretched on the rack to pen a complacent treatise on the theory and practice of torturing. But we will be resigned. Bores were, are, and will be.

"TAKING them one with another," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious observances; for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WEDNESDAY night was set apart at the Academy of Music for the benefit of Mr. Hill, the tenor—the beneficiary appearing as "Pollione" in *Norma*. Mr. Hill is a pains-taking and earnest artist, and has exhibited much industry and talent in contending with, and often triumphing over the light qualities of his voice. He has grown much in public estimation since his first appearance here, and has manifestly improved in his acting. On Thursday evening *La Sonnambula* was brought out for the first time by this company—Miss Richings in the *role* of "Amina." In spite of the recollections that are apt to haunt the opera-goer in connection with this renowned opera—the somnambulic shades of Grisi, Sontag and Alboni that flit before his fancy—our fair English soprano did not suffer from the contrast. Purity of voice, delicacy of execution and intelligent conception of the character were there, and once or twice in the rendition of a popular *aria*, she exceeded any of her former efforts. Mr. Seguin as the Count was exceedingly good. His singing of "As I view these scenes so charming," was decidedly his best effort in California. The usual undress military uniform of the character set off his figure finely, and with his martial-Gallic physiognomy, gave him a wondrous resemblance to the handsome "Zephir" of the Parisian photograph. On Thursday evening, instead of the first installment of the Italian Opera season, owing to the illness of Signora Bianchi, there was an indefinite postponement, and *Linda di Chamounix* was substituted. This opera gives much more scope for the contralto's powers than many of those in which she has lately appeared. She is a charming "Pierotto" to both eye and ear. We might add that Miss Kempton's dress was much more consistent with her character than in the first representation; and if the extempore hurdy-gurdy which supplanted her former guitar was a somewhat improbable-looking instrument, it offended the taste of the rigid critic the less. The "Marquis de Bois Fleury" of Mr. Richings—one of his best characters—was capitally played. While there are many actors who play old *men* well, there are few skilful delineators of old *gentlemen*. To show this distinction is Mr. Richings' speciality, and in acting he draws naturally on a fund of native good breeding and experience of society. He is one of the few actors who can enter or leave a room in a thoroughbred way—an exceedingly difficult thing to do and not overdo, and something impossible to be done unless one's experience extends beyond the footlights and the leader's *baton*, the pasteboard canvas and mock heroic. "Linda" is high; however, Miss Richings did not let the audience—not a very large one, by the way—observe how difficult must have been the *role*. Her acting in the dramatic episodes of the opera was natural and striking. Mr. Hill ("Carlo") sang with an uneven voice, but at times very sweetly and justly. The choruses were fair. The *Postillon du Lonjumeau* was given on Friday night. This evening the popular *Doctor of Alcantara* will be performed for the benefit of Mr. Edward Seguin, who will sustain the *role* of "Doctor Paracelsus," in which quasi-buffo character he is inimitably good. An accomplished gentleman and thorough musician, a pupil of the Paris *Conservatoire*, an excellent linguist, and the representative of a well-known musical family, we bespeak for this gentleman that success to-night which is due his merits as an artist and his position as a stranger. The bills underline *Fra Diavolo* for Sunday night, and *Maritana* (first time) for Monday. Further than this we cannot forecast the performances of next week. The illness of Signora Bianchi has apparently interfered with, if not stopped, the projected season of Italian opera at this time.

The editorial change in this paper during the week has prevented our giving a theatrical record with that completeness of detail and conscientious attention which has hitherto obtained in its columns, and which the present directors are desirous of carefully preserving as a distinctive feature of THE CALIFORNIAN. We may say, *en passant*, that at Maguire's Opera House the horse has given way to the spectacular pieces, and that the drama that formerly "held the mirror up to Nature" gives us a French Spy glass of Fashion and a mould of form. Popular opinion leans to Mrs. Perry and broadsword exercises, however. The Metropolitan has been returning gradually to the legitimate drama and the paths of rectitude, from which it was once borne reluctant and shrieking on Mazeppa's steed. On Friday night Boucicault's really clever *Jessie Brown* was given, with Fanny Morgan Phelps in the character of the Scotch heroine, which the dramatist's wife, Agnes Robertson, used to make so thrilling. A *matinée* for ladies and children is to be given this afternoon. At Maguire's, the *French Spy* in the afternoon, and, in the evening, *Margaret Catchpole*, who seems to be the female of the Dick Turpin species.

The Circus is crowded nightly, as usual, and never has it been better worth a visit. Everybody goes. Some of the best people of the city were there, and there is no reason why they should not go, for nothing is permitted that could grate harshly upon the feelings of the most fastidious. There is always something about a circus that is fascinating to old and young; and, as we said before, "everybody goes."

The Hon. William Birch and friends have returned to the city. Mr. Birch is sometimes addressed by his intimate friends as William, and when they take liberties, they say Billy. We are pleased to see that the troupe are all in their usual good looks and condition. William himself may have lost half an ounce or so, but it does not detract from his youth and beauty. We shall all miss poor Wells; and it makes us sad to think we shall see him in the old familiar place no more. It has not transpired whether the company visited San Andreas this trip or not. It is a very fine place. But they have our heartiest welcome back.

THE BABY.

ALONE! She threw her bonnet off,
Then sighing, as 'twere sighing the last time,
Approached the bed and threw a shawl away;
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly or more certainly than so—
Nor would you find witbin a rosier flushed
Pomegranate.
There be lay, upon bis back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist witb life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby mouth,
Shut close, as if for dreaming that it sucked:
The little naked feet drawn up tbe way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender—to tbe little hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on the finger into sleep,
Hath kept the mould of 't,
While we stood there dumb—
For oh, that it should take such innocence
To prove just guilt. I thought and stood there dumb;
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep
And our most mortal presence; gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with snch a smile
As might have well been learned tbere, never moved,
But smiled on in a drowse of ecstacy
So happy! half with her and half with heaven,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said:
As red and still, indeed, as any rose
That blows in all the silence of its leaves.
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life.

[*Mrs. Browning.*

SELF-CONCEIT.—As this distemper is so prevalent in the human family, it is well, occasionally, to examine our own individual state and condition, and see if there he not some symptoms of the infection in ourselves, that we may more vigilantly guard against those exciting causes which tend to strengtben and develop hereditary disease or infirmity. Self-conceit, like many other chronic and hereditary complaints, is not specially alarming in its first stages, seldom attended with pain, and for the most part extremely comfortable, causiug the patient but little uneasiness or disquiet. The most characteristic symptom appears in the general tendency to inflation, which increases with the progress of the disease—in obstinate cases causing the patient to assume such unnatural proportions as to become an offensive object of contemplation to everybody except himself. This obliquity of vision usually affects the carriage and manners of the individual; causing an undue elevation of the head; throwing the vertebral column out of the line of the perpendicular; giving emphasis to utterance and gesticulation, pompousness to the gait, aud an air of immense importance to the whole bearing. These are, perhaps, the most obvious symptoms and characteristics, though the disease may exist without these geueral manifestations. Sometimes the indications appear only in one part or member, as in the head or face—the facial muscles being generally most susceptible to the influence of the mind and temper. Then, again, there may be no special manifestatious visible to the eye, and only become apparent to the understanding through familiar acquaintance. We see it in a morbid appetite for approbation and compliment; a disposition to be seen and heard; an itching for applause and admiration; a fondness for discoursing about self and self-interest; an indifference in listening to others (except when the conversation tends homeward.) These and various other features not unfrequently disclose themselves through the intimacy of acqnaintanceship. There is another form iu which self-conceit sometimes appears—it is that of mock humility. This type is so inveterate and deep-rooted as to be beyond the reach of antidotes or applications, and can only be eradicated by surgical skill. The less virulent forms may sometimes he mitigated or counteracted by certain inexpensive specifics. The simple application of a few grains of common sense tends greatly to relieve inflammation and cool the brain. Just make a sensible, impartial estimate of yourself, as you would of another for whom you had no predilection. Some writer has wisely said: "Other people think about as much of us as we thiuk of them; and everybody knows how little that is." An excellent sedative for those who distress themselves about the opinion of others! You need not be greatly elevated nor depressed by the estimation in which you are held by others; for, in nine cases out of ten, it is only the reflection of your opinion of them. If you praise a man for his excellent qualities he will give you credit for penetration and discernment; if you do not concede his supposed merits, he will charge you with ignorance and stupidity. Few hold in high regard those who do not in some way reciprocate the affection; for, however conscious you may be of your own blemishes of character, you would not be particularly attracted to the person who should venture to give you a hint regarding them.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Few persons have any tolerable notion of the space which would be occnpied by the whole population now living on this globe if congregated together and as to that vast majority, the dead, the wildest conjectures have been indulged in. Some have even doubted whether such a nnmber of human beiugs could find standing room on the whole face of the earth. Now, taking the present population of the earth to number 1,000,000,000, and assuming that the average population of the earth from the time of Adam till now has been half that number, and that the generations of men have averaged forty years each, we come to this conclnsion—that the smallest county of England would afford sitting room for all men, women and children now alive on earth, and that a number of human beings, equal to all that have ever lived on the face of the earth, might stand within the area of the largest county in England.

THE English are finding great difficnlty in recruiting their army, and are at loss whether to ascribe the fact to the Irish exodus to this country, or to the demand for labor.

CHARLES READE.

WHEN *Peg Woffington* first fell upon us, a dozeu years ago or so, Humdrum opened his eyes: it was like setting one's teeth in a juicy pear fresh from the warm sunshine. Then came *Christie Johnstone*, a perfect pearl of its kind, in which we recognize an important contribution to one class of romance. If ever the literature of the fishing-coast shall be compiled, it will be found to be found to be scanty bnt superlative; let us suggest that it shall opeu with Lucy Larcom's "Poor Loue Hanuah," the most touching and tear ful of the songs of New England life, followed by Christie Johnstone's night at sea amoug the blue-lights and the nets with their silver and lightning mixed, where the fishers struggle with that immense sheet varnished in red hot silver; aud at the end let uot "The Pilot's Pretty Daughter" of William Allingham's be forgotten:

Were it my lot—there peeped a wisb—
To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
Or haul the dripping moonlit mesb
Spangled with herring-scale:
By dying stars how sweet 'twould be,
And dawn-hlow freshening the sea,
With weary, cbeery pull to tbe shore
To gain my cottage-bome once more,
And meet, before I reached the door,
My pretty pilot's daughter!"

But it is a fine fashion of this noble world never to acknowledge itself too well pleased. Men are ashamed of satisfaction. So soon as they have exhausted the honey, they condemn the comb: it will do to wax an old wife's thread; they forget that the cells whose sides break the usual nniformity contain the royal embryos. Humdrum read these little novels through, laughed and cried over them in secret, then pulled a long face, stepped forth and denouuced the typography. Now we admit that the page presents a fairer appearance with single punctuations, unblurred by italics, and its smooth surface unbroken by strings of capitals; but let us ask these criticasters for what purpose types were cast at all. To assist the author in the expressiou of his ideas, and to elucidate subtile changes of meaning? or to prove his let and hiudrance, and to wrap his expression in mystery? Whether or no, it is patent that Charles Reade makes an exclamation and an interrogation-point together say as much as many novelists can dibble over a whole page. Nevertheless, in his latest work these eccentricities are greatly modified; yet who would forego in the sea-fight that almost inaudible, breathless whisper of—

"Our ammnnition is nearly done"?

Or, again, the moment when Skinner pokes Mr. Hardie lightly in the side and says, "But—I've—got—THE RECEIPT"? Aud could anything express the state of young Reginald's mind so ineffably as the primer type of his letter to Lucy?

A much less veuial fault than any typographical trifle is a tendency belonging to this author to repeat both incident and colloquy. This, of course, is merely the result of negligence, and negligence no one likes to forgive; only Shakspeare can afford to be careless of his fame, and the rags that his commentators make of him are a warning to all pettier people. We have seen the manuscript of a man already immortal so interlined, erased and corrected as to be undecipherable by any but himself and the printer who has been for tweuty years condemned to such hard labor; surely others can condescend to the same pains; yet we doubt if Mr. Reade so much as looks his over a second time.

Many persons have a trick of writing their uames, not on the fly-leaf of the books they possess, but on the hundredth or the fiftieth page. Perhaps it is according to some such brand of the warehouse that we fiud in *Very Hard Cash*, or *White Lies*, indifferently, such brief dialogues as this:

"No."
"Are you sure?"
"Positive."

Then Reade's characters are perpetually doiug the same thing. Josephine and Margaret both seize their throats not to cry out; Josephine and Margaret both kiss their babies alike—a very pretty description of the act, though:

"The young mother sprang silently upon her child—you would have thought she was going to kill it; her head reared itself again and again, like a crested snake's, and again and again, and again and again plunged down upon the child, and she kissed his little body from head to foot with soft violence, and murmured through her starting tears."

But not content with that, Margaret must re-enact it. Then Gerard and Alfred, returning from long absences, both find their only sister dead; and the plot of three of the novels turns on the fact of long and inexplicable absences on the part of the heroes. The Baroness de Beaurepaire, who is flavored with what her maker calls the "congealed essence of grandmamma," shares her horror of the jargon vocabulary equally with Mrs. Dodd, (the captain's wife, who "reared her children in a suburban villa with the manners that adorn a palace—when they happen to be there.") There is a singular habit in the several works of putting up marble inscriptions for folks before actual demise requires it—Hardie showing Lucy Fountain hers, Camille erecting one to Raynal. All his heroines, as soon as they are crossed in love, invariably lose their tempers, and invariably by the same process; all, without exception, have violet eyes and velvet lips (and sometimes the heroes also have the latter!) and all of them should wear key-holes at their ear-rings. Indeed, here is our quarrel with Mr. Reade. The conception of an artless woman is impossible with him. Plenty of beautiful ideals he creates, but with the actual woman he is almost unacquainted; Lucy Fountain, of all his feminine characters, is the only one whose counterpart we have ever met; Julia, the most perfect type of his fancy, impetuous, sparkling and sweet, has this to say for herself, on occasion of a boat-race: "We have won at last," cried Julia, all on fire, "*and fairly; only think of that!*" Through every sentence that he jots down runs a vein of gentle satire on the sex. Every specimen that he has drawn from it possesses feline characteristics: if provoked, they scratch; if happy, they purr; when they move, it is with the bodies of panthers; when they caress their children, it is like snakes; and in every single one of his books the women listen, behind the door, behind the hedge, or behind the boat.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

RUMINATING MEN.

"I REMEMBER," says Mrs. Piozzi, in her *Tour in Italy*, "Dr. Johnson once said that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing; but I had not then seen Av ocato B——, *a la* Wyerhere, at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews his cud like an ox. He is apparently much like another tall, stout man, hut has many extraordinary properties, being emiuent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body, upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks; he can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure; and did absolutely, in the course of two hours, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation of eating, masticating, swallowing, and retnrning by the mouth, a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction, nothing more was wanting; hut I obtained, besides, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony of this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited, nervous man; and I suppose his ruminating moments are spent in lamenting the peculiarities of his frame."

The human chewer of the cud was uot such a singular being as Mrs. Piozzi imagined. Fabricius ab Aquapendente records two similar cases coming under his observation. One was a monk, who rejoiced in another bovine characteristic, his forehead being adorned with a pair of horns. The other ruminant was uot so ornamented himself, but was the son of a one-horned parent; he was a Paduan nobleman, and Fabricius had the satisfaction of dissecting him, and proving the falseness of Bartholin's theory, that human ruminants possessed double stomachs. Lynceus tells us of Anthony Racchi, who was obliged to retire from the dinner-table to ruminate undisturbed, and who declared that the second process of mastication "was sweeter than honey, and accompanied by a delightful relish." His son acquired the same faculty, but with him it was under better control, he being able to defer its exercise till a convenient opportunity. Sennert knew a man similarly qnalified, and accounted for it by attribnting it to the fact of his having been fed on milk warm from the cow, in consequence of the death of his mother at his birth. Ryer believed that two of his countrymen acquired the habit from learning to imitate the calves and sheep with which their vocation associated them. Blumenbach says he knew two men who ruminated their vegetable food, and found great enjoyment in the feat, while one of them had the power of doing so or not as he felt inclined.

In *The Philosophical Transactions* for 1691, there is an account by the "experienced and learnd Frederick Slars, M.D.," of a ruminating man living at Bristol, described as a person of mean parents but of tolerable sense and reason, who had followed the practice from his earliest years, and always found a temporary deprivation of the faculty the sure precursor of illness. He used to commence ruminating about a quarter of an hour after a meal, and the process usually occupied him for an hour and a half, and was attended with greater gratification than the first mastication, after which food always lay heavy in the lower part of the throat.

Under the date of October 1, 1787, we find the following in *The Annual Register:* "We have the following extraordinary account from Winbourne in Dorsetshire. A few days ago died here Robert Gill, shoemaker, and one of our singing men, aged about sixty-seven, remarkable for chewing his meat or cud twice over, as an ox, sheep, or cow. He seldom made any breakfast in his latter days; he generally dined about twelve or one o'clock, ate pretty heartily and quickly, without much chewing or mastication. He never drank with his dinner, but afterwards about a pint of such malt liqnor as he could get; and no sort of spiritous liquor in any shape, except a little punch, but never cared for that. He usually began his second chewing about a qnarter or half an hour, sometimes later, after dinner, when every morsel came up successively, sweeter and sweeter to the taste. Sometimes a morsel would prove offensive and crude, in which case he wonld spit it out. The chewing continued usually about an hour or more, and sometimes would leave him a little while, in which case he would be sick at stomach, troubled with the heartburn, and foul breath. Smoking tobacco would sometimes stop his chewing, but it was never attended with any ill consequences. But on the 10th of June last, the faculty entirely left him, and the poor man remained in great tortures till the time of his death."

Similar cases have been recorded by Messrs. Tarbes, Percy, Lawrent, Cullerier, Riche and Copland. The latter published a full account of a case of rumination in the London *Medical and Physical Journal* (1819-20,) and observes in his *Medical Dictionary*, published in 1858, "since the publication of that case, two others, one of them in a medical man, have been treated by me, and I have reason to believe that instances of partial or occasional rumination are not so rare in the human subject as is generally supposed."

SONG OF SEPTEMBER.

AFTER AINSWORTH.

WHAT ho! my gun, my gallant boys,
September's always jolly;
I love the sportsman's pleasant noise,
Yoicks! forward! "Nix my dolly."

The partridge on its tender wing
Is up by break of day,
Bnt down the bird my gun shall bring,
Bang! fizz, boys! "fake away."

The evening's quickly drawing in,
Assist the cracksman sly,
And gallant boys may now begin
At eve to "fake the cly."

PUNCH has the following motto for Semmes' presentation sword:

A fitting gift to one whose merits lay
In being always prompt to Cut Away.

THE following equivocal apology was made for giving the lie: "I called you a liar, it is true. Yon spoke truth; I have told a lie."

THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD.

FOR more than a century and a half, Bluebeard has been a favorite melodramatic hero—favorite, that is, with those who wish to find a tyrant as a foil to some ill-used damsel or heroine; and the more savage he is, the more intense is the interest felt in the story—by boys and girls, if not by "children of larger growth." In this, as in some other histories, the more thoughtful readers occasionally ask—Is it true? There certainly was no real lady to say: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" but nevertheless Mezeray and other French writers tell us of a man who really suggested to Perrault the idea for the story of *Bluebeard.*

Giles de Laval, better known in French history as Marshal de Retz, was born in or about the year 1396. Losing his father in 1416, Giles entered the service of the French King, Charles VII., and was actively engaged in the defensive war maintained by that monarch against the English, distinguishing himself in many engagements. In 1429, he was one of the captains under the celebrated Joan of Arc; and aided her in bringing provisions into Orleans. It is supposed that Giles was on this occasion created Marshal of France, in recognition of his military merits. Again we hear of him commanding troops against the English in 1430 and 1433, in which last-named year his martial services appear to have terminated.

Now, there is nothing whatever in this career to denote a cruel or depraved taste: on the contrary, Giles de Laval presents himself to us as the Marshal de Retz, a man of high birth, successful as a military commander, and in high favor at the Court of the King of France. Yet the French annals tell us that this man, at the age of 37, commenced the abominable course of life which has brought infamy upon his name. When 20 years of age, he had inherited large estates from his father; at 24, he had married Catherine de Thouars, who brought him still larger property; and when his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon, died in 1432, another set of estates fell to him: insomuch that Giles became the richest subject in France. This immense fortune was the grand cause of his ruin. He plunged into a course of profligacy and debauchery which diminished his wealth rapidly; and he sold one estate after another to defray his lavish expenses. He maintained a guard of honor of two hundred horsemen; and his suite, of fifty persons, comprised chaplains, choristers, musicians, and pages, most of whom were made ministers or accomplices in his acts of libertinism. His family, alarmed at this prodigal waste of means in which they all had an interest, obtained a decree from the Parliament of Paris, forbidding him to make any further alienations of his property.

Even at this stage we do not recognize in Giles de Retz, what the world would call a monster; we see in him only a profligate spendthrift, who joined licentiousness with religious observances in a way not at all unusual in the middle ages. But the worst was approaching. Craving for wealth to supply his extravagance he had resource to alchemy. Failing, then, to discover the grand art of transmuting base metals into gold, he next turned his attention to magic and sorcery, under the guidance of an Englishman, named Messire Jean, and an Italian named Francisco Prelati. He is reported to have now made a contract with Satan, offering to give in return for boundless wealth, everything except his own life and soul; as regarded the lives and souls of others he felt no scruple. It was at this time, according to the accounts which have descended to us, that he began to immolate children—even while fulfilling his religious duties in his chapel with careful precision. The poor little creatures, made the victims of his iniquity in various ways, were finally put to death, and their blood and hearts used as charms in their diabolical rites. His myrmidons inveigled boys and girls from the neighboring villages into his castle, and they were never afterwards seen. Other agents of his, during his tours from one to another of his castles in Bretagne, were wont to persuade poor peasants, who had beautiful children, to entrust them to the care of the Marshal, who had promised to attend to their advancement in life. The children were never seen again; and when outcries were made in consequence, the accomplices in De Retz's iniquities sought to stifle them by threats or bribery.

This continued so long, and the number of children who disappeared became so large, that the matter came under the notice and interference of the authorities. In 1440, the Marshal was arrested, together with two of his men, Henri and Etienne Corillant. Confronted with two of his accomplices, Giles at first denied all knowledge of them; but a threat of the torture having alarmed him, he made what is called a "cleau breast of it" by revealing everything. The judges were frozen with horror at the atrocious recital which he made. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the horrible transactions; and the manuscript reports of the trial (which lasted a month) exist in the Imperial Library at Paris, and also among the archives of the Chateau at Nantes. During a period of at least eight years, and at his several castles of Machecoul, Chantocé, and Tiffanges, as well as in his mansions at Nantes and Suze, were these atrocities carried on. In most cases he burned the bodies; but sufficient remains were found to indicate forty-six victims at Chantocé, and eighty at Machecoul. Giles did not boast of his atrocities; he confessed them, and publicly asked pardon of the parents of the murdered innocents. Condemned to be strangled, he exhibited once more a characteristic of his strange nature, by begging that the Bishop of Nantes would head the procession which was formed on this occasion. His execution took place in 1440, about or a little before Christmas Day—some say December 22.

Probably on account of some personal peculiarity, Giles de Laval became remembered as *Barbe-bleue*, whence our *Bluebeard.* It seems to have speedily become a name of terror; for Hollinshed, speaking of the committal of the Duke of Suffolk to the Tower, in the reign of Henry VI., says: "This doing so much displeased the people, that if politic provision had not been made, great mischief had immediately ensued. For the commons, in sundry places of the realm, assembled together in great companies, and chose to them a captain, whom they called *Bluebeard;* but ere they had attempted any enterprise, their leaders were apprehended, so that the matter was pacified without any hurt committed."

As to the children's *Bluebeard,* it was written by Perrault in the time of Louis XIV., and has been translated from the French into nearly all the languages of Europe. This Bluebeard's propensity is not to kill children, but to marry wife after wife in succession, kill them, and deposit them in the fatal closet which curiosity would not leave untouched. We all know how another victim was saved, and how Bluebeard met his death.—*Book of Days.*

LADIES' LETTERS.

WE see, then, that in one point women have a natural advantage in the art of letter-writing; they may write of things, and often the most obvious things, that men may not. Their natural subjects are of a more domestic character than men's can be, and even social or public matters are all treated from a private and personal point of view. We like this, though we could not, and indeed ought not, to imitate it. A man ought never to so far forget his citizenship as to fall habitually into the exclusively domestic vein. He ought to convey a consciousness of something beyond home life, or he will strike us as either selfish or trivial; and this necessarily checks a good deal of detail which would be very pleasant from some pens, but not from his. Glancing over the letters which have won for woman their high acknowledged reputation in the department of manuscript literature, they owe so much of their attractiveness to gossip, to their warm interest in the smaller commerce of life, to felicitous trifling, that what we began by calling *one* point we might end by calling the main point of their superiority where they are superior. Nor is this at all detracting from the merit of this accomplishment. A good piece of gossip told with playful malice, or with warm, effusive, trusting sentiment, is quite one of the pleasantest gifts the post can bring. Our spirits are the better for it; it is society at second-hand without the trouble; it is the study of human nature made easy. Another advantage possessed by women is that they can flatter with a good conscience. The same review of great authorities shows this. All thoroughly satisfactory letters from the feminine pen have a touch of flattery in them, or what would be flattery but that partial knowledge, blind feeling, and affection make it genuine. Mme. de Sevigné is always flattering her daughter. The ladies of the last century—the Mrs. Carters and Miss Talbots—extol one another in neatly-turned sentences. Miss Burney lays herself at the feet of her correspondents. We look for the most dulcet, gracious criticism from our cleverer and more gifted female friends. They have the art of seeing the best, and can praise with a large, ungrudging expansiveness. We do not expect this from our masculine critics, from whom we should hardly know how to take it; but it is pleasant, nevertheless, and constitutes another feature of that sympathy which we have recognized in ladies of graceful, fluent pen. The great test of excellence in this art is, of course, how a letter is received—what effect it produces before the seal is broken. We cannot guess what it may be about; the writer may live in scenes remote from our knowledge and personal interests; but we know, on sight of her handwriting, that she will either find some means of bringing us into close connection with her concerns, or that she will throw herself with warmth and intelligence into ours.

It must be owned, however, that the gift of writing very entertaining letters is compatible with a very imperfect sympathy, perhaps not as a natural defect, but one frequently present and uppermost at the time of writing. The temper and the personal habits that lead to letter-writing argue certain qualities and tendencies. It is a mark of fidelity in friendship to keep up the practice month after month, and year after year, where there is no family necessity for doing so, nor any call of mere interest; but we suspect this constancy is often marred by jealousy, and by a proneness to unpleasant hints and grievances. A good many people are not as amiable in their letters as in personal intercourse. We think it probable that the task of looking through a past correspondence between intimate friends will, in most cases, leave the impression of a less unbroken harmony than might have been looked for from the renown of their friendship. A printed correspondence, it is true, does not always, nor, indeed, often prove this; but published letters are generally by women who have lived much in the world and been concerned with public interests; besides which there is no knowing what the editor's work may have been in adapting them for publication.

The age of letter-writing begins earlier and lasts longer with women than with men. It is amazing what good letters girls sometimes write. They have a style peculiar to themselves, in which everything is a sort of quaint sham and pretence—the experience, the wisdom, the sentiment, the humor. All is an imitation of something else—a tone that is caught from somewhere, an echo of society, but put together with a sweet audacity, an innocent swagger of knowledge of the world and of the heart, and an affected precocity, that are often perfectly engaging. We know nothing more cheerful than one of these effusions inspired by hope and bright prospects, redolent of spring and insolent with the spirit of youth and virgin liberty. Our ideas of life gain a temporary glow under the influence. We would particularly entreat young ladies possessing this delightful gift to keep it for their friends, and not to suppose that the *eloquence du billet* can be diverted into successful novel-writing. A note to a confidante may be quite a perfect composition in its way; the gravest critic may read it with approval, wondering how it is done, how anything so graceful and piquante can be made out from such small material; and yet it may have no kindred whatever with the fancy and observation that go to a readable work of fiction. If every young woman does not know this, it is as often as much her friends' fault as her own.—*Saturday Review.*

On the authority of a prisoner escaping into Gen. Sherman's lines, it is stated that at Americus, Ga., is a stockade in an open field, without shade, and partly a swamp, containing a crowd of 19,000 Union soldiers, without a blanket, overcoat or cooking utensil.

SEPTEMBER CALENDAR.

[FROM "PUNCH'S ALMANAC."]

1. *Th.*—St. Giles emigrated from Ireland, and colonized the Seven Dials.
2. *F.*—Great Fire of London, 1666, which completely roasted Mutton-hill, and did the Poultry to a cinder.
3. *S.*—Sloman ascertains that Jinks has fitted up a bed in his empty cistern, and being up to trap, bribes Timkins the turncock to turn on the New River.
4. *Sun.*—15th Sunday after Trinity.
5. *M.*—Old Bartlemy. Massacred by the New Police, 1841.
6. *Tu.*—Shakspeare's Jubilee, 1769. Perpetuated by a new set of Jullien's quadrilles and promenade concerts at Drury lane—1840-41.
7. *W.*—Dr. Johnson born 1709; or, literally speaking, he obliged Mr. Boswell with the first incident in his biography.
8. *Th.*—About this time green geese make their wills.
9. *F.*—Municipal Corporation Act passed 1835. Aldermen are deprived of their loaves and fishes but receive as compensation a plentiful supply of "Burgess's Sauce."
10. *S.*—Curaçoa surrendered—after a spirited resistance to a British corkscrew.
11. *Sun.*—16th Sunday after Trinity.
12. *M.*—Green Goose shooting commences on Wimbledon Common; and Dan the Miller bags the Earl of Cardigan and Capt. H. Tuckett.
13. *Tu.*—Westminster Bridge begun, 1748. The masons at work upon it in 1842.
14. *W.*—Moscow burnt. Bonaparte and his army retreated, having received a large quantity of the "best Russia Towelling."
15. *Th.*—Ember Week commences—a natural consequence to the Burning of Moscow.
16. *F.*—Foundling Hospital built 1742. A great many people's faults have been laid at the door of this establishment.
17. *S.*—Timkins the turncock turns on the New River and turns out Jinks; who is half drowned, and tapped by Sloman.
18. *Sun.*—17th Sunday after Trinity.
19. *M.*—Full Moon. Recollect Quarter Day falls on the 29th. The present favorable aspect of the heavens should not be neglected for taking stock—out of the landlord's way.
20. *Tu.*—Money becomes scarce in town, and people go to the country for a little change.
21. *W.*—Battle of Preston Pans, fought by the Scotch in 1745. Ditto of Prague, fought by Miss Jemima Jones on the piano, in the present year.
22. *Th.*—The Sun enters the Scales, and is found to be not quite so light as he was in summer.
23. *F.*—Autumn Quarter commences. So does reaping. Hobler cuts his own corn with a razor.
24. *S.*—Day and night go halves in the twenty-four hours.
25. *Sun.*—18th Sunday after Trinity.
26. *M.*—Several Geese are sacrificed to the Moloch of Michaelmas; a vast number of ganders are left disconsolate widowers.
27. *Tu.*—Sidon captured by Napier. "After battering for five hours outside of the fortress, the troops at length get in-Side-un." (*Vide Napier's log.*)
28. *W.*—Colchester Riots. The annual rising of "the natives" takes place, unless kept down by brandy.
29. *Th.*—Michaelmas Day. Goose in perfection. Four farces and one comedy damned the same night. Sir Peter Laurie comes to the Mansion House stuffed with sage, and makes some wise observations.
30. *F.*—New River completed, 1613. Brought to a head, and has been subject to water on the brain ever since.

PARLOR MAGIC.

NINE RATIONAL RECREATIONS, *for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young, and Others, during the Winter Evenings.*—1. Take a tumbler, and fill it nearly full of water. Then insert a lump of sugar in the water, and continue to stir it. In a few minutes the sugar will become invisible.

2. Place a candlestick with a lighted candle in it, in the middle of a table, mahogany is best, but deal will answer the purpose. Place an extinguisher upon the candle, and the apartment will be left in darkness unless there are other lights in it.

3. Take a kitten (one of a kindly disposition is preferable) and place it upon your lap. Stroke it gently for a few seconds and the animal will be distinctly heard to purr. This experiment may be varied by pinching its tail, in which case it will spit, and jump down.

4. Let the cinders be thrown upon the fire, and then take a common hearth-broom, and carefully sweep every particle of ash and dust under the grate. Hang up the broom and sit down, and a pleasing display of tidiness will be made.

5. Take a pair of scissors, the size is immaterial. Obtain a piece of white or brown paper, six inches long and a yard and a half across. Snip it in two. You will find that no exertion of strength will join the severed parts together again.

6. Place the palms of your hands together crosswise, and holding them somewhat loosely, strike them on your knee. A sound will be produced somewhat resembling the chink of money. This is quite as good as having money itself, which only leads to outlay and extravagance.

7. Take a common ruled copy-book, and at the top of a page let a confederate inscribe "Bounty Commands Esteem," or some other moral sentiment. Copy this on every line of the page, and when you have done show it to the company. This experiment is not only interesting in itself, but leads to improve the handwriting.

8. Take the tumbler of water mentioned in the first experiment, and show the company that the glass is nearly full. Drink it off and make them observe that the glass is entirely empty. The success of this feat depends on its rapidity.

9. Go to bed.

THACKERAY in a journal of travel, speaking of taking leave of a steamer, describes his affection for his fellow-voyagers and the officers of the boat "down to the greasy old cook, who with touching affection used to bring us locks of his hair in the soup."

A FRENCHMAN who visited the United States and left it in disgust, when asked his opinion, exclaimed: "200 religions and only one gravy."

SPORTING ON-DITS.

The World's Horse Fair.—The great attractions offered at the Bay View track during the past week, together with a little disposition on the part of rude Boreas to draw it mild, has induced thousands to drive out and witness the very interesting races that have taken place. Every man or boy that could hire, borrow, or own a horse, might be seen tooling along over the road bound for the race course. Livery stables have been emptied of their contents, and many a spavined old roadster that had been consigned to a dark stall in the basement has been dragged forth, much to his astouishment, to do duty once more; and people who are generally very fastidious on the question of a "turnout," have been glad to get anything with the requisite number of legs, and the cry has been, "A horse! a horse! ten dollars for a horse!"—and often without getting one. Each day the bill has offered greater and more interesting inducements, and each day the attendance increases. Yesterday an extra entertainment was given, which was not in the bills, in the shape of a runaway. In the tandem race, Mr. Ferguson's team ran away with him, and at fearful speed made the circuit of the track three times before they were finally stopped. The horses seemed determined to have their frolic at the expense of Mr. Ferguson's neck. The excitement was intense; and although everybody shouted "Stop them," nobody could do it without risking their lives. The animals finally "slowed down," and were "stopped," much to the relief of the thousands looking on, who held their breath, expecting to see the driver dashed to pieces. But "all's well that ends well;" and we congratulate Mr. Ferguson on the happy *denouement*. To-day, twelve young ladies will contend for the prizes offered for the best exhibition of skill in equestrianism. There will also be a ten-mile trot, for which *Fillmore, Seward, Lady Lancaster*, and *Gentleman George* will enter. Great sport is anticipated. As Saturday is a sort of play-day anyhow, everybody will, undoubtedly, go to the course. Billy Williamson will be on hand in his best clothes to receive his guests and make them comfortable. William is one of the Boys.

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Hare-breadth Escapes.—One day last week a couple of gentlemen, whose names for short we will call Col. D. and Jim P., went down to Santa Clara to hunt rabbits with ferrets. Setting out next morning with the ferrets, guns, and an excellent lunch provided by John Cameron, they came to the ground and let the little animals loose. Down they went into the rabbit-holes, while P. got his gun all ready, watching, with intense interest, the holes for the appearance of the game. Just at his feet was a hole he did not observe. While on the *qui vive*, and in a state of nervous expectancy, up popped a little "cotton-tail" from this hole, jumping high into the air. Everybody sung out, "Here he is!" "There he goes!" The suddenness of the animal's appearance so upset P.'s nerves that he up with his gun and blazed away, missing him—in fact, he didn't shoot within ten feet of the rabbit, but he came within an ace of knocking John Cameron into the future. The next attempt was no better, and the result was that whenever a rabbit appeared, everybody ran faster and harder than the animal, for safety; for nobody knew which way the fellow *would* shoot. He generally fired into the flock. The result of the day's shooting was one solitary little rabbit that Uncle Billy Forst shot with his crutch, while the party generally got slightly wounded in the neck. John Cameron says that ferret-hunting is heavy on the nervous system, and if it is all the same to the Colonel and Jim, he prefers not being considered a rabbit, and made game of in that way.

Moral.—When you go out rabbit-shooting with ferrets, don't open the champagne before the shooting begins; for, after Heidsieck, you can't always hit them on the wing.

—

The game laws will be up on the 15th inst., and, as game is abundant, everybody will be off camping out for a week's shooting. We would advise those who want a small chance not to go anywhere near the ground claimed by Ward Eaton or Col. Jack Gamble, for they are personally acquainted with every bird; and when they camp out, all they have to do is to build a fire and get ready for breakfast, when the quail run right up and wait to be picked and Eaten. We are trying to make an arrangement at the Sheriff's office to get both of those inveterate sportsmen on the jury for a whole term. We want a small show, and that's the only way to get it.

—

The best fishing in the State is up at Big Meadows, Indian Valley, Plumas county, about ninety miles from Marysville. Stage lines leave Oroville three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The North Fork of the Feather river takes its rise there, boiling out at the base of the mountain in its full volume, forming a pool or lake a hundred yards across and six feet deep. From thence it goes rushing down over rocks, a foaming torrent, until it strikes the Meadows and flows onward in a stream fifty feet wide and from four to six feet deep. Trout? Well, *rather!* Mr. H. C. Bidwell, who resides on his ranch, (through which the stream passes,) goes down to the river every morning he feels inclined, and lands a five-pounder for breakfast. He don't take up his fish-pole until the frying-pan begins to get warm. The roads are splendid and accommodations excellent at Taylorsville, at the foot of the valley. Job Taylor keeps a first-rate house, and at Springer's you can get a splendid spring bed; a few miles up the valley there is the most refreshing lager manufactory, and when you are driving by, of a warm day, it salutes your olfactories with an odor so refreshing that you are bound to stop. It is good they have the 'ops. There are lots of fine mines—quartz and copper—in the vicinity. In fact, Plumas is the richest valley in the State, and the least known. But now that we have told all about it, it will no longer be a hidden Arcana.

—

A Duck Story.—A friend hearing that ducks did alight near here at night, asked a watchman if it was so. The following was his answer: "Oh, yes; last night there come a flock of one duck; pretty soon there come a flock of another duck; then there come two ducks all alone. They all lit together, and if my old gun hadn't snapped her cap, Lord! what a scattering I would have made!"

POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS ON THE FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION.

ONCE more we meet, though in our native East
The sun that glitters on our birthday feast
Glanced as he rose on fields whose dews were bleat
With deeper tints than those Aurora lent;
Though shone his rays, his welcome disc concealed
In the dim smoke that veiled each battle-field,
Still striving upward, in meridian pride,
He climbed the walls that East and West divide—
Saw his bright face flashed back from golden sand,
And the calm sea that laves our western land.

Strange was the contrast that such scenes disclose
From his high vantage o'er eternal snows:
There War's alarm the brazen trumpet rings—
Here his love song the mailed cicala sings;
There bayonets glitter through the forest glades—
Here yellow cornfields stack their peaceful blades;
There the deep trench where Valor finds a grave—
Here the long ditch that carbs the peaceful wave;
There the bold sapper with his lighted train—
Here the dark tunnel and its stores of gain,
Here the full harvest and the wain's advance—
There the Grim Reaper and the ambulance.

'Midst scenes so adverse, what mysterious bond
Links our fair fortunes and the shores beyond?
Why come we here—last of a scattered fold—
To pour fresh metal in the broken mould?
To yield our tribute, stamped with Cæsar's face,
To Cæsar, stricken in the market place?

Ah, Love of Country is the secret tie
That joins these contrasts 'neath the arching sky;
Though brighter paths our peaceful steps explore—
We meet together at the Nation's door.
War winds her horn, and giant cliffs go down
Like the high walls that girt the sacred town,
And leaves a pathway to her throbbing heart,
From clustered village and from crowded mart.

Part of God's providence it was to found
A nation's bulwark on this chosen ground—
Not Jesuit's zeal nor Pioneer's unrest
Planted these pickets in the distant West;
But He who first the nation's fate forecast
Placed here his fountains sealed for ages past,
Rock-ribbed and guarded till the coming time.
Should fit the people for their work sublime;
When a new Moses with his rod of steel
Smote the tall cliffs with one wide-ringing peal,
And the old miracle the record told
To the new nation was revealed in Gold.

Judge not too idly that our toils are mean,
Though no new levies marshal on our green;
Nor deem too rashly that our gains are small,
Weighed with prizes for which heroes fall.
See, where thick vapor wreathes the battle line:
There Mercy follows with her oil and wine;
Or, when brown, Labor with its peaceful charm,
Stiffens the sinews of the Nation's arm.
What nerves its hand to strike a deadlier blow,
And hurl its legions on the rebel foe?
Lo! for each town new rising o'er our State
See rebel hamlets waste and desolate,
While each new factory, with its chimney tall,
Seems a fresh mortar trained on Richmond's wall.

For this, O brothers, swings the fruitful vine,
Spread our broad pastures with their countless kine;
For this o'erhead the arching vault springs clear,
Sunlit and cloudless for one half the year;
For this no snow-flake, e'er so lightly pressed,
Chills the warm impulse of our mother's breast.
Quick to reply, from meadows brown and sere,
She thrills responsive to spring's earliest tear;
Breaks into blossom, flings her loveliest rose
Ere the white crocus mounts Atlantic snows;
And the example of her liberal creed
Teaches the lesson that to-day we heed.

Thus ours the lot with peaceful, generous hand
To spread our bounty o'er the suffering land:
As the deep cleft in Mariposa's wall
Hurls a vast river splintering in its fall—
Though the rapt soul who stands in awe below,
Sees but the arching of the promised bow—
Lo! the far streamlet drinks its dews unseen,
And the whole valley wakes to brighter green.

A mother expressed her apprehension to a visitor that he might be disturbed by the crying of her spoiled brat. "Not at all, madam, was the reply, "I am delighted to hear such children cry." "Indeed, why so?" "Because in all well-regulated families, they are immediately sent out of the room."

ARMY AND NAVY PERSONAL.

A General Court-Martial for the trial of Lieut. Streeter, Native Cavalry, is in session at Drum Barracks.

A large number of improved rifled muskets has recently been received from the East for the use of State and Federal troops on the Pacific coast.

An express has been established to run between Fort Mojave and Preston, the capital of Arizona Territory; at Mojave it connects with the military express from Los Angeles.

Salutes of 100 guns were fired at Fort Vancouver and Benicia, on the 7th inst., in honor of the recent victories in Mobile harbor. A salute of 100 guns, in honor of Sherman's victory near Atlanta, was fired at Alcatraz on the 8th inst.

The following change of stations of officers of the department has recently been ordered: Capt. Hughes to take post at Fort Boise, Idaho Territory; Capt. Swasey at Wilmington depot; Capt. Morris at Benicia depot; Capt. Hoyt in San Francisco.

—

Brig.-Gen. William S. Smith has resigned.

The N. Y. *Herald* has collected $800 for a sword for Gen. McClellan.

Brig.-Gen. W. T. H. Brooks has resigned his commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and Major 18th U. S. infantry.

By order of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Gen. Terry has assumed command of the Tenth corps.

Gen. Couch is making preparations to change his headquarters from Harrisburg to Carlisle.

Capt. Pesilner, naturalist, appointed by the Government to accompany Gen. Sully's expedition against the Sioux, was killed by the Indians a few weeks ago.

Capt. Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, is reported to have lost the use of his left eye, and the oculists of Paris give him no hope of its restoration.

Gen. Dix has ordered the arrest and prosecution of E. H. Fuller, editor of the Newark (N. J.) *Journal*, for the publication of an article advising resistance to the draft.

Capt. H. S. Westmore, formerly Superintendent of Naval Recruiting at Memphis, has been assigned by Admiral Porter to the command of naval rendezvous at Cincinnati.

Brig.-Gen. Ransom, formerly Chief of Staff under Gen. Grant, who was wounded for the fourth time in the Red River campaign, is to take command of a division in Gen. Sherman's army.

T. F. Wade, Volunteer Lieutenant U. S. N., has not resigned as was reported, but is at present awaiting orders and recovering from wounds received at the destruction of the *Commodore Jones* of which vessel he was in command.

Maj. Burnes, formerly Paymaster in the United States Army, who was captured by the rebels on White River, and taken to Tyler, in Texas, made his escape from there, and has arrived safely at Quincy, Ill., after undergoing extraordinary privations.

The following promotions by brevet have been made by the President: Brig.-Gen. M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, to be made Major-General U. S. Army. Brig.-Gens. J. G. Barnard, S. G. Burbridge, George Crook and W. H. Emory, U. S. Volunteers, to be Major-Generals U. S. Volunteers.

Col. Hoffman, commander of prisoners, has returned from Elmira, where he had been to inspect the new depot for rebel prisoners. He reports everything prepared for the reception and proper care of a large number of prisoners, who will be forwarded to that point as rapidly as possible.

Brig.-Gen. J. G. Barnard, who was temporarily relieved from duty on the staff of Gen. Grant, has returned to his former position with him as Chief Engineer of the Armies in the Field. [Gen. Barnard, was stationed in San Francisco, and engaged in his duties as Engineer in building the forts at Alcatraz and Fort Point. It was Gen. Barnard who laid the foundations at Fort Point.]

The organization of the Quartermaster's Department, under the act of July 4, 1864, authorizes the following increases of rank: Chiefs of divisions in the Quartermaster's Department (nine) colonels; Inspectors (six) colonels; Chief Quartermaster at depots (not exceeding ten) colonels; Chief Quartermaster to each army in the field of more than one army corps, colonel; Chief Quartermaster to each division, of two or more brigades, majors. Two-thirds of each of the above grades to be taken from among quartermasters of volunteer service. By previous law the Chief Quartermasters to each army corps is to have the rank of lieutenant-colonel. [Under this law Lieut.-Col. E. B. Babbitt, Chief Quartermaster of this Department, now takes rank as Colonel, and is re-assigned to the duties of Chief.]

Lieut.-Col. Charles G. Sawtelle, A. Q. M., was able to render essential service to the army of Gen. Banks, on the recent retreat from the Red River country, by extemporizing a bridge over the Atchafalaya River. No pontoons being at hand, Col. Sawtelle availed himself of 21 large Mississippi barges, steamers, which were moved up the stream, and anchored side by side. Upon this foundation a substantial bridge was rapidly constructed, over which the troops crossed with their trains, wagons, horses and artillery. The important service thus rendered by Col. Sawtelle was promptly recognized by Gen. Canby on his arrival, the Colonel being appointed Chief Quartermaster of the Department. [Col. Sawtelle, above mentioned, is the same officer that was for some time stationed at Benicia, doing duty as Acting Assistant Quartermaster. He was appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster at the commencement of the war, and has done much hard service with the Army of the Potomac; but, having fallen into disgrace with the present amiable Secretary of War, was ordered South, with the idea of placing him in the most disagreeable position possible. Anything like praise, due credit and promotion was not what the Hon. Secretary intended for him. All we can ask for him is, that he may get proper credit for being what he is—one of the most energetic and efficient officers of the Quartermaster's Department; and, although educated at West Point, *does* "know a hawk from a handsaw."]

SCIENCE.

It would appear, from the statement of a correspondent of the *Geological Magazine*, that some very fine specimens of fossil elephant bones have recently been discovered at Oldbury, near Dudley. The bones were found in a bed of dense clay, which is used for brick manufacture. They were at a depth of from ten to twelve feet below the surface, and lay embedded in the marl. One specimen thus described as being seven or eight feet long, a little curved, and as thick as one's arm. Portions of tusk, which measured twenty-four inches in length and thirteen inches round, were also obtained.

At the last meeting of the Chemical Society, Messrs. Way and Gilbert attacked the opinions of Baron Liebeg regarding the value of artificial manures, but the only arguments advanced by these ebemists were that ammonia affords nutrition to plants, and that the soil cannot be exhausted because of the large supplies of guano annually introduced into this country. It seemed to be unfamiliar to them that the recent experiments of Schonbein demonstrated the constant development of ammonia in the atmosphere. Their greatest blunder appeared to be the supposition that there is as much phosphate and potash imported into England as is annually lost through want of an efficient system of sewage.

In an article which appeared some time ago in one of our "popular science" journals, Mr. T. J. Moore asserted that "the female of Pallas' sand-grouse differs from the male in wanting the filament of the wing." This statement is contradicted by Mr. John Hancock, who says that in all the females he has seen this filament and that of the tail are present. In one specimen in his possession the wing filaments are not visible till the wing is carefully examined. This, however, is due to the circumstance of the imperfectly developed state of the first quill, which remains covered by the second. Mr. Hancock conceives that Mr. Moore may have been deceived by a specimen in this condition, or by the fact that the filamentous quill had fallen out, in the specimens he examined, before the new one had made its appearance.

According to the late researches of M. Desors, there are three distinct classes of oases in the desert of Sahara:—1. Those watered by streams from the mountains; 2. Those supplied with water from the artesian wells, the products of a very ancient industry; 3. The oases without water, of which those of the Souf are an example. Those of the first category are fed either by the streams from the mountains, or from subterranean springs, which are found in great and almost constant abundance, like the Reuss, the Noirague, and the Serrières, which are produced by the same cause, namely, the infiltration of the rain-water through the fissures of the limestone in the mountains. They are found at the foot of the Aurès, where they form the oases of Zibans; and some of them are warm, their temperature rising to 30° centigrade. The oases of artesian wells result from the industry of the Arabs, and may be seen in their perfection at Sedi-Rached The waterless oasis is produced by sowing the seeds of the date-palm at such a depth that the roots may abstract water from the deposit in which they lie, although the surface of the ground is perfectly arid. The cavities in which they are placed are termed ritans, and are frequently invaded by the sands. This compels the Arabs to employ the utmost activity, which, by giving them habits of industry, has resulted in procuring them not only competence but wealth.

It appears that Mr. Turnbull, of Edinburgh, has secretly communicated to the *Académie des Sciences* a method of curing deafness in the short space of one year. We understand that this strangely unscientific method of announcing a discovery has been recognised by the Academy, and that a commission, consisting of M. Flourens, Milne Edwards and Beruard, has been appointed to inquire into the nature of the alleged discovery.

The well-known naturalist, Strauss-Durekheim, has devised an ingenious apparatus by means of which the blind can read with facility; and even those possessed of vision can study in the absence of light.

The following conclusions regarding the poison of fox-glove (*digitaline*) have been arrived at by M. J. Lefort:

1. Two kinds of this alkaloid are used in France—the one is called German, or soluble; the other, French, or insoluble.
2. The former is less easily colored green by the action of hydrochloric acid than the latter.
3. Hydrochloric acid gas colors the insoluble from deep green and the soluble from dark brown.
4. This gas, when acting on the insoluble form, produces the odor of the fox-glove's leaves.
5. When seen under the microscope, the soluble form shows traces of crystallization; the insoluble has more of a granular character, and is opaque.
6. The soluble digitaline appears to be a better defined principle than the insoluble.
7. The peculiar principle which produces the green color appears to be independent of the solubility or insolubility of the digitaline; it is decidedly volatile, and gives the characteristic odor to ordinary digitalis.
8. Both varieties pass through the membrane of the dialyser, and may thus be separated from other substances with which they become mixed.
8. The coloration by hydchloric acid gas, and the peculiar odor of digitalis which is given out in the process, are sufficient to demonstrate the presence of this poison in liquids which contain it even in slight proportions.

M. Langier, who lately divided the median nerve, and caused its ends to unite without destroying sensation, concludes from his researches:

1. That, after suture of a nerve, sensibility of the parts to which it is distributed is established in a few hours.
2. That the operation does not produce much pain, at least when performed in the way adopted by him.

Amber.—This is a substance on which a great deal has been written. It has generally been classed among minerals, although avowedly originating from the vegetable kingdom. Nothing as yet has afforded a clue to the plant that may have produced it, nor has any plausible conjecture been formed from the flowers and insects sometimes found imbedded in its mass. Its peculiarly resinous nature seems to point to some *Hymenæa* or to the *Pinus Dommara* as the parent plant, but there is no perfect identity between the produce of these genera and amber. Nor is it certain that all kinds of amber proceed from the same source; for its aspect often varies considerably, according to the beds in which it is found; which circumstance has led many naturalists to the belief that there are several amber-producing plants. In a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences by M. Baudrimont, the composition of this anomalous subject is examined. Reeluz had already shown that white and opaque amber contains more succinct acid than the perfectly transparent yellow sort; Drapiez had analyzed it, and found it to contain carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and a small proportion of ashes, consisting of lime, alumina and silica. M. Baudrimont, however, shows that it contains another element not hitherto mentioned, viz., sulphur. If a few fragments of amber be subjected in a test-tube to a heat of distillation, and paper impregnated with acetate of lead be immersed into the fumes evolved, it immediately turns black—thus unmistakenly denoting the presence of a sulphuretted compound. The proportion of sulphur contained in amber is not, however, very considerable, since our author fixes it at somewhat less than one-half per cent. But under what form does it exist therein? Is it contained in the essential oil, or in the two soluble resins, or in the insoluble bitumen contained in amber? M. Baudrimont does not tell us, but states that most certainly it is combined with organic matter, because it is evolved under the form of hydrosulphuric acid.

Wrinkles, Lines, Crow's-feet, etc.—To remove these when presenting themselves prematurely, or when the results of severe illness, as well as to ward them off at the time of life when they may be expected to show themselves, several essential points must be observed. The face should be well bathed in cold water every morning, winter as well as summer, by means of a sponge. Curd, honey, or common yellow soap should be used in washing the face previous to the bathing. The oftener cold water is applied to the face the better. If any roughness of the skin ensues, a little cold-cream applied at night will soon remove it. Then, again, as much exercise as can be conveniently taken in the open air, every day, is to be practiced. The diet must be generous, but wholsome. Plenty of substantial food should be taken, with port-wine, or stout or porter. Vinegar, pickles and other acids must be avoided. In addition to all the above rules, it would be as well if regular hours were observed, and heated places of amusement seldom visited.

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Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A
TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY
MACHINES,
With recent improvements for
HEMMING, FELLING,
TUCKING, GATHERING,
BINDING, CORDING,
QUILTING, BRAIDING, etc.,

Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

SINGER'S STANDARD
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

☞ Call and examine, or send for a pamphlet.

THE SINGER MANUF. COMPANY,
No. 139 Montgomery street.
WM. BRODERICK, Agent. se3-3m

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS
IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE
FIRST
PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
—TO—
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the
RED BLUFF BOAT
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)
y16 tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

TELEGRAPHIC EXCHANGE
—ON—
NEW YORK,
PAYABLE IN GOLD,
For sale in sums to suit by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

EXCHANGE
ON NEW YORK,
In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of
WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

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Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two botttles—Price $1.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

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REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF
Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
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RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of
HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK
of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and free use
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
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DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.
And for sale everywhere se10-tf

$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the inventor,

CHRISTIAN PFISTER,

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QUINCY HALL

Clothing Emporium!

THE Largest and Finest Store in the State is QUINCY HALL, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street, where can be found clothing of every description, of the finest quality and latest style. Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

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TYLER BROTHERS,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

School Books, Stationery,

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PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

au27-tf

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, via San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

A LADY WISHES TO EXCHANGE LESsons in French, Music or Painting, for a room and board. Address "E. D. W.," care of W. H. BANCROFT, 609 Montgomery street. au13

ROSENBLATT'S

Palace of Fashion,

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRENCH CORSETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER Valenciennes and Point Lace Collars, Sleeves and Handkerchiefs, French Embroidered Bands, new style Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Russia Leather Bags, Onyx Breastpins and Ear-rings, Jet Chains and Bracelets, Hosiery, Gloves; Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

Which are offered 25 per cent. less than New York Prices, on account of the high premium on gold, at

ROSENBLATTS PALACE OF FASHION,

123 and 125 Montgomery street.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, au20 Sacramento.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS (Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, Octobe 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1-3m

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,

SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.

OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

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DR. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

Office, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny street, San Francisco. au27

SAVE YOUR

E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low. ☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. au27-3m

REMOVAL.

DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE,

Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	100 doz. Table Knives,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	120 doz. Razors,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	130 doz. Scissors,
Microscopes in every Style,	SCISSORS, in Cases,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
Aneroid Barometers,	169 doz. Thermometers,
	25 doz. Hydrometers,
	Galvanic Batteries.

☞ COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞ CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

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OPTICIANS,

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my28 SAN FRANCISCO.

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Food, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY..... Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture, in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear.

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,

au6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,

my28 Proprietors.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates. au20

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

jy9

LEGAL.

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOSEPH GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOSEPH GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 26th day of SEPTEMBER, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of August, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. au23-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.—FANNY L. GREEN, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and permitting plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Fanny L. Brown, and for costs of suit and general relief. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By WM. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. Stevenson, Plaintiff's Attorney. se3

WORLD'S HORSE FAIR,

AT BAY VIEW PARK.

PROGRAMME

FOR THIS DAY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10TH,

At 11 A. M., Boy Equestrians, under 14 years old, for a premium of Silver Plate, valued at $25; for which there are ten entries.

At 12 M. grand display of

LADY EQUESTRIANS,

FOR THREE PRIZES, WORTH $600!

1st premium: Silver plate valued at $300.

2d premium: Silk dress pattern, valued at $200, given by Messrs. Austin & Schmitt, the choice of their entire stock.

3d premium: Lady's fine Point Lace set, valued at $100, awarded by Joseph Roberts & Co.,

For which the following names are registered:

Miss Madeline Perry, San Francisco,
Miss D. B. Harris, San Francisco,
Miss Emily Wicks, San Jose,
Miss Rosa Taylor, San Francisco,
Miss Ellen Clark, San Francisco,
Miss Jennie Hamilton, San Francisco,
Miss Mary J. Hamilton, San Francisco,
Miss Olmstead, San Francisco,
Mrs. J. B. Saufley, Contra Costa,
Miss Teresa Inglemire, Contra Costa,
Mrs. Alexander Hoy, San Francisco,
Miss Isabella Cook, San Mateo.

At 2 o'clock:

GREAT TEN MILE TROT!

FOR A PREMIUM OF $500.

J. M. Daniels names Lady Lancaster.
Charles H. Shear names Fillmore.
J. L. Eoff names Gentleman George.
Barney Rice names Seward.

☞ The above programme will be executed promptly.

se10-1t W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

NICARAGUA ROUTE RE-OPENED.

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN TO PANAMA!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE TO NEW YORK!

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AMERICA,

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ON WEDNESDAY, - - - SEPTEMBER 21ST,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and swift Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

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BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

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GOODWIN & CO.,

Jy18 No. 528 Washington street.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE of Real ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the Estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 10th day of OCTOBER, 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by law or otherwise, since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running westerly along said line of Ellis street 20 feet, thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place, No. 108 Front street, from this date till said 10th day of October, 1864

EDWARD F STONE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of
Andrew Robeson, deceased.

D. P. Barstow, Attorney for Administrator, 24 Montgomery Block. se10-5t

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MRS. H. A. PERRY,

—IN—

The French Spy!

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1864,

MRS. H. A. PERRY AND THE STAR COMPANY

—IN—

Margaret Catchpole;

OR, THE FEMALE HORSE THIEF.

Margaret Catchpole - - - - Mrs H. A. PERRY
Ben Luff - - - - - - - - Frank Mayo
Jonathan Catchpole - - - - - D. C. Anderson
Muffin Pegs - - - - - - - W Barry
Gooseberry Pip - - - - - - C. L. Graves
Sally - - - - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders
Mrs. Palmer - - - - - - - Kate Archer

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1: Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. au27

NOVELTY! NOVELTY! NOVELTY!

WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S

Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT

Is now PERFORMING EVERY EVENING until further notice, in the

LARGE AND ELEGANT PAVILION,

Adjoining International Hotel,

When there will be presented to the San Francisco public a host of novelties.

The CARLO GROUPE are now and make their first appearance in this city.

The Manager, Mr. JOHN WILSON, is determined that the entertainment shall excel in every particular, and be worthy of patronage; he having concentrated in this company not only the largest and most complete Circus in the World, but the elite of the Equestrian, Gymnastic, Acrobatic, Juggling, Vaulting and Posturing performers of the country.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle - - - - - - - - - - $1 00
Second Circle - - - - - - - - - - 0 50
Reserved Chairs - - - - - - - - 50c extra

☞ Grand Afternoon Performance for families every Saturday.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances commence at 8.

se3 JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER

GRAND OPENING NIGHT!

MONDAY EVENING - - - SEPT. 5TH.

THE EVER POPULAR

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

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D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Grob, and
MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

LIGHT GYMNASTICS.

C. J. ROBINSON'S GYMNASTIC CLASSES, at Miss Aldrich's Academy, will be closed for two weeks from date; the new Term opening on THURSDAY, September 15th. An Evening Class of young men for instruction in Military Drill, will also be formed. For admission to membership, apply at the Academy, Stevenson street, near the corner of Market and Second streets.

San Francisco, September 1st, 1864.

CALIFORNIA BRANCH

—OF THE—

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS AND REMITTANCES SHOULD be addressed to the

OFFICE, NO. 240 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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O. C. WHEELER, Secretary.

D. C. McRUER, Chairman Executive Committee.

R. G. SNEATH, Treasurer.

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ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

THE RICHINGS'

English Opera Troupe!

THE FIRST BENEFIT IN SAN FRANCISCO

OF

MR. EDWARD SEGUIN,

WILL TAKE PLACE

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, SEPT. 10TH,

Upon which occasion will be presented for the last time, Eichberg's successful opera of

The Doctor of Alcantara!

Doctor Paracelsus - - - - - - Mr. E. Seguin
Don Carlos - - - - - - - - Mr. W. J. Hill
Senor Balthazar - - - - - - - Mr. P Richings
Don Pomposo - - - - - - - - Mr. H. C. Peakes
Donna Isabella - - - - - - - Miss J. Kempton
Donna Lucrezia - - - - - - - Miss Kate Martin
Inez - - - - - - - Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:

FRA DIAVOLO.

MONDAY EVENING,

First night of MARITANA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. se10

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - - Proprietor
J. A. ROWE, - - - - - - - - Manager

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

HOME AGAIN!

JAMES MURPHY, THE IRISH GIANT BOY,

Who has just returned from the interior.

This wonderful young man has grown some three inches in height, and is some sixty pounds heavier; he therefore now weighs over three hundred pounds, and stands nearly eight feet and a half high, making him really the most Colossal Giant—old or young, man or boy—the world ever saw. Don't fail to see him.

Also, just engaged, the celebrated

ALBINO FAMILY,

Consisting of brother and sister, with beautiful snowy, wavy hair, perfectly white skin, and pink eyes—the most novel, wonderful and instructive exhibition ever presented to the public. Every student of nature should witness this extraordinary phenomena.

Still astounding and startling the world, the

GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER, M. DE BAR.

Also, the great Mathematical Wonder,

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR,

From Barnum's Museum.

THE WONDERFUL TYROLEAN WARBLER

Will give his interesting Musical Exhibitions throughout the day and evening.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

The Willows.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S

CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

On the first of August, the Lodging apartments Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon of the WILLOWS were thrown open to the public. Ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. se10-tf

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

OPENING

—OF—

The Industrial Exhibition.

The Grand Pavilion was thrown open to the Public on last SATURDAY) MORNING, and is now open daily for the reception of visitors.

The North Beach and Mission Railroad cars pass the Fair Grounds every few minutes.

Season Tickets for Lady and Gentleman - - $5 00
Season Tickets for one person - - - - - 3 00
Tickets for Single Admission - - - - - 50

Tickets may be had at the Institute, on California street, or of any member of the Executive Committee.

By order of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

HEALTH

AND AMUSEMENT,

COMBINED!

C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jy28 1m

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A. Roman & Co.,

Are constantly in the receipt, by Steamer,

—OF—

ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF THE DAY.

Among those recently received are the following:

Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic. By Ik Marvel.
Macaria; a Novel. By the author of "Beulah."
Bridal Eve. By Mrs Southworth;
Self-Sacrifice. By the author of "Margaret Maitland;"
Linnet's Trial; a Tale. By "S. M.," author of "Twice Lost;"
From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie.
The Silver Sunbeam; a Practical and Theoretical Text Book on Sun Drawing and Photographic Printing, by Towler;
The Blannerhasset Papers. By Safford;
Phantom Flowers; a Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves. Illustrated;
Wax Flowers: How to Make Them;
Hotspur; a Novel. By Walworth;
Denise; by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 2 vols;
Patriotism, and other Papers. By T. Starr King;
Parton's Life of Franklin. 2 vols;
Haunted Hearts; by the author of "The Lamplighter."
History of President Lincoln's Administration. By H. J. Raymond;
Darkness and Daylight. By Mrs. Holmes.

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to be found in this city, embracing every department of

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

417 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Jy30-1m

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4 30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M., and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
General Superintendent.

an20

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 17. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE / 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:
A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage for the Week.

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POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

DEAR CALIFORNIAN.—I was horrified on looking over my last-week's jottings to discover that you had made me quote Albert Smith, the great Mont Blanc showman, as the poet Alexander—all owing, doubtless, to the multiplicity of Smiths. But there are distinctions as well as differences, and the family run to varied and various occupations. Some are poets, some are authors, and some are nice young men, who drive very nice grey horses; but Alexander is the gentleman my friend proposed to join, and that you may all know what I meant, I suppose I must do what is generally a very great nuisance—explain my joke—it becoming necessary from one of two causes: want of comprehension and general intelligence of the reader, or the very obtuse and complicated nature of the witticism. Alexander says in his poem:

> "My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;
> What then to me were groans,
> Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
> I seemed to walk on thrones—"

alluding to the little enterprise shown by his heroine, who, after a good deal of vascillating and faint-heartedness, mustered up courage to kiss him, whereupon he made a great deal more fuss about it than a little trivial accident of that sort deserved. I don't think he had much of a run of custom in that line of business.

SPEAKING of explaining things, reminds me that a great many people don't understand your motto, and a greater number don't imagine what and where it is from. I have been asked frequently, "Where did they get that? and what does it mean?" I can understand their coming to me to ascertain the authority, it being from the Bible; but to ask what it means is a sight-draft on common sense; and as that appears to be like coin in Wall street, scarce and at a premium, I don't propose to dispose of any that I may have to spare at present rates. For the information of those of your readers who never would come across it in their readings, I will mention that it is derived from *Job* xxviii: 1.

THOSE benighted people who did not go to Seguin's benefit, Saturday evening, missed a rich treat. They would have had an opportunity of witnessing the results and general effects of the Doctor of Alcantara's treatment of his patients. There are a great many practitioners hereabouts that are very much on that style, with this difference: their patients seldom revive. The Doctor's dye-stuff was tolerably potent, however, and I had a twinge of the same agony so feelingly depicted by Mr. Hill, for an hour after, and it was only by mild restoratives, applied internally by Jones at his sample-rooms, that I was enabled to go home comfortably. That the Doctor's stuff was very strong was perfectly evident, and Mr. Hill evinced a lively appreciation of its merits, and it left him in a bad box. Mr. Seguin is incomparable in the character of the Doctor; and, as a whole, it is one of the most amusing and entertaining things the troupe have played and sung, for it is a cross between an opera and a comedy—considerable of both. The pleasant frame of mind they all leave the old Don in is not to be envied, and about the prettiest conceit of the whole piece is the adieu to the old gentleman. Everybody is humming the air. I went to bed that evening with a couple of night-caps procured at Jones's, as aforesaid, and awoke a dozen times before morning, murmuring:

> "May no ghost your slumbers mar;
> Good-night, Señor Balthazar!"

and finally jumped out as frantically as the old Don himself, imagining a veritable ghost under my bed, which proved, however, to be my dog *Sport*, much afflicted with that wicked flea that every man and woman pursueth in California.

SPEAKING of the Opera reminds me that *Maritana* has been played three nights of this week to fair houses. It should have filled the house to a jam, for there is no English opera that can compare with it. The music generally is sweet, the instrumentation beautiful, and every air is a gem. It strikes me—although I do not assume to be of the *dilettanti*—that if Mr. Seguin would not throw himself in his one favorite attitude so frequently, it would be better. He is not always an upright man, although he may be a downright clever fellow. He seems to have been drilled under Scott's tactics, and forgotten everything about it except "Right-shoulder, forward!" The dropping of the shoulder and extension of the right arm is a mannerism so characteristic of his singing that perhaps if he were to straighten up he could no more sing than a Frenchman could talk with his hands tied; but as I am a strong friend of Seguin's, and have his well-doing really at heart, he will, I am sure, forgive me for mentioning these little faults, which mar his really fine performances. It is a nice thing to have a friend to be telling one continually of one's faults in a good-natured way—makes one feel so pleasant and amiable. Nothing like it!

I can't say I admired Peakes in the character of the King. There was too much "Devil's-hoof" in it, and he made his entrances and exits as if he had served his time as package-deliverer for Wells, Fargo & Co. There was a vehemence of manner and a roughness that ill-accorded with the courtly character of a king; and I don't wonder "Maritana" didn't fancy him. A grizzly bear would not have shown a more muscular style of love-making than did he when he entered like a Congreve rocket and fired his words at her with a blunderbus. It was enough to scare the girl to death, anyhow. Temper your words and manner, "Me Baby." Modulate and soften down your notes, and don't throw them at the lady in that vigorous manner, or you will never win any woman's love by singing it at her. It strikes me that the indiscriminate praise and adulation showered down upon the devoted head of friend Peakes, *alias* "Baby Lablache," has been of immense service in the way of bring out his faults, so that the public can see them and point them out to him. Let not the "Baby" forget that however competent one man may be to criticise, and award unqualified and wholesale praise, he may only represent his own individual opinion and not that of the public. Therefore, it is *not* well to relax in effort and say, If the public like me so much as I am, why should I bore myself by study. Peakes *must* study, or he will bore the public as well. It is not well for any man to allow the praise he gets, however worthy he may be of it, to give him that very common disease generally known as "the big head." It is a disease that stands wonderfully in the way of a man's advancement, and the less he has of it the better for him; and the speediest way of reducing it is to listen to a little wholesome advice from any one who is willing to do justice, be fair and set nothing down in malice. I say, Peakes has a splendid voice, but he is careless and inattentive. He evidently does not devote that time to his "parts" that the music requires. It strikes me that he don't like study; and if he won't study he never will acquire fame. I would not wonder if the *trio* in the last act is omitted because he can't sing it. And why can't he sing it? Probably because he won't study it. That, at least, is the most natural supposition.

Miss Kempton certainly deserves praise for great painstaking and the study and care she gives her *role*. She is always correct, and although not always in good voice, shows a praiseworthy desire to do her best. In the duet in the last act of *Maritana* she sings beautifully; and that duet, of itself, is worth the dollar admittance. Miss Richings and herself have been *encored* on each occasion.

How happy it would make me if those two German gentlemen who blow the horns in the orchestra should some day get short of wind and blow more gently. I have been for a long time under great apprehensions lest they should blow their brains out, if they have any, which I am disposed to doubt, or they would not seek to drown out the whole orchestra and the voices of the singers entirely. There are times when those two horns have the floor all to themselves, and not a note from the throats of the singers are heard. And it is not the fault of Mr. Evans, the leader, either; for I have noticed that he has been made perfectly frantic and tried with his baton to slow down those vigorous Teutons; but they toot on, regardless of all decency and propriety. The most effectual method would be to have a baton long enough to reach their heads, and, when *pianissimo* is required, give the two Gabriels the *stick-ato*.

I WENT to the Fair Thursday evening, with the intention of making a few notes and jottings for your edification; but the crowd was so great I could not see anything, and I am going to see it by daylight. It was almost impossible to find any one. I learned that some friends were there, and commenced a search for them at half-past seven, and did not encounter them until about nine o'clock. As there were ladies in the party, I bethought me of the lace and bonnet department; and there they were, sure enough. I did not like to disturb them—they were so intensely interested in that showcase of French hats, and so deeply were they absorbed, that the people, the music, everything passed unheeded. It took them three-fourths of an hour to do the Bonnets, and at half-past ten, when I left, they had only accomplished the Furs and the Laces. Just imagine the number of visits they must make to do the entire Fair. However, they can't be expected to find anything so intensely interesting as the part they have already "done." Laces, bonnets, furs, kid gloves and diamonds would absorb the best woman in the world; and by the same token, these best women absorb a great deal of money, indulging in those little weaknesses. If you want to find people at the Fair, the only way to make sure of it and save labor and fatigue, is to appoint an hour and a moment to meet, not by moonlight alone, but by gas light, at the big cheese.

RESTLESS.

THE TROT.—The match for $2,000 a side, best three in five, between Mr. Teackle's horse *Gentleman George*, and McKinty's *Stockbroker, (née Bally Lewis,)* came off at Bay View Park Thursday morning, and resulted in favor of *Gentleman George*, who won in three straight heats—best time, 2:38. The attendance was fair, considering the rather unusual hour for a trot, but it was a very sensible idea to have it in the morning, before the gentle zephyrs begin to whirl the dust into the eyes; and we doubt not the horses never will say neigh to the change of hour. *Gentleman George* appears to have entirely recovered from his ten-mile trot, and looked as fresh and lively as if he never had trotted in his life. We expect to see him do his mile inside of thirty yet. We would suggest to McKinty to change the name of his steed once more, on account of the general tendency of Stock-brokers in these days to fall a little behind time—and contracts on time to make time, or come to time, troubles them a little, as it did *Stockbroker* on this occasion, although the old horse is game to the last.

A MAN should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lessons for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility tho most when the whole cry of the voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow, a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

A COMMON TRICK.

I TELL in verse—'twere better done in prose—
One curious trick that everybody knows;
Once form this habit, and it 's very strange
How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
Who meet, like others, every little while,
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"
Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand:
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;
Each thinks the other thinks he 's greatly pleased
To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed;
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go!
Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;
When your old castor on your crown you clap,
Go off; you've mounted your percussion cap.

[*O. W. Holmes.*

THE DESERTED HOUSE ON THE LANDES.

IN the midst of the flat, grassy, furze-besprinkled plain which lies between that town of ancient memories, La Teste de Buch, and the more modern one of Cazeaux, may be seen a large substantial-looking stone house. There, as if just dropped in the midst of the solitude, it stands, deserted and alone—its nearest neighbors the funereal pines which stand immovable on the distant horizon, and form as it were a silent living wall, closing in the plain on every side. The situation of the house is undoubtedly peculiar, but in the building itself there is not the smallest claim to the romantic. Far from ruinous, certainly not picturesque, the plain unadorned stone edifice looks commonplace and ordinary to a degree. There it stood in its utter dreary loneliness the April morning I saw it first, the door ajar, as if silently inviting the entrance of *some* passer-by; but the inquisitive grasses that peered cautiously through the window-panes were its only visitors. Undoubtedly it had its history, but a thick veil of mystery hung darkly over it, and overshadowed its past life with a gloomy pall.

"*Eh! mon Dieu, monsieur,*" said the horror-stricken Arcachon *gamin*, who, having constituted himself my guide, and goad to the wretched horse on which I was mounted, was following me in the above capacities to Cazeaux, and beguiling the weary way through the Landes by a flood of gossiping talk. "*Eh, mon Dieu!* no one would think of going into that house," strongly reprobating my desire to go near it, and pulling the head of my hired charger in the opposite direction.

"And why not?" I asked, applying the butt of my fishing-rod in the spirit of opposition pretty forcibly to Coco's hind-quarters, whose skin, by the way, was about as sensitive as the hide of a rhinoceros.

"Because, because," gasped the boy, keeping tight hold of the bridle, "there are ghosts there"——

"Which I should particularly like to see. Bah!" I continued, "what do you expect to happen, *mon ami?* The ghosts are not likely to eat you, though you are young and tender."

"*Si, si, monsieur,*" said Georges, showing his white teeth to great advantage, "they might well do it, for they are wicked, *ces messieurs-la.*"

"Well then, my child," I said, dismounting; "if *you* don't like to visit them, stay here. *I* couldn't be so impolite. If I don't come back, why, then you may suppose they have been inhospitable enough to eat me, but, *par exemple,*" I continued, involuntarily shrugging my shoulders, "such a tough morsel is not likely to tempt them, if they have any common sense, or know what indigestion means."

But Georges was very unhappy all the same. He implored, remonstrated, almost came to tears, "*mais, que voulez-vous,*" as I heard him afterwards observe to a select audience at Cazeaux: "My father truly says that the English are so eccentric, so obstinate. Ah, how my heart beat, how I suffered! But monsieur apparently cared for none of these things," for, fishing-rod in hand, I walked up to the open door through a flood of bright morning sunshine, and having pushed it a few inches wider open, entered the hall. "What was to be seen there," do you ask? Just nothing. And the empty void of the hall repeated itself in the room to the right, the door of which stood open. *Cobwebs* in abundance certainly, but no other sign of life. The lock of the second door on the right was stiff, but at last it suddenly opened, and I went in. This room was furnished, the bare-boarded floor indeed had no carpet, the windows had no curtains, but there was a great sofa near the fireplace where the half-burned logs of wood lay blackened and charred. Over the chimney-piece was the inevitable mirror. An arm-chair with a tumbled, somewhat faded chintz cover, faced the sofa on the opposite side of the hearth. A round mahogany table with a thick coating of dust, in which, after the manner of my countrymen, I wrote my name (you see I had no visiting-cards to leave), stood in the middle of the floor; another table in the far window, a very ancient piano against the wall near the door, some dozen or so of chairs covered with chintz of the same pattern as the arm-chair, stood grouped near the tables and ranged against the wall. Such was the furniture. Having surveyed the room to my satisfaction, I returned to the hall, and went upstairs. All the rooms there were empty except two. In one were two bedsteads, "with bedding complete," to use an auctioneer's phrase; a marble-topped table, over which was a mirror, the gilding of its frame a good deal tarnished and worn off; and three or four chairs. The other, a very small room, contained a turned-up bedstead only, which not looking particularly interesting, I did not care to examine, but retraced my steps downstairs. There was a nest of small rooms, some boarded, some flagged, opposite to those I first visited; one, that had evidently been the kitchen, contained some kitchen utensils hanging up against the wall, and a large deal table; but the rest were empty, and having looked through them, and thus "*done*" the house, I returned to my *gamin* Georges, who had meanwhile retired to a safe distance on the grassy plain, and hailed me as joyfully as he might have hailed one risen from the dead. Poor little chap! though not, perhaps, the stuff of which heroes are made, he was a nice little fellow, and capital company.

Well, we went on through the April sunshine to Cazeaux, the larks overhead singing and singing from the exhilarating influence of the bright spring morning, as if their little throats could never tire. Apparently the young Georges, who was an equally untiring chatterbox, gossiped indefatigably to every one he saw at Cazeaux, about "Monsieur," and the deserted house; for on my return to the village from the lake, where I had spent the day fishing, I found myself, *nolens volens*, turned into a lion. Here was a real living specimen of a peculiarly eccentric Englishman to be seen *gratis*. Naturally, the whole population turned out to look.

But, strange to say, I could elicit no particulars from any inhabitant of Cazeaux of the history of the "House"

"Could you tell me, madame, some of its occupants?" I asked, as soon as I could edge in a word, of a very voluble old lady, who had been favoring me, while knitting indefatigably at a stocking, with a most diffuse account of an acquaintance she had once had with an English family named *Gogueah*, at some period, it is supposed, so very remote in the past, that that curious patronymic had since had time to become extinct

"*Eh, pardi, monsieur!*" rejoined Madame Veuve Tournier, with a shrug, "I am from La Hume. The house has been that way ever since I came here."

Even the herdsmen, those unearthly looking apparitions, who clad in sheepskins, and mounted on stilts fully five feet high, stalked in front of their flocks of sheep and goats, looking like denizens of some other world, and of whom we saw several on our way back from Arcachon; even they, whom one supposes necessarily gifted with the supernatural powers of the weird magicians of old, could tell us nothing of those who once dwelt in that lonely house.

"It had a bad reputation; why should they investigate into the causes of the strange unusual noises that would often startle them from that direction at night? We are not curious, *nous autres.*" "*En effet,*" I replied, laughing; as we parted from our last son of Anak, who vociferated unintelligibly in patois in reply.

Well, April, capricious, charming April, merged gently into May; the genial, flowery May well known to the poets and the south of France, but *not*, alas, to my native land. Arcachon, a belle at all times, became a very Hebe in her gala dress of flowers and bright colors. Sounds of life and laughter were in her pine groves, and the gay, stirring, many-colored street by the sea-shore; the acacias which flank each side of the road to La Teste de Buch scented the air with the delicate perfume radiating from their white robes of blossom; and young May, just entering her teens, was to be seen abroad looking her very fairest, on a morning I started for a day's fishing at Cazeaux. Knowing well every turn of the usual and shortest route through the forest, I dispensed with the attendance of the young lady who acted as a groom to the wonderful brown I had hired for the day, and set off alone. I reached Cazeaux without accident—spent the day on the soft mild waters of its great silent lake (equal in extent, it is said, to the Bassin d'Arcachon), which lies embosomed in the dark pine forest; and as evening drew near, I gathered up my spoils, remounted my shambling Rosinante, and started on my return to Arcachon.

As the afternoon wore on, the sky had become overcast, the atmosphere still and sultry; and rain threatened to come before long as I crossed Cazeaux bridge. I had intended to have returned home by the same route as I had taken in the morning; but, suddenly recollecting that a man I wanted particularly to see on business was to leave La Teste for Paris early next day, I changed my mind, and determined to take the more circuitous road to Arcachon by La Teste. The evening was gloomy, and the air ominously close and still, as I rode along the canal that connects Cazeaux with La Teste. The sun, quite out of sorts at the disgrace of finding himself *under a cloud* in his old age, had gone into retirement till such times as the storm blew over. The light-hearted, merry larks were silent, and the sandy grass plain was only enlivened by some poverty-stricken looking cows, who were disconsolately wandering through it to the music of their unmelodious bells. At first I tried to induce the old *Methuselah* on which I was mounted to hurry on, but soon gave *that* up as useless, the brown hardening himself utterly against persuasions of all kinds; the more *striking* my arguments grew, the slower he went—so, finally I resigned myself to his will, and we jogged dreamily along, both of us I suspect in a brown study. We had left Cazeaux, I dare say, about an hour, when the big drops of rain slowly plashed down, and an ominous distant rumble told that something else was coming.

A minute or two of perfect stillness, then suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder roared deafeningly over my head, preceded by a flash of lightning so vivid that it felt quite to blind me, and the horse started violently from terror. An inch or two farther and we should have been bodily in the canal, and this veracious history might never have been written. It was a very close thing; but *Methuselah* only *nearly* lost his footing. One leg indeed slid down the steep bank, but a sharp dig of the spurs made him recover himself, and scramble up *tant bien que mal.* The rain now poured down in a great sheet of water. As to shelter, there was simply none, on the open grassy plain. None, did I say? I forgot the existence of the deserted house, till on looking round, I saw it standing with inviting open door some distance on our left. Never was sight more welcome. With considerable difficulty, and indeed, only by tying my handkerchief over the eyes of the unfortunate brown, whom the thunder and lightning caused quite to lose his head—I managed that we should both reach our haven of refuge before getting *quite* soaked through. The door lay partially open, as I have said; there was more than enough space for me to enter, but as there was not sufficient admission of the horse, I gave it a push, expecting it to yield at once. But I found that it was uncommonly stiff, and it was with much difficulty I succeeded in moving it sufficiently to enable the old brown to drag himself through.

We went into the empty front room, which was just as I had seen it three weeks before; and as I stood at the window I congratulated myself immensely that we had a roof over our heads. But time wore on, darkness slowly crept nearer and nearer, and at last I began to wish the pelting rain would cease; But *it* didn't seem to have the slightest idea of doing anything of the kind. The lightning, if possible, became more vivid than ever; and the window-frames rattled again amid the great crashing of the thunder. It was evident that the elements intended to make a night of it now they had the chance, and as I did not the least fancy a two hour's jog to La Teste through the storm, I determined to migrate to the next room and make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit on the big sofa. Taking off the horse's bridle, I therefore first, as a precautionary measure, hobbled his fore-legs, that if the fancy *should* seize that valuable animal to make his way out during the night, he might not be able to wander far enough to get lost in the forest. This done, I turned my steps to the next room.

With the help of a box of matches and a newspaper that I happened to have in my pocket, I set to work at the half-burned logs on the hearth, got up a feeble fire, lit my pipe, and drawing one of the chairs up in front of the fire-place, under the combined soothing influences of the fire and the "*baccy,*" fell into a reverie, and finally, I suspect, a sleep. How long it lasted I don't the least know, but I suddenly became aware that the fire had died out, and that thick darkness was all around me. The thunder and rain appeared to have ceased, for not a sound broke the complete silence, which came to feel so oppressive that at last I got up, and groped my way into the passage to look out on the night.

Feeling my way by the wall I slowly progressed along till I reached the hall door, but it was shut. Shut? How odd! I had certainly left it open. Perhaps I was at the wrong door. But I soon convinced myself that it was not the case by striking a match—my last, I was sorry to perceive.

"Very odd," I said to myself, "the door was so firmly driven back by the passage of the horse, it couldn't have been shut without considerable force and noise. I wonder I didn't hear it clap, but at all events I'll go out for a bit." That was easier said than done. I put out my right hand as a matter of course, but it was strange I could not grasp the handle. I saw well enough where it was by the match, yet somehow my fingers couldn't take hold of it. "What nonsense," I said to myself, as I perforce dropped the burning end of the match on the floor; "what can have come over me?" and I put out my left hand. A strange twinge ran through it the moment it touched the handle, and it dropped dumb and powerless to my side; I felt I couldn't raise it, couldn't move a muscle of it. A light mocking laugh sounded suddenly behind me, and I am afraid I lost my temper. "Confound you!" I involuntarily burst out, "what do you mean by that idiotic titter? open the door." Dead silence. Perfect unbroken silence, and the darkness seemed to wrap round me and envelop me in a thick fog. There was an oppression, a weight in the atmosphere, and I felt an indescribable *something* that seemed to make it an impossibility either to speak or move. Yet my senses seemed at the same time strained to an unnatural degree of expectation, I felt as if my hearing, for example, was become unnaturally acute; and yet, God knows there was nothing to hear. Utter complete silence, silence indeed that "could be felt."

With a strong effort I raised myself from the wall against which I had been leaning, and determined to make my way back to my sofa. Instantly I felt that I had regained power over my arms, and I made a dash at the door. Quite in vain. Again my hands trembled and fell powerless to my side, and again that aggravating laugh was heard, as if mocking my puny efforts. Restraining my anger, I got up a laugh myself not to be out of the fashion, but I could not help knowing that it sounded forced and strange. "How charmingly hospitable you are!" I exclaimed, in French. "Really, your affection for my company is quite touching, what a pity I can't reciprocate it. Oh!" I thought involuntarily as the jibing titter again sounded close to my ear, "if I had but a light." The thought had hardly crossed my mind before I felt a curious conviction that there was a light in the room I had not long since left. By some irresistible impulse I felt myself attracted thither. I turned round. Why, I could see a light shining through the doorway from where I stood—there was no doubt about *that.* I strided rapidly down the hall, and rushed into the room. No wonder I had seen a light, for an immense wood fire burned brightly on the hearth. I could hardly believe my senses. Where had the great pile of wood come from? How was it I had heard no signs of fire-kindling through the open door? It was certainly very strange. Decidedly comfortable, though, all the same; for it made the dusty old room look wonderfully cheery, so I felt quite grateful for the attention, and mentally revoked all the abuse I had levelled at my invisible companions.

Drawing my chair again in front of the fire, I sat for some time enjoying the warmth and gazing on the blazing logs; then I tried the old piano, a wonderful instrument frightfully out of tune, that would have made Thalberg shiver; and finally stretched myself on the vast sofa, which protested against my weight by many internal groans. Turning my face from the glare of the fire, I lay for some time in a dreamy reverie, till a slight stir made me involuntarily turn my head. What was that? A living form or a shapeless mass, that the leaping flickering flames showed me in the arm-chair opposite? Certainly there was *something* there, a greyish thing, huddled up rather back in the shadow of the chimney-piece. Stay, it moves, a head with the long dishevelled dark hair of a woman emerges gradually from under the grey wrapping. "Was this the nymph who laughed in the hall, and noiselessly lighted the fire, I wonder?" thought I to myself, as I watched the silent surging of the drapery. "I think I ought to thank her for the fire at all events." So with a preliminary hem to attract the attention of my Phyllis, I began a polite speech. Rapidly and noiselessly, as I spoke, the contents of the chair glided shapelessly out of sight, melted gradually and imperceptibly away, dissolving before my stupified gaze into nothingness. There stood the empty arm-chair, the fire-light playing on its faded chintz cover. I could hardly believe my eyes. Could it have been a dream? A titter seemed to come from under the sofa. I snatched one of the burning logs from the hearth and peered underneath. Of course there was nothing there except dust, of that there was any amount. Surprised and bewildered I stood for a moment log in hand. "There's not much chance of finding anyone, I suppose," I thought to myself; "but at any rate I'll search the house." So, taking a flaming stick in each hand to light me as torches on my way, I set out on my travels.

First, I explored the nest of rooms opposite. They were all perfectly empty except the kitchen, where I found my old Rosinante, who had apparently betaken himself there in the

vain hope that a kitchen might furnish food, and now looked more woe-begone and out of sorts than ever, from his disappointment. Up-stairs I tramped, looked into every room, curiously examined the turned-up bedstead in the small room, and came to the conclusion that it was a decidedly disreputable old relic; discovered an unlocked wall-press, which, however, contained nothing but a horribly damp mouldy smell, and I returned to my fire as wise as I set out. No living thing, no sign of life was to be seen in the house, and, pitching my improvised torches back on the hearth, I threw myself in disgust on the sofa and revolved the mysterious riddle in my mind. I always was immensely worried by difficult problems, and this one I couldn't solve, try as I would. I leaned back on the sofa still pondering, and as I lay there I felt a consciousness creeping over me that there was something coming stealthily behind my neck. Involuntarily I turned my head. Close to me, the soft brown-bearding chin leaning on the back of the sofa, was a man's head. I felt his breath on my cheek as I turned my face, and his strange, sad grey eyes seemed to look me through and through. I started up and faced him—he was gone. Gone. Utterly vanished. Where had he gone to? Ah, that was the mystery; unless he had sank down through the floor, which seemed as firm as strong boards could make it.

"Well," I thought to myself, "certainly this is a house of odd inmates. If the fellow had only told me his story before he disappeared in that absurd way—" and, rousing up the fire, which was beginning to get low, I half expected to see him back again when I had completed a scientific arrangement of the logs. But there was nothing. I went over to the window. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind sighed a plaintive lament now and then. I tried to open the sash, but I found that it had been nailed down, so, as it was but stupid work staring out at the elements, I sauntered presently back to my sofa, my hands in my pockets, determined to woo old Morpheus as the last resource of ennui.

"If it were only morning," I thought, "I would make another trial at that confounded hall door." "Ah, you will never leave this house," slowly whispered a low sad voice in startling proximity to my ear. "Indeed!" I said, not caring this time to take the trouble to move, (you see I had got to consider the unusual quite as a matter of course,) "may I ask why?" But there was no answer. As I lay there on the sofa, with closed eyes, I *knew* there was a form close to me, that if I looked I should see *some* shape, but a strange reluctance seemed to prevent my doing so—a presentiment of evil, an indefinable horror, thrilled strangely through me, but I struggled against and forced myself to look. For an instant I got a glimpse of the bearded face and sad grey eyes I had seen before leaning over me; then I felt stifling, powerless; I knew that pitiless *torso* was slowly, surely, smotheringly, crushing down upon me, and that there was no escape. Closer and closer still it came stealthily on, and, gasping for breath, I——awoke from my dream to find myself lying on my back on the sofa, the old brown snuffling at my face, and the bright May sun shining in through the opposite window.

Didn't I tell you that I "suspected I fell asleep" in front of the fire? O.

Pathan War-dance.—Here is an account of an entertainment which few readers could have witnessed:—"The officers of the 20th Regiment Punjab Infantry entertained their guests last Saturday night with an exhibition of the sword dances of the warlike tribes serving in the regiment. The performances began with the war-dance of the Pathans. The pipers and drummers, genuine Pathan musicians, supplied the weird and monotonous music, to which the dancers kept time with their paces, movements, and the brandishing of their tulwars. The dance was a series of studied attitudes, timed steps, and advances, accompanied with various drawing-cuts and rapid brandishing of the tulwar overhead. The movements were continued in a circle around the group of musicians. The rapid whirlings of the tulwars, and the swift and telling cuts which the dancers laid about them, naturally raised a dread in the minds of the spectators that the dancers would injure themselves or their neighbours. But nothing could exceed the extraordinary tact with which the dancers, when they approached each other, guided their tulwars, without reducing the velocity or the variety of their flourishes. The Pathans were succeeded by the Punjaubee Mussulmans, whose display was less warlike but more skilful. Two tall and lithe men engaged in single combat apparently, advancing and retreating, and whirling their tulwars with surprising rapidity over their heads and shoulders, and under their arms, exhibited much power and pliability of wrist and shoulder. One of the men subsequently performed a series of singular and grotesque feats with the tulwar; forming an arch of his body with one hand and one foot on the ground, and the face uppermost, and propelling himself around in a circle with the other foot, he executed a variety of the most astonishingly rapid flourishes with his tulwar, to the imminent risk of his nose and ears. Standing erect on one foot, and closing his eyes, he whirled his body around rapidly, and, while so engaged, sheathed and unsheathed his tulwar in a variety of positions, before him upon his forehead, upon his head, and behind his back. A number of men then engaged in a round dance with tulwars, similar to the dance of the Pathans. The next performance was a more peaceful dance with shields, but without tulwars. The dancers hopped and skipped around the pipers, keeping time with the music, and noting the conclusion of each bar by simultaneously stooping down and striking their shields on the ground. The Dogras, a less warlike tribe, inhabiting the territory of the Maharajah of Cashmere, concluded the exhibition with a fencing match with short sticks. The combatants had each two sticks, which they used together, employing both hands in performing the same movements with both sticks. Keeping time with the music, they executed with great dexterity and precision a variety of blows and guards, advances and retreats, and other feints."

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband; "you are always at the public house getting drunk on hot toddy, while I am at home with nothing to drink but cold water." "Cold! you silly jade," hiccoughed the husband; "why don't you warm it?"

In a company at Vienna, where the conversation was nearly engrossed by praises of Gœthe, Catalini, the singer, exclaimed: "Who is this Gœthe? I have never heard any of his music."

THREE SPANISH PICTURES.

ESTREMADURA.

A REGION of sheep and swine—it is Estremadura: those silver threads drawn across its slate and granite rocks, its turfy sheep-walks and aromatic wastes, are the two great rivers, the Tagus and the Guadiana: in other countries they would be peopled with ships; here they serve but as ditches for draining. Once a land of corn and oil, under Moor and Roman, Estremadura is now a sheep-walk desert of grass and thyme. That man you see under the cork tree sounding his horn is a swineherd; that horseman wrapped in a sheepskin is a smuggler, and in winter a wild-duck shooter in the oozy swamps on the banks of the Guadiana. No fear of robbing here; the people are too poor, and the travelers are scarce. That dull city on the hill above the river yonder, close to the Portuguese frontier, is Badajoz, where much English blood, and French, too, was once shed. That white ring of road winds from Badajoz to Madrid, and from there to Seville. Here, in that heap of grey ruins, where the wild fig grows, the frog croaks, and the stork snaps his bill, is the once famous Roman city of Merida; and not far off is Medellin, where Cortez was born. You may know it, though it is but a speck in the kaleidoscope, by the castle on the hill and the bridge below. You can only see, you can not hear, through the kaleidoscope; it is no ear trumpet, or you might distinguish from the wild olives of the desert-tracks there to the right the perpetual soft cooing of the Barbary turtle-doves, who dispute the sovereignty of the woods with the crested hoopoe, the bee-eater, and the blue pie.

Observe the shepherds who pass across our picture-chamber; they wear leather jerkins open at the arms, and the women short green, red, and yellow serge petticoats, with cloth mantillas and silver clasps; there are sandals on their pretty ballet-dancing feet. They all wear crosses; and under chestnut trees covered with white flowers, or tripping about at vintage time, look very romantic, pleasant, and unnatural. But you must not expect this small kaleidoscope circle, though it does seem to widen and widen, will show you all Estremadura—the old Duke of Alva's palace, for instance; the oak wood where Pizarro drove his swine, or the white belfry and cypresses of the Carmelite convent; no; what I see in two sorts of country, both desert, lonely, and barren; one, sheep-track, thyme, cistus, and crop-eared grass; another, oak woods and swine walks.

If your eye could pierce those beech woods there to the right, you would see the countless herds of swine that at night thunder back to the dirty villages of the kind-hearted, lazy, pork-loving, sausage-eating Estremadurans. As for the lower plains out of sight, they are noisy with the incessant droning, chirping of the locust and cicala, which the peasant burns in heaps, and even institutes religious processions, with bell, book, and candle, to exorcise. And as the kaleidoscope can only play its own set of tunes, can only show you one aspect of the year, I tell you that in April all the country is dusty, and alive with thousands of sheep returning in flocks of enormous extent to the cool hills, from whence in October they had come with great bands of shepherds and dogs to seek the warmer plains. The great festivals of Estremadura are the sheep-shearing in May, and the pig-killing in November: always something to do; in winter, the lambing; in March, the marking and tail-cutting; and in September, the daubing the sheep with red ochre, to make the wool fine. But I must not stop all day basking in the purple thyme of the Estremaduran sheep-walks, that plague and the sword have, since the Moor left, all but reduced to a desert. I shake the kaleidoscope again, and the scene changes to Leon.

LEON.

I am staring on the green wooded hills and fiery dusty plains of Leon. Those little toy towns of stone are the Leonese cities—Leon, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Recollections of Moorish and French storming forays of horse and foot rise around me. I see the great whirlpools of corn, and the slopes where the sour wine grows. I see the pastures where the herdsmen direct the cattle with stones from their slings, just such as knocked out Don Quixote's jaw teeth when he mistook a flock of sheep for an army of infidels, and rode down among them lance in rest. I see the tepid trout-streams, hot enough to boil the fish, and the great golden seas of corn, that roll in summer round Zamora. Again I hear the creaking woodeu wheels, and see the mules toil at the simple plow. Shall I forget the simple, hospitable Leonese, who still talk of Wellington as "the great lord," and love Englishmen for his sake? Shall I forget their clean, comfortable farm houses, where the herdsmen were centaurs, and the cattle-branding was a feast of good things; where castanets, and fifes, and drums set the peasant feet dancing? Shall I forget the strange dress of the charro, or country beau, that is to be seen about Ciudad Rodrigo—the low, broad-brimmed hat, large as an umbrella; the rich embroidered shirt, with the gold bossy brooch; the low, square waisteoat of pounced and figured velvet, cut low to show the wonderful shirt even below the waist; the square silver buttons, too, of that marvelous waistcoat, and the quaint cross ribbons; the jacket, open like a South American's at the elbow, and edged with black velvet, rich and soft; the broad belt instead of the red webby sash; long, dark cloth gaiters, embroidered below the knee; largo silver buckles in his shoes; a javelin, patriarchal stick, in his right hand, and a cloak over his shoulder? And here, too, even in the mud hovels in the plains near Valladolid, we see that enchanted creature, the charra, or Leonese belle, the caramba in her black shining hair, which is covered by the square cloth mantilla, fastened by a silver brooch, the hood richly embroidered. As for the little red velvet bodice that clasps her round, it is adorned with a patchwork of patterned bugles, which run about in flowery knots all round her bosom; her wrist-cuffs are worked with gold thread; her sash ties behind; her petticoat is scarlet as a geranium, if it is not purple as a pansy; her apron is like an old-fashioned sampler, starred with quaint birds and flowers; her handkerchief is embroidered with gold; and she wears chains of colored stones, which have come down to her as heir-looms. For all that, he and she are honest and simple as heart could wish them; and if you sleep in the charro's cottage, though it be but of unbaked brick, and you are weary of the dusty plains and dreary bare hills of Leon, and long to pass over even to the cold damp Asturias, still you will not easily forget the good people's hospitality, their towers of four-post beds, the clean, fringed sheets, and the regal pillows, embroidered with lions and castles. Again I fancy myself riding through the salt dusk-smoke of the Leon plains, and see the herds tossing their horns, and bellowing as the stones from the herdsmen's slings turn them left or right. But I must on to Gallicia, the rainy coast country of Gallicia, whose ports, Vigo and Corunna, have often listened to the voice of English cannon.

GALLICIA.

Yes, this is Gallicia, the country that the Minho divides from Portugal, and whose shores run down to the Bay of Biscay. It is from the snowy mountains, green meadows, and chestnut forests, which bears and wolves still haunt, that the Madrid porters and the Lisbon water-carriers come. Here you see the women plowing or turning the distaff under a hedge, hard, rugged, and ugly; the men, strong, hardy, boorish, and rude, you meet in every coasting vessel, with bundle in red handkerchief and green umbrella, returning home with their Portuguese earnings. This is the country of contrasts—from the wretched inns without chimneys, where no one but a muleteer can get anything to eat, to the smiling valleys and rich farms of the lower Minho. Here the cottages are mere stables; their gojas run over with corn and wine.

No one who has ever been to Spain will forget the stolid, litigious, stubborn groups of emigrant Gallicians whom he meets on the decks of the coasting steamers—whom he sees land at Corunna, or disembark at Vigo. They look like Irishmen without their sparkle, fire, or wit—Irishmen with the soul out—Irishmen stupefied to helots—Irishmen grown prudent, churlish and industrious. There they sit, silent and absorbed, leaning on their great black-handled umbrellas, the crooks under their beardless chins, wrapped in their heavy great-coats: they sit dismal and forlorn, their penury and hard frugality not unalloyed with selfishness, the black shadow of prudence. How glad we were to clear the decks at Vigo and cart them off—blankets, bedding and all—in that little green bay of Vigo.—*Thornbury's Life in Spain.*

SENTIMENTALISM.

THE habitual use of the word "sentimental," in a bad sense, implies that the tender emotion may be so indulged as to produce bad effects; and thus we shall get a tolerably complete notion of sentimentality, if we are able to ascertain the cases in which the direct effects, the secondary effects, and the practical effects, respectively, of the tender emotions, are injurious. First, as to its direct effects. Mr. Bain is probably correct in saying that they are always pleasurable. The feeling of tenderness is specifically pleasant, and, therefore, it is a good thing to feel it, unless there is some special reason to the contrary. The pleasure of tenderness is like the pleasure of lying in a warm bed on a cold night—an excellent thing in itself, unless the use of it is immoderate and improper under the circumstances. In what case is it immoderate and improper? This question cannot be answered directly, inasmuch as there is no way either of measuring the quantity of emotion (in pounds, for instance; or by the number of vibrations a second of the nerves) which a person feels at a given moment, nor by any rule which it can be determined how much he ought to feel; but though the question does not admit of a decisive, peremptory answer, it does admit of an observation which considerably illustrates the subject. It will be found, by observation, that a display of tender feeling is generally stigmatized as sentimental, or considered improper and excessive, when it appears probable, from the circumstances of the case, that it is not the natural expression of an involuntary feeling, called up by circumstances, but an act of self-indulgence, done for the sake of the pleasure of the emotion itself. No one calls Prince Arthur a sentimentalist, as he had plenty of cause for his sadness; but the young gentlemen in France who were as sad as night, for very wantonness, might well have been described by that word, if it had been invented in Shakspeare's days. Any one who watches with care the common use of language, will be surprised to see how accurately popular feeling and the common use of language apply to this principle. Analyze any popular writer, any well-known scene, which would generally be called sentimental, and ask why it is so stigmatized, and the answer will always be, because it appears, from the turn of the sentence, or the extent to which the author dwells upon a painful subject, that he had ceased to think naturally and simply about the fact, real or supposed, which originally drew out the feeling, and had begun to think about himself, and how cleverly he could describe sources of tender emotion, and how pleasant it was to stimulate their action. This will explain how sentiment may be, and often is, theatrical and affected without being insincere. When Mrs. Siddons frightened herself into hysterics by her own acting, there can be no doubt that she really was in a state of genuine emotion. One of the great charms of Mr. Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution* is the clear perception which he has of the fact, that the fierce, violent nonsense of many of the famous scenes in the revolution was sincere as well as nonsensical. The swearing, the swaggering, the protesting was genuine in its way, though the actors in the strange melodrama seem to have had continually before their minds' eyes the reflection that they were wunderfully fine fellows for figuring in such a performance. The volunteers who went to fight on the frontiers had a natural love for the bombast with which they were fed, and licked it up as a dog does a pat of butter; but they really did mean the greater part of what they said, and their reason for going beyond what they mean was, that they liked the sentiment which their position created so much, that they could not resist the the temptation of increasing their enjoyment by exaggerated language.

One of Sheridan's creditors, after having long and vainly dunned him, at length suggested that if he could not discharge the principal of the debt, he might at least pay the interest. "No!" said the wag; "it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY, SLEEPING.

Just now I missed from hall and stair
A joyful treble, that had grown
To harmonize with that grave tone
Which tells this world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor
Were hushed. I laid aside my pen,
Forgot my theme, and listened—then
Stole softly to the nursery door.

And there he lay, his chubby arms
Filled with the trifles he had sacked,
As sleep had caught him in the act,
And bound his fumbling feet and palms.

A broken vase, a tattered book,
Still testified his deep disgrace;
I stooped and kissed his sleeping face,
Bright with some heavenly far out-look.

Perhaps 'twas wrong—but, half beguiled,
I trusted when my last long sleep
Should come, there might be One who'd keep
An equal mercy for His child.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XXVI.

ONE day M. de Jonval was announced. "I have transmitted your request to my friend de Maufert," said he, "and I come, according to promise, to bring you his reply."

"And doubtless it is not favorable?"

"You could scarcely expect it would be, unless for your interest. As your guardian, he feels that he must try all that science—"

"Oh, sir, I beg you to lay aside the theme of my pretended insanity. You are perfectly aware that it is only a falsehood invented for my ruin!"

"Agreed!" said he; "and I will no longer endeavor to bring you to a more reasonable state of mind—although, as you very well know, the Count acts entirely with the approval of your family."

"Bribed by him," I replied.

"In your eyes it is a plot. It is, however, by the advice of one in whom you have great confidence, and whom you cannot suspect of having any interested motives—the Countess de Maufert, my niece, for example."

"What do you mean to say?" stammered I, turning pale at the sound of her name.

"I mean to say that she fully approves the measures that her husband has judged necessary to take."

"She!" cried I. "She approve of my being confined in a mad-house! It is so incredible, sir, that I would not believe it were you to show me a proof signed by her own hand!"

"Here it is," said he, coldly.

And he drew from his pocket a letter, which he handed me. I took it, faint and trembling.

"Read, read," said he.

I hesitated to open the paper. My name was on the envelope, written in Diana's hand. M. de Jonval looked fixedly at me. With great effort I broke the seal and read these lines:

"I am greatly afflicted, my dear André, to learn the vigorous decision of the physicians who have care of you, and I weep at the thought of your being alone and far from us; but this cruel state of things is judged indispensable. André, I conjure you, submit, and do not give me the sorrow of seeing you compromise your future. Remember that a few months of patience, and the skilful care of Doctor Schultz will undoubtedly deliver those you love from the fears they now entertain for you. It is a devoted friendship which gives me courage to speak to you thus. "DIANA.

"P. S.—At the end of winter I will go and thank you for your resignation."

I remained dumb-founded, incapable of believing.

"At the price of what torture have you drawn from her this letter?" said I to M. de Jonval. "It is not from her!"

"And why not, may I ask?"

"Why not! why not!" said I, indignantly. "Because it is impossible! because—"

"Because she loves you, is it not?" said he, with a smile. "I will finish the thought which you dare not express."

"Sir!"

"Ah, I beg pardon! . . . but I have the right, it seems to me, to protect Mme. de Maufert, my niece, from dreams which may end by destroying her peace. She has confessed all to us; yes sir, all—even to the generous but imprudent feint she practised in order to save you if possible."

"A feint!—to save me?"

"Did it never occur to you, sir, that Mme. de Maufert might possibly forget what she owed to her name. Come, since it is necessary to draw you from your error, I will give you some information: My niece had discovered the insane passion you cherished for her—she saw your mental state—and the morning appointed for your examination by the physicians, she found you, as she tells us, very much depressed. She was still willing to save you, even by uttering a pious falsehood—*that* fact your excitement soon caused you to reveal to us. This is why, fearing to aggravate your error, she desires, as does her husband, to leave you ignorant of the place of her retreat. She counts upon distance and reflection to render you more reasonable, and hopes before long to renew a relation with you worthy of her and of you. You will then both laugh at this romantic misunderstanding."

"Enough!" cried I. "Leave me! You will kill me!"

Left alone, I threw myself on the bed and gave way to my miserable reflections. Oh, Diana! Diana! I wished to doubt, but there was her letter: she had told them all—and this pure flame, which fed my very existence, was to her but the sickly dream of a madman Then, as I remembered the thousand proofs of tenderness she had bestowed upon me, my soul would indignantly discard these impious suspicions. Then again, I would judge her weak, and accuse her of having denied her love for me to save her own peace. . . .

Months went by—winter was at an end. I waited, striving to hope. She did not come. I believed her dead, and said so to M. de Jonval. A few days after, he brought me an official journal containing an account of a brilliant court ball, and among the names of those who figured there I read that of the Countess Diana de Maufert. She had passed two days at Carlsruhe; and then had departed.

The spring and summer passed—she did not come. The only being who seemed to remember me was Bastieu. He wrote me each week.

I have waited one year, and my solitude becomes every day more insupportable. I have submitted to my destiny—I exist no longer. For the price of this submission, invoked by her in the name of a false friendship, she does not even give me a remembrance.

William, I love her no longer; I swear it to you. Let her live, happy, gay, more beautiful than ever. She whom I loved is dead, and the angels have borne her on their wings to some celestial sphere. Oh, radiant ideal! where hast thou taken refuge? . . . I love not *her*, William, I swear! . . . But why these tears? . . .

XXVII.

WILLIAM, go down on your knees and thank God! . . . She is here—I have seen her. She has come to seek me, and to-morrow I leave this place with her.

William, they have deceived her—tortured her. She only knew two days ago what had been done with me. They took her to Rhodes, and there kept her in that deserted place for sixteen months. He was her pitiless jailor. I have just left her. She still loves me. She has not said so, but I feel it, I comprehend it, I know it. This morning I was writing, when all of a sudden my door opened, and Bastien appeared, radiant with happiness. He was too much excited to speak. "She is there!" cried I, and I flew into my parlor, almost overthrowing poor Schultz. Behind him she stood, trembling and weeping for joy. . . .

William, I have not yet told you—Diana is a widow! . . . The Count was killed in a duel by an Englishman. She has been all this time the victim of treachery. They took her from Maufert, telling her that I was seized with an attack of the most demoniac fury, and that it had become necessary to place me in a mad-house, and they wished her to come to my relief. Struggling against her suspicions, she followed Placide as far as Spa, where the Count arrived the next day. She pined through a sixteen-months' captivity in an old deserted castle. Finally, one day, her people set her free. . . The Count was dead. Exhausted by fever and suffering, she thought but of me. Arrived at Maufert, no one could tell her what had become of me. Happily, my faithful Bastieu, hearing of her return, hastened to her. She wished to come to me that very hour. . . .

I have confided to her the misfortune of our poor Schultz, my friendship for him, and my efforts to save him. It is agreed that he, his wife and children, shall go with us. We will buy his house, if necessary, and we will assure to him a competency in the future. I cannot abandon him. . . .

We have dined all together. Night has come, and I must leave her; she is worn out with fatigue. The doctor's charming wife has given her up her room. As for me, I have returned to my pavilion, whence I can watch her window; and while I write, Bastien sleeps soundly on a bed near me.

William, what a future! Is it not a dream?

I have passed all night in anticipating my happy destiny. In the morning Schultz found me with my eyes fixed on Diana's window.

"What a physician is happiness!" said he to me, with that artless enthusiasm of child and philosopher which renders him so charming. "And so," continued he, "it appears that you have formed the design of carrying me off, too?"

"Indeed, yes," replied I, "and if you try to resist me, I warn you beforehand that I remain a prisoner in your hospital, with Diana, until you decide. The matter stands thus: You are indispensable to my happiness. I am sick; you must take care of me."

"Enough, I understand you," said he, with deep emotion. "Thanks for your brotherly friendship. Come, I swear to you, you will cure me."

"Bah!" replied I, "the cure is complete."

"I would hope so," said he, a little thoughtfully; "but we cannot know that till autumn. If nothing goes wrong with me—"

"When shall we leave?" interrupted I.

"I think," said he, "we had better order two days of rest for Mme. Diana. During this time, I will arrange my affairs with Steiner, my pupil and friend, who will take my place here. But let us go down to the garden. I see the children."

I followed him, somewhat saddened in my joy by the thought that the slightest accident might extinguish forever this noble intelligence; but I was too happy not to feel great hope.

Dignified and at the same time softened by the feelings she did not even yet confess to herself, Diana seemed to exhale all the virgin and timid graces of a first love. The woman had become the young maiden; her countenance, so pure, and somewhat pale from suffering, had all the soft contour of the Madonnas of Guido Reni; her large brown eyes, languishing with tenderness, were veiled each moment by their long lids, as if to hide the secret of her soul. The slightest accent of her voice was an avowal, and I listened to her, entranced.

The following day, as we were all seated after breakfast in the Doctor's parlor, a servant announced the Canoness de Jonval, who asked to see the Countess de Maufert. I could not resist a movement of uneasiness; but with a courage that commanded my admiration, Diana gave orders for her aunt to be introduced. Mme. de Jonval entered with a stern and composed air. A gesture of surprise showed that she had expected to find her niece alone. Diana rose with respect and advanced to meet her.

"I am disappointed, my dear," said her aunt, in a dry tone, "to see you in Carlsruhe in any other house than mine, and, more than all, to be obliged to come here to meet you."

Then followed an icy silence which Diana interrupted by saying calmly, "Pardon me, madam, but I did not expect to inform you of my presence here."

"The avowal is frank, at least," replied the Canoness; "but I have come to converse with you upon family matters, and—"

"Speak, madam," said Diana, interrupting; "I have nothing to conceal from the friends around me. Indeed, they are my advisers."

Mme. de Jonval could ill conceal her mortification, but, after a moment's hesitation, she continued:

"Always occupied with your interests, my niece, my brother and I have thought that, as a widow, you are too young to live without guidance. We have, therefore, decided that I shall give you an asylum, and resume the post that I filled towards you before your marriage. This is why, armed with the authority I possess over you, I have come to say that I am ready to take you home with me."

At these words I felt greatly excited, but Diana soon re-assured me.

"I am grateful, madam," said she, "to you and my uncle for the solicitude you deign to evince for me; but I have already decided otherwise for my future."

"Decided!" interrupted the Canoness, with haughty surprise. "Without our consent?"

"Yes, madam," said Diana, with respectful hardihood; "I intend retiring to my mother's mansion, to live on the humble fortune she has left me. I know what I owe to the world, and I am already assured of a protection which you will judge worthy, I think, in all respects: it is the protection of Dr. Schultz and his wife, who kindly consent to live with me for the present."

"But you forget, it seems to me," said Mme. de Jonval, "the claims of your family."

"The claims of my family, madam," said Diana, bitterly, "I should do well to forget! Do not you remember them? You have exercised your rights in uniting me, at the age of sixteen, regardless of my prayers and tears, to a man I detested, and of whom I was afraid. I pardon you all, but do not invoke the souvenir of your protection—I have too well experienced it."

The Canoness bit her lips, but controlled herself sufficiently to say: "And thus you resist our will?"

"You have yourself delivered me from your authority, madam, in marrying me. I am free, and my own mistress. The pride of our race will answer for my future dignity of conduct. If in this I am ever wanting, I will accept your reproaches."

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.—M. Arago, from a comparison of the tables compiled by observers in different parts of Europe, found that rain falls oftener during the increase than the wane of the moon, by six to five, and that this is more particularly the case from the quarters to the full moon. Sir John Herschel has noticed the incliuation to a cloudless sky, which takes place during the time that the full moon is above the horizon. It is a popular belief that the moon's rays have the effect of promoting the decomposition of meat. Old recipes advise the exposure of joints which require to be rendered tender to the direct rays of the moon. It is believed, however, that these rays do not communicate any heat to the earth. The exact nature of the moon's influence, if any, upon vegetation, has never been substantiated, although, as Lord Lovelace remarked, it has been more or less believed in old as well as modern times, and distant countries not deriving their tradition from each other. Pliny abounds with rules for regulating agricultural observations by the moon's phases, derived, there is no doubt, from the practice of the most skilful Italian farmers of his time. In France, it was then considered that trees should only be felled in the wane, and the old *ordonnances forestieres* enjoyed this. In Demerara and some of the West Indian Islands, Mr. M. Martin states that there are woods which, if cut down during the moon's increase, can be easily split and soon rot; but, if cut in the wane, are extremely enduring, and can be riven with difficulty; and the same fact was stated, as to certain Brazilian woods, to M. St. Hilaire.

SCIENTIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

——— Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.—*Æn., lib. vi.*

The attempt has often been made by practical men to calculate and express the worth of the most valuable piece of land on the earth's surface; and precedence has heretofore been given to the acres in and about the centre of London; but by late statistics, taking the yield as the test of value, the mining world now claims the palm of honor financial, and justly, too, for one square mile of ground in Cornwall has given £10,000,000 in tin and copper products.

No more beautiful forms can be found than Nature offers in the delicate and exquisitely-graceful drapery, columns, flutings and fringes of its vegetable kingdom, and in the strange, almost mysterious structure of the various crystallized metals that are bound and held together by some law of mechanical combination or affinity, which has thus far defied the keenest scrutiny of the most distinguished *savants*. Nature's ways are past finding out, it is true; but we can admire and imitate her results, and thereby refine and correct the popular taste in all the varied modes of the æsthetic world, and borrow from God's own models that grace of strength and power of beauty to be seen in the most simple works of nature. In its laboratory, the strong and the beautiful, the rich and tho apparently valueless are found indissolubly blended together in permanent forms till disturbed by the ruthless hand of man. How true is this of the little quartz specimen now before us? A perfect crystal in form, emitting a clear pure light, and containing in its bosom a piece of fine gold. Here are the beautiful and the useful most strongly united, serving to settle a question of some scientific interest, whether gold has ever been found in crystallized quartz. The attempt to destroy this happy union and secure the prize within, as shown by the touch of some tool on one of the edges of our little gem, evidently gave way to a happier feeling under the influence of its beauty, and now it is safely beyond the reach of vandal attack.

It has long been a matter of discussion among learned men whether rocks exist, so to speak, *ab initio* or are still in the act of forming, whether rocks grow—as other natural productions. This subject is one of extreme difficulty, and can only be definitely settled after a larger view and more extended observation has been taken, and a closer and more minute inquiry given to it than has yet been found practical by scientific men. The present best-informed opinion inclines to the affirmative of the proposition, and derives, by analogy, its strongest support from the fact that ores of metals *do* grow, and are now daily forming, probably as fast as they are being exhausted by the most systematic mining. This was recently seen very beautifully in an English mine, where the sides of the levels and shafts and of the mining tools used in the deep workings were found covered with deposits of copper and coppery ores, thrown down and precipitated from the copper salts held in solution by the water of the mine. In a recent very curious memoir published by M. Sjogreen, a Swedish naturalist, the fact was stated as beyond doubt, after close investigation and as the research of the many authentic data collected by himself, that the iron ore found in various lakes and streams in Sweden, and principally in the province of Smaland, was the direct work of certain infusorial animalculi living in fresh water. This iron is of a very fine quality, and is obtained in such abundance that it is used largely in the iron-works of that country and Russia. The little metallurgical insects doing this work are often of a size sufficient to be seen by the eye without the aid of a microscope. These small beings can be seen actively at work at the bottom of the lakes, each one engaged in enclosing itself in a metallic case, there to be entombed forever, and, in the aggregate, forming that mass of ore that reprodnees itself every 26 years. The ore with which these iron architects construct their houses, lying each in his own death domicil, made by his own hands, is undoubtedly derived from the water where it exists in a soluble state, having been borrowed from the surrounding lands of which it formed a constituent part.

Much has been said and written about the coincidence, in point of time, of many of the greatest scientific discoveries by men often unknown to each other and living far apart. There is a tendency in the human mind to seek companions—to look for contrasts—but at the same time the inclination tends much more strongly to points of similarity than to those of difference. The positive is ever more attractive than the negative. We know of no better illustration of this pervading feeling of the mind than is seen in the perennial attempt, in all centuries and among all men, strong and weak, from Aristotle to the present time, to conform the circle to the square either by geometric figure or algebraic formula. It is extremely interesting to observe this parallelism of the human intellect whereby men have been often simultaneously led to the conception and enunciation of the grandest principles, and at the same time to notice the ease with which men run into the most fanciful points of resemblance in others and their works, where none whatever, in truth, exist, except as the conjurings of their own morbid imaginations. Yet how extraordinary have been these coincidences, and mostly in cases that have wrought wonders in the improved condition of mankind and influenced in an immense degree the industrial growth of the present age. To name but a few of many instances: the invention of the steam engine, the discovery of the method of fluxions and of the decomposition of water, the invention of the electric telegraph, and, lastly, the sublime discovery of the planet Neptune by an abstruse effort of the mind and solely by the force of calculation, unaided by telescopic observation. Little did the dreamy, half-asleep world imagine the consequences when an unknown civil engineer, by name W. H. James, in 1821, suggested to the late celebrated George Stephenson the introduction of tubes into his locomotive engine. From that simple idea the machine, prior to this a lumbering mass of iron, sprang into life and power, and the practicability of the railway system became at once apparent to all intelligent minds. We have now to notice another coincidence, not of time, but of persons: for this same Mr. James, civil engineer, after a lapse of forty-three years, again appears upon the scene of science, and suggests an improvement destined in the opinion of clever, unbiased men, to produce an entire revolution in all steam machinery, and which will soon be given in proper shape to public use. It would be curious, indeed, as has been said by a close observer of these matters, if it should fall to the lot of the same individual, after an interval of so many years, to be the originator of the second great revolution in steam locomotion.

A REMINISCENCE OF ALMA MATER.

Apropos of incidents of College life, "E. H. L. P." writes to the Californian:

"Talking of early hours puts me in mind of a droll occurrence which took place at Christ Church, during those happiest days of my life—my Oxford days.

"You must know that at all the colleges and halls at Oxford undergraduates are invariably expected to attend morning prayers, offered up in their various chapels by the respective chaplains, at an early hour before breakfast. At the time I speak of there was a very fast set of young men at Christ Church College, headed by the youthful Lord L., Eustace S., and the Marquis of T. These men used to spend their nights carousing and enjoying themselves in the most jolly bachelor's style; sometimes roving around, up to all sorts of deviltry; at other times sitting all night over their Burgundy and cigars, in a continual round of wit, humor and merriment. Now, as these men never got to bed before four or five o'clock in the morning, it was, of course, out of their power to attend chapel at seven, and they never attempted it. This state of affairs lasted some time, when, in Trinity Term of 185—, the chaplain of Christ Church, (the Rev. Dr. B.,) got tired of saying prayers alone in a college chapel of which there were at least five hundred members, and accordingly made a complaint to Dr. Pl—tre, Vice-Chancellor of the University, telling him that, out of all the College members, he only got *three* (!) regular attendants at morning prayers. The Vice-Chancellor was, of course, much concerned, but suggested to the chaplain that perhaps his hour for morning prayer was *too early* for such *hard-reading men*, and told him to make it an hour later and then see if the men would not attend. The chaplain accordingly read prayers an hour later every morning, but to his intense astonishment he found that he not only did not get any more men to attend, but even the three men who had been so punctual before ceased altogether to come, and he had an empty church. He at once went and reported this to the Vice-Chancellor, who was so enraged and nonplussed that he at once sent for those who had been formerly punctual to find out from them, at all events, the reason they had left off attending chapel. These three men were Lord L., Eustace S., and the Marquis of T. The Vice-Chancellor and the chaplain, upon their appearance, courteously invited them to be seated, and at once informed them that they had been sent for to inquire their reasons for not attending morning prayer, now that it was at 8 o'clock, when they used to be so punctual and edifyingly pious when prayers were an hour earlier—at 7 o'clock. After a moment's hesitation, Eustace S., who assumed the position of spokesman, thus answered: "You have asked us, gentlemen, the reason why we do not attend morning prayers at 8 o'clock, when we used to be so regular and punctual in our attendance when prayers were an hour earlier, at 7 o'clock. The reason is simple. We could manage to sit up till 7 o'clock, but we *could not stand an hour longer*—8 o'clock was too late for us!'"

MILITARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

Questions.—1. In what direction does a sentinel face, when "facing to the proper front" as prescribed in paragraph 423 Revised United States Army Regulations?

2. Does a sentinel salute an officer who passes him, by bringing his left hand to his musket as high as his right shoulder only when he is in his sentry-box, or does he so salute under other circumstances?

J. L., 128th Ohio Vols.

Answers.—1. A sentinel on any of the four sides of a camp will face outward, or, if before the colonel's tent, will face towards the color-line, and will stand at *shouldered arms*, when an officer in uniform approaches him, unless the officer be a general, a field officer, the officer of the day, or the commanding officer of the post, to any of whom he will *present arms*. At all other times the sentinel is required to carry his arms at support, or on either shoulder, unless in wet weather, when he will secure arms, if there be no sentry-box.

2. A sentinel only salutes, when he is in sentry-box, by standing at *attention*, and by bringing his left hand to his musket as high as his right shoulder.

Question.—Being in *double column* and changing direction by the *right flank*, should the subdivisions be aligned by the left or by the right? G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Answer.—A battalion, in double column, closed in mass, being at a halt, changes direction according to the principles prescribed for a simple column by division. If a simple column by division is right in front, the alignment, after a change of direction, either by the right or left flank, is towards *the guide*, or by the left. In the case of a double column, the alignment will also be towards the guide or by the right, as a double column habitually takes the guide to the right, though sometimes to the left and sometimes to the centre of the column.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem as deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.

To no act of begging are people so averse so to begging pardon; that is, when there is any serious ground for doing so. When there is none, this phrase is as soon taken in vain, as other momentous words are upon light occasions. On the other hand there is a kind of begging which everybody is forward enough at; and that is begging the question. Yet surely a gentleman should be as ready to do the former, as a reasonable man should be to do the latter.

There is always some religion, some hope and fear extended into the invisible, from the blind boding which nails a horse-shoe to the mast or the threshold up to the song of the Elders in the Apocalypse. But the religion cannot rise above the state of the votary. Heaven always bears some proportion to earth. The god of the cannibals will be a cannibal, of the crusaders a crusader, and of the merchants a merchant. In all ages, souls out of time, extraordinary, prophetic, are born, who are rather related to the system of the world, than to their particular age and locality. These announce absolute truths, which, with whatever reverence received, are speedily dragged down into a savage interpretation. The interior tribes of our Indians, and some of the Pacific Islanders, flog their gods, when things take an unfavorable turn. The Greek poets did not hesitate to let loose their petulant wit on their deities also. Laomedon, in his anger at Neptune and Apollo, who had built Troy for him, and demanded their price, does not besitate to menace them that he will cut their ears off. Among our Norse forefathers, King Olaf's mode of converting Eyvind to Christianity was to put a pan of glowing coals on his belly, which burst asunder. "Wilt thou now, Eyvind, believe in Christ?" asks Olaf, in excellent faith.

I could write a whole paragraph merely in favor of cheerfulness and merriment in girls, and dedicate it to mothers who so frequently forbid them. But seriously to assure girls they may laugh on suitable occasions would look very much like presenting them an opportunity of doing so. Mothers have much a habit of grumbling, even though they may smile inwardly; the daughters, on the contrary, generally only laugh visibly. The former have passed out of the triumphant church of virgins into the church-militant of matrons; their growing duties have increased their seriousness; the bridegroom is changed from a honey-bird, who invited them to the sweets of the honeymoon, into a resolute honey-hunting bear, who will himself have the honey. Then, all the more, O mothers! grant the dear light-hearted beings their sports around the flowers; their minute's play, before long years of serious duties. Why may not with them, as with the Romans, comedy precede tragedy? If a boy may be a zephyr, why may not the girl be a zephyrette? Is there in the whole range of life anything so beautiful, so poetical, as the laughing and jesting of a maiden who, still in the full harmony of all her powers, plays with everything in luxurious freedom, and neither mocks nor hates when she jests? . . . Never fear that feminine merriment precludes depth of soul and feeling. Does it do so in men? And did not the law-giver Lycurgus, and his Spartans everywhere, build an altar in his house to Laughter? It is precisely under external cheerfulness that the quiet powers of the heart increase and grow to their full stature. How heavenly must it be, then, when, for the first time, the smiling face weeps for love, and the irrepressible tears mirror the gentle heart!

A Turkish Bath.—The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit professionally some members of the archbishop's household at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise in seeing an old laboring man in his shirt-sleeves felling a tree "after hours" in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. "That laborer," replied Dr. Field, "whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the archbishop, curing himself of a headache. When his grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts bath to flight by rushing out with an axe, and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, and falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant."—*Fitzpatrick's Memoirs of Archbishop Whately.*

Snobs.—After looking over the crag we went into the pleasant summer-house close by, a quaint, rustic erection of hazel twigs, coated on the sides with moss, and the roof covered with ling; and we sat on the gnarled oak seats, on which the snobs of the neighborhood, who go there a pic-nicking, had cut their initials, as English snobs always do in such places! Oh, I wish, sometimes, a big stout-armed game-keeper would catch one of the fellows at work "whittling" in this way, injuring what is placed there for his enjoyment, and would put "his mark" on the culprit's back with a good hazel stick. Not long ago I saw, in Kendal church, a white marble statue of the son of some ancient knight or squire in the neighborhood on which there is scarcely a square inch on which some fool or other had not cut his name or initials; and oh, how ashamed I felt for my countrymen! But it is the same nearly everywhere in this country. When will they mend?—*Rambles by the Ribble, by William Dobson.*

Blind people, like blinded finches, sing better and louder than those who see.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

ALL alone in my room at last:
I wonder how far they have travelled now?
They'll be very far when the night is past;
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress!
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
Those were roses, too, in the wreath, I guess—
'Twere they made the crimson amongst the curls.

She's good as beautiful, too, they say;
Her heart is as gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him alway—
Dear! I am tearing my new white gloves.
How calm she is with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue;
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter, and softer, too.

They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again!
I'm almost afraid to be here so still,
I wish it would thunder! and lightning! and rain!
Oh, no! for some may not be a-bed,
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon will come instead,
And heaven be starry, and earth all light.

'Tis only a summer that she's been here—
It's been my home for seventeen years!
But her name is a testament far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
There, at last, I have tied my hair—
Her curls and mine were nearly the same,
But hers are longer, and mine less fair.

They're going across the sea, I know,
Across the ocean—will that be far?
Did I have my comb a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked, do the people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down,
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good night, good night—it is striking one!
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom.
The light of my candle is almost done—
I wish my bed was in mother's room.
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're all too white for me, I'm afraid,
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.

Dark—all dark!—for the light is dead.
Father in heaven, may I have rest?
One hour of sleep for my weary head—
For this breaking heart in my poor, poor breast!
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray,
O God! protect him from change and ill;
And render her worthier every way,
The older the purer, the lovelier still.

There, I knew I was going to cry,
I have kept the tears in my soul too long;
Oh! let me say it or I shall die,
As Heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room,
He never shall know in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead, one night, in a moment of tears!

I loved him more than she understands—
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands,
To lay at his feet my shattered youth!
I love, I adore him, still the same!
More than father, and mother, and life!
My hope of hopes was to bear his name—
My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife—oh, name which the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek for shame—
'Tis her great glory, her word to wreathe
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
Oh, hush! again I behold them stand,
As they stood, to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him holding her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair,
I see him kneel at the altar stone,
I see him rise when the prayer is o'er,
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride;
One of those kisses had birthplace here—
The dew of her lips has not yet dried.

His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a gram of his to keep!
This midnight blackness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim—
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him!

[*William L. Keese.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—During a recent performance at a Paris theatre a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage, the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her she was too suspicious and too passionate; both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their presence of mind, however; the husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated—"You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up (*vous enflammer*) for the least thing!"

In the Senate, on the leather tax in 1794, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John Parnell) observed, with great emphasis, "that in the prosecution of this war every man ought to give his *last guinea* to protect the *remainder*." Mr. Vandeleur said, that "however that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, that "this might easily be remedied by making the under leather of wood."

Do not keep stirring the ashes of dead things in your conscience; do not keep turning over the leaves of memory, debiting the soul with a thousand debts that you can never pay; do not keep looking within, trying if you can to strike a balance—that after all if you are not so good you are not so bad, and therefore that you have a chance of escape. Leave the whole thing; it is a bankrupt concern; look out from the ruin, look up to Him who has taken your debts upon his own shoulders.

GENERAL UTILITY.

"WHERE got'st thou that goose look?" "Go prick thy face, thou lily-livered boy." "Take thy face hence." "Dull, unmindful villain, why stay'st thou here?" "Speak, slave!"

These and such like expressions I have been used to for many years, and use with *us* is second nature; for we talk about our thousands, and flutter our crisp bank notes, as if they were old friends.

I've seen the great tragedian take his paper on Saturday, but I never got beyond a small pile of silver—a *very* small pile. There are three more mouths at home, but she (I mean my wife) makes the salary go to the end of the week very well.

It seems like a dream to look back on the time past, and see the old man in his chair, smoking his pipe, and listening to the bit o' news out of a paper more than a week old. Ah! he was opposed to anything theatrical, "tooth and nail." Wouldn't have seen me talking to a play-actor, in case I might have caught the infection; well, he didn't live to see me in the "general utility" line, that's a shock he was spared.

There were no music-halls when I first started; if there had been, I do not suppose I should have joined the travelling company. I had a tidy voice at that time, and, if I could have got a good comic song written, I should have only had to put on a ridiculous dress; then I should have stood a better chance. Why do I not do it now? Too late, sir. My salary, as I have said before, is not very great, and my wardrobe is not very flourishing; but utility is my line, sir—"general utility"—and I expect that I must go on making myself generally useful till the "baize" falls.

I had a long apprenticeship in the country. Pieces changed every night; that is the time to try your study. "Practice makes perfect," they say; but when you come to play a dozen pieces a week, there is no mistake about the practice; but as to being perfect, you had better ask the prompter.

Yet, mind you, there is a sort of charm about the "uninterrupted chain of novelty" business, (that is what they call it in the bills.) Why? Well, I will tell you. I have played in a piece for more than two hundred nights. I had to go on when it was nearly over, and take a letter, which caused a good deal of excitement, to the leading man; and when he asked me if "the Lady Leonora had entrusted it to my care?" I had to reply, "She did, my lord." "There's for thy pains," he said, and, giving me the usual coin, waived me off. That was my part for two hundred and odd nights, and it almost knocked me over. But what annoyed me still worse was that after the run of this successful piece the governor puts up *Pizarro* and *Rob Roy*, all the utility parts of which I know backwards. I do not believe in that year I had a chance of studying half a dozen parts.

My wife was on the stage before we were married; but now, what with the children and looking to my collars and lace ruffles for "ball-room scenes" and "evening parties," she could hardly have the time to study, even if I asked for the double engagement.

My eldest girl, somehow or other, took a liking to the boards very early; she'd been reading over my parts and a few permitted books of published plays that I picked up a bargain. When poor Harry Collins, our "second heavy man," died, he only left an old father behind him, who soon melted Harry's little stock of "props," and the books came to me; but I was going to say about my girl Ellen, (we always call her Nell at home.) I never shall forget how pleased that child was when I came home one day from rehearsal, and told her that Old Burton, the stage manager, was in a fix for a girl to play in *Belphegor*, and I said that I had come to take her to the theatre. She put on her bonnet, and I think she wanted to have a "bus" to the stage-door.

She read the part beautifully at rehearsal, and at night I stood as near the wing as a "general utility" man is allowed, and I heard the governor say to the stage-manager, "I say, Burton, that girl's playing that part remarkably well;" and so she did, for the woman at the pit told me the next night that she made the people cry in the second act; and when I went home and told Nelly that, she laughed and drew herself up, "Ah!" said she, "we must have bills out next week, with our name in larger type, and we must speak about raise of salary."

She has got on wonderfully since then. She's in America now "starring," and writes home about "dollars;" well, she's a good girl, though I say it, and industrious, for she's studied her profession, and kept to it from nigh the bottom of the ladder. I'm proud to say she never did go on without having something to speak, not that I have anything to say against the ballet. I've seen too many instances of hard-working girls taking home their little earnings to poor parents for that. There are exceptions, I know, in this as well as in other professions, but perhaps not quite so many.

I have been at the theatre where I am now for three years, but before that time I was out of an engagement sometimes for a month or two. I went one summer into the provinces, leaving my wife in our old lodgings with the younger children. I joined half a dozen others, who were taking the very small theatres, and, as it was out of the season at the places we went to, the proprietor was glad to let us open and take two-thirds of the receipts for his rent, printing, and gas. We managed to live somehow. I remember I played "Macbeth" for my benefit, and when I came at night, the woman who cleaned the stage gave me a letter, and when I opened it there was a sovereign fixed in a card, and a few words inside the envelope asking me to reserve the front row in the boxes; you may guess that I was rather excited, for there was no name mentioned.

Well, I dressed for the part; it was not such a bad make-up, for I had seen some of the best on the stage. I won't say much about the dress; I remember I was not pleased with it after receiving the sovereign.

I came down to look through the curtain to see if there was any one in the house, and was surprised to see a good gallery and a very decent pit. I had not expected it, for there was a pony race and jumping in sacks in a field near the theatre, but, as it was raining fast, the presence of my patrons was explained.

Seven o'clock. Prompter rang the bell. Up went the curtain. The first and second scenes passed over. Scene third.—Enter Banquo, followed by Macbeth. 'Good reception for a utility man. I did not look at the audience, but closed my eyes as I bowed. I came down for my first soliloquy, and, when I turned my eyes towards the centre, there was my Nelly, with her mother and her sister Jessie, sitting in the reserved seats. The mystery of the sovereign was revealed, and, strange to say, her presence seemed to give me more power. The good girl never laughed at me during the whole performance, and, when I was killed and the curtain fell, she came round to me in the dressing-room, and giving me a kiss, said "You're a dear old bad actor, that you are."

That was the only time I went beyond "general utility," and she often reminds me of it in her letters.

I'm very comfortable at present. A few months since, though, I was a little vexed. I can hardly tell you the reason. I can't explain why it should trouble me, but the fact is I wanted to go to Stratford-on-Avon, but there was a misunderstanding between the governor and the committee, and our company didn't go down.

A SCENE AT POMPEII.

SIGNOR FIORELLI had frequently observed hollows in the hard volcanic matter, in which were found human bones or fragments of charred wood occasionally mixed with ivory and bronze ornaments. The happy idea occurred to him of pouring liquid plaster into these hollows—in fact, using them as a sculptor would a mould. The result far exceeded his expectations. Among the first casts that he thus obtained were those of four human beings. They are now preserved in a room at Pompeii, and more ghastly and painful, yet deeply interesting and touching objects it is difficult to conceive. We have death itself moulded and cast—the very last struggle, the final agony brought before us. They tell their story with a horrible dramatic truth that no sculptor could ever reach. They would have furnished a thrilling episode to the accomplished author of the *Last Days of Pompeii*.

These four persons had perished in the street. They had remained within the shelter of their homes until the thick black mud began to creep through every cranny and chink. Driven from their retreat, they sought to flee when it was too late. The streets were already buried deep in the loose pumice stones which had been falling for many hours in unremitting showers, and which reached almost to the windows of the first floor. These victims of the eruption were not found together, and they do not appear to have belonged to the same family or household. The most interesting of the casts is that of two women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to be tranquilly on her side. Overcome by the noxious gases she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm drops loosely. On one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen; she seems, poor thing, to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clinched in agony. In one hand she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arm to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garment may be traced and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals. At some distance from this group lay a third woman. She appears to have been about twenty-five years of age and to have belonged to a better class than the other two. On one of her fingers were two silver rings and her garments were of a finer texture. Her linen head-dress, falling over her shoulders like that of a matron in a Roman statue, can still be distinguished. She had fallen on her side, overcome by the heat and gases; but a terrible struggle seems to have preceded her last agony. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clenched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the soft and yielding mud that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good housewife, forgotten her keys, after having probably locked up her stores before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

The fourth cast is like that of a man of the people, perhaps a common soldier. He is of almost colossal size. He lies on his back, his arms extended by his side and his feet stretched out, as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death like a brave man. His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin and tight-fitting breeches, of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked; the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even a part of the moustache adheres to the plaster.

The importance of Signor Fiorelli's discovery may be understood from the results we have described. It may furnish us with many curious particulars as to the dress and domestic habits of the Romans, and with many an interesting episode of the last day of Pompeii. Had it been made at an earlier period we might, perhaps, have possessed the perfect cast of the family of Diomedes, as they clung together in their last struggle, and of other victims whose remains are now mingled together in the bone-house.—*London Quarterly.*

TO A GENT.

BELIEVE me, if all those ridiculous charms
Which I see on your watchguard to-day,
Were to-morrow locked up at the Lombardy Arms,
Thine uncle's advance to repay,
Thou wouldst still look the snob which this moment thou art,
(Let thy vanity think what it will,)
For those blazing-red buttons, that shirt front so smart,
And those studs, prove thy gentishness still.

MY FIRST DEAL IN HORSE-FLESH.

WHEN the Pet began to kneel and use her beseeching eyes, I knew full well that, although I may pretend to make a fight, tho battle was really finished.

"But," I said, "I really don't think, Beaty, that it's quite consistent in a country parson's daughter to go scampering about the country on horseback. You know how censorious people are. There are the Misses ———"

Pet put her hand upon my mouth at once, tossed back the bush of golden, silken hair from either cheek, and held up her finger,—

"Now, that is all nonsense, papa dear; besides, you know you are always talking about Mr. Kingsley and the value of muscular Christianity, and plunder his ideas for Sunday use sometimes," she said, screwing up her violet eyes in the most comical manner; "and now that you have an opportunity of putting these ideas in practice, you put me off with what the Misses ——— will say. Is it fair, now, sir, that you men-folk should keep all the muscular Christianity to yourselves, and not a spare bit to the women-folk?"

This was touching me hard, so I gave in at once.

"But supposing, Beaty, we could find you this fancy steed you talk about——"

"Supposing, papa!—there is no supposing about the matter. All you are asked to do is to find the money, and I'll find the dear delightful little horse; so that's settled. And you know it will be a positive saving, papa; for that beautiful habit of mamma's, which cost thirty-five guineas, will be perfectly destroyed by the moths, unless it is taken out and worn; so, you see, the cost of the horse will be more than saved, after all."

I did not see the cogency of the argument, it is true; but who ever thought of arguing with Beaty when she looked you through with her large and fathomless violet eyes? At least, not her papa; and possibly another, one of these days, will feel inclined to forget his logic also.

Beaty was as good as her word. One morning, at breakfast, she came running up with the *Times*, and, throwing herself down on her knees, in the old cuddling, irresistible fashion, exclaimed, "I've found him! I believe my good fairy has put this advertisement in on purpose to please me;" and she began to read:

TO BE SOLD, a HORSE OF GREAT BEAUTY, late the property of a deceased Gentleman. He is a beautiful Bay, with Black Legs, by *Emilius*, perfectly quiet to ride and drive, and has carried a Lady. Apply, before 10 A. M., at —— Mews.

"There, papa, if you are a good boy, you shall have a ride sometimes; and he will do for pic-nics, and to drive you over to Grimsby, where that tiresome old vicar always wants you to do duty for him. Did you ever hear of such a perfect animal!"

"Softly, Miss Beatrice," I said; "I am afraid all this is too good to be true. I shall be quite satisfied if he carries you."

"Now, then, dear papa, see that you go early, as such an animal is sure to be snapped up directly in Loudon, where a good horse is always worth his money."

I took the morning train the very next day, after many injunctions that I must on no account let the "horse of great beauty" slip through my fingers. I arrived at the mews in question at the appointed time. It was situated in a very quiet and respectable neighborhood, and was in itself a very orderly-looking place. Why do grooms take such pride in the windows of their sleeping-rooms? Every other window that I looked at was fenced in with a mimic five-barred gate, the palings painted white and the five-barred gate green. No doubt, these are but an expression of the country taste of the country-bred lads who come up to town to seek their fortunes and sink down into the cunning grooms one meets with at the corners of streets in May Fair, plotting treason against their masters with the corn-chandler. I asked in vain, for a long time, for the handsome horse, but no one seemed to know anything about him. At last I was told to apply at a particularly quiet and orderly-looking stable, where my informant told me he had "heerd of such a hoss" as I was looking for. Accordingly I knocked, but there was no answer. Tired of repeatedly knocking, I at last took the liberty of opening the door and walking in. The only person visible was a venerable-looking groom, who was engaged in cleaning a horse. "Wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," went the rheumatic old man, either not hearing me enter or not deigning to take any notice of me, whilst intently engaged upon his duties. He was dressed in an old purple plush waistcoat, with old silver buttons with a crest upon them, and his neck was incased in a neatly-pinned white cravat. Evidently he belonged to some old household, where a certain traditional dress was maintained, even reaching to the stable-man. There was something in the old man that spoke of better days, and I was at once prepossessed in his favor. At last, as he took no notice of me, I went up closer to him, and asked if that was the horse that was advertised in the *Times* for sale; but the only response that he made was the same "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," his body bent quite double. At last, thinking he might be deaf, I slapped him gently on the back, on which he slowly rose to his full height, adjusted his footing in a very rickety manner and exclaimed:

"Yes, sir, they be, worse luck, and I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em," and immediately renewed his eternal "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," as though he considered it an intrusion on my part to interrupt him in his duties.

"Come," I said to myself, "I must mollify this crusty, sterling old retainer, or I shall get nothing out of him. He evidently takes me for a Cockney." I tried what effect a shilling would have upon him, and immediately found that his country bluntness was no proof against the charm; in fact, he became quite communicative.

"Yes, gemman," he said, resuming for good his upright position, as well as his rheumatics would let him, "all these 'ere hosses in this stable is to be sold, and, as I said before, I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em. They have all been under my hands ever since they was foaled. They are, or was, the property of Squire —— of —— Hall, in Northamptonshire, God bless him. He has now been dead three months, and his hosses was as much to him as his own childer. They tells me as how he left it in his will that they was to be sold without reserve, by his dear old friend, Squire ——, but they was only to go into good hands. If a good home was offered to 'em, the price was to be no consideration. He was a merciful man to his beasts, was t'ould squire."

The old man, like an old horse, began to warm to his work, and he took me round the stables, with that peculiar loose hobble which grooms somehow acquire in the stable.

"Ah! that were the master's own hoss," he exclaimed, affectionately patting an old hunter, "and this 'ere one carried the missus; she were a rare comely lady, and wanted some good stuff to be up to her weight, she did; and this was the pony that the young squire as was to be, used to ride, only he died; and poor master, he took on so about it, I do believe it was the death on him."

"And this one," said I, espying the bay with the black legs.

"Ah! sir," he said, "now you have hit it. I see you baint a bad judge of hosses. I see this ain't the first time you have had to do wi' 'em."

"Well," thought I to myself, "if this excellent old man wants to be sold with the lot, I won't object. He's just the sterling trurtworthy old man I would like to trust my little Beaty to."

It would almost seem as though the old servitor divined my thoughts, for he said:

"Ain't he handsome as paint, sir? That was he as carried Miss Grace, she as is dead and gone now, sir, wi' her first babe. Lord, sir, the whole village used to come out to see Miss Grace a-riding, and I scarcely knowed which looked the handsomest, she or this 'ere hoss;" and the old man rubbed his eyes with his sleeve.

I stopped for a moment, and whilst I appeared to be busy looking over the animals, I was thinking to myself what a wide difference there was between servants. Here was an old fellow, as rough and as dirty, to all outward appearance, as the bark of a tree, yet as tender-hearted as a child. What a contrast, I thought, to the "spick-and-span-new" grooms of the present day, whose only thought is, how they can do the animals out of their oats! There can be no doubt here, I thought, of the rare service of the antique world. This is one of the good old servants we used to hear our fathers talk about.

To return to business, however, the "horse of great beauty" was in a loose box, which showed off his points to perfection. He was a small horse, splendidly groomed, and in superb condition. He was, in short, the ideal horse for my Beaty; and I flattered myself that she would look quite as becoming upon him as Miss Grace.

"I suppose Squire ——— will allow a trial and give a warranty with him," I said carelessly, and as a mere matter of form.

"In course," said the old man; "the conditions is, that anybody that is likely to suit may have him as long as they like, to try 'un, and if they don't like 'un they have only to bring 'un back and have their money."

Nothing could be more straightforward.

"When will Squire ——— be here?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I did hear tell that he had to attend a Bible meeting, at Exeter Hall, and that he might look in as he came by, about one; but, Lord bless'e, sir, the kind of gemmen as goes to the hall don't take no count of hoss-flesh; and all he cares about is, that they shall get into some kind hand as likes hosses. Besides, sir, he don't much care about selling this 'ere one, as he thinks he has a friend who will take the lot."

"Very well, John," I said, liking the look of the affair more and more, "I will be here at one."

At the appointed time I was at the stable, and, fortunately, the squire looked in.

He saw me, but took not the slightest notice of my presence, but conversed with the old groom in an undertone, and was evidently giving some directions to him about one of the animals. He was on the point of going away, when the old groom hinted to me that that was the squire, and if I had anything to say I had better make haste, as he was off again to an afternoon prayer-meeting at the hall.

Having apologised for my intrusion, I at once explained the object of my visit; and, as I did so, I could not help remarking the appearance of the squire and executor. He was dressed in black, and wore a white cravat, with an old-fashioned deep frill to his shirt, and gave me the idea of belonging to one of the learned professions—either a clergyman or physician of the old school; there was a leanness about his face, too, which gave him the air of an ascetic, but that his nimble eyes somewhat belied that character.

The principal gave me the same story about the horses as the old groom. He should be glad to get them off his hands, if he could find a good master for them; and, really, he knew very little about horses, and the charge of them interfered with business on which he had come up to town, which, he gave me to understand, was to attend the May meetings. At the same time, he felt it his duty to attend to the last wishes of his old friend, who was, he thought, a little sentimental about his horses, but these weaknesses were just the things that ought to be respected. He said this very carelessly, as though he were talking to himself rather than to me.

Everything was so fair and above-board, that I determined to conclude the deal at once.. I felt I was in such highly respectable hands, that I thought it would look like an insult to ask for a trial before paying, especially as I was to have a written warranty.

Just by way of airing him, he was trotted up and down the yard; and he certainly went superbly, with fine high action, and with eyes full of courage.

The money was paid, and the stamped warranty was given, and I directed the groom to send him to my own stable in town, and returned by the evening train to the rectory.

"Well, papa, what about the horse?" were the first words with which I was greeted by Miss Beaty.

"Well, my darling, it really is a superb creature, and will become you mightily."

"Didn't I tell you, papa," said she, kissing me, "that it would turn out well? You know I have a kind of presentiment about these things. You know I always get just what I want, just in the nick of time."

"Well, well, my dear, we shall see," I replied, pleased with myself and her also.

The next morning, on returning to town, I thought that, just for form's sake, I would have his paces tried by a good rider, before ordering him to be sent home. Accordingly, I got a groom from a neighboring mews. After giving my new purchase a good feed of corn, the groom mounted him. He certainly did not start very well; he swerved right round to begin with.

"He was only having a bit of play," the groom said, "after his corn."

He was trotted up and down, and the groom thought that, with regular work, he would go very well. At the same time, he gave "the office," as it is termed, to a fellow-groom that was standing by. Presently he said the horse had suddenly hurt his foot on a stone; and he certainly flinched with one foot whenever it was brought down on the hard road. It was very provoking; besides, why should the groom have winked in the way he did? It was all right, of course; but, perhaps, it would be but fair to have the opinion of a "vet." at once, instead of waiting for the three weeks' stipulated trial.

Accordingly, the "vet." was sent for, and came.

The moment he entered the stable, he gave the same comical sort of grin the groom had done.

"Ah! an old acquaintance," he exclaimed.

"Impossible," I said, somewhat hurt at his familiarity; "he has just come out of Northamptonshire."

"At all events, I have seen him bought and sold, over and over again, at Aldridge's," he rejoined.

"Why, he was late the property of Squire —— of —— Hall," I said, in amazement.

"Very good," replied the "vet.;" "but if you will be kind enough to inspect his near forefoot, you will find a sand-crack—a split hoof—very cleverly disguised with colored wax."

I did look at his foot, as desired; and there was the crack, so artfully filled up that I never should have discovered it myself.

"Why, I know the horse to be dead-lame," said the "vet.," "and there is no cure for it."

Dear me, how my old friend, the groom, must have been deceived; but, at least, I had a written warranty, and I determined to see him again.

The old groom was busy as before, "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss." I told him what I had discovered, but he was as calm and stolid as ever.

"Well, you know, gemman, what Squire —— said. If you don't like 'un, return 'nn, and there's your money for you."

I almost felt indignant with the "vet." for creating any suspicion on my mind as to the transaction; and I mildly communicated to him, when I next saw him, my belief that the very respectable vendor was perfectly innocent in the matter, and that my money was quite safe.

"If you send back the horse," he replied, "you will never see either it or your money again. Take my advice, and send him to the next sale at Aldridge's, and put up with the first loss."

Against my will, I was at length convinced, and the "horse of great beauty" was knocked down for seven pounds. I am ashamed to say how much I gave for him; but let that pass. I have every reason to believe that he fell into the old hands, to whom, in fact, he was a regular annuity. I see the same advertisement appearing at regular intervals in the *Times*, and I have no manner of doubt that the old groom, the old physician, and the "horse of great beauty," with the wax-dressed hoof, go through their parts, during the season, with as much success and aplomb as on the occasion when I was the audience and the victim.

What Beaty said to me when I got home, and how I twitted her about her presentiment, it is not necessary to repeat. But this I know, the very respectable horse-coper must bait his hook with something different from a "horse of great beauty" before he gets another bite from the

COUNTRY PARSON.

FEMALE VALUES.—The degraded position of women in China is well known. Nothing so much astonishes a Chinaman, who visits European and American merchants at Hongkong, as the deference which is paid to the ladies, and the position which they occupy in society. The servants even express their disgust to see ladies take their seats at the same table with gentlemen, wondering how men can so far forget their dignity. A few years ago a young English merchant was accompanied by his youthful bride to Hongkong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight on her movements. When she at length left the room, the mandarin said to the husband, in his imperfect English: "What you give for that wifey of yours?" "Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousands dollars." This our merchant thought would appear to the Chinaman a rather high figure, but he was mistaken. "Well," said the mandarin, taking out his purse, with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to me, I give you five thousand dollar." It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed or amused; but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer, with as much placidity as he could assume. The mandarin, however, continued pressing, and went as high as seven thousand dollars. The merchant, who had no previous notions of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that Englishmen never sold their wives after they once came in possession of them—an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his spouse, when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the mandarin had offered him seven thousand dollars for her.

IF he [Sir James Mackintosh] had to write on Pepper, he would say: "Pepper may philosophically be discussed as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than dirt, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.—*Sydney Smith.*

A BIRMINGHAM boy being asked whether some drillings which he offered at a shop were good, replied: "Yes, I saw father make them this morning."

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City of all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publicotion.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 728 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

CALIFORNIANS IN THE EAST.

THE number of Californians who voluntarily return from the Eastern States after accomplishing the long-cherished anticipation of "going home," is worthy of remark. Letters written by others, who have settled down beside their old hearthstones, show an ill-concealed yearning after their former pioneer home, or open dissatisfaction with their present location. No matter how deep his home affections, or how great the privation or bad fortune encountered here; no matter how pleasant the greeting of old friends or the enchantment of old scenes, the Californian's heart still yearns towards his western encampment. His soul is with the young Empire whose birth he saw, and whose growth he nurtured with a fostering hand. Travellers say that the cosmopolitan wanderer feels a strange longing to revisit the scenes of his wanderings, though at the close of a restless lifetime, and in this fascination may be found some explanation for the feeling.

The changed aspect which the war has produced in affairs may offer another explanation. But there are reasons which underlie all these. Though the Californian's life was said to be delusive, when the adventurer's first imaginings were cooled to actual realities, those realities were still above the level of Atlantic life. It was easy for him to learn that gold is not generally found in huge boulders upon the earth's surface, and that fortunes were not usually achieved in three months' labor; but it is difficult for the returned Californian to forget that work, such as he sees the day laborer perform for one dollar and a half, has yielded him a return of five or six dollars, in the glittering metal. If he enters into business again, the profit seem to him small and insignificant, even from his lowest California standard. He knows that for practical purposes, a certain sum in the Atlantic States is equivalent to a larger one in California; but though he can reduce his actual cash to the smallest circulating medium, he cannot readily change his California ideas to a practical currency. Socially, he is again at a disadvantage. The ceremoniousness of a long-settled community cannot agree with the free fellowship of his pioneer intercourse. It is said to be easy for man in the highest civilization to return to a state of nature; it is comparatively easy for an untutored savage to progress to a high state of refinement; but the civilized and enlightened man who has tasted the freedom of untrammelled intercourse finds it difficult to forego its allurements. In his matured experience he does not care to go again to school. He makes no allowance for the flight of Time, whose wing has merely fanned him in the excitement of a feverish dream. He cannot take up the thread of prosaic history after the episode of adventure. He is tormented like Sinbad, with a marvellous desire even in the midst of competence; and the spell of a Calypsian climate is over him still. He misses the equable serenity of the half-year summers, the clear exhilarating atmosphere, and the graceful yield of a spontaneous soil. Pinched by frosts in his Atlantic retirement, he looks back longingly to the warm rains that mark the winter of his old Pacific home; restless and perspiring through the sultry summer night in his Eastern dwelling, his fancy follows the setting sun to the cool starlit nights of his beloved Californiа.

The Yosemite-Washoe Collision.—This event, which so excited the public to the detriment of Captain Poole's reputation some six weeks since, has been the subject of official investigation by the Government Inspectors of Boilers and Hulls, and they state that "the fault was wholly with the pilot of the steamer *Washoe*," thus proving that the great popular verdict was again in the wrong boat. In steamboats, as in men, in cases of collision, the smaller has universally the popular sympathy, and as universally gets the worst of the collision. Steamboats in approaching each other have their well-defined rules of navigation, as universal as the "turn to the right" rule of the road, which, it appears from the evidence, the *Washoe* violated, and came near achieving at the same time a niche among the popular martyrs by her very transgression.

United States Branch Mint.—The following are the deposits, and localities from whence they were received, at the Branch Mint in this city during the month of August: Idaho Territory, 33,892.35 ozs.; California, 27,284.72 ozs.; Oregon, 6,208.69 ozs.; British Columbia, 1,577.53 ozs.; South America, 49.85 ozs.; foreign coin, 170.12 ozs.; China, 52.68 ozs. The coinage for the month has been: Silver, 123,000 pieces, worth $39,000; gold, 58,500 pieces, worth $1,170,000. Totals: 181,500 pieces; value, $1.209,000.

Too Late.—No 2 of "Our Club" will find place in our next issue.

FASHION IN SAN FRANCISCO, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY OUR FASHION EDITRESS.

FASHION is so capricious and tyrannical in her decrees that her votaries have long since ceased to wonder at or complain of them They content themselves by simply obeying them blindly and silently. Nearly always there is some show of reason in them, either in the ornamental or the useful way; but now and then she startles us by some invention, so absurd, so purposeless, so ungraceful, so unbecoming and so useless, that we cannot restrain our indignation. We murmur, we rebel, we resist until resistance only makes us conspicuous, and then we end by succumbing. We confess to ourselves that we might just as well have yielded gracefully in the beginning. We all remember, when hoops first came into fashion, how many of us declared and vowed that nothing should ever tempt us to wear them. We all know how much was said against them, what a regular crusade was waged upon them, how they were preached at from the pulpit, thundered at from the press, caricatured by picture-makers, ridiculed by the men. What was the consequence? Let us look from our windows and answer, How few there are, even at this late day, who dare appear without them? When Fashion grows weary of them she will issue her mandate, and "they will fold up their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away."

Twelve months ago, Fashion grew suddenly scientific, and plunged at once into all the mysteries of entomology and natural history. She covered herself all over with bugs of various kinds—beetles, and caterpillars, and butterflies, and snails, and speckled snakes, and horned frogs, and birds'-nests, and humming-birds. We read of one fashionable lady who went to a court ball bewreathed with beetles; another was covered with a swarm of Spanish flies, and glistened all over with green and gold; another was adorned with swallows, with outspread wings, on her shoulders, on her head, on her feet, all over her dress; while still another wore the stuffed figures of rabbits and partridges, and other small game suspended from her girdle and bordering her robe. We have seen the gauze dresses of the fair Cubans spangled all over with quivering fire-flies, shining like twinkling stars through rifts of fleecy clouds, and we thought it very pretty and poetical; but we can see no beauty in dragon-flies and black beetles.

This year Fashion has a new hobby: Jackets! Jackets with long tails, jackets with short tails, and jackets with no tails at all; large jackets and small jackets—but always jackets. The height of the mode at present is the Incroyable, the most ungraceful and unbecoming garment we have ever seen adopted by the sex. It looks very much as if a woman had put on her husband's swallow-tailed coat by mistake. They are decidedly more suggestive of pantaloons than petticoats for their accompaniment; yet they are beginning to be adopted by the ultra-fashionables, and we dare say will be very generally worn. They are made of many materials, merinos and cashmeres, and cloth and silk; even delicate India and Swiss muslins, ornamented with lace and ribbons, are put into requisition for them. We have seen several in black Thibet cloth lined with silk and trimmed with drop buttons and guipure lace, which were very much admired. They can be worn with skirts of any other color, and have the advantage of being always ready. When made of the same material as the dress they are less conspicuous, and consequently in better taste. These jackets are so fashionable in Paris that no dress is considered complete without them. They are worn in evening dress, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves either of the same material as the dress or of colored velvet, or silk over tulle and muslin skirts. Sashes are made to imitate them, the ends of the wide ribbon being sloped and fastened together behind with rosettes of laces and fancy buttons. The graceful little bolerinos still obtain favor in the eyes of the young and *petite*. They display the figure to great advantage, without being exactly tight, and they increase the height of the wearer—an effect not to be disregarded by those to whom Nature has been niggard in the way of inches. Nothing can be prettier or more youthful than these jaunty little jackets, with their soft, white muslin habit-shirts puffing through the slashed sleeves and showing like a fleecy cloud around the throat and bosom, with the long, broad loose sash floating down from beneath them to the very hem of the dress behind.

Hats in endless variety continue to be worn. They are all pretty in their way. As the old toper said of his favorite beverage, "One kind of whisky may be better than another kind, but there is none of it bad." So some hats may be prettier than others, but none of them are ugly. The small round hat with upturned brim, which created such a *furore* in Europe three years ago—the most becoming, the most stylish, as well as the most useless head-dress ever invented—is still occasionally to be seen, always attracting attention by the *distingué* air which it imparts to the wearer. The prevalent style, however, seems to be the Huguenot or Cavalier hat of silk or beaver, ornamented with feathers and long cords and tassels floating over the shoulders. For the country and for watering places, straw hats, with brims wide enough to shade the face, are worn. These are usually trimmed with box-plaits of ribbon standing up in the form of a ruche in front. A narrow ribbon of some becoming color box-plaited under the edge of the brim relieves the plainness, and gives a certain degree of lightness and elegance. Bonnets are always worn for visiting, for full dress, and for church. They are growing beautifully less, day by day—the sides press close against the cheeks and temples, and allow of only a moderate amount of trimming over the face. A few curtainless bonnets have made their appearance, but the style is as yet so new that few have dared to venture upon it. Doubtless, in time it will become universal, especially if the fashion of wearing the hair in waterfalls continues. The skirts of dresses when composed of rich, heavy materials, are made plain, with perhaps a scalloped edge—they are very long and full, and should be always gored. There is nothing new in the way of mantles and cloaks—winter wrappings have not yet made their appearance, even in the fashion-plates.

The climate of San Francisco is so peculiar that we have often wondered why ladies did not adopt some particular style of dress exactly suited to it. The fierce winds which prevail here for at least six months out of the twelve, render it almost impossible for a lady to walk in any comfort when arrayed in the distended hoops and trailing skirts of the present fashion. Some modification of the "Bloomer" will perhaps, in course of time, come to be adopted, but it will take a long time to overcome the popular prejudice against it. When ladies used to cross the Isthmus on mules, "Bloomers" were quite the fashion, and for country-walking, sight-seeing, climbing mountains and riding on horseback through thick woods, they are still in favor. We remember during the muddy, rainy winter of '51–'52, that an effort was made to introduce them here. One or two heroic women, with the fortitude of martyrs, arrayed themselves in trousers and tunics, and made their appearance upon the streets; but they were subjected to so much disagreeable notice that they had not the courage to persist. Yet nothing could have been better suited to the climate and the streets of San Francisco twelve years ago than the "Bloomer" dress. Ladies who could stay at home seldom or never ventured out, and those who were obliged to go out did so in fear and trembling. From Bush to Sacramento and Clay streets and back again was the business of a day. The streets were great sloughs of soft mud, dotted with little pools of muddy water of unknown depths. It was impossible to cross without sinking into the mud above one's boots, and the apologies for side-walks were not much better. A pretty little friend of ours stood on the corner of Montgomery and California streets, fairly appalled by the muddy tide which flowed between her and the opposite side. She made several attempts to cross, but the mud was so deep and she was so small that she still hesitated, wondering how she should get across, when suddenly a great rough man, in a red flannel shirt and diamond brooch, rushed through the mud, seized her gently in his arms, deposited her safely on the opposite side, and disappeared before she had time to express her astonishment. Boots were a blessing then, and men laughed at the muddy streets which were such a bugbear to us, and crossed dry-shod without any greater miracle than a pair of water-proofs. It was the fashion then to wear the boots on the outside of the pantaloons, and we have never seen the men of San Francisco look so handsome as they did on the first of January, '52, when they made their New Year visits in that becoming costume. Many of the streets were impassable for carriages. We can close our eyes and see a vision of Stockton street as it appeared in those days. It was then the most fashionable street for residences. A great black highway, defined by irregular sidewalks, the channel, a mass of sluggish mud filled with the wrecks of broken vehicles. There was not a spot free from mud whereon one could set a foot. There happened to be about that time a candidate for Street Commissioner, whose name (we think) was Divier; and we remember that over one of these unfathomable mud-pools some wag had put up a huge poster with the notice "For Street Commissioner, Dive'ere," which was a very fair local pun for those days.

We complain of the summer winds now, but the ladies of modern San Francisco have very little idea of the high winds which we used to have in the early days, before the great lines of brick houses which now offer such a barrier to their progress were built. Then they used to sweep over the city unhindered, dashing around corners, rushing through the streets, blinding the unfortunate pedestrians with sand and dust, knocking their hats off their heads, and snatching their parasols out of their hands, and, in some instances, blowing the skirts of their dresses over their heads. We were standing one day with a lady before one of Austin's windows in Sacramento street, when a sudden gust of wind came rushing by. We heard a smothered groan from our companion, and, turning, saw her struggling to extricate herself from the folds of her black silk dress, which was fluttering in the wind high above her head. She looked so like an hour-glass, half white and half black, that we could not help laughing at her, while at the same time we pitied her distress.

Sanitary Fund.—The Executive Committee acknowledge receipts since our last issue, as follows: From the Sanitary Cheese, $559 87; from the *Camanche*, $400 20; from fruit sold at the Industrial Fair, $44; from San Francisco, $145. Total, $1,149 07.

The heart that is at once softened by gratitude and the tear of joy will show its thankfulness in this at least, that it will be milder towards others.

SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE POETS.

NUMBER ONE.

NORTH BEACH—After Spenser.

LO! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws
Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide,
No more the home where joy and wealth repose,
But now where wassailers in cells abide.
See yon long quay that stretches far and wide,
Well known to citizens as wharf of Meiggs,
There each sweet Sabbath walks in maiden pride
The pensive Margaret, and brave Pat, whose legs
Encased in broadcloth oft keep time with Peg's.

Here cometh oft the tender nursery maid,
While in her ear her love his tale doth pour;
Meantime her infant doth her charge evade,
And ramhleth sagely on the sandy shore,
Till the sly sea-crab, low in ambush laid,
Seizeth his leg and hiteth him full sore.
Ah me! what sounds the shuddering echoes bore,
When his small treble mixed with Ocean's roar.

Hard by, there stands an ancient hostelrie,
And at its side a garden, where the bear,
The stealthy catamount, and coon, agree
To work deceit on all who gather there;
And when Augusta—that unconscious fair—
With nuts and apples plyeth Bruin free,
Lo! the green parrot claweth her back hair,
And the grey monkey grabbeth fruits that she
On her gay bonnet wears, and laugheth loud in glee!

ON A GREAT PUBLIC INSTITUTION.

A FASCINATION I cannot wholly account for has sometimes impelled me to visit a great public institution in this city, and to gaze upon the nervous, anxious crowd that throng its halls and staircases. This desire was the more remarkable, as the impression invariably left upon me, after each visit, was one of profound and depressing melancholy. But in the present instance I am governed by a sense of duty. A paper mysteriously left in my hand commands me to "appear and attend" before the Court of High Jinks for the city and county of San Francisco, to give evidence on the part of the plaintiff in the case of Richard Noakes *vs.* John Stiles. There is something so appalling and peculiar about this document, in which even my name looks unfamiliar and misspelled, in a space several sizes too large for it, that when I read it to my wife I find it difficult to disabuse her mind of the impression that it is only a preliminary to my immediate trial and incarceration for some capital offence. I cannot recognize nor call up the well-known features of my dear friend Dick Noakes in the sentence, "whereof Richard Noakes is plaintiff," although we have often spoken on this subject, and I have promised to tell all I know about that little stock transaction which brought about this lawsuit. Visiting thus, enpanoplied by the law, he is no longer a concrete individual whom I esteem, but an abstract Noakes, with a claim for justice, before whom I fear and tremble.

If I could only be allowed to tell the story my own way; if I could talk confidentially to the Judge, and relate to him some incidents of Noakes' early career; if I could be allowed to illustrate my story with an anecdote without being told it was irrelevant; if I could quote Rochefoucauld without being checked by the remark that the Court did not wish to hear what Rochefoucauld had said, I feel that I could help Richard. But, alas! I know how it will be. My friendship will subject me to suspicion. I shall be asked my name with an emphasis that will suggest my having indulged in a dozen aliases. I shall be openly accused of complicity with Noakes. That lameness of statement which naturally fills the mouth of friendship in a court of law is "flat perjury." Already I feel myself incompetent; but when the day comes, I stand, nervous too soon, in the doorway of the great public institution.

Like all great public institutions its design is consistent with a general idea of private discomfort; that being the manner in which architects, in all ages, have shown the distinction between public and private buildings. Ventilation is effected by exhausted receivers in the chambers and court room and thorough drafts in the halls and passages. The basement story is low, as though crushed by the superincumbent weight of the upper stories, or as if the speeches of counsel and the opinions of bench above were really too much for the building. As I glance through the iron grating to my right, I see a number of miserable men and women listlessly walking about, with head and shoulders bent and bowed as though they were wretched caryatides who supported the tottering fabric of the law overhead. Here they were, true progenitors of those mythical personages, John Doe and Richard Roe. Here were the real foundations of the great public institution; here was nourished the roots of that goodly tree whose earliest leaves were suits, complaints and summonses—whose later blossoms were judgments and executions—but whose final fruits were deceitful as the apples by the Dead Sea shore. But my business lies higher up in its branches, and I turn away with a sigh of relief from the spectacle of so much vice and misery.

I cannot find the Court-room of High Jinks unaided, I venture to ask information of one of those guardians of the law who loiter outside the Police office. He is communicative, but detains me long enough to be able to identify me hereafter, having the opinion, (which obtains with his profession generally, I think), that mankind are, as a class, undetected criminals, against whom there is simply an insufficiency of legal evidence. As I pass the Police Court-room I cannot resist a survey of its noisome recesses—of wonder at the peculiar class of spectators, many of whom seem to be professionally related to the prisoners in the dock—and of admiration of the apathetic official who guards its entrance.

I reach the Court-room of High Jinks at last, and find a case in progress. I see a foreshadowing of my fate in an unhappy witness undergoing a rigid cross-examination, who has sunk from a pinnacle of self-confidence to the lowest depths of self-abasement, who smiles painfully and imploringly at the counsel, contradicts himself and is convicted of a thousand absurdities in the lawyer's skilful manipulation. He looks longingly at the open door as I enter, as if meditating a precipitate flight, but speedily relapses into a very limp state and rubs his perspiring palms together feebly. The cross-examination is resumed. He (the witness) has stated that he has seen the plaintiff a great many times? The witness, with great cheerfulness and some show of confidence, has said so. Has he seen him ten times? Oh, yes! Has he seen him twenty times? Yes. Thirty times? The witness has seen him thirty times. Has he seen him forty times? The witness—very damp about the forehead and imbecile in smile—has seen him forty times. Now, will the witness remember he is on his oath? has he seen the plaintiff *seventy-five* times? The witness, gasping for breath—thinks—no, is certain—he has seen the plaintiff seventy-five times. The counsel would recall to the witness his solemn obligations ere he asks the next question—has the witness seen the plaintiff in the case of Muff *vs.* Puff ONE HUNDRED times? The witness, breaking down, wouldn't like to say. The counsel wants but one answer: yes or no. No! Then what does the witness mean by saying he has seen the plaintiff a great many times? The crushed witness makes no audible reply to this perfectly logical and masterly deduction, and is mercifully permitted to slink away.

I meet Dick Noakes, but a mysterious gulf seems to have opened between us since the service of that subpœna. There is no longer a frank interchange of sentiment. I have been seriously thinking, aided by the scene just transcribed, whether the words I heard the defendant in the case of Noakes *vs.* Stokes, utter, were really those I had given Noakes to understand, and for which I was subpœnaed. Might I not have been mistaken? Nay, so worked upon am I by the diabolical influence of this great public institution, that I begin to doubt the justice of poor Noakes' claim. Perhaps he sees it in my face; perhaps he would have liked me to have thrown the doubt in his favor; perhaps in very magnanimity he fears I might be betrayed by friendship into misstatement—but, whatever he thinks, he conceals. He coldly tells me he will call me when I am wanted, and turns away. I walk to the corridor and try to divert my uneasy thoughts by watching the people collected there, or passing in and out of the Court-room. It is easy to detect the professional and unprofessional man, the client newly summoned and the experienced litigant, the fresh witness and the old frequenter of the stand. I am tired of meeting the triumphant leer on the face of strange suitors when new points are made in their favor, who in pardonable but unpleasant egotism imagine their suit observed of all others. I am tired of the bullyragging of witnesses. I lean over the iron railing, and, gazing into the court-yard below, fall into a reverie.

Imagine night coming on in this place. When the Court-rooms are deserted, and the porters have swept out the last scraps of paper torn up by the feverish fingers of anxious suitors and badgered witnesses; when the key of the Clerk's office is turned upon legal bundles, pigeon-holed and piled away, where John Doe and Richard Roe—those urbane children of the law—are tucked in bed and lie quietly at rest; when a footstep in the passage echoes through all the gloomy rooms and loses itself in the canopy over the Judge's bench; when the sound of wheels die away from without and the cold sea-fog fills the corridors; when the lights are turned off, and only a glimmer straggles into the Court from the basement where Vice and Misery never sleep, and where the festering roots of this deadly Upas tree suck the baleful night dews. At such an hour and in such a place, what is to keep the bodiless spectres of dead-and-gone clients—the wraiths of orphans robbed of their inheritance, the pale shadows of defrauded widows—from thronging these stairways? Why should not the spirits of dead men gather round the closed door of the Probate Court and clamor for that intent which the technicalities of the law have shamefully perverted? Lo! they crowd the staircase, they glide in and out of the passages, they fill the Court-room. Cases, long since decided by honorable and learned Judges in the flesh, are reversed before this shadowy tribunal. They take possession of the Clerk's office and the great books of record rustle with the touch of their unsubstantial fingers. They—

But a voice breaks my phantasy. The case is called and I am wanted. I enter the Court-room. The Clerk repeats the oath in a monotonous voice, and with something of this strange fancy still upon me, I rise to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

BRET.

EVERY human being, conscious of honest intention and of a kind heart, may well wish that the man who dislikes and abuses him could just know him.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

IN VIEW of the requirements of the advanced civilization on this coast, and the necessity of polite text-books and indigenous rules for social and elegant intercourse, THE CALIFORNIAN offers the following extracts from a new work shortly to be issued from this office, entitled:

THE CALIFORNIAN
COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

No. 1. *From a Mining Secretary.*

DEAR SIR.—You are hereby advised that, in consequence of delinquent assessments, ten (10) shares in the Dedbilque Mining Company, standing in your name, were yesterday *sold*.

Yours, etc., JOHN JONES, Secretary.

No. 2. *From a Stockholder.*

DEAR SIR.—I am in receipt of your communication stating that in consequence of delinquent assessments ten (10) shares of the Dedbilque Mining Company, standing in my name, were yesterday *sold*. In reply, I would state that the shares seem to have followed the example of the shareholder.

I am yours, JOHN BROWN.

No. 3. *From a Guardian.*

MY DEAR SNIGSBY.—I arrived yesterday per steamer from the East, having in charge your intended bride. The voyage was an exceedingly pleasant one. I found the lady all that your glowing fancy painted. Thoroughly convinced of the correctness of your taste and judgment, and yielding to her delicate instincts, which revolted at receiving protection from one who was not a relative, I proposed, was accepted, and married her myself on the passage up. This will account for the non-appearance of her name on the passenger list. I enclose cards; also, a draft on you for her passage-money, as per agreement. Very truly, your friend,

BREEZY COOL.

No. 4. *From an Editor to a Poet.*

DEAR SIR.—I have received your letter in which you state "you enclose a Poem," and offer a proposition for its publication. As I am unable yet to accede to the first of your propositions, I cannot enter into a consideration of the second.

I am yours, etc., JEFFERSON BRICK.

No. 5. *From a Lad at Boarding School to his Father in the City.*

DEAR FATHER.—I am getting on very finely with my studies, and the second Punic war occurred shortly after the death of Augustus, and in consequence of the defections of Aristophanes. The distance from the earth to the sun is over fifty billions of miles, and if you fired a shot from a cannon, it would take twenty thousand years to reach it. It is also slightly flattened at the poles. Dear Father, I swapped with Bill Fisher my watch for ten shares in the Jupiter Gammon Mining Company, and want you to send me some money to pay assessments. All the boys went to see a bull-fight last Saturday, but I stayed in. It is wrong to see bull-fights when you have no money to go in.

Your affectionate son, THOMAS.

ENOCH ARDEN.*

PENDING the more extended notice of this Poem which we design to offer in our next issue, we extract the following exquisitely beautiful lines descriptive of the island refuge of the shipwrecked sailor:

THE mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven
The slender cocoa's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-hellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watched or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

* Enoch Arden, and Other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

FEMININE FRANKNESS.—The best of women (I have heard my grandmother say) are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us; how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily are traps to cajole, elude, disarm—I don't mean in your coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness, and praise women for it; we call this pretty treachery truth. A good housewife is of necessity a humbug; and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked, as Potiphar was—only in a different way.—*Thackeray.*

MR. MARK LEMON'S JEST-BOOK.

A BOOK of this sort deserves support on much the same ground as Chelsea or Greenwich Hospital. When a joke has served its country meritoriously for a long time, it should not be allowed to go hobbling about society subsisting on charitable laughter. As a matter of public decency, it is right that there should be some honorable retreat for veteran jests, and the only possible one is a book which will keep them from the streets, lodge them becomingly, and, while it effectually saves them from being over-employed again on active service, preserve them as examples to excite a healthy emulation in the rising generation. Taking them out of circulation in this wholesale way is, it is true, rather hard upon those persons whose colloquial status depends on what is called "a fund of anecdote." When a joke or story has not appeared very conspicuously in priut, it may be made use of with some degree of decency. But the most hardened retailer will scarcely run the risk of being referred to the page at which the authorized version of his *mot* is to be found. To make a collection, therefore, like Mr. Mark Lemon's is to do an incalculable injury to many amiable gentlemen who are much esteemed in some circles for their powers of dinner-table-talk. It is actually taking the soup out of their mouths. We must not, however, allow such an objection to weigh with us, eveu though the sufferers should, like the Americau ladies, take to using their own manulactures.

Injustice, too, must necessarily be done to many very excellent old jokes. It would require a synod of editors to provide for all that deserve to be laid up in ordinary. Every one, Mr. Mark Lemon says, "will miss some pet jest," and of course the missing jest will be considered by each far better than anything in the volume—just as the old soldier of the parish is always the bravest and most battered and most ill-used man in the country, in the eyes of his co-parishioners. But we do not think the charge of being "miserably incomplete," which the compiler scems to auticipate, can be fairly brought against the present collection. Mr. Mark Lemon had, to be sure, special advantages for a task of this sort, but it is only fair to say that he has employed them so as to produce the fullest and best jest-book that has yet appeared.

If we venture to find fault with him at all, it is rather on the score of things he has done than of the things he has left undone. For instance, there was no occasion whatever for inserting such defunct facetiæ as the school-boy rhyme about Dido dumb, or the story of the organist and the bellows-blower, or one or two others that we might mention. It is all very well to give an asylum to old jokes, but it is quite another thing to open a dead-house. In many instances, too, the same joke is repeated, sometimes in the very same words. Thus the miser's saying, "Charity is a private concern; what I give is nothing to nobody," appears at page 48 and again at page 331. Another miserly dictum, that of Elwes about keeping servants, occurs twice, at page 10 and also at page 246. Lord North's reason for not following his brother's example in subscribing to the Ancient Concerts is also given twice—the first time anonymously, as the joke of "a late noble statesman," the second with the names in full. Another case of the same sort is Hood's *mot* about "the republic of letters" being so called because authors had not "a sovereign among them." At page 148 we find Madame Pompadour asking *Wilkes* how far a man might go in England in his abuse of the Royal Family, and his reply: "I do not at present know, but I am trying;" but about sixty pages further on we are told that "*Horne Tooke*, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction how much treason an Englishman might venture to write without being hanged, replied that 'he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying.'" Repetitions of this sort occur with greater frequency than is quite cousistent with careful editing.

The charge of spoiling is one of very much the same kind as that of having omitted jokes. People generally prefer a joke in the form in which they have always been accustomed to hear it, and are very apt to treat any alteration as a change for the worse. Still there are one or two instances in which we think the present version is not so good as the one we have heard. For instance, Jerrold's saying to the Scotch gentleman who explained that his name was not spelled in the same way as Mr. John Leech's is not improved by adding "in your name." The reply generally current is simply, "You're one of the Scotch Leitchs—with the i-t-e-h." The whole point of Sir Nicholas Bacon's answer to the criminal who pleaded for mercy on the score of kinship is lost by the omision of the man's name. In Bacon's *Apophthegms*, the original source of the story, it runs thus: "If it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been near kindred." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be will hanged." Another case is Tom Sheridan's answer when his father threatened to cut him off with a shilling. As given here it was, "Then, sir, you must borrow it," which, we submit, is not so humorous as the other version, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you, now, sir?"—the latter suggesting that such a bequest exceeded all Tom's expectations, aud that, so far from being dismayed at it, he was quite willing to take it on the spot instead of waiting for it. It is a pity that the editor, while he was about it, did not attempt a collection of the good things that used to pass between the Sheridans, father and son. We have seldom had so marked an instance of the hereditary trausmission of wit, and of the way in which men of genuine wit strike sparks from each other. Some two or three are quoted here, but surely there are many more which might have been hunted out. Was it not Tom Sheridan who, when his senior said, "I wish to heaven you'd take a wife," replied, "Very good, sir; whose wife do you wish me to take?"

It would have been better, too, if Mr. Lemon had adopted some more systematic style of heading. Every here and there he seems to think it necessary to enter into competition with the jokes he is collecting. Thackeray's comparison of a certain noisy tragedian to "Macready and onions," is called "A Sage Simile." The Chancellor's remark, that a young barrister had "studied the wrong Phillips," is given under the title of "A fillip for him." There is a story of Lord Bottetot giving money to the mob that was burning him in effigy, that they might put ou faggots enough. His unpopularity was owing to the cider tax; and, therefore, the anecdote is headed "Con-cider-ate"—and so on. We do not look for dignity in a jest-book, but verbal antics of this sort might very well have been left to the pleasant gentlemeu who write burlesques, and their intelligent audiences. Even if they were tolerably good, they would still be out of place here. Metal upon metal is false heraldry, and a joke upon a joke is quite as great a mistake. But besides being, as we think, mistakes in taste, these headings are further objectionable as being utterly useless when arranged iu an index. A book of this sort does not pretend to be a very great, or a very wise, or a very good book; but it might at least try to be as good of its kind as possible, and this would have been better if there had been a serviceable index appended to it. In order to make use of the one given—to find out whether the collection contains some particular saying, or to refer to one which it does contain—it is necessary for the reader to make about half a dozen jokes of the above pattern on the required joke, and then try the alphabetical list for something like one of them. This may be a useful mental exercise, and if the book is to be considered as a jocose Gradus it is all very well, but it is rather hard upon those who are not particularly anxious to acquire the art and have no natural gift in that way. If Mr. Mark Lemon is strong, let him be merciful. We may quote against him a story of his own, to be found under the head of "Order! Order!": "A barrister opened a case somewhat confusedly. Mr. Justice Maule interrupted him. 'I wish, Mr. ——, you would put your facts in the same order; chrouological order is the best, but I am not particular. Any order you like—alphabetical order." So we feel on looking through Mr. Mark Lemon's capital collection of good things. It is a great pity he did not put them in some order, if not in the text at least in the index. To attempt to classify them scientifically, even if practicable, would perhaps have been pedantic, but it would have added much to the interest of the book if the jokes of each "eminent hand" had some distinguishing mark in the index. No matter how wide the range of subjects may be, there is always a curious family likeness among the jokes of any one wit. With a very little practice one can nearly always tell at first a genuine Jerrold from a Curran, or a Curran from a Sydney Smith. The Jerrold and Foote styles are, perhaps, those which resemble one another most closely, yet there is a considerable difference. There is a greater amount of animal spirits in Foote's sayiugs, and in general less acidity. Curran's resemble Foote's iu style, but are generally more pugnacious. They do not, however, go home like the polished stiletto of Jerrold, but rather come down with a ringing rap, like the delivery of a neatly-handled shillelagh. As a representation of Curran's style we may perhaps take his answer to the tobacconist who, having just set up a carriage, consulted him about a motto for the panels—a *mot*, by the way, omitted by Mr. Mark Lemon. Curran's suggestion was: "Quid rides," which he said had the double advantage of being applicable either as Latin or English. This style of joke has not died out with Curran. We heard of an instance of it the other day. Some counsel learned in the law were discussing the retirement of a certain attorney, whose philanthropy had chiefly taken the direction of getting up and conducting petty actions for damages. Among other things it was mentioned that he had purchased a handsome place in the country. "Considering the way he made his money," said one—a compatriot of Curran's—"he ought to call it *son assault demesne*." Jerrold's well-known reply about rowing in the same boat, "but with different skulls," is a good example of *his* style. Theodore Hook's jokes, on the other hand, are, for the most part, purely puns suggested by some quaint verbal similitude. They are to those of the Jerrold and Foote school much what the Cremorne rocket is to the Congreve. The name of Mr. Winter, the tax collector, suggested the idea that his actions are "summary," and the sign of the "Three Ravens" that the landlord must be ravin' mad. But of all the regular recognized jokers Sydney Smith is the one who has least in common with his fellows. His best things are, in general, not so much witty as humorous, but then the humor of them is undeniable. Described scientifically, it may be said to lie iu the sudden discovery of some extravagantly absurd relation between the things compared. Perhaps the joke which best illustrates his peculiar style is his saying to the child he saw stroking the back of a tortoise, "My dear, you don't fancy you're pleasing the tortoise? You might as well try to please the Deau and Chapter by stroking the dome of St. Paul's." In one respect there is a resemblance between the jokes of Sydney Smith and those of Theodore Hook. They are very seldom what may be called jokes with a purpose. Almost the only instance to the coutrary is his repartee to the French freethinker and materialist. "Very good soup, this," said Smith, as they sat at dinner. "Oui, Monsieur, ce'st excellente," was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?" inquired Smith.

Smith was, we suspect, too good-natured a man to use his wit often as a missile. It may be a hard saying, nevertheless it is true, that a thoroughly good-natured man seldom makes a brilliant joker, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why jokers have from time immemorial, been fond of insinuating that good-nature and poverty of wit always go together. It serves as a kind of justification, or at least excuse, for their attacks on society. The supply of legitimate subjects for repartee is seldom sufficient to afford that constant practice which is essential to neatness of execution. Consequently, a joker, to keep his hand in, is frequently driven to operate on any harmless, unoffending person who may be unlucky enough to give him a chance, just as scientific anatomists operate on horses, dogs, and cats. Any one who looks through a book of this sort will see that a large proportion of the wittiest, smartest, most caustic jests in it are quite unprovoked, or at best can only plead as provocation the simplicity of the person at whom they are aimed. Pascal's aphorism, "Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractere," is too severe, perhaps, but there is this much of truth in it, that, to be an accomplished "diseur de bons mots," it is necessary to discard to a great extent all consideration for the feelings of others. It may, to some extent, console those who cannot make brilliant hits that set the table in a roar to reflect that the faculty has its drawbacks, and another source of consolation may be found in the fact that it is rarely associated with an intellect of the first order. One or two of Ben Jonson's home-thrusts have come down to us, but we have no record of anything of the kind from the month of Shakspeare, unless it be Fuller's vague and wholly apocryphal allusion to the "wit combats" between him and Ben Jonson. Bacon, who unquestionably had the power, employed it very sparingly, and though Swift and Dr. Johnson shone in repartee, they have done little towards filling a jest-book compared with men of the calibre of Quin, George Selwyn, Foote and Horne Tooke.—*Saturday Review.*

LACONIC LOVE-LETTERS.

COURTSHIP, to be done "well," should be done "quickly." Many persons who waste time in the ambignities of a protracted correspondence will read with profit the following illustration of how it can be done briefly and to the point:

DEAREST: If that word is a mistake, throw this note in the fire. Excuse folly, result of last night's dance. Cab waiting 11: 30; train starts at 12; back to-night. No answer sufficient reply to your rejected—JOHN SHORT.

MISS SWEET is at a loss to express the embarrassment which she experienced on reading Mr. SHORT'S note.

MY DEAREST LOUISA: Received yonrs, and note the contents In haste, yours,—J. S.

DEAR MR. SHORT: Things must, of course, depend upon circumstances.—L. S.

MY DEAREST LOVE: £500 a year in the funds. £200 landed property. £600 mortgage at 4 per cent. Net profits of busiuess £800 per annum. At your feet.—J. S.

MY DEAR MR. SHORT: Connections? Religious principles?—L. S.

BELOVED OBJECT: Aristocratic. Orthodox. I adore my Louisa.—J. S.

DEAR JOHN: I own you have awakened an interest in my—what shall I say?—L. S.

MY ONLY LOVE: Bosom.—J. S.

MY DEAREST JOHN: What a goose you are!—L. S.

MY BEAUTIFUL BIRD: But then you are a duck. So now we understand one another. Accept the enclosed photograph.—J. S.

INCONSTANT ONE!: I retnrn it. You were seen last night in a private box in Covent Garden with Miss Jones. I am deceived. Farewell! Think no more of L. S.

FAITHLESS: I have paid no attentions to Miss Jones like those I understand you received from Capt. Brown. Distraetiou! Madness!—J. S.

JEALOUS! I scorn Capt. Brown. Torture! Cruel! Unkind!—L. S.

SILLY GIRL! Miss Jones is a griffin. Bosh!—J. S.

DEAREST, DEAREST JOHN: Can you forgive me?—L. S.

MY OWN ONE: my fond one. I believe you.—J. S.

MY HEART'S IOOL: Say no more.—L. S.

QUEEN OF MY SOUL: Three words only. Name the day.—J. S.

MY LOVE: My life: Whenever you like.—J. S.

MY PRECIOUS: Say, Wednesday.—L. S.

MY TREASURE: Very well. The sooner these things are settled the better. I'll see to every thing. Mind then, on Wednesday, St. George's, Hanover square, 11, sharp. Punctuality is the soul of marriage. *Au revoir* at the altar!—J. S.

LITHOGRAPHIC EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—It will interes our readers to hear that lithography affords highly profitabl work to some female artists, and that a few women of les qualifications are employed in the lower branches of the ar. Lithography is now being applied in such numerous ways tht fresh labor is eontiuually called into action by it; and te prospect is, that it will be remunerative to a consideralo extent. Women who have the talents necessary for tis work should take advantage of such an opening. The chroiolithographic process is attractive, and in sufficient demanc to stimulate the greatest efforts; ladies are among the ompetitors for the fame and profit of producing some of theest specimens published in this country. The ordinary braches of lithography are easily attainable, and are within the each of any who will spend a little time and money. The right mode of proceeding, for a woman, is to go to a good ithographer, and obtain his services as her instructor in the mchanical part of the business. She should see the publictions that treat on the subject, and thoroughly inform herself f the nature and capabilities of the art, and its various applictions. The materials and implements needful for this work ae not costly. First, there are the stones, which vary in siz and price, and then the tools, which are not numerous; about $25 will provide a sufficient stock of these matters for a beginner. The expense of the lessons we cannot tell; in any case, they will probably be the chief outlay in the proceeding. A lady who has made some proficiency in drawing will not require the attendance of a master for any length of time. We are permitted to mention, as an illustration, that a lady who engaged a first-rate lithographer as her teacher, three month ago, can now produce good pictures herself, and is competen to become a candidate for lithographic employment. Som prints of hers are before us that are highly creditable. Pra tice will enable a woman who has gone thus far to do ve remunerative work, and industry and cultivated skill will cduct her to its best rewards.

A FRENCH monarch being told in his last moments that he would soon be an angel in heaven, exclaimed, scornfully' I should have been quite content to remain King of Franc and Navarre!"

WHEN Cafarielli was told that Farinelli had been ade a sort of Prime Minister in Spain, he said: "No man derves it better, for his voice is absolutely unrivalled."

EXCITEMENT promotes the development of genius, as phosphorescent sea is the more brilliant the more it is agted.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

LONDON AND PARIS.

A PICTURESQUE, and, we might with truth add, a classical style of arranging the hair has, by degrees, become an established fashion among those who take delight in the adornment of their persons. For morning toilettes the classical style predominates; the hair is *crepés* and bound close to the head, and at the back a large knot is worn; this knot is either combed over a frizette, or distributed into bows or plaits, the single knot or bow being the most popular; and then, colored ribbon-velvet is bound as a fillet round the head—the velvet should run at the top of the back hair and then flat round the front (either one or two rows according to taste); a bow of velvet is added to the front round, which bow is not fastened to the band but is slipped on to it. so that it can be placed at the side or top of the head at pleasure. For grown-up people the flat bow is worn, made of velvet one inch wide, but the rosettes formed with the narrowest ribbon-velvet are still very popular for children. The color of the velvet should always be regulated by that of the dress and trimmings.

But a far more elaborate style prevails with evening toilettes; the mass of hair is retained at the back, but the front is scaffolded with tier upon tier of puffs. We see the scantiest locks made to look magnificent, and false curls, false plaits, false bows, and false masses of hair at the back are as much a necessity as crinoline is. One lady tells us in confidence, when we admire the result, that her hair is padded with seven cushions! Another, that she has five cushions, a thick false plait, and a false bow of hair at the back, and that all these are necessary for the make up. This fashion of wearing bought hair is a recognised fact, which no one attempts to disguise, and it is only the very few who possess sufficient of their own to turn and twist and roll in all directions who suffer, as they never get credit for their veritable possessions.

But false or not false, we must confess that the effect of these elaborately arranged heads of hair in a ball-room is exceedingly picturesque; they look unstudied, and no two are alike. In Paris, the scaffolding of rolls and bands is crowned with a thick plait; but in London these plaits are not so much affected; the *rouleaux* taper at the top, and look light and feathery. Great care should be taken, when dressing the hair, to arrange the frizettes straight, so that the eye may not rest on uneven lines, and the result be altogether crooked. To avoid this, it is a good plan, when the second side is being arranged, to hold up a towel as a background, and by then looking in the glass any false line may be easily corrected. and the frizette or cushion laid in straight, so as to exactly correspond with the side already dressed.

With the hair arranged in this style, it would be impossible to wear a formal wreath, therefore the adornments should consist of detached bouquets grouped to suit the shape of the face, and the disposition of the *rouleaux*. White lilies mounted with diamonds are apparently favorite flowers with the Princess of Wales for this arrangement of hair. Her royal highness usually wears her hair rolled from the temples, a second roll to meet the first, and a massive knot at the back; a water-lily glistening with diamond dew-drops in the centre of the forehead, a second one below the left ear, and a third at the *top* of the back hair, on the part where the ornamental part of a tortoise-shell comb is usually visible. We need scarcely add that this disposition of such exquisite flowers and costly appendages is very becoming. The pomegranate flowers, flowers of the sorb or service tree, and rose-buds, are very much used for head-dresses of this style at the present moment. In Paris a branch of a citron tree, with half-opening flowers and buds mounted with roses and black lace; a bold butterfly lighting upon a magnificent *rose du roi*, with foliage glittering with dew-drops; a tuft of wild flowers and grasses, with dew-drops, and the bud of an arum in the centre, are three very fashionable evening head-dresses. The last-named ornament is also worn upon a dress; thus, a white tulle tunic spotted with gold, looped up with groups of grasses and arums over a white taffetas underskirt, embroidered in dead gold, called forth much admiration in the Imperial circle at Fontainebleau some ten days ago.

Embroidery of all descriptions has been greatly in favor at Fontainebleau; a very pretty toilette, worn by a bride, also excited admiration among the same select party. It was composed with a white gauze skirt over a light blue silk slip, the former being embroidered with shaded silk and with straw. The low bodice worked in the centre, to match the skirt, likewise the very short sleeves and long gauze sash. The hair ornamented with straw and pearl beads. This same bride wore, for breakfast, a black-and-white striped taffetas dress; the skirt trimmed to simulate a tunic, with crossway tucks of black and Hortensia-colored taffetas. The bodice was high, with long coat basques, laced with similar crossbands. The head-dress was formed of a half-handkerchief of white lace, a clustered mass of loops, made of Horteusia gauze, and a long and very wide black velvet bow.

Bonnets are now made on an entirely different plan, expressly to suit the manner of dressing the hair. The falling crowns, and the apologies for curtains, have gained a decided victory, for as many bonnets are now made without a curtain and with a soft crown, as with stiff crowns and curtains; and for one season in England, where change of fashions is unfrequent, this is a decided victory. Many of the white crinoline bonnets are made with a moderate-sized front, and a white net crown. Between the front and crown, upon the line which joins them, a deep piece of black lace is sewn. This falls over the crown, which is in the form of a net, and is drawn up and tied with long ends of black narrow ribbon, which are left hanging at the back, reminding one of reins. A spray of flowers is arranged at the left side, with a second to match in the inside. A black tulle bonnet arranged in this style would be found very useful for the coming season. Long black lace leaves are sometimes used for falling over the white tulle crowns instead of the black lace, and are both lighter and more effective.

During the past warm weather, shoes are very much worn instead of boots. They are trimmed with a large buckle and bow, and plain silk stockings are worn under them, with embroidered white clocks at the sides. The striped stockings are worn under boots, which still continue to be made with very high heels. For evening wear, shoes are again taking the place of boots, and either in their color or their trimmings, they should correspond with the dress which accompanies them.

Crinoline is fast disappearing in Parisian circles. At the watering-places abroad it is quite abandoned, and it is said that in another twelve months crinoline will be unknown in Paris.

COMMON SAYINGS AND STREET BOYS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper says: "I am surprised that Mr. John D. Cartwright is ignorant of the origin of the ridiculous phrase, 'How's your poor feet?' It did not arise from the self-inflicted tortures of the way-worn wearer of tight boots, nor from the miseries of a gouty cripple; neither did it originate from the friendly solicitude evinced towards a Chelsea pensioner with two wooden legs. It first started into butterfly existence at the Volunteer Review of 1862, when one volunteer sympathizingly asked a comrade the kindly question at the close of the day's campaign. The interrogatory ran from rank to rank; it was then taken up by Unsworth, in his Stump Oration, and then poured in a lava flood of popularity all over London. Mr. Cartwright gives the street boy great credit for being a universal genius, and asserts that this erratic young gentleman can 'become a cartwheel' on the shortest notice; that he joins in the choruses of street 'niggers;' that he is on familiar terms with half the guards of the Strand omnibuses, and can jump on and off the foot-board while the vehicle is in motion. Mr. C. endows one street-boy with the qualities appertaining to half a dozen. It is only the most wretched beggar-boys who can or will turn a catten or Cath'rine-wheel; and to acquire the power of doing so necessitates the most laborious practice. A respectable crossing-sweeper would not condescend to learn the art. Who ever heard a street boy join in the chorus of any street singers, unless by means of a parting whistle? The boys who are on intimate terms with the conductors of the omnibuses are the boys who sell penny newspapers and comic publications, and they obtain the privilege of being placed on the free-list of the foot-board by giving the conductors a gratuitous "look" at the papers. There is another fact which Mr. Cartwright does not notice; which is, that the true 'street boy'—once Mr. *Punch's* own pet boy—is becoming a really scarce article. Some few years back he was an intolerable nuisance, and the undisputed lord of the way; but now he is singularly subdued, and is fast losing his distinguishing peculiarities. He never was the 'clever creature' his reputation would lead people to imagine. His sayings, considered so smart, are simply set cut-and-dried phrases, and as he utters them with an air of assurance, and glibly, and as they are pre-arranged to suit almost any occasion, he gains credit, like the parrot in the story, for being a wit. Where the greater number of street sayings come from, I agree with Mr. Cartwright, is a mystery which will probably never be unravelled, though so frequently discussed; but many of them (like the phrases 'How's your mother?' and 'Does your mother know you're out?' used about 1835,) originate in the Police Court, and a few in popular farces, and a very few are taken from music-hall songs. The saying of 'Who's your hatter?' was invented in 1855, when the immense ugly flop hats were first worn; and this was sometimes changed to 'Who's your barber?' as the Crimean war had made flowing beards fashionable. Street boys are greatly addicted to observations touching head-gear. There have been numerous sayings about hats current within the last thirty years: 'What a shocking bad hat!' 'All round my hat,' (taken from a comic song about 1835;) 'How much for your hat?' 'A pork-pie hat and a little feather;' 'Who put you into that hat?' 'Same old hat in Shoe-lane;' 'Who 'elped him up with that box,' etc. The volunteers gave rise to a few sayings: 'Who shot the dog?' 'Holler, boys, another gay!' 'Another pig in harness.' Public amusements sometimes, but rarely, suggest a saying: 'Have you seen Blondin?' 'Have you seen the Female Blondin' were used in 1861. 'Am I right, or any other man?' comes from Unsworth's fertile invention. Some sayings express their own meaning obviously: 'Oh, my! ain't we grand!' addressed to a person who evidences an over-weening self-importance; 'Didn't she seem to like it!' applying to a young lady pleased with the attentions of an accompanying cavalier; 'Your wheels are going round,' called in a warning tone to a person driving in a vehicle, to be followed (in case he is foolish enough to draw up to ascertain the cause of such a disaster) by the consolatory remark, 'Never mind, they've stopped now.' Some phrases appear to have neither rhyme nor reason, and defy those investigating philosophers who would seek to discover their origin. 'It's all serene;' 'You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson;' 'Leave us a lock of your hair;' 'Has your mother sold her mangle yet?' 'How are you off for soap?' (altered, at the time when the paper duty was first removed, to 'How are you off for paper?';) 'There you go with your eye out;' 'How are you, my r-r-r-rummy cove?' 'Teddy, I! Teddy, O! will you come before I go?' 'Who ate the puppy-pie under Marlow bridge?' 'Go home and tell your mother to chain up Ugly;' 'Who stole the donkey?' 'Go to Bath and get your head shaved;' 'The rabbit-pie policeman!' 'Lalla lietee! whay yau;' 'Go it, my pippins!' 'Pick up the pieces;' 'Who cut your mouth?' 'I'll warm you;' 'There's a cure!' 'There's a perfect cure!' 'There's a young man from the country!' 'Move on, Mr. —— (a blank left to be filled up by any name at pleasure,) don't you be a stoppin' up the way!' answered by 'All right, all right;' 'It's quite up to the knocker.' These and many others come from we know not where. 'I believe you, my boy,' was invented by Mr. Buckstone, and uttered by Mr. Paul Bedford, in the 'Green Bushes" in 1843.

An expert English fox hunter, provoked by a cockney horseman who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. "Sir!" said the offender, drawing up both himself and his horse, and assuming a very consequential look, "I beg to inform you that I did not come out here to be damned." "Why, then, sir, you may go home and be damned."

THACKERAY'S FOUR GEORGES.

GEORGE I.—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was high Dutch

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

GEORGE III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George:

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roared triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

THE SOLDIER-GRAVE OF OUR COUNTRY.—The Rev. Dr. Bartol thus eloquently describes it: "What a tomb, far and wide, over the parallels of latitude, the populous land has become! The soil of Kentucky and Tennessee, the swamps of the Chickahominy, the waters of the Mississippi and the Gulf into which it flows, the long line of the dreary hospitals on whose cots of pain some last breath is mercifully each moment drawn, will not restore the victims they have claimed. The burial places on the field of slaughter at Murfreesboro and Cedar Mountain, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and around the heights of Vicksburg, yield not up their dead, till the heavens be no more, from the sod of the soldier's graveyard Have you thought what sort of a graveyard that one of the soldier is? It is no fair spot granted by municipal authority, or chosen by the select-men of the town, for a quiet resting-place to those who at length in the course of nature must expire, and where, as the bard tells us:

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

No beautiful fence of painted wood or more enduring iron surrounds it. No granite portico, engraved with soothing sentences of consolation or kindling words of inspired prophecy, overarches its entrance. No polished marble monuments deck each private enclosure, nor do pious hands plant flowers or fetch wreaths; nor is the place selected where the north wind, as one desired, blows freely, or some whispering pine or some yew tree will breathe the low, plaintive murmur of a perpetual dirge over the ashes of the loved and lamented. No; but when the leader of the host begs a truce to bury his dead, what asks he leave to do? To gash and trench the ground in what coarse and summary way, with brief prayer, and no hearse or procession; shovelling in the heaps of gory mortality, as he does the unvalued clay and gravel in which they are so hastily and superficially hid! Yet, if for conscience, if for country, if for man and for God, the souls once animating this dusty, disregarded refuse have contended, no glorious sepulchre, no mausoleum of Hadrian, no poet's grave in Westminster Abbey, or hero's obelisk in Père la Chaise, is nobler than the frequent rising mound, though holding, like those of the ancient tribes of the continent, only indiscriminate relics, not confounded in the sight of God, whose close companionship in the dust answers to that noble strife."

During a rebellion in Ireland the rebels became greatly incensed against an English banker who had done an extensive business with the Emerald Isle, and they took revenge by burning all his notes which they held or could obtain.

AN HOUR OR TWO WITH THE SPIRITS.

Glendower—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur—Why, so can I; and so can any man. But will they come when you do call for them?

OWEN GLENDOWER was, according to Shakspeare, (who has sent me a private communication from the other world to that effect,) a spiritualist in advance of his times, and Harry Percy, like many light-headed scoffers of the present day, simply a rattle-brained disbeliever.

Shakspeare furthermore does me the honor to inform me that he himself was a spiritualist, and did, as one of his astute commentators suggested, intend Prospero to be his own duplicate, as far as intercourse with the disembodied was concerned.

I make this statement with a full appreciation of its value. Let me, with due compliments, call the attention of Grant White and Payne Collier to it. Rowe, I venture to say, in all his researches, never made a discovery, however doubtful in its character, of half the importance of mine. There is, I imagine, some difference between a fact assured and a tradition. The good fortune that has enabled me to announce the valuable information is the more prized when I reflect that, with the immortal bard, I am now, like Warburton and others, on the highway to immortality myself.

Sitting with a few friends in a spiritual circle round a dinner-table, to-day, I received communications of such great consequence to the community, that Richard Cœur de Lion charged me on no account to sleep until I had prepared a general summary of them for publication. Asking him in what paper the spirits desired their invaluable messages printed, he answered: "In THE CALIFORNIAN."

The first communication that I received was from Robinson Crusoe. He told me that such, and not Alexander Selkirk, was his real name. Moreover that, in his life-time, he had never seen the island of Juan Fernandez. That when he was cast ashore, it was on the southwest coast of the Farallones; that he could not see the main shore on account of the fog that always, in his days, prevailed. Some such fogs are now occasionally visible, he said, but not often. De Foe, as a general thing, was accurate in his narrative. De Foe and he are bosom friends in the spirit-world.

He gave me information as to how and where I can find the relics of his solitary confinement. As, on inquiry, I learn that the island is but a few miles distant from San Francisco, I intend in a few days to proceed to the spot, and, if I find the treasures, to present them to the disappointed stockholders in the Cocos Island Expedition.

Being asked whom I would summon next, I answered: "Sinbad, the sailor."

Sinbad appeared promptly with "On deck, there! what now, sir?"

The following colloqny then ensued:

Q. "Where may I the most readily find riches?"
A. "On Mare Island, in the harbor of San Francisco."
Q. "Whereabouts on the island?"
A. "In three subterranean caverns."
Q. "How much?"
A. "Two hundred and fifty millions of doubloons."
Q. "How came so much treasure there?"
A. "Concealed by pirates."
Q. "When?"
A. "Is that any of your business?"
Q. "How can I find it?"
A. "Search for it."

Here I was informed that he had left me at the call of somebody at the Sandwich Islands.

In this connection I may as well state that I propose to raise a joint-stock company of responsible parties for the purpose of purchasing the island, and chartering a vessel to set sail for it at once on a voyage of exploration. The services of a clairvoyant can be secured without difficulty. Gentlemen desirous of participating in the enterprise can ascertain further concerning it by addressing, post-paid, the undersigned.

"Don Quixote has something to say to you, sir," said the medium, a lady whom we had invited to dine with us. "Something, he says, that will shake your credulity to its foundation."

"Not," said I, "since I have read and believed Cervantes' faithful recount of the good Don's adventures in Spain. Tell the redoubtable knight that at the mere mention of his name my credulity is in complete armor, mounted and ready for the onset."

Yes, poor Don! He must, if what he told me be true, (and there is no reason to doubt it,) be having a rough time of it down in the bowels of the earth, fighting single-handed and on foot—for *Rosinante* cannot be with him in the land of spirits—demons who are endeavoring to explode San Francisco with an earthquake. Vainly, he says, he has called upon Amadis de Gaul and the Knight of the Broken-head for assistance. They will not come, and now he sees that his own efforts, unaided, will ultimately be unavailing. He can, he knows, hold his own until the 31st of the present month, (September,) but on that day a cruel enchantress will unnerve his arm, the demons will assail him with redoubled fury, and—woe be the hour to San Francisco!—he will be as thoroughly vanquished as when on earth he vanquished the skins of wine. Then, on the same day, the demons will accomplish their infernal design. The city will be torn up into fragments at precisely 4 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the time of St. Mary's Cathedral clock. No portion of the city proper will be left standing except that portion which is built upon piles, and Pacific street. Citizens who have money and jewels are advised to deposit them in such quarters for safe-keeping. The main rent and crash will be in the vicinity of the brokers' offices. Double locks should be fastened to the doors of the county jail and calaboose in order that safety may in some degree be assured to their inmates. Meantime, a meeting should be held and presided over by the Mayor at Platt's Hall, or some other convenient place; speeches by the old stand-bys should be made, and resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting, in view of the approaching calamity, should be adopted without a dissenting vote.

Capt. Symmes, of Symmes' Hole notoriety, here made his appearance, informing Don that the demons were again at work. Don, it seems, enters the interior of the earth by way of Symmes' entrance at the North Pole. Don left us, and Symmes, saying that he had just come from the Arctic regions, complained of being very cold, and asked us for a glass of brandy. The medium, of course, drank it, or, rather, sipped it for him. He then requested us to drink his health. We all did so, and, highly delighted, he took his departure, saying that he left with us Old Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard said that she had come to verify what Don Quixote had told us. However, there was one way in which the city could be preserved. Let the Board of Supervisors meet immediately and repeal the outrageous dog-law and all would be well. Because of that, and that alone, was the city doomed to destruction.

I next had Baron Munchausen called into the room.

"Baron," said I, "in your life-time you were a soldier of great repute, according to your own most wonderful recitals. You must, of course, take an interest in the civil war now raging in this country. Tell me, Baron, and tell me as truly as you were wont, which side is destined to win in the long run?"

"The Southern side," he replied.

"Leave me, oh, thou immaculate spirit of veracity," said I; and I had Don Quixote re-summoned.

"Don," I asked; "on which side are you in this struggle between the country and the South?"

"On the Southern side, leading on Jefferson Davis, whenever I can get a respite from the demons below," he answered.

"And so you call us of the North demons?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but you are an army of giants."

Don can see more clearly in the spirit world than he could in this.

"I no longer see giants in windmills," said he.

The spirit of Julius Cæsar next made its appearance.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Art thou that dreadful object that stole a march upon Brutus at Philippi?"

"The same," said he; "I come to give thee also a warning. The Presidential election is approaching. As thou hopest ever to be President thyself, guard well the ballot-boxes of California. Remember Washoe! Remember Virginia City! Beware! Like John at Patmos, thou art commanded to write. Look out sharply! There will be frauds at the election. Write! On that coming day in November I will meet thee again."

He said no more; but what he did say, as may be seen, was ominous. I recommend his remarks to the careful attention of political editors.

After a somewhat long interval, during which, it seems, for some reason—

"No spirit dare walk abroad,"

I succeeded in enticing to the table (round which, like mortals, spirits delight to gather) the immortality of genial old Izaak Walton.

"Where, Izaak," I asked, after the compliments of the day had passed between us, "is Webb—is Inigo—is the late agreeable editor of THE CALIFORNIAN?"

"Where he, this hot day, and you, and the new proprietor and editor, and Gov. Low, and Jim Riddle, and all other piscatorials that do not make a business of pleasure should be—at Lake Tahoe, catching mountain trout."

"Tell me, gentle Izaak," said I, "is Inigo successful? Can he play with trout as easily as he can with words?"

Before he could have time to answer, Paul Pry entered, saying:

"I hope I don't intrude; but I thought I would just step in and see what was going on."

This, as the medium told us, was evermore an interruption that sent the spirits off in disgust. Nor could they again be recalled soon. Only Richard, the Lion Heart, ventured this time to step forth. His message I have already given the reader. Faithfully have I obeyed his injunction. I have written the tenor of the spiritual communications to me, and now hand what I have written to the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN?

FLY-LEAF.

THE great principle of brotherhood works not by equality, nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving; the nations that are unlike, and the natures that are unlike, being bound into one noble whole by each receiving something from and of the others' gifts and glory.

WE have heard some of the first judges of whist say that it was not those who played the best by the true laws of the game that would win most, but those who played best to the false play of others; and this may be true of the great game of the world.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Opera season at the Academy of Music is drawing to a close. Though it is probable that both management and troupe look cheerfully forward to a respite from their incessant labors, the community will regret the termination of an engagement that has yielded them rational enjoyment and recreation at a period when, very often, equivocal plays and ambiguous performances closed other doors to respectable seekers of amusements. The troupe, by no means infallible or free from individual imperfections and shortcomings, have as a whole, been uniformly zealous, ambitious, and prompt in their endeavors to please—failing, sometimes, to their credit be it said, only through too much ambition and over-tasking. Easy as it is to suggest individual change and improvement, it will be remembered that the comparative strength of the company is now equal to that of any troupe that have visited these shores. California patronage, though liberal, would hardly pay for an opera troupe that should meet the requirements of severe criticism and be thoroughly excellent. In the present company there are those who come fully up to the standard.

Maritana was brought out on Monday evening, for the first time by the Richings troupe. Miss Richings sustained the part of "Maritana," in a costume very becoming and characteristic. Mr. Hill, ("Don Cæsar de Bazan,") exhibited much zeal and some improvement. He received a deserved *encore* for his song. "Let me like a soldier die," which was given very spiritedly. The contralto's *role* gave her a fair opportunity to display the better qualities of her voice. She was *encored* in a favorite *aria*, and throughout the whole opera sustained herself with ability, besides looking very charming in her second page's dress. Mr. Seguin made a good-looking, well-dressed Spanish Prime Minister, but marred one of his best efforts by singing too slow, and thus aggravating and making too prominent his somewhat ejaculatory style. Mr. Peakes, as the King, was rather crude, and should have paid more attention to the study of his part. His love-making was a little too *prononcé*, and hardly in keeping with kingly courtesy. Like "Bottom," in the Lion's part, he should have modulated his voice, and "roared her as gently as any sucking dove, or an' 't were any nightingale." The concerted pieces were generally fair. Miss Richings' "Harp in the Air" was executed with much sweetness and expression—perhaps a trifle too slow to please some of her auditors.

The benefit of Mr. Peakes, on Wednesday night, brought out many to see him in his best character, *i. e.*, "Devilshoof," in the *Bohemian Girl*. There is a lawlessness and *brusquerie* about "Devilshoof," which Mr. Peakes renders very cleverly, but which he sometimes has been observed to develop after a startling fashion in other *roles*. He seems to have studied the *Bohemian Girl* closely—it is to be regretted that he does not pay the same attention to other characters, and that he too often trusts to the intrinsic merit of his voice, rather than his style. Miss Richings was taken suddenly ill during the performance, but with considerable fortitude and nerve kept herself up till its close.

To-night the *Daughter of the Regiment*, for the benefit of Miss Kate Martin, an industrious and popular member of the troupe. Sunday, *Norma*, and Monday *Fra Diavolo*. On Tuesday evening Miss Jennie Kempton will have her first benefit, and we trust the merits of this lady will meet a full recognition in a crowded house. There is no necessity for reiterating here, what these columns have previously expressed, regarding the rich quality and full compass of her contralto voice—her excellent style and rendering of recitative, nor the graces of a charming face and figure. But we would take advantage of an occasion which brings her prominently before the public, to say a word in deprecation of the popular criticism on the defects of her acting. When it is remembered that this lady has never before played in opera, and that her *debut* was really made before a San Francisco public, they will the more readily excuse her for bringing the passiveness and inaction of the concert room to the operatic boards. Already she has profited by her experience, and is steadily improving in confidence and ease.

At Maguire's Opera House, *Margaret Catchpole* gave way to better company, and complimentary benefits ruled the week with more legitimate performances. Charley Thorne, *en route* to China, was the beneficiary, when *The Ticket of Leave Man* was given, and we trust received a fair share of the Tickets as well as the Leave. Pretty Miss Lulu Sweet took a benefit, with a good house, playing in the *Mistletoe Bough*. This afternoon, *Eustache Baudin*. To-night, the *Carpenter of Rouen*, for the benefit of Frank Mayo; and on Monday, Mr. Warwick, a former legislator, returns to his old love—the Drama—at this house.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SHOWMAN.

"Good Mr. Keeper, vich is the monkey and vich the lion?"
"Sir, you pays yer money, and you takes yer choice!"—[*Sawdust Literature*

"THE show is open, and the sport 's begun,"
Mac is the showman, leading in the fun,
And to the question asked him by the puzzled horde—
"Shall we the olive see, or flashing sword?"
Coolly replies
With downcast eyes,
In graceful accents and melodious voice:
"You vote my ticket, and—you take your choice!"

[*S. F. Call.*

RECIPES.

Magic Pastry.—2 table spoonfuls of pounded sugar, 4oz. of fine flour, 2 eggs. Mix all together very smoothly, and fry in lard.

Tea-Cakes.—½lb. of flour, 2oz. of sugar, 2oz. of butter, 2 eggs. Mix all together.

Brawn Jelly à la Macédoine.—This is an extremely pretty dish for a luncheon or supper party, and is also an inexpensive one. A pig's feet, the ears taken off below the root, the tongue, and any bits of skin that may be left from the meat, should be soaked in salt and water for a night, then nicely cleaned, and boiled gently in water for three hours. All the bones should next be taken out, the meat cut up, but not very small. The ears, with the pieces of skin, must be cut into strips, and the tongue lengthways into five or six slices; pepper, salt, and allspice being added to taste. All should be boiled together in the same liquor for another hour, care having been taken not to use more water at first than will keep the meat moist, and prevent its burning. A boiled carrot cut into very small pieces, and some scalded parsley chopped fine, shou'd be turned into the meat five minutes before it is done; and when completed the whole should be poured into moulds.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—The perfection and size to which this delicious fruit has now been brought, makes one constantly regret that in strawberry jam, however good the flavor may be, the beautiful appearance of the fruit is necessarily destroyed. Here is a recipe for preserving them whole. The strawberries must be gathered on a dry day, before they are very ripe, and their stalks left on. They should be placed separately on a dish, and twice their weight of pounded lump sugar strewed over them. Next, a few ripe scarlet strawberries crushed are put in a jar, with an equal weight of pounded lump sugar. They are covered closely down, and allowed to stand in a saucepan of boiling water until quite soft, and until all the syrup has come out of them. They should then be strained through muslin into a preserving-pan, boiled, and well skimmed, and when cold, the whole strawberries are put in and placed over the fire until they are milk-warm, when they should be removed and allowed to get quite cold. Again they must be put on the fire and made a little hotter than the last time, letting them cool afterwards, and this process should be repeated until they look clear, but they must never be allowed to boil, as that would cause the stalks to fall off. When cold, they may be placed in jars or glasses, with the stalks downward, filled up with the syrup. Papers dipped in brandy must be put over them, and they should be closely tied down.

Cream Cheese.—Put a quart of cream into a clean jug, with half a teaspoonful of salt stirred in, and let it stand a day or two till thickish. Then fold an ordinary glass cloth about six or eight times and sprinkle it with salt, then lay it in a sieve 8 inches in diameter. The sides of the cloth should come up well over the sieve. Then pour in the cream and sprinkle a little salt on it. Change the cloth as often as it becomes moist, and as the cheese dries press it with the cloth and sieve. In about a week or nine days it will be prime and fit to eat. The air alone suffices to turn the cream into cheese. Another way: Take about ¼ pint of cream, tie it up in a piece of thin muslin, and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin and put it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will be fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making.

An Indian Salad.—Procure half a dozen coss lettuces (they run very small in the above country), 2 endives, a few gherkins, 1 pint of mustard and cress (mixed), 2 sticks of white celery, 1 clove of garlic, half a dozen leaves of garden mint, (*podena,*) a couple of green chillies picked fresh from the plant, and 2 beet-roots, boiled tender, and rendered cold. Let the whole be washed, rinsed, and afterwards dried in a clean cloth. Have a middling-sized mortar at hand, in which place a couple of whole anchovies or sardines (having previously cleansed them in a saucer of warm water), the yelks of 3 fresh fowls' eggs boiled hard, ½ oz. of chup sigro cheese, 1 tablespoonful of sweet Lucca or Florence oil, 1 ditto of pure mustard. Let the whole be well bruised together with a pestle till the same are fully incorporated; add to the above confection 1 gill of good palm vinegar and a modicum of salt. Introduce your esculent herbs into a large-sized salad-bowl, pouring the contents of the mortar over them, and mix them, when cut tolerably fine, with a wooden fork and spoon; propose a few chives with the beet-root cut into slices on the top of the salad, for such as may choose them, and distribute the whites of the eggs, cut into quarters, around the surface of the bowl. The vinegar produced from the toddy or juice of the cajour (date-palm,) is the most pungent sinlologue known, and this fact has brought the East Indian pickles into such celebrity among the epicureau classes of the English community.

N. B.—The juice afforded by date-palm is of a highly dulcedmous character, and furnishes the yeast in general use among the bakers and manufacturers of bread-stuffs throughout Hindostan.

A Dressing for Sandwiches.—Take half a pound of nice butter, three table-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, three spoonfuls of nice sweet oil, a little white or red pepper, a little salt, the yelk of one egg; braid this all together very smoothly, and set in on the ice to cool. Chop very fine some tongue and ham; a little cold chicken is very nice added. Cut the bread very thin; spread it with the dressing. Then spread over the meat, then the bread, and press it together very hard. Trim off the edges, that the sandwiches may be all one size.

The Fresh Meat Preserver. — A correspondent writing to a London journal, gives the following method of preserving fresh meats:

The subject of this discovery is a patent, and its object is for thoroughly preserving raw meat perfectly fresh and good through any temperature or weather. The first notice of it was given to me by a friend, who suggested its value for long yachting trips, but it must be manifest that its usefulness is of a very important character and width of range. I have personally tested the power of the material to do what it professes to perform, and have found that it both retards and prevents putrefaction in raw fresh meat, without in any way affecting its flavor or deteriorating its nourishing qualities. The application is by the mixing of a little powder (perfectly sweet and wholesome) with a certain quantity of water, and a simple momentary immersion in this liquid preparation is alone necessary. It is, therefore, obvious that to all large private establishments, as well as to hotel keepers, it must be of great use, more particularly to those who in sultry weather are far removed from markets. If your readers should desire the detailed results of my experiments upon legs of mutton, pieces of beef, salmon, a bullock's tongue, and a fowl cut into pieces, I shall be most happy to do so. In the mean time, anybody may prove the truth of the discovery by getting a cheap bottle of the stuff. But it should be borne in mind that the string or skewer by which the meat is to be hung up, should be placed in it before the immersion takes place, and that the meat itself should be kept from the fly. I should have mentioned that it wonderfully improves the suet and all fats.

Genuine Eau-de-Cologne.—One of the Farinas has published the following formula for this celebrated perfume, which we copy from the *Zeitschrift des Norddeutschen Apotheker-Vereins:*—" R. Benzoini (purified), 2 oz,; Ol. Lavandulæ, 4 oz.; Ol. Rosmarini, 2 oz.; by weight. Alcoholis fortioris, 9 gallons. To this solution are added successively: Ol. Neroli, Ol. Neroli petits grains, Ol. Limonis, of each 10 2-5 oz.; Ol. Aurantii Dulcis, Ol. Limettæ, Ol. Bergamii, of each 20 4-5 oz.; Tinct. Flor. gesanii. rosei q. s. Macerato for some weeks, then fill into flasks.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.—This Institute, which has only been some three months started, has already become of great importance and benefit to our city, as evidenced by the number of sufferers from all diseases daily seen there, and the terms of praise and gratitude in which these sufferers speak of the Surgeons to the Institute. The Institute is conducted by Surgeons of well-known reputation in Europe, who possess some of the highest Medical Degrees to be obtained, and whose skill and success in the cure of Special Diseases, has been commented upon by such men as M. M. Ricord and Actow. These gentlemen have opened the Peake Medical Institute, 313 Montgomery Street, for the benefit of all sufferers from Special Diseases on this Pacific coast, who are now enabled to entrust their cures to Surgeons who have devoted years to the study of these diseases in the immense Hospitals of Paris and London, and who have gained reputations in Europe previously to their coming to our part of the world. We bear that these gentlemen give free consultations, and their charges are to be most moderate. It is really a long-wished for boon that is now satisfied by the opening of this Institute. Sufferers unfortunate enough to have any Special Diseases, can now be confident of obtaining the best treatment and thorough cures from educated and skilful Surgeons. se17-It

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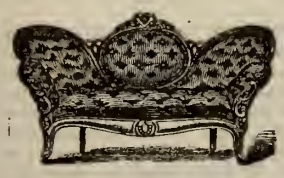

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Sufferers from these diseases come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining a perfect cure through the skill of a Surgeon, who devoted himself entirely to the cure of these diseases in the large hospitals of Europe, and who has such an *unequalled experience* in their treatment, that he has never yet failed in curing even the worst cases. Diseases, of even the longest duration, will be perfectly and quickly eradicated.

THE EYES. THE EYES.

DISEASES OF THE EYE will have especial and particular treatment at the Peake Medical Institute from a Surgeon who has the greatest skill in the cure of all the diseases of this most delicate organ, having been for years in the celebrated eye hospitals of Vienna and Paris, where he gained a rare and perfect knowledge and skill in the cure of all its diseases. All operations that are necessary will be performed with unequalled skill and success. Cataracts will be successfully couched or extracted.

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Thus enables sufferers from any of the numerous forms of Special and Private diseases, to feel confident of obtaining a perfect and speedy cure from skilful and experienced European Physicians, of the highest education and unsurpassed knowledge in the cure of these diseases, and who are graduates of the first Colleges and Universities of Europe, as shown by their diplomas at the Institute. Persons who have become broken down in health from excesses of any kind or from long-standing disease or mercurial treatment, may come to the Institute with the certainty of obtaining great relief and in all probability a perfect cure, through the extensive knowledge and skill of the Physicians.

Sufferers in the country can receive treatment by mail on receipt of letter with all symptoms, etc.

TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

Address:

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.

Store fronting on
514 Market & 15 Sutter St.
☞ THREE DOORS ☜
BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,
San Francisco.

Our Motto, ☞ "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash. ☜

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,
Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AG INST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19 3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
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THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
jn25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
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NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
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SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES!

Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A
TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY
MACHINES,

With recent improvements for
HEMMING, FELLING,
TUCKING, GATHERING,
BINDING, CORDING,
QUILTING, BRAIDING, etc.,

Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

SINGER'S STANDARD
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

☞ Call and examine, or send for a pamphlet.

THE SINGER MANUF. COMPANY,
No. 139 Montgomery street.
WM. BRODERICK, Agent. se3-3m

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS
IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE
FIRST
PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
—TO—
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER JULY 8TH, AND UNTIL further notice, the
RED BLUFF BOAT
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
(Instead of SATURDAY MORNINGS, as heretofore.)
y16-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

TELEGRAPHIC EXCHANGE
—ON—
NEW YORK,
PAYABLE IN GOLD,
For sale in sums to suit by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

EXCHANGE
ON NEW YORK,
In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of
WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 530 Merchant street.

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
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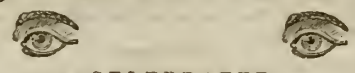
DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

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Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
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REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF
Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and in manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of
HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK
of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly
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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
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DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.
And for sale everywhere. se10-tf

$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

CHRISTIAN PFISTER,

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QUINCY HALL

Clothing Emporium!

THE Largest and Finest Store in the State is QUINCY HALL, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street, where can be found clothing of every description, of the finest quality and latest style. Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

se3-tf

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

School Books, Stationery,

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NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

au27-tf

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And also does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

A LADY WISHES TO EXCHANGE LESsons in French, Music or Painting, for a room and board. Address "E. D. W.," care of W. H. BANCROFT, 609 Montgomery street. an13

ROSENBLATT'S

Palace of Fashion,

OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

FRENCH CORSETS, - - - ONE DOLLAR!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY THE LAST STEAMER Valenciennes and Point Lace Collars, Sleeves and Handkerchiefs, French Embroidered Bands, new style Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Russia Leather Bags, Onyx Breastpins and Ear-rings, Jet Chains and Bracelets, Hosiery, Gloves; Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

Which are offered 25 per cent. less than New York Prices, on account of the high premium on gold, at

ROSENBLATTS PALACE OF FASHION,

123 and 125 Montgomery street.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, au20 Sacramento.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS (Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, Octobe 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1 3m

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,

SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.

OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

jy30-tf

DR. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

Office, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny street, San Francisco. au27

SAVE YOUR

E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low. ☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. au27-3m

REMOVAL.

DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE,

Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Mariae Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	Photographic Albums,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	SCISSORS, in Cases,
Aneroid Barometers,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
	169 doz. Thermometers,
	25 doz. Hydrometers,
	Galvanic Batteries.

☞ COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞ CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

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OPTICIANS,

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R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

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Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

jy9.

LEGAL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE of Real ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the Estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 10th day of OCTOBER, 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by law or otherwise, since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running westerly along said line of Ellis street 20 feet, thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place, No. 108 Front street, from this date till said 10th day of October, 1864

EDWARD F. STONE,

Administrator, with the will annexed, of Andrew Robeson, deceased.

D. P. Barstow, Attorney for Administrator, 24 Montgomery Block. se10-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOSEPH GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOSEPH GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 26th day of SEPTEMBER, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of August, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Burnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. au23-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.—FANNY L. GREEN, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and permitting plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Fanny L. Brown, and for costs of suit and general relief. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By WM. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. Stevenson, Plaintiff's Attorney. se3

BUY A GOOD ONE, OR NONE.—Many absolutely wortbless sewing-machines are now before the public, to purchase which would result in nougbt but disappointment and vexation to the owner. A *cheap* sewing-machine generally proves a *dear* bargain. Grover & Baker's have stood the test for many years; thousands are in use in this vicinity, and but one opinion prevails as to their worth, the advantages they possess for Embroidering, Braiding, Hemming, etc., and their wonderful simplicity renders them the best in use.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Having asked a suspension of opinion in relation to the collision between the steamers *Yosemite* and *Washoe* at Benicia, in July last, until a proper investigation of the facts should be made; and the indictment of the Grand Jury of Solano county not having been sustained by the Court of that District, I am at liberty to present the decision of the "United states Inspectors," rendered on the first day of September last, and which is embraced in the following letter:

WM. BURNETT, Esq., Supervising Inspector of Steamboats—Sir: We have this day closed the testimony concerning the collision between the steamers *Yosemite* and *Washoe* at Benicia, on the 1st of July, 1864.

The former on her regular trip from Sacramento to San Francisco, and the latter on her regular trip from San Francisco to Sacramento, came in collision at Benicia dock, in both attempting to make the landing at the same time. We find that the *Washoe* attempted to make the landing in an improper manner, considering the proximity of the other boat, to which, under the circumstances, the landing properly belonged; *and we deem that the fault was wholly with the pilot of the steamer Washoe* who having since (as we are informed) committed suicide, is now beyond our power to punish.

(Signed) R. H. WATERMAN,
United States Inspector of Hulls.
C. C. BEMIS,
United States Inspector of Boilers.

San Francisco, Sept. 1st, 1864.

This full and ample vindication of my conduct, and also that of my pilot, Mr Fouratt, is deemed by me a complete refutation of the unmerited attack upon our characters and competency, published at the time of the collision in some of the papers of this city.

E. A. POOLE,
Master Steamer *Yosemite*.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

A. Roman & Co.'s.

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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

THE STAR COMPANY
In the thrilling drama of

Eustache Baudin!

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1864,
BENEFIT OF FRANK MAYO!

On which occasion will appear the charming comedienne,
MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON,
MRS. H. A. PERRY, AND THE STAR COMPANY

The performance will commence with the drama of

The Carpenter of Rouen!

Marteau, the Carpenter - - - - - - Frank Mayo
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To conclude with the popular farce of

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Sally Scruggs - - - - - - MRS. LEIGHTON

The Manager begs to announce that he has engaged the popular actor, Mr. J. H. WARWICK, who will appear on MONDAY EVENING NEXT.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. sc17

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WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S
Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT
Is now PERFORMING EVERY EVENING until further notice, in the
LARGE AND ELEGANT PAVILION,
Adjoining International Hotel,

When there will be presented to the San Francisco public a host of novelties.

The CARLO GROUPE are new and make their first appearance in this city.

The Manager, Mr. JOHN WILSON, is determined that the entertainment shall excel in every particular, and be worthy of patronage; he having concentrated in this company not only the largest and most complete Circus in the World, but the elite of the Equestrian, Gymnastic, Acrobatic, Juggling, Vaulting and Posturing performers of the country.

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Second Circle - - - - - - - - - - 0 50
Reserved Chairs - - - - - - - - 50c extra

☞ Grand Afternoon Performance for families every Saturday.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances commence at 8.

sc3 JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

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GRAND OPENING NIGHT!

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SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch,	Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold,	Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes,	Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina,	S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck,	Signor Pinto,
F. Harris,	E. Groh, and

MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Sole Owner
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G. T. EVANS - - - - - - Musical Director

LAST WEEK BUT ONE
—OF THE—
ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

THE FIRST BENEFIT IN SAN FRANCISCO
OF
MISS KATE MARTIN,
WILL TAKE PLACE
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, SEPT. 17TH,
Upon which occasion
THE RICHINGS'
English Opera Troupe

will present for the last time Douizetti's popular opera of
THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Principal characters by
Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS,
Miss Kate Martin,
Mr. W. J. Hill,
Mr. Edward Seguin,
Mr. H. C. Peakes,
Mr. Peter Richings.

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:
Bellini's opera of
NORMA,
for the last time.

MONDAY EVENING,
Auber's opera of
FRA DIAVOLO.
for the last time.

In preparation, and will be produced before the close of the season, Douizetti's opera of
DON PASQUALE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Dress Circle and Parquet, $1; Reserved seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. sc10

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JAMES MURPHY, THE IRISH GIANT BOY,
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This wonderful young man has grown some three inches in height, and is some sixty pounds heavier; he therefore now weighs over three hundred pounds, and stands nearly eight feet and a half high, making him really the most Colossal Giant—old or young, man or boy—the world ever saw. Don't fail to see him.

Also, just engaged, the celebrated
ALBINO FAMILY,
Consisting of brother and sister, with beautiful snowy, wavy hair, perfectly white skin, and pink eyes—the most novel, wonderful and instructive exhibition ever presented to the public. Every student of nature should witness this extraordinary phenomena.

Still astounding and startling the world, the
GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER, M. DE BAR.
Also, the great Mathematical Wonder,
THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR,
From Barnum's Museum.
THE WONDERFUL TYROLEAN WARBLER

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UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

The Willows.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silvar Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

MURPHY & BRAY'S
CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,
Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

On the first of August, the Lodging apartments Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon of the WILLOWS were thrown open to the public. Ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. sc10-tf

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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HEALTH
AND AMUSEMENT,
COMBINED!
C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,
In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of
LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At MISS ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,
Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East. jy23-1m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1864:

SEPTEMBER 23d - - - - - GOLDEN CITY

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN TO PANAMA!

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W. L. MERRY, Esq. - - - - - Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - SEPTEMBER 21ST,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and swift Steamship

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3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit over the Isthmus is now in fine order. The passengers are conveyed from San Juan to Virgin Bay over a good macadamized road, a distance of twelve miles, in Concord coaches built expressly for this route. The balance of the transit is performed by steamers. The Company have two on the Lake and six on the River, capable of accommodating twelve hundred passengers with ease.

For information or passage, apply to

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Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets.
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SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after MARCH 1st, 1864, Trains will leave the Depot on Brannan street, between Third and Fourth, for San Jose and Way Stations, as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

On Sundays, Three Trains will be run, as follows:
Leave San Francisco at 8 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M. and 4 1-2 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8 A. M. and 4 and 7 P. M.

Passengers can reach the Depot by either the Third or Fourth street lines of city cars.

A. H. HOUSTON,
nu20 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY.			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

OPENING
—OF—
The Industrial Exhibition.

The Grand Pavilion was thrown open to the Publicon last SATURDAY) MORNING, and is now open daily for the reception of visitors.

The North Beach and Mission Railroad cars pass the Fair Grounds every few minutes.

Season Tickets for Lady and Gentleman - - $5 0
Season Tickets for one person - - - - - 3 0
Tickets for Single Admission - - - - - 50

Tickets may be had at the Institute, on California street, or of any member of the Executive Committee.

By order of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 18. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Pour Passer le Temps—by "Restless."
Our Club, No. 2—by Thersites.
An Adventure in Singaporo.
Phœnixiana.
Scientific Sketches.

THE COUNTESS DIANA—A Translation—Concluded.

POETRY—
San Francisco by the Poets.
Tennyson's Latest Work.

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The Going Man.
A Plea for Commonplaces.
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PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS:

Selected sayings of Wise Men.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

The Abbey Bridge.
"Late" is not "Never."
The Last of the Toll-Gate.
Two Venetian Pictures.
Rain and Umbrellas.
The Three Corpses.
The Glass of Fashion.
Earthquakes.
Lumley and Lola Montez.

POETRY—
The Song of the Light Artillery.
Song in Cymbeline.
The Cuckoo.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage for the Week.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

THE week opened with a mildness unparalleled in the annals of the Sundays of the past six months, and it was a glorious beginning. The churches were all well filled, and no city in the Union could show so large a population out-doors in proportion to its inhabitants. Peace and quietness prevailed everywhere. Early in the morning a few gentlemen Democrats, who had been running all night in their zeal for the cause, disturbed my slumbers by getting under my windows and shouting for Goerge B., Casserly, Pixley and sundry other gentlemen, who certainly would never authorize their names to be used in such an unceremonious way at daylight in the morning. Being a friend of Pixley's I could not tamely permit his name to resound through the streets such a beautiful Sunday morning, and I did my best to dampen their ardor by sousing down a bucket of water over the party; whereupon, one very obfuscated gentleman remarked that the rainy season had commenced in good earnest, and he believed he would go home for his "umbreller;" and the party broke up wiser and wetter men. Monday was rather inclined to be a blue day. It is generally so with housekeepers, I believe—a day when the master of the house (tho other six days) is requested to go early and come home late, which he does voluntarily, for, by common consent, washday is one of trials and vexations, and, summed up, is the pursuit of cleanliness under difficulties of a trying nature.

Stocks never sell well on Monday. The machinery of the week hardly gets in motion before Tuesday, and people do not get fairly over their Sunday naps—seem torpid and stupid; and that torpidity seems to extend to all branches of business except that of borrowing money, in which, transactions may be quoted "lively"—that is. there have been a great many lively attempts to borrow, with corresponding failures where the "collats" were not satisfactory, which they seldom are. As for borrowing on stocks, one would expect as soon to be able to hypothecato his grandmother. The money-lenders are willing to advance just the value of the stamps on the certificates, provided they have not been cancelled. The nice young men with their packages of bills for collection under their arms have been very lively this week, as there were two steamer-days; although it is not fair to swindle a man out of the amount of a bill on Mr. Raymond's steamer-day. The Nicaragua route does not justify a man in paying, or any one in dunning him. Not that tho routo is not a very good one, but the objection is to the excuse the departuro of that steamer seems to offer for dunning a man. There would be some satisfaction in living in this world if it was not for having to pay bills. Receiving money can be borne with, and we can put up with that bore; but to *pay!* Base is the slave, indeed, who pays—if he can help it; and no doubt those who collect, or try to, come to the conclusion that slavery in its worst phase exists in California.

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THE transactions for the week that have come under my observation relate principally to grapes, several bunches of which changed hands; and I purchased a bunch that had changed hands so ofteu I couldu't distinguish whether they were Isabellas or Black Hamburgs. There's an old lady that sits on our corner and makes a fine display these windy afternoons. She faces wind and dust; and what with the perpetual feud going on between herself and her bonnet, which gets away and goes down tho street about once every half-heur—the sudden surprises and raids on her pile of fruit by small boys who carry flags of truce at half-mast, but uever abstain from surreptitious abstractions of the old lady's stores; the boys who show a morbid desire to do all their fighting before her, with a view to her acting as umpire, probably—she has a hard time of it. When she runs down the street for her bonnet the impish boys make a sudden dash on her grapes. She returns in time to charge on them around the corner, with fruitless results. *Ad interim*, a pair of dogs have had a personal misunderstanding under her temporary table and upset a box of apples, which roll under the horses' hoofs. And so it goes all day. It is illustrative of the trials of this life, and particularly life in California, where you can't set anything down and leave it a brief period with any safety; it finds somebody to pick it up, or you get picked up yourself in pursuit of a fleeing phantom, and if you have a little property, it is caught in between tho two big dogs, and their fight leaves you without any breath in your body or money in your purse. Meantime, buy that old lady's grapes and reward virtue, pationcе, great endurance, long suffering, and the pursuit of a few dimes under tho abovo described difficulties. You will always observe a tear in the old lady's eye, occasioned by melancholy reflections or—the dust.

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HAPPENING to drop in at the Acadomy of Music the other evening, I was much pleased to soe how gently "mo boy Peakes" warbled, and how much better control he seemed to have of his voiee as "Oroveso," in *Norma*, thau as the King in *Maritana*. The improvement was marked and remarked by others, as well as myself, and the verdict was that it developed a good trait in Peakes to take his little dose of criticism so patiently, and show his appreciation of the good wishes of the public by striving to remedy the little faults that were laid before him for his good. He will find his reward for the application and study he seems now to be giving his *roles;* and we shall expect great things of him in *Don Pasquale* this evening. Our friends with the horns, too, seemed to have concluded to economizo a little on breath and blow more gently, so that somethiug else could be heard. In fact, everythiug seemed to be lovely the past week. And let not people forget that this evening terminates the season; those who have neglected to go will be sorry, and those who have attended oftenest will regret its close. But as we are to have next week several nice comedies by the Richiugs troupe, there is still a chance to see them in their best characters; and if the house is not filled nightly, then ought this community to be set down as unappreciative.

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THERE is a time and place for all things and a time to throw bouquets, and a great many occasions when they ought *not* to be thrown—and one of those is when the recipient is in the deepest distress and depths of despair, and can't stop to pick it up, and there it lies at her feet where it is kicked and swept arouud, thus completely destroying the effect of her acting or singing; for while she appeals to heaven to save her, with an eye on the grooves of the scene slides overhead, the other is taking the bearings of the bouquet, and she executes a right or left "oblique" in her movements to avoid treading on it. There it persistently lies, a nuisance, and at the same time a caso of intended compliment that can't be overlooked; and it continues to get large and more in the way until the heroiue is obliged to wink at the hero, who doesn't take the hint uutil in the middle of his rhapsody, when he agrees to die, etc., but is obliged to postpono it to pick up the bouquet, which is handed to her with a flourish, and received with a bow, and a slight settling down of the body—thereby changing, interrupting and destroying tho effect of tho passage.

Somebody threw a bouquet on the stage for Miss Richings the other ovening, while she was in the midst of her solemn rites as a priestess, and about to bo blessed by friend Peakes in a long flowing beard and a ditto night gown, who was doing the fanatical old druidical "Pop" and who, by the way, subsequently failed to do the decent thing and stand up for his daughter. Peakes makes a gay old parson, but I think his style would be improved by hoops, to set him out a littlo. Somebody said little Joe threw the bouquet, but I can't think it, for Joe is a warm admirer of Miss Richings and an enthusiast on opera—never missing a night, and as competent a critic as any opera-goer in towu. Surely Joe wouldn't havo thrown his bouquet at such a moment.

If there is any one other nuisanee at the opera that is equal to inappropriate bouquet shying, it is to set before a chap who insists on beating time with his feet or drumming on tho back of your seat. To suddenly terminate the existenee of such an individual would be perfectly justifiable, and no jury of opera-goers would ever find a man guilty of any crime who executed the movement.

RESTLESS.

PHŒNIXIANA.

AMONG the numerous anecdotes of John Phœnix which have recently appeared, the following, which ought to be considered his boldest and best practical joke, seems to have been entirely overlooked:

About the winter of 1852, Phœnix, then a young bachelor Lieutenant, found himself on duty in Washington, where, in addition to his other business, he managed to fall iu love with the fair daughter of the Colonel who commanded him. (I mean the *Colonel* commanded him.) Whether his affection was returned or not is unknown, but one fine morning the Colonel summoned Phœnix to the private office and addressed him to the following effect:

"Mr. Phœnix, your abilities in your profession are so well known that I cannot, with justice, allow them to rust in the dull routine of bureau duties. A fine opportunity for distinguished service now offers, and I have given you a preference which you merit. Here are the drawings and specifications of a dam to be built upon the San Diego river. Thirty thousand dollars will be placed to your credit, and the steamer will sail from New York to-morrow. No thanks! You deserve all that I can do for you. *Apropos:* My daughter, knowing that you will be pressed for time, will not expect a formal leave-taking. Good-by, Mr. Phœnix! Dam the San Diego river to the best of your ability. I envy you the fine opportunity, although, as I have said, you deserve it. You owe me no thanks. Good-by!" So saying, he bowed the young man out of the office.

The steamer sailed, of course, (such is the phrase, which is about as sensible as to say "the sailer steamed,") next day, and in due time Phœnix arrived at San Francisco. After a proper course of delay, which he improved by making the reconnoisance of the railroad from San Francisco to the Mission along the "*scentral route*," he appeared in San Diego, and for three months that ancient city smiled and was gay.

In due course of timo the dam was built; but knowing that some original engineering was to be expected of him, Phœnix, while complying strictly with his orders and drawings, placed the structure, not *across* the river, but *along one bank*, up and down stream. "There!" said he, as he finished his last inspeotion, "there is a dam that will stand the test of time. When the river washes that dam away, let them send me out again. I will build another I will dam the San Diego river as long as I live."

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CRINOLINE.—"A calculation has been made," says the *Sala Public* of Lyons, "on the subject of crinolines, which is worthy of attention. These dresses, in fact, require three metres more material than the ordinary ones. As no less than 20,000,000 of ladies' dresses are made every year in France, the additional quantity used is 60,000,000 of metres, which taken at the average price of 2f. a metre, makes a sum of 120,000,000f. In addition must be mentioned two extra petticoats required for those ample dresses, and the material for which costs 120,000,000f. more. The steel cages must bo also taken into account, and as they cannot be estimated at less than 15f. each, a further sum of 150,000,000f. must be added. These three sums together make a tribute of 390,000,000f., or about one-fifth of the State budget, paid to a ridiculous and inconvenient fashiou.

THE SONG OF THE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

ON the unstained sward of a gentle slope,
Full of valor and full of hope
The infantry swarms like a coming sea—
Why lingers the Light Artillery?

"*Action, front!*"
Whirling the Parrotts like children's toys,
The horses strain to the rushing noise;
To right and to left so fast and free,
They carry the light artillery.

"*Drive on!*"
The gunner cries, with a tug and a jerk,
The limbers fly, and we bend to our work;
The "handspike" in, and the "implements" out—
We wait for the word, and it comes with a shout:

"*Load!*"
The foes pour on their billowy line:
Can nothing check their bold design?
With yells and oaths of fiendish glee,
They rush for the light artillery.

"*Commence firing!*"
Hurrah! hurrah! our bull-dogs bark,
And their triple line is a glorious mark;
Hundreds fall like grain on the lea,
Mowed down by the light artillery.

"Fire!" and "Load!" are the only cries
Which are thundered and roared to the vaulted skies;
Aha! they falter, they halt, they flee,
From the hail of the light artillery.

"*Cease firing!*"
The battle is over, the victory won,
Ere the dew is dried by the rising sun;
While the shout bursts out like a full-voiced sea,
"Three cheers for the Light Artillery!"

[*United Service Magazine.*

TWO VENETIAN PICTURES.

NUMBER I.—THE PORTAL.

WE have but walked some two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation; another glance undeceives us—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree; gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene.

Stroke by stroke we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sea air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the color of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky—the Alps of Bassano. Forward still: the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces and staggering in ugly rents towards the water—the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another turn, and another perspective of canal; but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast—it widens: the rank grass of the banks sinks lower, and lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it: this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches, there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and evidently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church.

It is Venice.

NUMBER II.—ST. MARK'S.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisé, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square) the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisé, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranate, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And ground the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counter; nay, the foundation of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes—the march drowning the *miserere*, and the sullen crowd thickening round them—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men, of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centisimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.—*Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."*

THE LAST OF THE TOLL-GATE.

SHALL I go round to the crescent, sir, and save the gate? It was thus that the unfeeling driver of a Hansom cab addressed me, through the trap in the roof of his vehicle, on the night of the 29th of June last.

"No, no," I said, in tones of virtuous indignation. "Don't let us cheat a dying institution: go through, and let me pay my last twopence."

I am willing to confess that I had often been a consenting party to that detour round the crescent. Not that I ever saved anything by it, for the driver always looked for the twopence in addition to his fare, and always had it, taking it in the light of a reward of merit; but such is the rooted aversion of a free and independent Britou, glorying in Magna Charta and popular representation, to anything in the shape of a tax for the support of those institutions in which he takes so much pride, that he will bestow his money upon the vilest of mankind rather than pay it into the hands of a paternal government, or any of its myrmidons. But on this occasion, the free and independent Briton was swayed by other feelings peculiar to his great nature. He was not going to hit an institution when it was down. So he went through the gate and paid his twopence like a man.

The toll-keeper seemed to be also conscious of the touching and pitiful nature of the occasion. For the first time since I, the independent Briton, had, to my cost, known him, he spoke civilly, and, in giving me change out of sixpence, actually said, "Thank you, sir." Not to be outdone in this respect, I said, "You're very welcome, I'm sure, for it is the last twopence I shall pay you."

"Oh, no, sir, I hope not," he replied. "There's all day to-morrow for you; we don't shut up for good, till twelve o'clock at night."

He seemed to say, "Don't despair; there is yet time and opportunity left to do a virtuous action." It was very kind of him. I was inclined to believe that to oblige me he would have been willing to continue the gate for a few days longer. I did not, however, desire that he should so far put himself out of the way on my account. I merely expressed my intention of paying a visit to the gate on the following day, delicately hinting at hospitality on my part. I was rejoiced to find that he would have no objection; that, in fact, he would be very happy to see me.

This was one of those happy days which men make at random on the spur of the moment, and which are worth the best and most elaborate efforts of thought and deliberation. If the truth must be told, I had always regarded that toll-gate keeper with awe, nay, with some feeling of dread. Like many other persons in authority, he seemed to be encased in an armor of unapproachableness, hedged round by a divinity that repelled all familiar advances. With a strong disposition towards statistics and useful knowledge, I had for some time desired to make his acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips something of the philosophy and experience of toll-gate keeping. I was curious to know whether the theory of a certain celebrated person with regard to the misanthropical nature of the pursuit was correct; or whether it was merely a malicious libel on the part of one who had been a victim to tolls. I was desirous to know if the keeper of a toll-gate regarded all mankind with the same aversion as all mankind regarded him; and perhaps I was curious to peep into the interior of that mysterious little round-house, and see a toll-keeper in the privacy of what might literally be called his domestic circle. I had long desired to fathom these things; but had never, with every elaboration of design, made the great advance towards them which I now achieved. Until this happy moment, when a mutual sentiment brought us together on a friendly footing, I had signally failed in my endeavors to approach the keeper of that toll-gate. I had often strolled down to the gate with the intention of engaging him in conversation, but my courage invariably failed me. I was afraid that he might think me impertinent. Again and again I walked round the little house, in the hope that my timidity might miss its footing and land me quite by accident in the confidence of the solemn functionary of whom all I knew was that his name was John Brown. In vain. I never succeeded in getting in his way, in running against him, or in any other way bringing myself under his notice. It would have been absurd to ask him the right time, for there was a big-faced clock in the front of the gate proclaiming the hour to all the passing world. I thought at one time, in the pride of my knowledge of human nature, of approaching Mr. Brown with a friendship's offering of a pot of beer extended in my hand; but I was warned against this course by the possibility (albeit I considered it a very bare one) of his being a teetotaller. I thought at another time, having observed that Mr. Brown was addicted to the weed, of smoothing my way with a bundle of cigars: but was deterred by a fear lest my motives might be misunderstood, and lest Mr. Brown should suspect me to be a spy of the Trust. I may say that I beat about Mr. Brown very much, learning many things from the perusal of the tablo of tolls concerning the charges for horses and asses, drawing and not drawing, and for wagons, vans, and carriages, the felloes of whose wheels were of certain dimensions, &c., but of Mr. Brown himself, nothing.

When I walked down to the gate the following afternoon, I became sensible that a great sensation was prevailing in the neighborhood. A great sensation had been prevailing in that neighborhood for some considerable time; but now it was spreading out far and wide, like a rising flood, swamping the whole district in a deluge of excitement. There was a manifest tendency of the walking population "down the road," and a marked disposition on the part of the shop-keepers, to gather in knots on the pavement, as if they expected fire-works or a comet. There was much discussion, too, which became more and more earnest as the gate was approached. I have reason to know that as a politician the High street is thoroughly radical; that it has a great idea of free trade, reduced expenditure, and abolition of taxes; that it is great, occasionally, at the Wilkes and Liberty Hall in Lower Platform street, on the rights of man, and the wrongs inflicted on society by a grasping hierarchy and a bloated aristocracy; that it is ready at any moment to vote for Bluter, and the right of meeting in the Parks, and that it hates all placemen, holders of sinecures, and the privileged classes generally. Yet, I found it to be the unanimous opinion of the High street, more particularly towards its lower end, that the demolition of the toll-gate would be highly prejudicial to its interests, that it was a most unwarrantable and unconstitutional proceeding, and that it was directly inimical to the rights of man keeping shop in that vicinity. There was a decided disposition to connect the abolition of toll-gates in general, and of that toll-gate in particular, with the baleful influence of a grasping hierarchy and a bloated aristocracy; and I am sure that the connection would have been logically and conclusively established if the High street had only seen how to do it. At one corner, the High street, being interested in beer and the choicest spirits at dock prices, including old vatted rum, was quite clear that in a mysterious manner, not capable of lucid explanation, but indubitable nevertheless, the removal of the toll-gate would have much the same effect on beer and spirits as an advance in the price of hops, or an increase in the excise duty. A little higher up, the High street, being interested in tobacco, as regards one window, and invisible perukes as regards the other, gloomily resigned itself to the conviction that when the gate was removed, society at large would give up smoking and cease to be bald. Next door but one, the High street, being professionally engaged in making up gentlemen's own material, had also made up its mind that the gate and the habits of civilization would disappear together, and that mankind would, with the stroke of twelve that night, incontinently return to nudity and blue paint. At a particular corner, on the pavement, the High street being concerned in trotters, saw in the destruction of the gate a fatal blow to pork, tending to the ultimate extinction of that useful though not ornamental animal, the pig; at the same time opening up a broad and clear road leading to the workhouse. In fact, the High street, though thoroughly radical when other persons are concerned, was, on this occasion, when the party concerned was the High street itself, eminently conservative.

On the other hand, the drivers and conductors of cabs and omnibuses, whose interests lay in a different direction, and whose views had no doubt been enlarged by a daily survey of mankind from 'Igate to the Abbey, contemplated the dissolution of the gate with undisguised satisfaction, while the juvenile population, at all times strongly iconoclastic, was preparing to celebrate the occasion in a becoming manner, and to seize the earliest moment, when the protection of the law should be withdrawn, to break the toll-gate's windows.

Through this terrible war of mental elements I made my way to the doomed gate, and, accosting Mr. Brown, hoped I saw him well, or at least as well as could be expected under the melancholy circumstances. How often it happens in life that the man whom, when you did not know him, you regarded as haughty and unapproachable, proves, when you do come to know him, to be the most affable fellow imaginable! I had not been two minutes in Mr. Brown's company, before I per-

ceived that in walking round him and beating about him I had entirely mistaken Mr. Brown's nature and wasted my own time. I might have approached him with a peace-offering of a pot of beer, and been received with joy; I might have paved the way with a bundle of cigars, and found it the direct road to his affections. I imagined him to be a great frozen block of reserve, but I knew now that I might have melted him throughout with three-penn'orth warm. I conceived him to be a pillar of darkness; I discovered that I might have lighted him up with a pickwick.

Would Mr. Brown take anything? Mr. Brown's ready apprehension of the significance of this masonic form of interrogatory made me almost painfully sensible of the absurdity of having suspected him of teetotalism. Mr. Brown would take *anything*, but, for choice, old ale. The way in which one of Mr. Brown's boys, on receiving a shilling, annihilated time and space and disappeared through a double swing door leading to the region of old vatted rum, was suggestive of lightning. Did Mr. Brown smoke? Mr. Brown, casting his eyes towards the tall red chimney that erected itself from the flat roof of the toll-gate like an inflamed mark of admiration, said that he *could;* evidently implying that, as regards smoking, a flue with a short draught was a fool to him. For choice, Mr. Brown took returns—and I had hesitated to approach him with regalias!

Was Mr. Brown sorry that the gate was to be done away with? This timidly and gingerly, lest Mr. Brown might resent any interference with his private affairs. But Mr. Brown had no reserve. He put himself at once on the footing of a sworn witness on a highway committee.

"Sorry! Lor' bless you, sir, I shall be jolly glad when 12 o'clock comes, and it's all over. You wouldn't believe the life the 'bus men and the cabbies have been a leading me for a week past; ah, for a month a'most. To-day it has been dreadful. And you may be as good at chaff as you like, but you can't have an answer ready for every one. Me and my boys have been making up things to say all the morning, and we've given it to a few of them pretty hot, though, of course, some of them had the best of us. There's a surly old fellow as generally goes round the crescent and evades the gate when he can, but the other day he was obliged to come through.

"'Ah!' he says, 'there will be no gates after Friday.'

"'Oh, yes, there will,' I says; 'they're going to leave one on your account.'

"'Which gate is that?' he says.

"'Why, Newgate!' I says.

"You should have seen how he whipped into his horse and made off double-quick. Then, there's a saucy, cheeky sort of a chap as drives a Hansom says to me:

"'Hullo, John!' he says, 'what are you going to do when the gate's down? Start a baked tatur can, or go into the catch-'em-alive-oh line?'

"'No, neither,' I say; 'but I don't mind telling you what I intend to be up to. I'm going to do something to get put into the house of correction, and when I come out with a ticket-of-leave I'll be fully qualified to drive a cab.'"

While Mr. Brown was thus discoursing in the most communicative manner, he was constantly under the necessity of breaking off short to run and take the tolls; or, if it were not a vehicle of sufficient importance for his own notice, to shout to his two boys to take the tolls for him. And the two boys were always scurrying out into the roads and scurrying back again to drop coppers into the capacious pockets of Mr. Brown's white apron.

"There's some folks think, sir, that toll-keeping is an easy, idle kind of a life. They only see me for a minute as they go by, and that's all they know about it. If they was to stand here fourteen hours a day, as I do, they'd know different. You're never at rest a minute; there's always something a-going through. It's no use to sit down; you can't sit for two minutes together; and getting up and down like that is very trying to the legs. I know what toll-keeping is, sir. I've been in it all my life. I was born in a toll-gate down at Pangbourne—it wasn't like this, you know, it had rooms and all kinds of convenience—and that, perhaps, *was* easy; but here in London it's almost as bad as the tread-mill; that is, I should say it was, sir; of course I don't know for certain. It's not what it was, toll-keeping. Everything's redooced so, now-a-days. We're obliged to make a reduction for taking a quantity. Why, there's forty 'busses goes through this gate, each, on an average, fourteen times every day, and we take the lot for ten pound a week. It would be more than ten times that if we were to make them pay every time. But if we had done that, there wouldn't have been half the 'busses on this road. When a company thinks of starting, they come to us and say, 'What will you take us for?' And we say, so much; and if it's what they can afford, they come on the road, and if it's more than they can afford, they don't. But we're always liberal, sir. We let the cabs pass free when they're empty; that ain't a right, sir; it's a privilege which we allow them. And what's the return they make for that privilege? Why, when they've got a fare they go round the crescent, and then when they're empty they come back through the gate. That's what a cabman calls gratitude. I've known them flash little bits of newspaper cut up to look like tickets, to the boys when they've been larking and not taking much notice. I've been done that way myself, once or twice; I've caught a few out, though. I remember my old master, Mr. Levy, the contractor, bowling a cab-driver out in fine style. The man, after driving him more than a hundred yards on the Trust, took him sharp up the side of the crescent, and so evaded the toll. When he set Mr. Levy down at his house, and he'd paid him his right fare, he says, 'Ain't you going to give me the two-pence for evading the gate?' 'No,' Mr. Levy says, 'I won't do that, but as I'm the contractor for the tolls, I'll give a summons as early as I can to-morrow morning.' And he did, too; but he was a good sort, and wouldn't have taken no notice if the man hadn't been cheeky. I used to collect the post-duty under Mr. Levy; that was in the old coaching times, before railways. My station was down near King's-cross, and I used to take the tickets as the post-chaises went by, some of them bound for Gretna Green; for, somehow or other, sir, lovers were fond of running away to be married when it was a hard job to do it; but now, when there's railways and it's easy, they don't seem to care about it. Human nature, I suppose, sir? But taking post-duty was better than toll-keeping. I used to get a penny on every ticket, and I've often earned as much as eight pound a week. But the post-duty was done away with, and now the tolls is to be done away with. This gate has had a good many shoves at one time or another. It was up at St. Giles's once; but they shoved it on gradually to here, and now it's to be shoved right out into the country somewhere. No; I don't think I shall go with it; but I ain't afraid. I've always found that when one gate shuts, another opens. A gent said to me to-day, 'Why, Mr. Brown,' he says, 'with your figure and your aprons, you would be a credit to Doctors' Commons.' I'll drop into something, I dare say. I've been taking stock of the traffic on this road for the railway bill, and perhaps I'll get a job to take tickets for Puffing Billy. The 'busses and the cabs are all rejoicing because the tolls is to be done away with; but I tell them it will be all the worse for them in the end. Puffing Billy will come and knock them all off the road. No; I don't pay a rent for the toll. The contractor trusts to me to do the best I can for him."

After an interval for refreshment and the quiet digestion of all this toll lore, I revisited the gate at about 11 o'clock. The excitement was intense now. The little house was surrounded by a crowd of two or three hundred persons, male and female, the youthful portion showing a strong disposition to dance. Many of Mr. Brown's personal friends had arrived and were inside the toll-house, drinking Mr. Brown's health. Beer was coming over from the public house—in pots at first, in cans presently; eventually, as the hour of doom approached, in pails. Presenting myself at the door of the house, I was refused admission, but, on being recognized by Mr. Brown, was admitted—to the great envy of the unprivileged classes outside, who seemed to regard me somewhat in the light of one who had the *entrée* at court. Inside, Mr. Brown's friends were drinking out of the pots, out of the cans, out of the pails. Beer, beer everywhere, not only to drink but to stand in, sit in, swim in, if any one had been so inclined. Beer, too, was going on outside. The hilarity was becoming fast and furious. Mr. Brown was delighted. He put himself in the position of a host giving an *al fresco* nocturnal *fête*. He was glad to see everybody; anxious to make everybody happy. Music was suggested. Mr. Brown procured a boy with a tin whistle. The tin whistle being voted weak and inadequate to the occasion, Mr. Brown sent to some neighboring depot of music and secured the services of a band, consisting of a cornet-a-piston, a trombone and a drum. Beer having been administered to the band, it was hoisted up on to the roof of the gate, from which elevated position it played many favorite selections, while the mob below danced a sort of Carmagnole round the toll-house. A stranger coming up at that moment would have found it difficult to say, in view of the buckets of beer which still continued to be carried across, whether the occasion were a fire; or, in view of the wild revolutionary dance, whether the toll-house were a sort of Bastile, and the people were taking it by assault! Every vehicle that arrived was immediately surrounded by the mob, who seemed to derive some sort of savage satisfaction from seeing the last tolls paid. Wild shouts hailed the surrender of every two-pence, as if, (taking the revolutionary view of the matter,) the coins were the heads of tyrants, falling under the stroke of the guillotine. Heavily-laden omnibuses dashed through the crowd in triumph, the drivers flourishing their whips, the occupants of the knife-board standing and waving hats and handkerchiefs, while the conductors, with the politeness which distinguishes them, took sights at Mr. Brown, and shouted "Ya-ah!" at him as if he had been a wild beast having his teeth filed and his claws cut.

Time advances. Beer is hoisted up to the band in a bucket, and in a moment of impatient waiting for music, when all eyes are directed to the elevated orchestra, the trombone is seen upon all-fours drinking like a horse. Inside the house Mr. Brown's friends, too numerous for the limited accommodation, are beginning to drop and drag themselves among the beer, suggesting blue-bottles on a sloppy public-house counter. Considering that before the close of the proceedings beer actually found its way through the roof, it was a mercy some of them were not drowned.

"A quarter to twelve. Hurrah! Ten minutes to twelve. Hurrah!" A cab comes up with an unprotected female in it. The cab is immediately surrounded by the mob, and the unprotected female turns pale and shrieks. She is assured that it is not her life that is wanted, but only her twopence. A hundred hands are held out for the money, and though it is taken by strangers, it is immediately handed over to Mr. Brown. "Five minutes to twelve! Only five minutes more, Brown; suppose we burn the gate, and finish up with a bonfire!" Mr. Brown is so good-humored, and so thoroughly enjoying his "breaking up," that I really believe he would have made no objection to this proposition if it could have been carried into execution without immolating his friends. I doubt, however, if the toll-house in its then saturated state would have burned readily.

"One minute to twelve. Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!" A tremendous shout about this time; the band, with a fine apprehension of the nature of the occasion, fatuously playing the "Death of Nelson." A cab appears with another unprotected female, who, amid frantic acclamations, pays the last toll. "Twelve!" The protection and countenance of the law being withdrawn from the toll-house, crash goes a shower of Macadam through its windows. Happily Mr. Brown's friends are all prostrate, and the consequences are not tragic. Another shout, to which Mr. Brown responds by taking off and waving his white apron. And all is over.

Passing along a day or two after, I found nothing to mark the spot where the gate had stood but a little blue patch of Macadam, under which one might have supposed the toll-house to be buried. I hear, however, that the gate is not dead yet; that it has had another shove; and that, while being dragged bodily up the Eaton road by two horses, for whose strength and spirits it was a great deal too much, it was given into custody by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*All the Year Round.*

SONG IN CYMBELINE.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet arise;
Arise, arise. [*Shakspeare.*

A CHICAGO paper gravely remarks that "the longer the present war lasts, the more public opinion begins to settle down to the belief that it will by no means be a short one." The editor is quite firm in this belief.

EARTHQUAKES.

SO far as modern times are concerned, Iceland, the western coast of Spain and Portugal, the south of Italy and the Levant, have been the only portions of Europe where seriously destructive earthquakes have taken place. Though North America does not seem to have contributed very many earthquakes to the list just given, yet this is probably from the lack of records, as the whole region from California southwards, bordering on the Pacific, is subject to violent earthquakes. "Pacific" as the ocean may be, its borders are of a very different character, and both its Asiatic and its American coasts are so constantly visited with earthquakes that they with the islands of the Caribbean Sea, will stand first on the list of the earthquake districts of the globe. The Pacific Ocean is, in fact, fringed by a rocky, earthquake-visited territory. As to the times when earthquakes happen in the greatest numbers, there are but two facts which can be stated positively. The first is very singular, namely, that the greater part of the earthquakes which have been recorded occur near to the time of the new and of the full moon. It is, of course, very doubtful whether if we could throw into the calculation all the earthquakes which have gone by *without* biographer or record, we should still find the same curious rule holding good. Our recent earthquake of October 6th, was nearly as far as possible from the new and the full moon. Still, for all the hundreds, nay, thousands, of observed earthquakes, there is a preponderance of those which have selected either the time of full or of new moon for their occurrence; although no explanatory theory has yet been offered which we think worth presenting to our readers. The second fact is, that the majority happen in the *colder* half of the year. About four happen from October to March (both inclusive) for every three which occur in the other part of the year. The singular thing here is, that the same rule holds for the British, the Spanish, the French, and the Italian earthquakes. On the south side of the equator, where the months from October to March are the warm months, they have, so far as our records go, the smaller number of earthquakes; but as our accounts of earthquakes there are by no means so full as in Europe, we cannot be so sure of the conclusions to be drawn. Thus much may be said, as being matter of observation as to the times when earthquakes happen. History also seems to point to something like a rule for the recurrence of serious and numerous earthquakes somewhat after the middle of each successive century. To go back over the last four hundred years, we observe that in the last century, about the middle, (1755,) occurred the great Lisbon earthquake; and, subsequently, the great Calabrian earthquake; so also in the middle of the seventeenth century there were great earthquakes in the Mediterranean, and afterwards, towards its close, the great Jamaica earthquake; while, in the middle and later half of the sixteenth century, there were great earthquakes both in Europe and China. In each of these cases, the earthquakes mentioned were the chief earthquakes of the century. Whether the present century is to follow this precedent, we are hardly yet advanced enough to say. Certain it is that the first fifty years saw but few serious earthquakes, and that the last ten or twelve years have seemed to indicate a revival of the earthquake activity, both in the very serious catastrophes in the Levant, and in those which have occurred in the Eastern seas. —*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

MR. LUMLEY AND LOLA MONTEZ.—There is still another event remaining, in the circumstances connected with which there is something so strangely ludicrous that I can scarcely look back upon it without a smile. This event was the appearance, as a *danseuse*, of the late celebrated Lola Montez. It is not my intention to rake up the world-wide stories of this strange and fascinating woman, not long since passed from the world. Perhaps it will be sufficient to say frankly that I was in this instance fairly "taken in." A noble lord, (afterwards closely connected with the Foreign Office,) had introduced the lady to my notice as the daughter of a celebrated Spanish patriot and martyr, representing her merits as a dancer in so strong a light that her "appearance" was granted. The afterwards great Lola was received with rapture. Public press, opera-goers, all gave way to such immoderate fits of enthusiasm that it is difficult at this day to account for the strange infatuation which pervaded all ranks. True, the so-called Señora was singularly beautiful; her style was new, and there was something piquant and provocative in the surprise created. Yet she had no pretensions to the title of *danseuse* in any sense. To speak the plain truth, she was but the veriest novice in her art, which she had never studied as an art at all. I do not intend by this plain statement to declare that the French and Italian schools of dancing are alone to be endured by spectators of the highest class; for there is art in the Spanish school of dancing as well as in the others. But this spurious Spanish lady had no real knowledge of that which she professed. The whole affair was an imposture, and on the very night of her first appearance the truth exploded. Doubts already created were confirmed, and the true Spaniards indignantly refused to acknowledge the impostor as an exponent of their national dance. On the discovery of the truth, I declined to allow the English adventuress—for such she was—another appearance on my boards. And certain it is that I acted wisely, though I had to exercise the virtue of self-denial, as there is little doubt, from the reception she had met with on the first night, that the lovely woman would have drawn large sums of money to my treasury, for some time at least. In spite of the expostulations of the "friends" of the lady—in spite of the deprecatory letters in which she earnestly denied her English origin, and boldly asserted that she was a true "Lola," a genuine "Montez"—in spite even of the desire expressed in high places to witness her strange performances, I remained inflexible, and the false *danseuse* was never again allowed to exhibit her handsome person and her spurious graces at Her Majesty's Theatre.—*Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera.*

THYSELF.—Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

THE COUNTESS DIANA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIO UCHARD.]

XXVIII.

THREE days later, on a delicious afternoon in April, we entered the grand avenue of my Castle of Orbach. The old oaks and chestnuts, already covered with a tender foliage, spread their branches above us like a triumphal arch—the birds, flying from bough to bough, sang their sweetest songs, and all nature, trembling with love under the kiss of Spring, seemed to say to us, "Be happy, and live again!" Intoxicated with joy, I held Diana's hand, and as we sauntered along we seemed to be living over again the happy days of our infancy. We passed near a little lake where in former days the swans delighted to float, and, carried away by a memory of the past, Diana said to me, "Do you remember?" There I had one day defended her from an attack of a large black swan—a wonderful feat, which had covered me with glory in the eyes of all the neighborhood.

At a distance of three hundred yards from the castle, we stopped near a railing, behind which appeared, in the midst of lilac trees, an elegant Italian pavilion. It was Diana's home, built in the centre of a little park, which was enclosed within my grounds.

We had arrived a day sooner than expected, so that no one awaited us. At the call of the postilions, the people of the house, with Catherine at their head, came to meet us with cries of joy. We were greeted with hearty welcomes, and embraced tenderly by three or four old dependants, who had seen us grow up from infancy.

Before a quarter of an hour had passed, the whole world of the castle poured in upon us. The news of my pretended madness and subsequent detention had saddened these devoted hearts—they pressed around me, happy to see me so well and so lively. Schultz partook of the general intoxication, and rubbed his hands, which was always with him a demonstration of supreme satisfaction. He had forgotten his fears, his sadness, his misfortune. We wandered over the house and the grounds, while the children frolicked on the grass plats and gathered us bouquets. At each step, memory would recall some scene of other days, and with beating hearts our eyes would meet and ask, "Do you remember?"

While they improvised our dinner, we set out to visit my castle, where I made my *entrée* amidst the acclamations of the villagers; they had known my father, and recognized in me the son of a benefactor who was more than ever endeared to them since the reign of my guardian and Placide.

When evening came, and I found myself alone with Bastien, I thought over the events of the day as of a dream. In observance of my father's wishes, there had been no changes made in my childhood's home. I saw once more all that I had loved, and in fancy I saw the fairy-like mirage of the Future. Alas! a shadow would from time to time obscure my felicity. I would think of my poor Schultz. Should I cure him?

The following morning I was awakened by the sound of little pebbles thrown against my window-blind. It was Schultz, who came to make me his accustomed visit.

"Ho! ho!" said he, looking at the wax lights, almost consumed. "Some one has been sitting up late here. This is a bad system of things. But what am I doing? Here am I, forgetting I am no longer the medical adviser."

When I was ready, we hastened to Diana's house, where I found Granger, who had just arrived. The sight of him recalled to me the fact that I was prohibited by law. I had not yet thought of it, and I feared some annoying intelligence.

"Oh, heavens!" said I to him, "Do you come to place me again in chains?"

"In chains?" replied he, astonished at the reception I gave him.

"Pardon me, my friend," replied I, sorrowfully. "I had forgotten the prohibition which is laid upon me!"

"The prohibition!" said he, laughing. "But there is no more question about that, I assure you."

"What do you mean?" said I. "You forget the commission of guardianship?"

"It exists no longer. You are of age, and the fact of your being placed at liberty renders the judgment of no effect. I have just come to take your orders for a demand of withdrawal, which will at once place you in possession of your estates. . . .

During the last eight days, my dear William, everything has been arranged. I have regained my rights. I am free, master of my fortune, of my own will, of my life; and all is in train for carrying out my famous project.

I impoverish myself in diminishing the rental of my farmers. In this lies my principal occupation.

My dear friend, contemplate me from this time henceforward with the utmost respect. I am a young man of many possessions—rich in this world's goods. The thought of your two little millions causes a smile.

The affairs of Diana are also marvellously arranged. Thanks to the will of M. de Maufert, she inherits nothing from him.

I have made Bastien my steward, and I shall marry him to his Catherine. I shall also marry Madelaine, through the medium of Diana, and I shall marry you too, if you do not take care; and all this without prejudice to another marriage that I have in contemplation. Hasten to us if you wish to see an enchanted corner of this world, where the ideal reigns supreme. We expect you.

XXIX.

WILLIAM, I know all. You are but a traitor, at the best. You have hidden from me your sublime devotion, and you have lived two months near your friend—near Diana—a witness to the felicity which is your work, without revealing yourself. I owe you all, William—I know all, I tell you. The Count's adversary at Rhodes was yourself. And you have not permitted me to go down on my knees and thank that fraternal and brave friend who delivered the angel whom I adore. And it is chance? No, William; it is God who has revealed it all to me, and who wishes to give you a brother ready, in his turn, to yield up his life to you.

On board of the ship that brought, three months ago, our poor Diana to Marseilles, was a young man, who, seeing her alone and desolate, had overwhelmed her with respectful cares and attentions until they reached Paris. Day before yesterday this young man arrived here. Tremble, William! His name is M. de Varelles, Consul at Rhodes! He partook of our hospitality. Last evening, in the course of conversation, I asked him if he knew any of the details of the Count's duel with Sir George Ferry.

"Yes, indeed," said he, "I was a witness."

I then begged him to relate the story to me.

"It is a strange enough adventure," said he. "I must tell you that this Sir George, who was a great admirer of old ruins, was in the habit of roaming about each day in the close vicinity of the Byzantine fortress that the Count inhabited, for the purpose of sketching. You know the moody temper of M. de Maufert; he took offence at these assiduities, seeing in them some hostile intention. So much so, that one morning he refused him access to a broken-down rampart, whence he could see into his garden. Sir George resisted with the obstinacy of an antiquarian disturbed in his researches. The Count became irritated. Sir George laughed in his face. Then came a challenge, and the so-called Englishman asked me to assist him.

"What do you say? The so-called Englishman?"

"Yes, there is the mystery; he confided to me that he was a Frenchman, belonging to an ancient family of Alsace, and that his name was William Salzmann."

Ah, my brother, what did I not feel at the mention of your name—at the thought that I possessed such a friend as you. And thus, while I was despairing of ever again seeing my Diana, you had discovered her retreat; and our happiness is all your work. Oh, I want you to see how pure and radiant is that happiness! But what need I say to you who have seen Diana?

During the two months that you have passed near us, nothing has troubled the serenity of our dear Schultz, and my hopes for him strengthen day by day. But autumn approaches—that season so terrible for poor, disordered brains—and the least accident may render worthless the progress we have so laboriously obtained. Shall I save him? Diana, who is in my confidence, has suggested to me that it would be desirable to induce him to live at the chateau during this dreaded season—thus I can be near him at night, and watch over him.

XXX.

THE victory is complete, William. Autumn has passed, and our grass is covered with frost. Schultz has not felt any weakness. As we had intended, I installed him in a room next to mine. I have told him that he watched over me more than I did over him; for, having remarked that I visited him by stealth at night to see if he slept, he glided two or three times into my room. "What is the matter?" said I, at the first visit he thus made me.

"I come to show you that I have great courage," said he.

Finally, I let him alone. Often I saw him softly approach my bed and listen to me breathing. I would not stir, but feigned sleep. . . . Always occupied with thoughts of me he forgets himself. Oh, if I cure Schultz, what an enchanted existence will mine be!

We are waiting your return, William. Diana is anxiously expecting you, and looks upon you as on a brother. What would she say if she knew that you and Sir George Ferry were one and the same!

XXXI.

Two blissful years have passed away. I have a son of eleven months, blonde, rosy—"an angel escaped from heaven."

"This child will be a scoffer, like his father," said Diana, tossing our baby up in her arms."

"I deny it," I said, energetically, "it is his mother whom he most resembles."

The child looked at us and entertained us with a long discourse in his enchanting baby language. Schultz gravely hazarded a philosophical reflection. A discussion ensued, and Mina took part against her husband. He immediately lowered his tone.

This memorable scene took place in the hall, an immense gallery, where are to be found many rare tapestries, precious specimens of art, etc.; it is at once a museum, a music hall and a library. Here we assemble each evening, and look out on the park where all is calm, mysterious and dreamy.

"What are you reading, my friend?" said Diana to me one day, seeing me absorbed in a voluminous manuscript.

"My letters to William during the last three years. I asked them of him—"

Diana threw an uneasy glance towards the Doctor. She knew that I was meditating a final test of the sane state of his mind. I wish, in order to confirm his faith in himself, to place before him the picture of his former misery. If he bear this, he is safe for the future.

However, at the moment of engaging in this last combat with his reason, I tremble. If he should fail? And, to measure, as it were, the peril before me, I run over the pages; but scarcely am I engaged in this reading before my imagination is seized with a strange idea. These forgotten scenes of my life appear under a peculiar aspect. I seem to be participating in some fantastic legend, invented by a diseased brain, and as I read on it produces the effect of a bad dream.

They are all silent around me. Surprised at this, I raise my head and find them looking at me with great emotion, and Diana in tears. Schultz and Mina are trembling; Bastien stands behind them, very pale. I understand it all.

"Stop, stop, facetious Doctor!" said I, smiling; "it is not you that was insane."

"What! you think that—" . . .

"Indeed, I think it was—myself! It is as clear as day."

"Bravo! bravo!" said he, "insanity is buried!"

"Yes, forever!" said I, laughingly. "My friend, let me embrace you."

And I drew to my heart this brave friend. Then, throwing myself on my knees to Diana, she tenderly caressed me.

"Angel!" said I to her, "my reason is—thyself! It is thy love!"

"Ah, then," said she, "it can never again be extinguished."

Now you see, my dear William, how I was saved through my heart. I loved—I was loved in return. I had a godmother. And thus ends my *conte bleu*.

THE END.

THE VICISSITUDES OF AN ACTOR.—At the recent dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Webster of a testimonial in token of his valuable services as Master of the Dramatic College, he, in reply to the Chairman's complimentary speech, related several anecdotes connected with his career as an actor, among which was the following: "After being in great difficulties, I applied to Mr. Beverley, who was about to open the Croydon Theatre. He engaged me as leader of the band at a guinea a week. Had a storm of gold fallen on me, it could not have delighted 'Semele' more than me. I felt myself plucked out of the slough of despond. I had then to support, board myself, and to get out of debt. I resolved to walk to Croydon, ten miles, every day, to rehearsal, and back to Shoreditch, on twopence per day—one pennyworth of oatmeal and one pennyworth of milk—and I did it for six weeks, Sundays excepted, when I indulged in the luxury of shin of beef and ox cheek. The gentlemen in the gallery pelted one in the orchestra with mutton pies, and in this pitiless storm we shared, as the pages of our music books could testify. At first indignation was uppermost, but on reflection we made a virtue of necessity, and collecting the fragments of the not very light pastry, ate them under the stage, and, whatever they were made of, we considered them ambrosia. At the end of the sixth week I had so pleased Mr. Beverley and his son Harry that I was asked to give a specimen of my terpsichorean abilities in a sailor's hornpipe for the son's benefit, with a view to an engagement for 'Harlequin' at the new Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road. I essayed the task, buoyed up with hope; dashed on the stage; got through the double-shuffle, the toe and heel, though feeling faint; but at last, despite every effort, I broke down from sheer exhaustion of strength consequent upon a near approach to starvation. The curtain dropped on me and my hopes, and I burst into an agony of tears. However, this mourning was soon turned to joy, for Mr. Beverley bade me cheer up, for he had seen enough to know what I could do; and he engaged me as walking gentleman and 'Harlequin' for his London Theatre, where I made my first appearance as 'Henry Morland,' in the *Heir-at-Law*. From the Tottenham-street Theatre I went to the English Opera, now the Lyceum; from there to Drury Lane, thence to the Haymarket; from there to Covent Garden, the Olympic, the Adelphi; and here I am, such as I am."

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And, it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that, "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called *élite*, and the *élite* of the city's thieves and rascals called the scoughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or secular public."

To the old man, there is in the heart of a rose or a violet the fragrant echo of scores of dead springs.

ADVENTURE IN SINGAPORE.

ALTHOUGH more than ten years have now elapsed since the incident I am now about to narrato took place, all the circumstances connected with it remain so vividly impressed upon my memory that I could almost imagine it was only yesterday that it occurred.

I had been practicing my profession some two years in Hongkong; but as my health was commencing to give way, I had been obliged to get rid of my practice and take my departure for Europe, where I intended to recruit myself by a year's sojourn in Italy. I left Hongkong about the middle of June, as a passenger on board the ship *Constance*, Capt. Johnson, bound for London. On our way down the China sea, we put into the island of Singapore for fresh provisions, and on account of some little business the captain had to transact there. Never having been much of a lover of salt water, I gladly took advantage of our stay to recruit myself a little on shore, feeling about as happy as a prisoner would do who had just obtained a short reprieve from the Bastile; enjoying my temporary freedom immensely, while I felt a dreadful loathing at the idea of again being cooped up on board my prison-ship. Having taken temporary quarters at one of the hotels, I dawdled my time away very pleasantly in that magnificent island, (which is really like a paradise on earth,) strolling about the town, wandering through the fragrant nutmeg groves or lying quietly in some shady nook in the English Cemetery, moodily dreaming of those who there lay taking their last rest in the shade of the beautiful cinnamon trees, and recalling to my mind those beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"They grew in beauty, side by side
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are scattered far and wide,
By mountain stream and sea.

I very much wished to see something of the interior of this beautiful island; but Capt. Johnson, who was a surly "Jack-in-office," had frightened me out of it by curtly telling me that he should sail at any moment he got a fair wind, and that he would not wait an hour for anybody. Nevertheless, on the second morning of my being on shore, as there was not a breath of wind, and as two or three weather-wise individuals assured me that there would be none for the next twelve hours, I set off for a little excursion into the country, with a guide and a pair of horses, intending to get back by the afternoon. I had a very charming little jaunt through the most magnificent country I had ever seen; and so entranced was I by the luxuriant foliage and beautiful scenery, that the time slipped by without my knowing it, and it was quite dark before I got back to my hotel in the town. I was at once informed, upon my arrival, that the *Constance* had weighed anchor half an hour before, and was then standing out of the harbor with a light breeze, so that I had no time to lose if I wanted to overtake her. In Singapore the ships all lie about a mile from the shore, and the only boats in the place are flat-bottomed Chinese affairs called "sanpans," each manned by one Chinaman, who, standing up in the after-part of the boat with his face towards the prow, pulls, or rather pushes, two oars, and so propels the boat. These boatmen are the lowest caste coolies, very strong and muscular, and very low and degraded. They can make these "sanpans" go well, even very fast, if they wish to.

But to go on with my narrative. Having hurried to the beach, I picked out the strongest coolie I could find from the crowd who at once surrounded me, and jumping into his boat, I showed him a handful of gold, telling him to go "muchee quick," and that I would give him "muchee boxes." It was now quite dark, but the *Constance* was showing a light for my benefit, about three miles out in the bay, and as the breeze was still very light, I felt pretty confident of catching her before she got out to sea. After again urging on the Chinaman till he fairly made the boat fly, I quietly reclined in the fore part of the boat, keeping my eyes on the light shown by the *Constance*, while I dreamily enjoyed the fragrance of my cigar. We were making such good way that we soon passed the dark, shadowy hulls of the ships at anchor in the bay, and commenced to get well out in the wake of the *Constance*. How vividly that scene comes before me now! Behind me stood the tall, muscular coolie, his little goggle-eyes peering out into the darkness, one leg slightly advanced before the other, panting, and seemingly putting all his strength into the oars. Far behind in the distance was the gloomy and shadowy outline of the shipping at anchor, gradually growing less and less distinct, and far ahead of us on the dark horizon the glimmering light of the *Constance* now and then appearing. Here and there a star could be seen, but very few, as it was a dark night. I myself lay reclining in the boat's prow, lazily puffing my cigar, and wondering if Fate would ever again bring me to the shores of Singapore.

We had been flying through the water thus for about half an hour when I suddenly became aroused from my dreamy state, and conscious that something was wrong. The noise of the oars had suddenly ceased, and the boat was stopping; but before I could turn round to see what the matter was, I received a heavy blow upon my right shoulder, narrowly missing my head, from a heavy boat-hook in the hands of the coolie. The truth flashed through me that the coolie was going to murder and drown me for the sake of my watch and money. It could never be found out, as my friends in Singapore would think that I had reached the *Constance* safely, whilst the captain of that vessel, imagining that I had remained in Singapore, would trouble himself no more about me. The idea was horrible I sprang towards the coolie to grapple him, in doing which I received another severe blow on my left arm, for the time disabling it; but with my right arm I seized his throat with all my power, and endeavored to strangle him. At the same time he grappled me, and we both fell, upsetting the boat, and so were precipitated into the water. I still kept hold of his throat with my right arm, and, as we sank, locked in this deadly embrace, I managed to draw my knife with my left hand, which had a little recovered its numbness, and, by a desperate effort, essayed to stab him in the right side. As the knife went "home" his grasp released, and, kicking out my legs, I freed myself from his carcase and rose to the top, where, being an expert swimmer, I soon reached the overturned boat and got up on its bottom. I watched for the coolie for some time, but he rose no more. He had met a just fate.

How I passed that night, drifting away to sea on the bottom of the boat, and how I passed the next two days in the same position, without water and exposed to the burning rays of the sun, I know not. It now seems to me like a frightful nightmare—unreal. On the third day, I was picked up by the *Alma*, one of the P. & O. Company's English mail steamers, quite by chance, and I was very ill for a fortnight. But I got well again and continued my journey to Europe in the mail steamer, arriving in London in five weeks after I was picked up.

About two months after my arrival, the *Constance* came into port. I made a point of meeting her in the docks, where I treated myself to the pleasure of horsewhipping Capt. Johnson, through whom I so nearly lost my life. For this I paid five pounds the next day: and here I ought to give the English credit for these sort of things. They understand them thoroughly, and keep a regular scale, so that you can beforehand limit the extent of your horsewhipping accurately to the depth of your pocket. I also recovered from Capt. Johnson my passage-money—thereby, as he thought, adding insult to injury.

I have never been to Singapore since, nor do I think I shall ever go there again, as sometimes "*I battuti pagano l'ammenda.*"

E. H. L. P.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE benefit of Miss Jennie Kempton at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, on which occasion *Martha* was repeated, was a flattering success, and one that must have swelled the heart as well as the purse of the fair beneficiary. *Maritana* was given for the last time on Wednesday night. On the following evening *The Bohemian Girl* drew a full house. The principal *roles* were sustained by Miss Richings, Mr. Hill, Mr. Seguin and Mr. Peakes. "Thaddeus" (Mr. Hill) seemed to be suffering from a cold or over-exertion early in the performance, but, with praiseworthy energy, combatted his indisposition, and won an *encore* for his singing *When the fair land of Poland*, which he gave with exceeding spirit. There is always so much earnestness, good conception and conscientious effort about this gentleman's performance that any severe criticism of the quality of his voice is apt to be disarmed. Mr. Peakes improves, and "Devilshoof" is one of his best characters, both in dramatic and lyric effect. Miss Julia Gould, as the "Gipsey Queen," rendered her part with creditable taste. The *prima donna*, though evidently suffering from the incessant and arduous tax on her powers, looked exceedingly pretty in her coquettish costume, and sang with her usual grace and brilliancy of execution. On Friday night, *Martha* was repeated to a very good house. Indeed, this last week of the Opera seems to have waked the people up to an appreciation of what they were about to lose, and the attendance throughout has been large.

To-night, the farewell of the troupe, close of the season, first and last night of *Don Pasquale*, and benefit of Miss Caroline Richings. Any one of these events is occasion enough for a crowded house. We might reiterate the praises of our fair English soprano, or enter into a critical disquisition on the qualities of her voice, its excellences and defects, and so be beguiled into an article far beyond the limits of this column; but there seems to be no necessity for it. As we go to press every seat in the dress-circle and parquet is taken, and standing-places in the lobbies pre-empted. Before this practical exhibition of the popular taste, our commendation and good wishes become bashfully silent. The modest rosebud we fling is hidden in the shower of bouquets that fall at the feet of the fair cantatrice.

On Wednesday next, a season of six nights of comedy will be commenced at this house by Mr. Peter Richings and his daughter, assisted by an excellent company. This is at the request of many of our citizens, who are anxious to see Mr. Richings again in those famous characters which rendered him their popular favorite in older communities and in older times. Without being too sanguine, we may safely predict full houses and appreciative audiences for this worthy actor and his accomplished daughter.

At Maguire's Opera House, the novelty of an original dramatic version of *Three Times Dead*, one of Miss Braddon's live novels, will be produced this afternoon and evening. The company will have enough to do, as the rapid action and numerous characters of the novel will require an ingenious display of dovetailing and double acting to carry the drama through, or else Manager Maguire will have to conscript all the available dramatic force of the town. The story has many points that should make a live and vigorous play. There is a kaleidoscopic quality about the characters—changing and shifting around from England to France, and back to England again, interwoven with rapidly-changing plot and counter-plot, and new and startling developments. It has more action and characters than *Aurora Floyd*, and should make a better adaptation for the stage. The leading characters have fallen into good hands, and if the dramatist has done his part judiciously, it will make a sensational and interesting play.

Mr. J. H. Warwick, an old California actor, and an ex-member of the Legislature, has been playing a round of morally instructive characters, in morally instructive pieces, and in the old morally instructive way, to moderately good houses, during the week. A new local piece entitled *Assessments* has been played as the afterpiece. Not having seen this piece, owing to the late hour of its appearance, we are unable even to give an idea of its plot, beyond its suggestive title.

At the Eureka Ministrel Hall, Abecco, Birch and Coes, the A B C sharps of minstrelsy, aided by Wambold, Backus, Martin Simonsen and lady and the other members of the company, are drawing good audiences, and from appearances will have no occasion to change their bass for months to come. We always like to drop in at the Minstrels, for we are sure to find a cheerful audience, who, like Swimley's boarders, always appear "happy and content"—an audience enlivened by many fair faces and many a silvery laugh.

The Circus is positively great in its success. Manager Wilson has such a strong company that he presents almost an entire new programme every night, and keeps it up, too; an endless variety of acrobatic feats, tricks, vaulting, posturing and juggling, The jugglery of the political world hardly compares with it, and the Great Circus gathers more people, nightly, under its immense tent than any of the political aspirants are able to congregate in the Plaza or on Montgomery street. They are all sound on the Circus platform, however, and intend to stick by it. There will be an afternoon performance to-day, and an extra good entertainment by the whole company, with a foot-race and prize gifts, when Manager Wilson will hold the reins, and of course will expect all his friends to rally round the ring. Two $50 silk dresses, or the coin to buy them if preferred, and ten other prizes, will be given to the lucky holders of the prize tickets.

The Museum has been a fixed institution of the city, and attracts its full proportion of the wonder-seekers. Among the big features there at present is Murphy, the Irish Giant, who is a bigger man than McClellan, or Lincoln either, by a foot or two—and that last is saying a great deal; the Albino Children; the great Snake Charmer, who handles poisonous rattlesnakes and copperheads by the dozen, and takes them to his bosom with surprising complacency. As he runs the risk of their turning on him and stinging him to death some day, perhaps there is a moral in the latter feat which the reader might apply.

DE BALZAC'S SELFISHNESS.—M. Sainte Beuve, in his last article on De Balzac, relates the following: "I remember some interesting revelations which I heard made one day about his strange pre-occupations and his author's selfishness while he was composing. How many times did De Balzac come in the middle of the night to Jules Sandeau's bed, while the latter was asleep, when they were both living under the same roof! He would startle him from sleep without the least pity, to show and to read to him *dare dare* that which he had just produced, all smoking and all hot. For he lived in his work as in Vulcan's cave, where he forged and hammered blow after blow on the anvil, and during all this time the outside world had no existence for him. If you spoke to him of your mother or of your sister, he would say, 'Very well, very well! but let us revert to realities; let us consider what shall we do with Nucingen and with the Duchess De Langeais.' He had reversed life; realities had become dreams to him. One day Jules Sandeau returned from his native town, where he had met with a painful loss by the death of a sister, when De Balzac met him, and, after a few questions about his family, abruptly said to him, as if he remembered what he was saying 'Come, come! enough of that sort of chat; let us go back to serious things.' He alluded to some new work he had on hand, *Le Père Goriot*, I believe."

THE "LOVELY MAZEPPA" BUSINESS.—The Lovely Mazeppas will very likely be among the principal star attractions next season. Ever since Adah Isaacs Menken started the bare-back, untamed business on her "fiery steed," that species of attraction has been on the increase. It is possible that a fresh sensation may be added to the *repertoire* of the Mazeppa ladies for the next campaign, as a new play called "Lady Godiva" has recently been written, copies of which are for sale by Mad. Macarte in our advertising department. If "Lady Godiva" is at all like the original, it will prove an immense go. Adah Isaacs Menken will probably soon astonish the British by her Mazeppa show, while her handsome face and beautiful form will excite the admiration of the men and the envy of the ladies in the great country where the good Queen Vic. reigns with such popularity. The lovely Menken will no doubt be the cause of many duels among her admirers in the metropolis. Boucicault, it is said, has the management of the Menken and her terrible steed, and will trot them both out at the proper time. We hear, also, that Kate Vance thinks of visiting England in the fall. While Adah and Kate are catering and capering for the amusement of John Bull, Leo Hudson, Kate Fisher, Oceana and Addie Andersou will sustain the Mazeppa business for the edification and gratification of Brother Jonathan. In addition to the Mazeppa drama, those ladies have a large number of other equestrian pieces in which to display themselves.—*New York paper.*

SOME men are so far-sighted, they look through and beyond objects, and swear they are not.

THE ABBEY BRIDGE.

ALTHOUGH it is quite possible that if the time should ever arrive when my friends find it necessary to prove that I am incapable of managing my own affairs—and it may be adduced as strong presumptive evidence of insanity—I must confess to a great weakness for locomotive engines. Let me strengthen the testimony by confessing, in fact, that this weakness extends to railways and all their belongings.

Of course, my readers must understand that I am no way professionally connected with locomotives. The weakness—if it is a weakness—is not that of professional enthusiasm. Roughly speaking, indeed, it can be reduced to two distinct hallucinations, which I here take the opportunity of submitting to Dr. Forbes Winslow and the rest of them for their consideration. First, that I have discovered poetry where others see only the effect of boiling water; and, second, that Smith, the engine-driver, as well as being oily, is in my eyes encircled by a halo of romance. Shall I (in anticipation of the inquiry above alluded to) plead my excuse for thus flying in the face of popular opinion? Shall I refer to that perfectly-legitimate type of poetic locomotion, the British stage-coach, and contrast it with the ferruginous machine of the present day, which, though pregnant with poetic associations to myself, others scarcely ever take the trouble to look at, and which is simply and austerely numbered 69? Going one step further, dare I bring Smith, the driver, as I see him standing upon the foot-plate of No. 69, leisurely attempting to remove the surplus oil from his black hands with a very suspicious piece of "waste," into contrast for one moment with the time-honored stage-coachman—with the man who, "wearing a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom . . . . enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village house-wives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence . . . . who, when he dismounts, is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those numberless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands;" and, who, according to the author I quote, "look up to him as an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases, echo his opinion about horses and other topics of jockey-lore, and endeavor to imitate his air and carriage?"

Well, I have sufficient candor to make the comparison, and yet I must be allowed to reassert my prejudice in favor of Smith, the oily driver. The delusion, you see, is deep-seated, and the popular idea is not my idea. After this confession, then, the reader will more redily understand what it was that took me night after night, when I lived at Hindlesham, and at a time, too, when all sane people were asleep, to the Abbey Bridge; for the Abbey Bridge carried the Great North and South-western Railway over the river Swirl, and the Great North and South-western express train hurtled along this bridge every night at 11:30, or thereabouts, at its very highest speed.

It was a grand sight to witness this midnight passage of the express. But first of all, let me endeavor to describe the Abbey Bridge. Not that, in itself, it merits description, for it was in truth a very prosaic, utilitarian bridge, indeed—a mere flat table of a bridge, unadorned by parapet or battlement, unless a narrow rim of iron, raised about a foot from the surface on each side, and sloping towards the outer edge, could be dignified by that title, ruled by the accustomed four parallel lines of rail, and covered as to the rest of its surface with a layer of the accustomed cinders.

As its situation, however, redeemed it from being utterly contemptible, I should like to say a word or two about that. Resting, then, at each extremity upon the natural rock, the bridge itself hung above the surface of the water at a height of some eighty feet, and, viewed from beneath, looked, I must confess, but a fearfully frail structure to bear the trains safely over that seething, impetuous river; for the Swirl, in this part of its course, was impatient of confinement. Higher up, where it washed the "Haugh" land of the ruined abbey, it flowed wide and shallow, and dallied in little backwaters amongst the pebbles; but here it was bound in a rocky channel, which brooked no delay. There was nothing for it but a headlong rush through the region of those inexorable rocks, and the Swirl went at it with a will. Even here, however, the cliffs were not so stony-hearted but that they could afford, in narrow ledges here and there, precarious harbor for stunted birch, and heather-tufts, and clumps of blaeberry and brackeu, which did their best to soften the asperities of their rugged features. Which did their best, I say. But for all that, a look down from the dizzy height of the bridge upon the rugged, precipitous sides of these cruel rocks, down to where the black current of the river—flecked here and there with little bergs of foam—eddied and chafed in its narrow channel, now driven here, now there, by the great angular boulders, which, fallen from the parent rock, protruded their jagged points above the stream—was no very pleasant sight; least of all, for timid folk who gazed at it from the windows of the Great North and Southwestern carriages.

To the Hindlesham people, however, it was a favorite resort; and a much-frequented pathway led from the town to the bridge, passing on its way the ruins of the abbey, from which the latter derived its name—a pleasant, shady pathway, now down by the margin of the river, now high above it, but ever within sound of the rushing water, and ever enlivened by the sweet companionship of the garrulous Swirl.

It was where a low stone-wall only divided this path from the railway, and close upon the eastern end of the bridge itself, that my—well, if you like—my "eccentricity" took me night after night to watch for the night-express. I have reason to remember the place well. Standing there, and facing the railway, I remember that the line stretched away towards the left hand for a distance of some quarter of a mile, until it disappeared in a gentle curve in the wood. To the right, after crossing the Abbey Bridge, it continued a straight course towards Hindlesham.

The night-express being an "up"-train, approached from the left, its great cyclopean eye first lighting up the wood as it rounded the curve of which I have spoken above. But I could *feel* its approach long before it reached that point—feel it by some mysterious premonitions, which I should endeavor now in vain to describe, but which were well known to me then. It might have been by an almost imperceptible shudder of the air or earth, by a weird whisper in the trees (they had a presentiment of its coming, I know,) or by the hush which follow when nature seemed to hold her breath in expectation of the great rush and brattle which was soon to jar upon the stillness of the night, that I was thus forewarned. It might have been —— But why attempt to describe what is in itself indescribable.

And then it came—a fearful, fiery avalanche, sweeping through the silent night! irresistible, inexorable, scattering great white hot ashes in its path, an embodiment of ruthless swiftness and strength! Obedient to the touch of a child, and rushing on its midnight course with the strength of a thousand giants! divided from destruction by a tiny flange, and courting a fate too terrible to think of in its terrific flight! Truly as poetic an embodiment, O gentle reader, as the "Highflyer" or the "True Briton;" surely guided by a man a little more intelligent, and quite as poetic as the coachman whose leading characteristics I have touched upon above.

My business in Hindlesham had long precluded me from midnight walks, when I was unexpectedly brought back once more to my old post at the Abbey Bridge in this wise. A very dear friend who was passing through Hindlesham by the night-express, wrote to ask me to meet her at the station. Now, my correspondent was not aware that that particular train did not stop at Hindlesham, and it was too late, on the very day of her passing when I received her letter, to rectify her mistake. For all that day, however, I could not get the night-express out of my head; it haunted me the whole day long; mixed itself up in the most perplexing manner with the very important case of Regina and Higginbotham, upon which I was then engaged, and finally scattered all thoughts of work to the winds. This being the case, it was not surprising that I should find myself, at about eleven P. M., at the Abbey Bridge.

The night, I remember, was dark, though not so dark but that I could distinguish the outline of the trees and the tall, gaunt telegraph-posts, filing singly like spectres through the gloom. It was the darkness, in fact, of a summer-night.

Leaning upon the low stone-wall which I have spoken of as separating the path from the railway, I had—in harmony with the sweet tranquility of the night—fallen into a very pleasant reverie, in which the young lady then approaching in the night-express was not the least conspicuous feature, when I was somewhat astonished by the sound of footsteps upon the bridge. This was, I knew, an unusual circumstance at that time of night, and I waited with some curiosity to see who the late traveller might be. As I turned my head to listen, the footsteps ceased, but only for a moment, When they broke upon my ear again, however, I fancied that they were accompanied by a sound as of something being dragged over the loose cinders of the bridge. "It is some platelayer," I said to myself, "returning late from work, or who possibly has been despatched to attend to some necessary repair upon the line;" and I fell back again, not reluctantly, to the interrupted reverie, with the thousand pleasant thoughts which grouped themselves round the central figure—the young passenger of the night-express. A very pleasant dream it was, which, floating there as an indistinct, undefined melody in my young mind, has proved, thank Heaven, to have been the prelude to a fuller harmony—the key-note to a more perfect joy.

I cannot say how long I had been thus pleasantly occupied; I suppose, from what afterwards occurred, that it could not have been for any length of time. All that I remember is, that in one instant, without warning, without preparation of any sort, all the blood in my body was turned to sudden ice.

"Get over the wall, sir—get over the wall," said a voice in my very ear, "and you'll have a better view. By the Lord Harry, sir, it'll be a sensation header. Real water, and, by jingo, real rocks. Ha, ha! Come along, come along, or we shall miss it. The *Colleen Bawn's* a joke to it. Do you hear, sir? It'll beat the *Peep 'o Day Boy* to fits—ha, ha! fits—fits."

I was almost paralysed with horror. Having heard no footsteps, and wrapped in the dreamy cloudland of my speculation, the voice broke upon me as though the dead had spoken. The *full* horror of the situation, however, did not burst upon my mind at once. A glance, indeed, was sufficient to show me that a madman was before me—a madman who, as I gathered from his incoherent words, had doomed the coming train (with what intensity I felt *then* that it was freighted with all that I held dear on earth!) to a fate too terrible to think of. The diabolical ingenuity which he had employed, however, for his purpose, was happily then unknown to me; had I seen that, I should have almost despaired.

For one moment I doubted how to act; for one moment my thoughts failed to suggest any course of action, in the next I had formed an indefinite plan.

"Well," I said, turning so as to face the man, "but how are you to do it?"

"Ha, ha! do it!" he replied, "come and see, come and see. But I say," he went on, a momentary flash of suspicion coming across his mind, "you won't—won't tell anybody, will you?" and he peered into my face with a madman's cunning.

"Pooh! tell anybody!" I said, endeavoring to force a laugh; "who'd tell such a joke as that! I wouldn't whisper it; that is, if you'll let me see how the scenery's managed; where the trap is, you know, eh!"

"Oh, the trap," he replied, with a momentary recurrence of suspicion; "it's behind the scenes, you know;" and he laughed again, a hollow maniac laugh, which made night hideous.

I was over the wall by this time, and we were walking together towards the bridge. A very few yards brought us to the spot where the wretched man had been at work. Ay! there it was, as I had dreaded; a heavy balk of timber bound fast upon the rail with cord—bound with an intricacy and cunning which a madman only would have thought it necessary to use. How my heart sank within me as I saw it, for I knew that the night-express might reach the spot at any moment; I knew that it was at that instant hurrying on its way to meet the hideous fate which this wretched man had prepared for it, and the thought almost deprived me of the power of action. To use force, I had sense enough to know, would be dangerous, for a glance showed me that the madman was a strongly-built, powerful man, and I was aware that any madman is terrible in his strength. At this moment an expedient occurred to me which afforded some hope.

"Good Heavens!" I said to the man, "you've put the trap on the wrong line. You'll spoil all. Quick! off with it—it's all wrong—wrong," I almost shouted in my anxiety.

To my inexpressible relief, the madman seized the idea. Once possessed with it, he was down upon his hands and knees in an instant, endeavoring to carry my suggestion into effect.

With what terrible anxiety I watched the cord unwound! How slowly the coils loosened beneath the fingers of the wretched man, eager and anxious as he was! How I trembled as now and then a knot or intricacy of the cord impeded the work! How my heart ceased its pulsation, as ever and anon he would pause in his work to laugh a horrid laugh, and mutter inarticulately about a "jolly header!" But the wretched man was earnest in the task; "Spoil all, spoil all," he continued to mutter; "of course it would; why one would think I was mad not to have seen that!" and then he fell again eagerly to the removal of the obstruction.

And all this time I listened with an intensity which I cannot describe for any evidence of the coming train; but still no sound broke the stillness of the summer-night to tell of its approach. I heard the river fretting in its narrow channel eighty feet below. The distant chime of Hindlesham Church clock was borne to my ear faintly on the breeze, as it struck the quarter past the hour—the quarter past! then the express was due! I started; the madman even started to his feet, when the long whoop of an owl broke shrill and loud upon the startled ear of night; but still no sign of the night-express.

I began to breathe more freely as I urged him to his work. All might be well yet, I thought; when hark! the shudder in the air, the weird whisper in the trees, the thousand signs I knew so well, and the quick pulsation of the coming train reached my ear.

"Quick, quick!" I said, bending over the madman at his work—"quick, we shall miss it all;" but he laughed loud at my anxiety. He, too, had heard the train. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "she's coming—coming, the fiery devil's coming; and now on to the bridge—on to the bridge to see the header!" and the poor maniac left his work unfinished, and hastened on to the centre of the Abbey Bridge.

To seize the block of wood, was with me the work of an instant, and, to my inexpressible relief, I found it loose. I was not one moment too soon. Before I could remove the ponderous timber, indeed, the buffer of the engine caught it from my hand, and hurled it far into the night.

And not it alone! High above the noise and brattle of the passing train, I could distinguish the death-shriek of the poor maniac.

The fate which he in his madness had destined for the night-express had met him on the Abbey Bridge.

* * * * * * * * *

"Put a postscript in for me, dear. (It is my wife who speaks to me as I write.) Say that, though I shall be sorry if they think my husband mad, I am very, very thankful that his discovery of poetry in the locomotive took him one night to the Abbey Bridge at Hindlesham."—*Chambers's Journal.*

AFTER PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Only Amateur Theatricals are now the vogue. The following remarks may be prettily made by any member or members of the delighted audience at the conclusion of any private performance:

No. 1. "You must be *very* tired after all your exertions."—"Well, to tell you the truth, I am rather," says Mr. Pipps, candidly, who has, by his own particular desire, played the chief character in three pieces.

His tone is that of a martyr to the amusement of society.

No. 2. "Oh, Mr. Symper, how *could* you make yourself so hideous? I'm sure I should *never* have known you."—Mr. Symper smiles feebly at this delicate flattery, and takes much credit to himself as an artiste. He has paid particular attention to his evening dress and general personal appearance, so that he may in no way be identified with the ruffian whom he has been impersonating.

No. 3. "It *really* went off *admirably*. I *must* congratulate you on your success."—Mr. Mivins looks foolish, and tries to persuade himself that his first appearance has not been such a failure after all.

No. 4. "What a beautiful dress that was! Where *did* you get it from?"—Mrs. Thaylyre would have preferred a complimentary remark upon her acting; but answers graciously, giving the name of the *costumier*.

No. 5. "Oh you made us laugh so! I was quite afraid that you would hear me!"—The distinguished Amateur, who has been playing the low comedian's part in a farce, inwardly wishes that the audience had laughed a little louder.

No, 6. "I've seen all those pieces played by professionals. I saw Charles Mathews play your part in the first piece, and I must say——" —"Ah, of course, you oughtn't to compare the two," says Amateur, deprecating stern criticism; howbeit he is of opinion that but for conventional prejudice he is not much behind that admirable comedian.

No, 7. "You must have played very often, Mr. Noodle," observes an amiable lady, with the sweetest smile. "You seemed so *much* at your ease on the stage."—Mr Noodle, who has made his entrance apparently through a wall instead of a door and has invariably found himself behind the person on the stage who was speaking to him, is, of course, delighted to hear it.

No. 8. "That wonderful look that you gave! I can't make out how you can do it!"—As the gentleman can't explain the matter satisfactorily himself, he merely sniggers, examines the carpet-pattern, and twiddles a couple of shillings in his waistcoat pocket.

No. 9. "How very well Mr. So and So, played," says some pleasant young lady, knowing that this remark is so peculiarly acceptable to a brother Amateur.—"Yes, oh yes, very well indeed," replies brother Amateur. Of course, this is a most hearty and honest opinion, and, equally, of course, he doesn't say to another brother Amateur that "he didn't think much of So and So's playing in that piece, did he, eh?"

These few suggestions for Drawing-room Conversations will, we feel sure, tend to promote such charitable sentiments as it is ever our object to implant in the large heart of existing Society.—*Punch.*

RAIN AND UMBRELLAS.

EDUCATED in the precepts of Say, of Malthus, and of Smith, initiated into the secrets of the most celebrated economists, the French officer sees every minute his theories of government overturned by powerful causes which clash against and destroy his best-laid plans.

Men always praise the Spartan and his black broth, Aristides and his poverty, Cincinnatus and his garden. All that is doubtless very fine; but if the most frugal Spartan had been garrisoned at Tours or at Saumur, he could not have resisted the attractions of an agreeable evening party or of a good supper; if Aristides in place of his modest tunic had been obliged to wear the dress of Schwartz or of Triboust, his poverty, noble as it was, might have brought him to Sainte-Pelagie; and even good Cincinnatus, if he had lived at the present day, would have listened to the offers of the Roman Senate, and preferred the prose of an easy carriage to the poetry of his plough.

I made these reflections while I concealed myself in my cloak, weighed down by the torrents of rain which beat upon me on every side. Being obliged to glide along the houses in order to escape the flow of a large stream which rolled into the street, I received in the corners of my hat, and felt trickle on my shoulders, the muddy current which washed the roofs and gutters.

Around me flitted to and fro, like fantastic apparitions, umbrellas of all forms and colors—the large green family umbrella, stretching out its long arms; the coquettish brown umbrella of the young woman, with whalebones modestly curved; the ancient umbrella of the house-keeper; the yellowish umbrella, tattered like an old tri-colored flag; the mystic umbrella of the devotee; the skeleton-like umbrella, without cover and without supports; the presumptuous and flaunting umbrella of the young clerk which tears in passing the feeble umbrella of the tenant; the shrivelled, patched, and re-turned umbrella; in short, there were no umbrellas which did not let fall on the way their cold tears on my head and face.

"And why," cried I, "should not an officer have an umbrella? Usage alone compels him foolishly to brave the moisture of the atmosphere; for I do not know a single regulation which has proscribed the simple shield which the citizen holds over his head."

It is, then, to usage—I should rather say to prejudice—that an officer sacrifices his dress and his health. * * * And why is it? We can preserve our stockings by covering them with boots; good gloves, well lined, may spread a comfortable glow over our hands; a woolen vest may softly press upon our bodies; a wig or a *toupet* may cover our heads and console us in our forlorn state; and yet we may not defend our hats from the storm, but may see them disfigured and lose forever their delicate contour; our epaulets may turn pale, our clothing may be wrinkled by the biting of the rain. But it is no longer any thing but barbarism and a folly.

An humble citizen, whose old clothes all together are barely worth an old pair of epaulets, walks gravely along under his dome of taffeta; and shall we, who scatter everywhere our yearly income, blush to shelter ourselves under the wings of an umbrella?

This is the old homage which the self-love of the soldier yields to the broken-down customs of a not very remote period, when external forms were honored; and it is hardly worthy of young military France thus to sacrifice itself to traditional prejudices

Officers under the old system had umbrellas and tents; but the Revolution did away with tents, and on the march to Kaiser-Lauterns Hoche made the Army of the Moselle throw to the wind their temporary shelter-tents. With the tents, swept away by ridicule, disappeared also the harmless umbrellas. The umbrella, off-spring of the tent, was in its turn despised by the soldier, who connected the idea of sybaritism with a most simple and most natural act—that of preserving oneself from injury.

The English officers are wiser than we: they put in one bundle a sword, a parasol, and an umbrella; and yet no gentleman thought of doubting the courage of the companions of Wellington. On this point let us be English; let us arm ourselves with umbrellas, and remember that we are permeable citizens, as well as soldiers.

"It is all over with France," some old soldier will cry out, "if officers adopt the umbrella! I have encamped without tents, having marched bare-headed under the scorching sun of Spain and through the wet marshes of Holland; and I have returned covered with laurels and rheumatism. Imitate me."

Alas! we cannot imitate you, glorious relic of a great empire; but if our country calls, be sure we will put our old umbrellas in their cases, and will depart bare-headed and without tents, and will march cheerfully from North to South, from East to West; but, since the Holy Alliance gives some peace to the people, let us have our umbrellas.

Otherwise, it needs as much courage for an officer to protect himself with an old umbrella in the midst of one of our gibing cities, as to go without tents on the fields laid waste by war. What is there, in short, more terrible than ridicule? What army in France can be compared with it? and what men are bold enough to brave it?

Be assured, these officers covered with umbrellas have a bold spirit; and they would display their bravery sword in hand in the face of the enemy, as they now display it before happy grocers under the cloth balloon of an old umbrella.

The cloak is, doubtless, a useful garment; but its principal part is to combat the cold; and if it is used as a shield against rain, it should be only on a journey or on rare occasions. Besides, the cloak is a bitter enemy of the epaulet; it binds it in a horrible manner; it twists it, tarnishes and breaks it so badly and so often that the poor thing can never regain its former comeliness. But the greatest inconvenience of the cloak is the forlorn state in which it leaves the unhappy hat, the most marked and most distinguishing ornament of an officer.

We judge of women by seeing their gloves and stockings alone—of an officer by his hat, by his head-dress. In fact, the accountant, the officer of a company, the gambler, the lover, the lounger, the school-master, the navy, all have hats which differ from each other in shape and position. The vulgar do not always know the intimate relations which exist between the curves of these head-dresses, the direction of the corners, or visors, &c., &c. But the practised eye of the soldier cannot be deceived; and I know a goodly number of expert military men who would say to an officer, "Show me your hat, and I will tell you who you are." Has Europe forgotten the magic little hat of the Emperor?* Has not America sent us her *bolivars*, her *quirogas?* Has not Spain hurled beyond the Pyrenees her historic *coiffures?* Then, too, the many-shaped cap of the Italian harlequin, that moral father of Mayeux and of Robert Macaire—does it not prove that hat is the man? What misery, then, is it to feel large drops of rain falling on one's hat, of seeing it sink in little by little, then change its character and take, in puckering, odd and ridiculous shapes! When one is exposed to the inclemency of the rain, he is tempted to seek refuge under the hospitable roof of some passing umbrella and to intrust himself to the convoy of some sly grisette.

The most savage hordes and the most civilized societies alike have never refused their soldiers the right of protecting themselves from the violence of the wind and the seasons. In the New World the Spaniards found the Americans armed with bows and arrows, and parasols made of the skins of wild beasts, imitated afterwards by the solitary Robinson Crusoe. The Roman soldiers protected their heads with helmets of metal, and still further with bits of leather put together to make a covering; and they called this defensive armor *galea*. Virgil, speaking of the Macedonian laborer who will some day find upon the battlefield of Philippi javelins eaten with rust, adds that his rake will also strike against the *galeas:*

"Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes."

The helmets of the barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire were surmounted with light umbrellas in the form of wings and horns. All the nations of antiquity went even farther, and, not content with preserving themselves from the rain, kept a comfortable moisture on their shoulders and ears by putting under their helmets caps of wool or of felt, or, still better, by lining their head-pieces with sponges, or some other elastic and soft material.

Let us not, then, be more Roman than the Romans; let us act like the warriors of the old republic, who knew how to be soldiers on the battle-field and citizens in the forum; let us put on the cuirass before the enemy, but during our holidays let us dress ourselves in the ample robe of the Athenian.

The Middle Ages, chivalrous as they were, had also their instruments of war, their helmets and their breast-plates; but they did not despise, in the delights of peace, the soft hood, and the light cap with its floating plume, the velvet corset with its loose knots, and the open-work collar. * * *

When the battle-cry sounded, the knight cast off the fine clothes of the chateau; and it was the hand of his mistress which armed him for the war. "With her delicate white hands the lady began to tie and fasten the cords and straps. But think how patiently the knight submitted to this favor; he could not have wished already to have won the victory, because he would have lost that sweet mark of intimacy from her on whom he lived."† Let us conspire, then; let us conspire against prejudice. Let us adopt the umbrella; let us adopt the surtout in the great garrison towns, at Metz, at Strasbourg, at Lyons; but let myraids of military umbrellas circulate before the decorated warriors of the Empire, and, if puns chance to rain upon us, let us open our umbrellas and be philosophers.—*Translated from "Esquisses Historiques de l'Armée Francaise."*

*Napoleon I.
†Romance of Don Florès de Grecce.

Two National Academies.—Senator Sumner has introduced a bill in Congress "to incorporate the National Academy of Literature and Art, and also to incorporate the National Academy of Moral and Political Sciences," which reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That S. Austin Allibone, Pennsylvania; William C. Bryant, New York; Frederick E. Church, New York: George W. Curtis, New York; Richard H. Dana, Massachusetts; John S. Dwight, Massachusetts; Ralph W. Emerson, Massachusetts; Fitz-Greene Halleck, Connecticut; Oliver W. Holmes, Massachusetts; Henry W. Longfellow, Massachusetts; James R. Lowell, Massachusetts; Geo. P. Marsh, Vermont; Hiram Powers, Ohio; William W. Story, Massachusetts; Henry T. Tuckerman, New York; Gulian C. Verplauck, New York; William D. Whitney, Connecticut; John G. Whittier, Massachusetts; Joseph E. Worcester, Massachusetts, their associates and successors duly chosen, are hereby declared to be a body corporate for the study and cultivation of the ancient and modern languages, letters, and the fine arts, by the name of the National Academy of Literature and Art.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That George Bancroft, New York; Henry Ward Beecher, New York; Horace Bineney, Pennsylvania; Robert J. Breckenridge, Kentucky: Edward Everett, Massachusetts; Thomas Ewing, Ohio; Henry W. Halleck, Army of the United States, California; Samuel G. Howe, Massachusetts; Charles King, New York; Francis Lieber, New York; J. Lothrop Motley, Massachusetts; John G. Palfrey, Massachusetts; Wendell Phillips, Massachusetts; Alonzo Potter, Pennsylvania; Josiah Quincy, Massachusetts; Henry B. Smith, New York; Jared Sparks, Massachusetts; Robert J. Walker, District of Columbia; Francis Wayland, Rhode Island; Theodore D. Woolsey, Connecticut, their associates and successors duly chosen, are hereby declared to be a body corporate for the study and cultivation of history and the sciences which concern morals and government, by the name of the National Academy of Moral and Political Science.

Mary E. Wise, a female private of the 34th Indiana, Volunteers, presented herself at the Paymaster-General's office recently, and drew her pay for two years of military service. She was in numerous engagements in the West, and had been wounded three times, the last at Lookout Mountain by a ball in the shoulder. She was then dressed in male attire, and was conveyed from the battle-field to the hospital. On the Surgeon coming round to dress her wound, her sex was discovered, and she was mustered out of service.

THE CUCKOO.

[The earliest English song, "with or without musical notes" is written in praise of the cuckoo. Ritson refers it to about the year 1250, while Sir John Hawkins gives it to the middle of the fifteenth century.]

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu.
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wde nu
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb.
Lhouth after calue cu.
Bullue sterteth, bucke uerteth
Murie sing cuccu.
Cuccu cuccu.

Wel sings thu cuccu
Ne swik ye nauer nu.
Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu.
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu nu.

THE THREE CORPSES.

THIS is no old wife's story, say the people of St. Suliac; it is a true history, and the facts occurred before the lamentable days of '93.

Four or five young men of the bourg of St. Suliac, returning from of the neighboring villages, passed, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, through the graveyard. They had advanced but a few steps, when they perceived before the reliquary three women kneeling in prayer; they approached the women, advising them to accompany them home. In vain; the devotes remained motionless, not even turning their heads. Their silent immobility made the young men feel a little uneasy.

"They are mortes (dead women) boys; let us pass on," said the most religious of the band, crossing himself.

"Not a bit of it!" said another. "Women never made me fly yet; dead or alive I'll see them nearer. Let he who loves me follow me!" So saying, he advanced towards the kneeling group.

"Don't go, Archange," remonstrated his companions; leave the women alone; they are not, perhaps, what they appear, and if you trouble them you may come to grief."

But Archange, without respect for the place or heed for the counsels of his friends, advanced to where the women still knelt, and addressed some words to them. Receiving no answer, he snatched off the coiffe of one of the women, and returned to display it to his comrades.

"What have you done?" they exclaimed. "Suppose she comes to reclaim her coiffe?"

"I'll give it her back, but not without a kiss, for she appeared to be very pretty."

"Pretty or ugly, it is a great shame for a fellow to take off a woman's cap like that."

The young men separated; and Archange went home, put the coiffe in his cupboard, and went to bed and to sleep without thinking any more of the matter.

But the next morning on opening the cupboard, what a sight met his eyes! He started back with a cry that brought all the family around him: in the place where he had put the coiffe lay a skull.

Archange, too terrified to touch the dreadful object, shut up the cupboard, and went forthwith to confession.

"My son," said the priest, "your sin is great, but, thanks to repentance, it may yet be repaired. At midnight the skull will again become a coiffe; take it without fear, but piously and solemnly, and place it on the head of the dead woman whose repose you have troubled. But before doing this you must get some neighbor to entrust to you a young child at the breast; you must carry it in your arms, and do not let it go for an instant either on your way to the churchyard, when you are near the dead women, nor even on your way home. Go now, and do never again trouble the rest of the dead."

At midnight the young man opened the cupboard, the skull had disappeared, and there lay the coiffe. He took it with a shudder and proceeded to the cemetery, carrying in his arms a little baby which his sister had entrusted to him. There were the three dead women; gently he advanced to the bare-headed one, and reverently placed on her head the coiffe he had taken from her the previous night.

At that moment she sprang up and gave him such a sounding box on the ear that he remained half stunned; then the three disappeared with these words:

"Imprudent youth, thou art lucky to have counsel of one wiser than thyself; had it not been for the angel thou bearest in thy arms, to night thou wouldst have slept with us in the tomb where we have slept a hundred years"

From that night Archange never entered the churchyard save on his way to church: and his companions and the rest of the young men imitate his respect for the dead.

A Heartless Lovelace.—Talking of Lovelaces, there was a rather amusing story of my old friend, Dan McKinnon, of the Guards. He was very good-looking, and a great favorite with the fair sex; and, at the time of which I speak, many, many years ago, he was beloved by a Miss C.; and ill-natured people say that they "loved not wisely, but too well." Unfortunately, people do not fall simultaneously out of love as they do into it, and, as generally occurs, the lady proved the most faithful of the pair. When Miss C. could no longer doubt that she was forsaken, and that some more fortunate rival had taken her place, she wrote a letter full of despair and reproaches, with threats of suicide, commanding McKinnon to send her back the lock of hair which she had given him in happier days, etc. The barbarian gave no written answer to this passionate appeal, but sent his orderly to the lady, (who was a person of high birth and aristocratic connections,) with a large packet or portfolio containing innumerable locks of hair, from grey to flaxen, from raven to red, with a message that she was to choose from among them her own property. Miss C.'s answer was to dash the whole collection into the fire.—*Capt. Gronow's Recollections, etc.*

"Swear not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper. He replied, "I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me."

NOTICE

The publicotion of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by corriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," offiee, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

Removal.—The publicatioa and editorial rooms of The Californian are removed to No. 328 Montgomery street, betweea Piue and California streets.

Contributor.—The author of "Wanted a place," will pleasc sead address, or call at this office, ia regard to other MS. submitted.

THE GOING MAN.

THE President of the Saaitary Commission returned to the East yesterday. His six months' stay in California was devoted to zealous labor in the cause of which he was the fonuder and representative. He traversed the State, visited Oregoa, organized Branches of the Commission, and systematized the irregular aad spasmodic offerings of the State, as he had of old orgaaized and systematized the charities of the Natioa. He established reservoirs in the coantry districts to catch the smallest tricklings of their bounty, or to hold the overflowing torreats that would rise to the quick impulses of the California breast. He maaaged to fiad time to fill the vacant pulpit of his lamented friend, and to elevate the patriotic aad literary taste of the people by eloquent lectures and addresses. Up to the hour of his departure he was devoted to our service, aad speat the last night of his sojouru here ia patriotic exhortatiou to the enthusiastic multitude that trouged Platt's Hall to look upon him for perhaps the last time.

Though the leave of abseace which he speut in labor here had beeu graated him only as a recreatiou aad release from his untiriag work in the East—though his coming was mainly a solema duty to the memory of oae whom the whole people join him ia lamentiag, aad though his presence belongs to the locality of battle-field aad hospital—California would have selfishly prolouged his stay. He left us at a momeat whea we feel we most need his preseuce. We do uot fear that the charities he fostered will lauguish in his abseace, or that Californians will permit the impressioas he carries with him of their good will aad generosity to suffer disappointment. But we miss the magnetism of his presence, his eloquent voice and dignified bearing, the gentle iafluence of his spiritual calling, the weight of his years and experience, and the example of his self-sacrificing labors, during the uext two mouths when partisan fires will be kindled aad the strongest passions aroused; when we will waut forbearaace as well as firmaess, prudence as well as courage, devotiou as well as eathusiasm, to compass the re-electiou of Abraham Liucolu and the perpetuatioa of the Uniou oa au hoaorable and enduriag basis.

Rhetoric for the Mob.—For their own sakes, it is to be hoped that the weak-miaded young men, who, mistaking iguoraace for courage, aad the exaltatiou of liquor for enthusiasm, attempted to iuterrupt the Union meetiug of Weduesday uight, will not misunderstand the circumstances which led to their getting off so cheaply. The history of all mobs shows that they are only effective whea they take people by surprise. A secoad attempt might end in a collision ia which orgaaized law aud order would prove more than a match for rowdyism and vaporiag, with other results that, on the score of humanity, eveu Uniou mea would regret. In the meaa time it is to be hoped that all good frieuds of the Uniou will rely rather ou their moral and numerical strength iu the preseut campaiga thau on the terrible physical lever they could briag to bear if they choose, and without yielding in firmness, display all possible courtesy and forbearauce to their weaker opponents.

Printers' Cemetery Fund.—A complimentary beuefit iu aid of the Printers' Cemetery Fund has beeu tendered by John Wilson, Esq., to the Eureka Typographical Union, for Monday eveuing, Septcmber 26th, to take place at the Circus. As the cause is a good oae, and the object a modest claim for that rest hereafter which the craft dou't always enjoy in life, we trust the benefit will be a bumper.

Sanitary Fund.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the following receipts since our last issue: From Columbia, for September, $105; from the *Camanche*, $361 80; from the Saaitary cheese, $232 45; from "Old Sanitary," $45; from employes of *Bulletin*, $20; from Pilgrim Sunday School, $11 50. Total, $774 95.

Col. W. D. Mann, 5th Michigaa Cavalry, has, from loug experience in the field, suggested improvements in cavalry aad infaatry accoutrements, which have been indorsed by many g neral officers, including Gen. Grant. His suggestions have been accepted by the Ordnance Department, and large orders have been given. This change will largely preveat hernia, heretofore prevalent in the army, growing out of the excessive weights suspended from the soldier's waist-belt.

TENNYSON'S LATEST WORK.

IF we except *Enoch Arden*, a greater portion of the coutents of this volume has been already published. *Sea Dreams*, *The Grandmother*, and *Tithonus* may be found in Ticknor & Fields' complete edition of the poet's works, published in 1863. The *Welcome to Alexandra*, which, like most of Tennyson's professioaally laureate pieces, contains but one or two vigorous liaes amid much that is hard aud mechanical, has already showu its popularity by being subjected to half a dozen parodies. The novelty aud interest of this little volume centres in *Enoch Arden*, whose exquisite measure seems a lingeriug echo of that music which charmed us iu the *Idylls of the King*.

Oae is apt to regret that the poet changed the title of his book before it went to press. It had beeu previously announced as the "Idylls of the Hearth." *Enoch Arden* is in legitimate succession from the *Idylls of the King*. Though the scene is laid in humble prosaic life—thongh the plane of experience is lower, the same tender sacrifice and knightly honor which adorned the "table round," breathes in the atmosphere of Enoch's cottage. But the hero and heroine are equal abstractions; "Enoch Ardea" aud "Annie" are as far removed from us as "King Arthur" and "Guiniviere;" they affect us not as flesh and blood, but as exquisite poetic conceptions personified; they are beiags created for the time to talk, act, and think Tennyson. That they are better, purer, aad ia every way nobler thaa common humanity, however, is not the fault of the poet, but of humanity; uor is the lesson that they teach us to be lightly passed over though it be taught from aa exalted staudard.

The plot is simple. A shipwrecked sailor, given up for lost, returns, after many years' captivity ou a desert isle, to his aative village to fiad his beloved and loving wife inaocently married to his former rival. The coutemplation of their happiaess, which the knowledge of his return would forever blight, lifts him to the height of sublime self-sacrifice. He turns away, without discovering himself, nor discloses his terrible secret, except in his dyiug moments as a message to his wife. The pathos of this iacident is dramatically heightened by the poet's skill in dimly suggesting an idea of retribution and compensation ia Enoch's suffering. Philip, who duriug Enoch's courtship silently worshipped Aunie, thus stumbled upon the proofs of her affectioa for Arden:

> "Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
> The younger people making boliday,
> With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
> Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
> (His father lying sick and needing him)
> An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
> Just where the prone edge of the wood began
> To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
> Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
> His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
> All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
> That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,
> And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
> Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,
> And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
> Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
> There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
> Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
> Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart.

Enoch Arden, returning from his weary island captivity hears the story of his wife's second marriage, but doubtful yet, seeks his owa cottage, where the light

> "Allured him as the beacon blaze allures
> The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
> Against it, and beats out his weary life,"

aad finds his place occupied by

> "Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,"
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Now when the dead man come to life beheld
> His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
> Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
> And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
> And his own children tall and beautiful,
> And him, that other, reigning in his place,
> Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
> Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
> Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
> Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
> To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
> Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
> Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.
>
> He therefore turning softly like a thief,
> Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,
> And feeling all along the garden-wall,
> Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
> Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
> As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
> Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

The similitude in the suffering of Philip and Enoch is artistically managed, and loses no effect from its apparently unconscious development.

There are few lines in the *Idylls of the King*, to which this poem naturally suggests a comparison, that exceed in mastery of measure, delicious cadeuce aud perfect atmosphere, the description of

> ——"the glows
> And glories of the broad belt of the world,"

seeu from Eaoch's islaad-refuge. How sensitive the ear and how delicate the manipulation that produced the line we have italicized ia the following passage!

> "The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
> The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
> *The lustre of the long convolvuluses*
> That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
> Ev'n to the limit of the land."

Who but Teanyson would have dared and overcome the ludicrousness which always iuvests such plurals? How beautifully are the cadences adapted to the sense as the verse glides from

> "The league-long roller thundering on the reef,"

to—

> "The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
> And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
> Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave;"

Or, as it blends with the monotone of the exile's watch:

> "No sail from day to day, but every day
> The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
> Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
> The blaze upon the waters to the east;
> The blaze upon his island overhead;
> The blaze upon the waters to the west;
> Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
> The hollower-hellowing ocean, and again
> The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

Throughout the poem the language aad figures are touchingly simple; but of a simplicity that must have required more care aad labor than the most ornate and florid imagery. It is the most perfect compositioa of the whole volume, and there are few lovers of Tennysoa who will aot feel the old enchantment creeping over them as they linger at its close, or who will not be lifted into a purer atmosphere, with a tenderer trast in their own humanity and the poet's insight, as they turu away from Enoch's bedside with this dying cadence in their ears:

> "Then the third night after this,
> While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
> And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
> There came so loud a calling of the sea,
> That all the houses in the haven rang.
> He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
> Crying with a loud voice, 'a sail! a sail!
> I am saved'; and so fell back and spoke no more.
>
> "So passed the strong heroic soul away.
> And when they buried him the little port
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

A PLEA FOR COMMONPLACES.

WHEN we come to reflect how large is that class of mankind who are restricted to two adjectives—and those generally superlatives—we should be more toleraat of the Commonplace. Origiaality of expression is always refreshiag; charmiag is that delicate shading of epithet which distinguishes good composition; but think uot uakindly of that respectable portioa of the human family—including so many of its fairer members—who pass their existence among scenes and in the coutemplation of objects that are either "splendid" or "disgustiug;" who have lived in felicity with infelicities in their speech, who have died Christians with pious commonplaces on their lips. The healthiest minds do not refuse this pabulum. There are few good talkers who are really vital from the start. There is an iaclined plane, propped ap by commonplaces aad exaggerations, and lubricated with truisms, down which they are launched iato the sea of conversatioa. In the course of a man's life-time he is obliged to repeat many unimportaut statements; that he should go aboat for a new expression is asking too much—the aatural indoleace of his natare forbids it. So he adopts words aad seatences that have passed carreat, that are equivalents or symbols of a fact that is commoa property—not peculiarly his, aud uot aecessary to stamp with his own individuality. This kind of currency may be depreciated, but the laws of commanity make it a legal tender for conversational debts; he would be foolish who would reject it, because he has the real coia locked up aad is conscious that it is at a premium.

The daily press, which is continually repeatiag itself, falls naturally into commonplaces. All attempts to avoid it only terminate in extravagance of sentiment or ambiguousaess of statemeat. Humor and poetry are sometimes employed to relieve the monotonous repetition of fact. We have seen a reporter attempt to surmount the dead level of his police reports by indulging in a facetiousness that, in view of his subject, became fiendish aad sardonic, aad another perpetrate a misstatement for the sake of a felicitous comparison. Few newspaper writers have the moral courage to accept inevitable commonplaces. We may read the daily papers and calculate with certainty that the perpetrator of a peculiar crime will be denominated "a fiend in human shape," whatever that remarkable object may be. We may rest satisfied that the murderer will be "launched iato eternity." We may calculate to hear of "disciples of Coke," and "disciples of Galen," because "doctors" and "lawyers" are commonplaces; of "conflagrations," iu place of fires. We must be more tolerant of the dramatic critic, who having exhausted his native lexicon, takes up with such doubtful expressions as the "*rendition of a role;*" who speaks of "effective acting," and talks of "deserved encomiums." We must look forward with patience for the coming time when the Commonplace shall be adopted—no, we mean "inaugurated."

The London *Times*, of July 17th, after rehearsing the results of some experiments made at Shoeburyness with an Armstrong 600-pounder, concludes that this weapon is capable of smashing through the strongest sea-going armor-clad that could be got to float, at a distance of 4,000 yards, or even more. It then informs its readers that "the Americans have now literally hundreds of 600-pounder guns, and have just succeeded in casting, at Pittsburg, a 20-inch gun to throw a spherical shot of 1,600 pounds." It thinks the result of the experiments it reports proves that we are "altogether wrong" in trusting to heavy shot at low velocities, and frankly acknowledges that there is no charge of powder that could be expected to send the 1,600-pound shot out of its gun which would not at close range "be sure to tell with almost sinking effect on the very best of our iron-clads."

SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE POETS.

NUMBER TWO.

SOUTH PARK—AFTER GRAY.

THE foundry tolls the knell of parting day,
The weary clerk goes slowly home to tea,
The North Beach car rolls onward to the bay,
And leaves the world to solitude and me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And through the Park a solemn hush prevails,
Save, in the distance, where some school-boy wight
Rattles his hoop-stick on the iron rails;

Save, that from yonder jealous-guarded basement
Some servant-maid vehement doth complain,
Of wicked youths who, playing near her casement,
Project their foot-balls through her window-pane.

Can midnight lark or animated "bust"
To these grave scenes bring mirth without alloy?
Can shrill street-boys proclaim their vocal trust
In John, whose homeward march produces joy?

Alas! for them no organ-grinders play,
Nor sportive monkey move their blinds genteel;
Approach and read, if thou canst read, the lay,
Which these grave dwellings through their stones reveal:

"Here rests his fame, within yon ring of earth,
A soul who strove to benefit mankind—
Of private fortune and of public worth,
His trade—first man then sugar he refined.

"Large was his bounty, and he made his mark;
Read here his record free from stains or blots:
He gave the public all he had—his Park;
He sold the public—all he asked—his lots!"

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

NIL ADMIRARI—let nothing astonish you—was a favorite expression and very good for Horace's day, at a time of slothful luxurious contentment; and even to-day, in an age of earnest activity, of mental intensity, is much accepted, and most unworthily by many, who drift on the surging tide of progress unmoved, because unconscious of its strength and direction.

It peculiarly suits the Oriental's taste and intellectual habits, dealing in fancies and allegories, and shapes his religion as well as his life; for all things to him come *of course*, and as far as he cares or knows, without cause. Thought is an effort, and all effort is an annoyance, and hence no surprise seizes him even when himself blown from the mouth of a British gun—for surely God is great and Allah is his Prophet, and that is enough for mortal man to know.

Much of this self-satisfied feeling characterizes the later times of the Roman Republic and the first days of the Empire. Luxury and the dominion of the world had done their work upon the hearts and minds of men; *love* had been displaced by *desire*, and sensual gratification, under the Circean inspiration, had crushed all finer feeling and intellectual cultivation. Men no longer sought the Promethean fire, but lived on the cry of "*Panem et circenses!*"—give us bread and amusement—and most adroitly did their Emperors encourage the feeling, and thereby secure a temporary relief from political agitation.

In those times we look in vain for any new creations; the mind had sunk below the level of *invention*. How startling to Cicero would have been the invention of the watch, to Augustus and his people how repulsive the idea of disfiguring their beautiful Appian way with the stiff rigid parallel iron lines of a double railroad track!

It was impossible for such a people, who had largely lost sight of their past glory, to care much for the present or to expect or desire anything of the future. Steeped in sensual pleasure, no question of profound or even serious nature was allowed to disturb the death-like silence of their mental Eden. No search was made for the causes of things, and hence their effects, however extraordinary, never excited an emotion of surprise nor moved them to wonder.

The explosion of a heavy piece of ordnance, if such had existed in those days, would have produced no other sensation but that of disgust at the direfully-horrid noise it made, nor would the proposition, that the sound from such an explosion had no existence in itself, was not a quantity but the mere effect of an impulse, dependent upon certain conditions for its perception, have received from the material mind of the day a more serious attention.

But let us in our day look awhile at this latter proposition, for it strikes us strangely and well worthy of consideration as one of the curiosities of science, especially when we think that the most prolonged and probably the most intense and exquisite of all our enjoyments come through the ear, and that it is upon the sense of hearing that the most startling impressions are made. To give it application and state it more strongly, although the illustration is not new, we say that a cannon fired in a perfect desert produces no sound. Can this be true, when all our experience controverts the idea, and tells that sound must follow the explosion? It seems as impossible as the existence of ice to the East Indian, who could form no conception of water in a solid state, having never seen it except as a fluid. Reason, however, goes beyond this and corrects the prejudices and false teachings of a crude experience, when it discovers to us that sound is not produced by the projection of anything through the air, but is a motion of vibration, an undulation of aerial swells, which strike upon the tympanum of the ear as waves upon the shore, and produce through the auditory nerve to the brain the perception which is known as sound. Two things, therefore, are requisite to the production of a sound—the tympanic membrane of the ear, and the medium through and by which the impulses are conveyed to the tympanum, and the absence of either is fatal to sound.

As we rise from the sea-level to a more rarified atmosphere, sound becomes feebler, as proved by De Saussure, who fired his pistol at the top of Mont Blanc, (altitude 16,000 feet,) to test the fact; still feebler as we approach a vacuum, in which a bell, however hardly struck, gives no sound whatever, as shown by Hawksbee with the air-pump. On the other hand, as the sun emits no light to the blind, so motion causes no sound upon the defective ear; and hence, for a stronger reason, no sound can exist where—as in our supposititious case of the *perfect* desert—no ear exists upon which it can fall.

GUNPOWDER INVENTED BY A PRIEST, PRINTING BY A SOLDIER.—Yes, Invention has but little respect for the proprieties of time, place or person, and violates them all, singly and at times together, in one and the same act of its caprice, often suggesting, in the most unsuitable place and unseasonable hour, to the most improbable person, bright thoughts and important secrets. Reason may work by regular rule, for logic is stiff, formal and rigid—but *intuition* follows no law, and its results are known only by its electric flash. How unseemly the appearance of Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, and how pointed the witticism, when twitted at Court by George III. for his perverse ingenuity in improving the manufacture of gunpowder, instead of composing some work on moral philosophy or pulpit dialectics! Who can tell what led the celebrated lawyer Fearne, absorbed in the abstruse doctrines of his *Contingent Remainders*, to the discovery of a new scarlet dye? And now in our own time, and but very recently, we have the announcement of the invention by Dr. Swift, M. D., aided by Dr. Chase, M. D., two doctors of medical cure, of an explosive compound of diabolical strength and nature. By a mechanical combination of carbon (charcoal) placed in an exhausted air-receiver with sulphurated hydrogen, of which it absorbs 90 to 100 times its own bulk, a compound is produced by these gentlemen, of easy manufacture, great economy, and most destructive effect.

On all known principles of mental action and its laws, we would as reasonably expect a thunderbolt from a clear sky as an element of death from the hands of a savior. The fact, nevertheless, is so—irreconcilable, maybe, to the human intellect and incapable of solution, but no more so than many of the other mysteries of nature and of religion that work out life from death, and reward from punishment, personal or vicarious. But who denies on this account the right to investigate these mysteries; for is it not strictly true and logical that the gift of reason implies the right to use it?

Yet some of the anomalies of science are certainly very curious, and, while exciting grave doubt and distrust of a reason competent to conform them to law, are still most entertaining subjects of thought. We see the same in Literature and History—eccentricities, so to speak, which, although not explicable on very clear grounds, may yet be made to assume some degree of light. It is the old story of the conflict between error and a false generalization on the one hand, and truth and correct deduction on the other. As "precious odors are most fragrant when crushed," so the clash of thought and the pressure of opposition serve to express the truth and intensify its beauty. From the discussion of error much good has come; from its acceptance as truth at times, (as we shall see in one prominent instance, at least,) benefits have abundantly flowed upon mankind. From Alchemy—most reverently received in its day, sprang the splendid structure of modern chemistry reared upon its ruins, now hideous to deformity in our sight. The reign of Superstition ended and Religion followed on the discussion and dissection of its absurdities and doctrinal depravities; and by the force of generalization based on authentic data and the inductive system, History swept away the falsities of an incoherent Tradition. When Dr. Black, in the last century, gave out his theory of latent heat and sustained it by numberless experiments, apparently beyond question, men received it as conclusively demonstrated, and the great Watt, acknowledging its value, proceeded to draw most important deductions from its law in the construction and improvement of the steam engine. But was it true? No, wholly false; for, however valuable as a source of suggestion to others, the assumption of the fact, strongly supported as it was by argument and experiment, has been proved by Prof. Tyndall, of the Royal School of Mines, in his late able work on "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion," to be utterly fallacious, and goes most pointedly yet strangely to show how error may lead directly to beneficial results, and, ultimately, by indirection, to the discovery of light.

TRISMIGISTUS.

The U. S. Draft Rendezvous for Connecticut, Vermont, and Rhode Island is located at New Haven, under the command of Col. Albemarle Cady, of the 8th U. S. Infantry. It has a fine location, on a point of level land formed by the confluence of two rivers, and affords comfortable quarters for 2,500 or 3,000 men.

MR. Secretary Stanton has gratified the country by resuming the publication of his despatches to Gen. Dix, the opportunity for proclaiming reports of successful achievements inviting him to appear again upon the bulletin boards.

PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN the Devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you.

A COMPLIMENT is usually accompanied by a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.

ARE we really more enlightened than our ancestors? Or is it merely the flaring-up of the candle that has burned down to the socket, and is consuming that socket, as a prelude to its own extinction? Such at least has been the character of those former ages of the world, which have prided themselves on being the most enlightened.

LAODAMEIA died; Helen died; Leda the beloved of Jupiter, went before. It is better to repose in the earth betimes, than to sit up late; better, than to cling pertinaciously to what we feel crumbling under us, and to protract an inevitable fall. We may enjoy the present while we are insensible of infirmity and decay; but the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon too mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.

THE forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true one out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion, as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed, that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age. "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout who loved his friends, and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate his hand paid for; what his servants robbed he restored; if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain; he never forgot his children; and whoso touched his finger drew after it his whole body."

As much virtue as there is, so much appears; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. All the devils respect virtue. The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly. A man passes for that he is worth. What is he engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails nothing; boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him, mars all his good impressions. Men know not why they do not trust him; but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes, O fool! fool! on the forehead of the king.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D. D., and Rt. Rev. Bishop Kip, left on the steamer of the 23d inst. Bishop Kip proceeds to Europe by English steamer from Aspinwall, to visit his son, whose health is critically impaired. Dr. Bellows returns to his New York congregation, leaving the pulpit, which he temporarily filled after Mr. King's death, in the possession of the new pastor, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who has been formally installed.

THE Congregationalists will hold the regular annual meeting of the General Association at Oakland, October 5th.

A NEW Presbyterian church will be dedicated at Oakland to-morrow.

THE California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced their twelfth session on the 21st inst., in this city.

THE denominational status of Bowdoin College, which has occasioned much anxiety in years past, has been fixed by the selection of three orthodox trustees. To this statement the *Pacific* significantly adds: "This secures a gift of $50,000 from Prof. Boody and relieves many minds. Uncertainties are not healthful to progress or good feeling. The motto of a college, as of all men, should be—First know you are right, that is *Orthodox*, then go ahead." How far the $50,000 of the liberal-minded Boody tended to produce this progression to rectitude, the *Pacific* does not state.

LOCAL MILITARY ITEMS.

THE resignation of Lieut. James Monroe, Utah Territory Infantry, has been accepted, to take effect September 20, 1864.

Col. Francis J. Lippitt's term of service in the California Volunteers having expired, he asks to be mustered out of service, which has been granted.

The 2d and 6th Infantry companies, with the headquarters of the latter regiment, serving in the district of Humboldt (except Capt. Douglas's company at Round Valley,) take post as follows: 2d Infantry at Presidio Barracks; headquarters and companies of the 6th Infantry at Benicia Barracks.

The companies of the 2d Infantry of Drum Barracks, Forts Miller and Yuma, take post at the Presidio—Fort Miller being temporarily abandoned.

Company B, 2d Cavalry, C. V., take post at the Presidio, preparatory to being mustered out of service, its term having expired.

ARMY AND NAVY PERSONAL.

General Kilpatrick has resumed his command in the Army of the Cumberland.

It is understood that Major-General Hooker will not be assigned to any command at present.

Williams College, in Massachusetts, has given the honorary degree of LL. D. to Major-General Butler.

Colonel Ebenezer W. Pierce, of the 29th Massachusetts, had arrived at his home in Freetown, Mass., in a very low state of health.

Major-General Brooks, who recently resigned his commission in the United States Army, has been stopping in Pittsburg, Pa., recruiting his health.

Colonel E. W. Rice, of the 7th Iowa, commanding 1st brigade of Brigadier-General Corses's division, 16th Army corps, has been made a brigadier-general.

Brigadier-General Payne has been assigned to the command of General Hinck's division of colored troops, and has proceeded to Petersburg and assumed command.

Colonel Chapman, of the 3d Indiana Cavalry, and Colonel McIntosh, both commanding brigades in Sheridan's cavalry, have been appointed brigadier-generals.

Colonel John Boyle, Adjutant-General of Kentucky, has resigned his office and removed from Frankfort to Louisville to engage in his profession as a lawyer.

Brigadier-General Robert O. Tyler's friends in Hartford have subscribed a handsome sum of money to purchase for him a sword; the Ames Company, of Chicopee, will make it.

Brigadier-General John R. Brooke is fast recovering from the effects of his severe wound, received in the battle of Cold Harbor, Va. He is still, however, unable to join his command.

Brigadier-General J. B. Carr, lately commanding at Yorktown, has arrived at Bermuda Hundred, and taken command of a division of colored soldiers across the Appomattox from Point of Rocks.

The President has removed Colonel Bomford, Provost-Marshal-General of Pennsylvania, and appointed Captain Dodge, Mustering and Disbursing officer of that State, to fill the vacancy.

It was extensively published a few weeks ago that Lieut. Manadier, Battery K, First United States Artillery, was killed. It was stated that he was killed at Reams' Station; but it is now ascertained that he was wounded and is a prisoner at Richmond.

The President has accepted the resignation of the following officers: Captain Charles H. Lewis, 16th U. S. Infantry; Captain Lewis Wilson, 19th U. S. Infantry.

Captain O. H. Moore, 6th U. S. Infantry, and Lyman M. Kellogg, 18th U. S. Infantry, have been reinstated.

First Lieutenant J. B. Fay, Fifth New Hampshire, for sometime past acting as Post Adjutant and A. A. Q. M. at the depot for stragglers, etc., in Concord, N. H., has been relieved from his duties and ordered to rejoin his regiment. His duties at Concord will be peformed by Major J. M. Whittlesey, U. S. A., military commander.

The officers of the Second Brigade, First division, Cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, a few days ago, as a token of their respect and esteem, presented Colonel Devlin a splendid horse and accoutrements. The presentation was formally made by Colonel Nichols in an appropriate speech, and was responded to in a happy manner by the recipient.

The officers of the French steam frigate *Guerriere*, now lying in Newport harbor, were on Friday evening of last week the guests of the officers of the Naval Academy, in the Naval Academy building. The band of the 15th U. S. Infantry was stationed in the main entrance hall, and discoursed some fine music during the evening. A grand supper constituted the principal feature of the evening.

In the case of Colonel W. M. Grosvenor, sentenced by general court-martial, convened at New Orleans, La., May 4, 1864, to be dismissed from the service, an examination of the record was ordered by the President of the United States, who, upon the report of the Judge-Advocate-General, has ordered that the disability be removed on the ground that the sentence appears not to be sustained by the evidence.

A New York paper speaks of Brigadier General R. O. Tyler as an officer "who was highly distinguished and lost a foot either at Spottsylvania or the Wilderness." General Tyler received a severe wound in the right foot at Cold Harbor, on the 3d of June, but did not lose that important member. Under skilful treatment the foot has been saved, and although the process of recovery will necessarily be slow, there is a prospect that General Tyler will not even be lame.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. H. Owen, Fifth Corps Quartermaster, and Capt. J. D. Crittenden, Quartermaster of the Artillery Brigade, have just been appointed full Colonels, and ordered to report to Washington as the Inspector Generals of the Army, under the late Act of Congress reorganizing the Quartermaster's Department.

Maj.-Gen. Curtis arrived at Omaha, Nebraska, on the 16th. He was to leave for the West, shortly, to adopt decisive and efficient measures for the protection of the overland mail route and immigration.

Lieut.-Col. Elias M. Greene, late Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Washington, has been appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General, with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, and assigned to duty in the Department of Ohio and the Cumberland. He is succeeded by Capt. Elliston of New York, who is promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Capt. Dawson of the 2d New York Artillery, a son of the editor of the Albany *Journal*, who was severely wounded at Petersburg, but who is convalescent, received a commission as Major for gallant and meritorious service in the battles from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

Lieut. James A. Ekin, Chief Quartermaster of the Cavalry Bureau, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel in the regular army, and placed in charge of the First Division of the Quartermaster's Department.

So much of the order from the War Department as relieved Assistant Quartermaster-Gen. Swords from his present duty in Cincinnati has been revoked.

Lieut. L. M. Gardner, First California Cavalry, has been reprimanded by general orders from the War Department, for addressing a letter to the State Department charging the Quartermaster's Bureau on the Pacific coast, in general terms, with fraud. A careful investigation, by a military court, has ascertained that the accusations were without any foundation whatever.

[The officer above mentioned was until recently stationed at Sacramento, and while there addressed a letter to Secretary Seward, offering, if he (the Secretary) would have him ordered East, to make some astounding disclosures of frauds in the Quartermaster's Department on the coast, and more particularly at Sacramento. His letter was referred back to headquarters of this Department, and an investigation ordered. Lieut. Gardner, when called upon to name the parties guilty, declared that he referred to no particular *officer*, but to the agent of the Quartermaster's Department at Sacramento. A Court-martial was ordered, and all the charges made by Lieut. Gardner, assisted by a Lieut. Knight—who made himself very officious in the matter—were fully and rigidly investigated, and every opportunity given them to substantiate the charges; but they utterly failed to make out a case, and the parties accused were fully and honorably acquitted of any and all charges then and there made. And it appears the Court recommended that Lieut. Gardner be dismissed the service, but he escapes with a reprimand. It will be a good lesson for several other gentlemen of the Cavalry, who have heretofore done more talking than duty.]

Daniel Wormer of New York, who contracted to deliver 1,200 horses to the Government in February last, at St. Charles, Mo., has been tried by court-martial for failure to fulfil, found guilty, and sentenced to pay damages in the sum of $2,000 to the Government, and to be imprisoned until paid. The President has approved, but directs his enlargement upon filing bonds and security satisfactory to the Secretary of War to pay the amount.

[The way of the contractor is hard in these days, if the officer does his duty. According to the orders from the Quartermaster-General's office, any officer purchasing animals for the service is required to examine into his physical and moral character, and certify that he has looked into the animal's mouth; and then follow dental statistics. Finally, he brands his initials on the mule's neck, and the contractor and officer are both held responsible for the loyalty and general good behavior of that mule the balance of the war. Contractors hereabouts may take warning from the fate of our friend Daniel, who appears to have been an unfortunate wormer into somebody's *dis*favor, and was a worm that got picked up by some early bird.]

Sentence of Surgeon-General Hammond.—Brig.-General William A. Hammond, Surgeon General of the United States, was tried by a court-martial, continued by order of the President at Washington on the 15th of January, 1864, consisting of Major-Gen. R. J. Oglesby, United States Volunteers, President; Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney, U. S. A.; Brig.-Gen. W. S. Ketchum, Brig.-Gen. G. S. Greene, Brig.-Gen. W. W. Morris, Colonel United States Artillery, Brig.-Gen. A. P. Howe, Brig.-Gen. J. P. Slough, Brig.-Gen. H. E. Paine, Brig.-Gen. J. C. Starkweather, with Major John M. Bingham as Judge-Advocate. The charges are in substance as follows: "Favoritism to friends, receiving inferior articles at prices of first-class, disregarding the law relative to contracts, extravagant purchases," etc., and was found guilty on all the charges. The findings of the court were approved, and his sentence was that he be dismissed the service and be forever disqualified from holding any office or trust under the Government of the United States.

[Surgeon J. K. Barnes, who has latterly acted as the head of the Bureau, stands next in the line of promotion to fill the vacancy, and fully deserves the position.]

The following sentences by Court-martial have been reported:

To be Dismissed.—Capt. Wm. Chaunel, Co. D., 7th Rhode Island Volunteers, for misconduct in the presence of the enemy, and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Capt. James Blaisdell, Co. H., 9th New Hampshire, for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

First Lieut. Judson Knickerbocker, 14th New York Artillery, for cowardice.

Capt. D. B. Kaufman, 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, for gross conduct before the enemy.

Second Lieut. George S. Wilkes, 180th New York Volunteers, and to forfeit all pay and allowances now due or to become due him, for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

Second Lieut. Charles H. Mayo, 8th unattached company heavy artillery Massachusetts Volunteers, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Capt. Joseph J. Ladd, 8th New Hampshire Volunteers, for speaking disrespectfully of his commanding officer.

Asst. Surgeon John D. Johnson, U. S. Volunteers, for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline. Remitted and commuted to a reprimand in general orders.

To be Dishonorably Dismissed.—First Lieut. Alfred Graff, Co. G., 143d Pennsylvania Volunteers, to forfeit to the United States all pay and allowances accruing to him as an officer from and after the 8th day of May, 1864, and that the crime, name, place of abode and punishment of the accused be published in the newspapers in and about the camp and of the State of Pennsylvania, the State from whence the accused came and where he usually resides, for misbehavior in the presence of the enemy and absence without leave.

First Lieut. Joseph Cogan, Battery H, 1st Pennsylvania Reserve Light Artillery, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Capt. F. W. Hartt, Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers, with loss of all pay and allowances now due or to become due, for knowingly and wilfully defrauding the Government of the United States.

To be Cashiered.—Lieut.-Col. Richard E. Cross, 5th New Hampshire Volunteers, for disobedience of orders.

Second Lieut. John Q. Adams, 30th U. S. colored troops, with loss of all pay and allowances, for disobedience of orders, violation of the 44th and 50th articles of war and breach of arrest.

First Lieut. William Thomas, Co. D, 2d Maryland Veteran Volunteers, with loss of all pay and allowances, to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or emolument under the United States, to be confined at hard labor at the Dry Tortugas, or such other Government work as the General commanding may direct, for the term of one year, for absence without leave and conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

First Lieut. John Hoy, Co. E., 179th New York Volunteers, for drunkenness on duty, conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and breach of arrest.

Other Sentences.—First Lieut. J. W. Glass, 104th Pennsylvania Volunteers, to be reprimanded in general orders by the Major-General commanding the Department of the South, for using reproachful and provoking speech to a soldier.

Samuel S. Smoot, a contractor for supplies for the army, to pay to the United States a fine of $10,000, and be confined in such place as the Secretary of War may designate until such fine be paid, provided such imprisonment shall not exceed three years.

William A. Jones and J. Paul Jones, of the firm of J. P. Jones & Co., late sutlers of the 16th regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, found guilty of unlawfully obtaining and appropriating Government property, and sentenced to pay a fine of $2,500 and to be imprisoned until said fine was paid, were sent to Fort Delaware, where they will remain for one year, unless the fine is paid before the expiration of that time.

Following are the dismissals which have been reported for the week ending August 6;

Additional Paymaster George P. Folsom, U. S. Vols., to date August 1, 1864.

First Lieutenant William G. Anderson, Adjutant 4th Indiana cavalry, to date July 11, 1864, for absence without leave, having been published officially and failed to appear before the commission.

Lieutenant Horace K. Stille, 13th Pennsylvania cavalry, to date July 30th, 1864, for desertion.

Lieutenant M. H. Preston, 3d Delaware Vols., to date July 30, 1864, for absence without proper authority.

Second Lieutenant Amesley B. Smith, 16th New York cavalry, to date July 29, 1864, for drunkenness on duty, breach of arrest, and attempting to purloin from a Government stable a saddle and bridle belonging to an officer.

The order heretofore issued, accepting the resignation of Captain A. J. Vidal, partisan rangers, has been revoked, and he has been dismissed, to date August 4, 1864, for desertion.

Dismissals Confirmed.—The orders of dismissal heretofore issued in the following cases have been confirmed:

Captain Carl Von Heintze, 5th United States colored troops, for worthlessness and cowardice.

First Lieutenant William P. Miner, 13th Connecticut Volunteers, to date July 16, 1864, for absenting himself from his guard without permission from proper authority, for breach of arrest, and for being grossly drunk in the field, in camp, and in the city of New Orleans.

Second Lieut. Charles L. Francis, 65th U. S. colored infantry, he having tendered his resignation in consequence of inexperience and incompetency.

Dismissals Approved.—The orders of dismissal heretofore issued in the following cases have been approved:

First Lieut. John M. Sharp, 148th New York Volunteers, to date, July 29, 1864, for, after having been arrested upon charges of cowardice and misbehavior before the enemy, breaking his arrest, and leaving for his home, without trying to get a certificate of physical disability upon which to ground a resignation.

Second Lieut. Z. C. Robinson, 3d New York cavalry, to date July 28, 1864.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By direction of the President, Captain Edward L. Hartz, Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. Army, has been dropped from the Army rolls, to date February 1, 1864.

The order heretofore issued dismissing Second Lieutenant H. J. Webber, 59th Indiana Volunteers, has been revoked, and he has been honorably discharged, to date February 1, 1864.

The following officers heretofore dismissed are restored, with pay from the date at which they rejoin their regiments for duty:

Capt. Frank B. M. Bonsall, 28th Pennsylvania Vols., provided the vacancy has not been filled by the Governor of his State.

Second Lieut. Frank Reynolds, 1st U. S. Artillery.

Capt. Daniel D. T. Gordon, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Vols., dismissed by sentence of a General Court-Martial, has been restored to his former rank in the service.

The proceedings, findings and sentence of a General Court-Martial in the case of Second Lieut. Charles Wood, 38th Wisconsin Vols., has been disapproved, the records failing to show the offence of which he was convicted, and he will be released from arrest and restored to duty.

The residue of the sentence in the case of 2d Lieut. J. S. Walter, 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, has been remitted, on the ground of his bravery and former good conduct, without remitting forfeiture of pay during imprisonment, and he has been restored to his commission in his regiment.

By order of Maj.-Gen. Hunter, dated July 29th, the following officers, for deserting their commands at the recent battle of Winchester, and during the subsequent retreat, and for spreading false and exaggerated reports of the losses of the army after going to the rear, are dismissed from the military service, subject to the approval of the President:

Capt. John L. Hicks, 13th New York Cavalry; Capt. Hallowell, 143d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Capt. D. S. Caldwell, 143d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Capt. J. H. Spencer, 9th West Virginia Infantry; Capt. John Johnson, 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry; First Lieut. D. R. Disbow, 1st New York Lincoln Cavalry; First Lieut. Wm. A. Williams, 143d Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Lieut. Jones, 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Asst. Surgeon U. S. Newson, 91st Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Asst. Surgeon O. Q. Nellie, 2d West Virginia Cavalry; Capt. D. E. Gross, 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Major J. H. Thorp, 20th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

LONDON AND PARIS.

TO all intents and purposes, so far as fashions and novelties are concerned, the two cities are dead. London is shut up at its West-end, and Paris swarms with travellers, who may be remarkable for their alternate fits of grumbling and jollity, but not for the taste they display in their toillettes. But travelling costumes do not admit of much taste being introduced therein, the useful and the comfortable elements should prevail, and alas! for the styles to which modern fashions have accustomed our eyes, the comfortable does not now prove always the most becoming.

We all know how *trying* a white kid boot proves even to a small, daintily-made, well-formed foot. "Trying" is an essentially feminine word when applied to any article of dress, and seems to express a vast deal more under similar circumstances than "unbecoming," which, perhaps, would be the more correct term. But white kids are the fashion, so we must wear them; they are more economical than satin, as they endure more dancing without fraying. Colored heels are now very generally adopted, and we have much pleasure in announcing the more recent introduction of colored toes or tips—pointed, not square ones. This insertion of color has exactly the same effect upon the white kid boot that a dark trimming has upon a light dress—it detracts from its size, at least in effect. The color of the kid tip should correspond with that of the heel, and both, with the ornaments upon the dress; thus a white tarlatane trimmed with blue would be accompanied with white kid boots, with blue heels and tips. A white silk trimmed with pink should have white boots with pink heels and tips.

The old-fashioned shoes are gradually coming into favor again; they are made of patent leather, with high heels. Those which we have seen were elaborately stitched with white silk, and were strapped in front with a beautifully-cut steel buckle. Those ladies who object to the trouble of buttoned boots, and to the pressure of elastic sides, will find these shoes very comfortable wear, and as they are made very high in front, there is not so great a difference between the appearance of a boot and shoe as might be supposed. The newest description of slipper is satin embroidered with chenille.

In answer to many inquiries as to the best materials for the loose bodices now so much in vogue, we may remark that all depends upon that of the skirt with which these bodices are to be worn. For silk grenadine, and Chambery gauze skirts, no material is more becoming for the bodice than the crepe lisse, trimmed with ruches of black and white blonde, or, more simply, with insertion, laid on flat. The crepe lisse is very soft and becoming, but it is of too fragile a texture for any hard wear. For very light silk skirts the crepe lisse may be also worn, ornamented with braces and sash of the same color as the skirt. For silk skirts, suitable for afternoon wear, we recommend the nainsook muslin bodice, made with deep linen cuffs and small linen collar. The muslin should be tucked, both in the back and front, with tiny tucks, and a narrow Valenciennes edging should be added to the cuffs and collar. For morning wear, foulard and China crepe are both excellent materials; the former is far less costly than the latter, consequently is more patronized. Ruches or quillings of ribbon, braid, narrow black ribbon-velvet, and muslin-embroidery, are all used for trimming both the crepe and foulard.

A Parisian correspondent of a London paper says: The middle of the month of August is consecrated in the generality of French families to small gatherings. There are so many women in France who are christened "Mary," that I might say without exaggeration that upon Assumption Day the entire country is *en fete*. The Emperor's *fete* also falls upon that festival, and I hear rumors of a large ball which is to be given at St. Cloud upon the occasion, but of this I will write fuller particulars when it takes place.

The toilettes which are in preparation for these midsummer *fetes* are very simple in character, consequently there is a great charm about them. Natural flowers, for instance, will be much used for head-dresses; young ladies, especially, are now adopting this fashion. The hair is also frequently plaited, a coronet is worn with the hair rolled back from the temples, and a large cluster of plaits is arranged at the back. With white dresses there is nothing more elegant than the mother-of-pearl combs. Curls are frequently worn behind the ear, and around the plaits small garlands of flowers are entwined; these are flexible, being mounted upon ribbon instead of upon wire, and are grouped in bunches, such as lilies of the valley, clematis, hare-bells, etc. Another original style which has lately become fashionable is to turn back the hair straight from the forehead in a rolled bandeau; to plait the hair at the back in a wide tress, and pin this straight up the centre of the head, the ends being fastened underneath the bandeau; at each side of this plait sprays of flowers, ears of corn, and corn-flowers are disposed so as to produce the effect of being kept down by the tress of hair.

The Empire style of head-dress is also adopted, but of course modernized to suit the present fashion. Small curls play upon the forehead, and ringlets fall at the back; a bow of ribbon is fastened at the side.

Tassels are also extensively used in trimming dresses. They are very suitable for summer, and are less costly than either lace or gimp. The following dress, ornamented with them, was worn lately by the Princess Mathilde: The material was silk gauze, striped Havana brown and white. The front of the skirt was trimmed *en tablier*, with four cross-way bands of sky-blue taffetas. These bands were wide, graduated as they ascended, and were sewn on to describe three vandykes; between each vandyke there was a long sky-blue silk tassel. Two pointed pockets completed the ornaments in front of the skirt, which was cut in the Gabrielle form. The bodice was a coat piped between all the seams with sky-blue silk, and turned back with sky-blue *revers;* the sleeve was an epaulet, vandyked at the edge, tassels were placed between each vandyke, and with smaller tassels sewn at the points. At the back the long tails of the coat were turned back at each side with a cross-cut band of sky-blue taffetas, fastened down with a mother-of-pearl button, and trimmed with narrow white lace. This form of coat is very pretty, but only suitable for dressy occasions. White muslin coats, piped with colored silk to match the dress, are also very much worn.

The great amusement at the country-seats during the present season is horse exercise. Coquetry, which is introduced everywhere and into all toilettes, does not fail to insinuate itself into what should be the severe style of the riding costume. For country wear, the most elegant habits are made of white piqué and nankeen. The white piqué is braided thickly over with black soutache. The fashion of a coat bodice is very much in unison with a habit, the bodices of which are made with short basques and with a waistcoat; the skirt, bodice and waistcoat all being made of the same material. The form of the basque varies, but it is always of a moderate length; that which is generally preferred is small, and rounded in the form of a spoon. Small patterns, like a sheaf of corn, are most suitable for braiding, and each sheaf is joined with a button; cloth buttons are used for piqué habits, and steel for cloth ones.

In town, dark-colored cloth habits, such as black, bottle green, and marine blue, are alone worn, and these are ornamented with sateen braids and with small hanging bell-buttons, made of steel.

For summer wear, the alpaca will be found lighter than cloth, or even than what is called "lasting," and a white pique waistcoat gives a less sombre effect to the toilette. The waistcoat is sometimes turned back with *revers* and bound with narrow white braid; an extremely narrow blue or groseille neck-tie is worn under the collar. The hat for town wear is, in form, like that worn by men, only it is lower in the crown; but in the country a more fantastic style is adopted. A beaver hat in the Louis XIII. form, with a long feather, and the Amazone straw hat, bound with velvet, and ornamented with a tuft of feathers, are the two favorite shapes. The casquette (cap) is also worn on horseback: the most fashionable sort is made of straw, with a black-velvet peak, and it is trimmed with green cock's feathers, and a long green gauze veil floating at the back.

Some of the ugliest garments which have been in vogue of late are the *negligés* paletots which the ladies are wearing at the seaside. The color, the cut, the material, and the buttons, all remind me forcibly of a servant's livery. Generally, the material preferred is coarse red flannel; the paletot is wide at the back, with two pockets, and gilt buttons bearing some emblem—a flower, a coronet, a bee, etc. The white flannel mantles are the least ugly of all, but still they are far from pretty; there are also white mantles striped with color, and trimmed with porcelain buttons.

I see that the long circulars, made of fancy cloth, and lined with silk, and silk hoods at the back, are again appearing; the short double capes in either cashmere or twilled cloth are also fashionable. These latter are very convenient when travelling, and as the capes are made separately, one or both can be worn according to the temperature. The largest cape is edged with a thick pinked-out ruche of the same material. This style of mantle is also frequently made in that soft thick silk called *faille*, and the second is simulated with either a cross-way band or any other trimming, a slit at each side being made to allow the arms to pass through. This garment looks like a talma at the back; if it is ornamented with guipure and jet, a guipure hood is always added.

The following cape was lately made for the Empress: The material was iron-grey cashmere, lined with sarsnet to match, stitched round with white, and buttoned all down the front with large bell-buttons of filigree silver; there was an ornament round the top of the mantle, which had the effect of a necklace; it was made with a long button fringe headed with balls of filigree silver. This mantle was intended to be worn when strolling in the garden or park, and is original without being eccentric. Another cape in the same style was also made last week for the daughter of the Empress of Brazil; the material was sky-blue cashmere lined with white silk, and ornamented round the edge with sixteen rows of backstitching in white silk. The stitching is now always worked by a sewing-machine, and is one of the simplest trimmings used—it is very fashionable and always in good taste.

"LATE" IS NOT "NEVER."

"OF course, murder will out; ay, and then there's God's vengeance upon the murderer, and the rest of it. Yes, and you believe all that; ah, *tant mieux;* but, shall I tell you a history?"

"Well, the night is fine, as our October nights here are apt to be; the coffee is not bad; the ice, that orange and distaccio, among others, far from despicable; the tobacco passable; you are disposed to listen; there is a crowd here in Florian, which is equivalent to solitude, for no one knows what his neighbor is chattering; Anna Bazzuri in *Beatrice* has excited you far beyond sleep, albeit the Campanile clock has tolled out its solemn ONE. They will let you in at Daniele's at any hour at which you choose to ring the bell which hangs *delcussée*, on the Piazza del Shiavoni, so half an hour, more or less, signifies little. I am not indisposed to talk, and will tell you a story. *Bottega! un caffe e fuoco.*"

Let me place my interlocutor before my readers. A man whom a careless observer might have described as old, for his hair was grey, "but not with years," as you discovered when you looked at him. There was a roundness of contour, a vigor, a flexibility in his movements, that pertained not to advanced age, and belied the promise of the grizzled hairs, in which but few chestnut remnants recalled their earlier hue. All this showed that the aspect of age was but the disguise of prematurely blasted youth, and arrested attention on the person who, one fine night, in St. Mark's Square, Venice, thus bespoke him who now writes. There was bright moonlight; the broad square was afloat in radiance; the many-domed, multi-pinnacled cathedral loomed out like some Cyclop-work in frosted silver; down the arcades streamed lines of idlers, purposelessly gloating over the glittering goldsmith's ware at the arched angle of the "Merceria," or the equally glistening, if less costly, *objets de Venise*, the shell gauds of the neighboring traveller traps. In Florian and Sattil overflowed a mass of loungers, frothing over into the outer breadth of the Piazza playing chess, drinking coffee, eating ice, hatching treason, abusing the Austrians; it was 1859, and the Lombard campaign was imminent. There is your scene, now for the *dramatis personæ*.

Imprimis. Your servant, not very tall; stout (his enemies say squat, but that's mendacious,) auburn of hair (the detractors aforesaid call it red, but that's their ill-nature,) not ill-looking (his private opinion,) *very* expressive countenance, and gentlemanlike exterior—of course.

Secundo. The narrator, nothing out of the common; none of your melo-dramatic heroes, not the slightest flavor of daggers and trap-doors about him, all nineteenth century, modern and polished. He was prematurely grizzled, not his fault, as he said, but his misfortune. The man could moon all day over Basilica, *chiesa,* or *Accademia;* was unwarying in sight-seeing, the most exhaustive of tests; had a wrist of catgut in a *salle d'armes;* could sit up till daylight at opera, or post-opera orgie; seemed to renounce sleep and disown fatigue, yet had the exterior of elder manhood. He lived as one beyond all sordid necessities, all the waifs and strays of Venice flocked around him as to a certain haven for mendicity, and the omnipotent Austrian police was cap-in-hand to him in all places. I never understood him, and ended by giving him up.

Let him speak for himself.

"I think I hinted that murder now and then managed to slip through the meshes of our wisdom; of course, you will say that to be safe it must be subtile, that the coarse, violent asssasin pays a premium on detection.

"I knew a man, a 'party,' if you like, since the *mot* is popular. Where did we live? well, say India; Hindostan is wide. Suppose we call him Smith, the forgery may be pardoned.

"I knew him—not a bad creature, kindly and well enough disposed towards his fellow men. We will describe him as a subaltern of Native Infantry, aged nine-and-twenty or so, and married for the past three years; his wife, a fairly pretty woman, some four years his junior. He was a popular, pleasant man, and content with his lot. But—ay! there's always but—this man, in a sort of fool's paradise, lived content. When, without any particular warning, his wife clouded; his wife fell ill, grew worse, medical men did their best, (we won't say to kill her,) and the end of it was that she he loved 'lay a dying.'

"'My dear fellow, nerve yourself, we can do no more, she will die,' so spoke the regimental doctor, and the rumble of his departing rolled out the requiem of his hearer's longings, and he knew that all the devotion of years was coming to naught, and he had to tell *her*. How was it to be done? God knows how, but in some incoherent wise it *was* accomplished, and, out of his insanity, knowledge came to her. She knew that she must die; and he, more shattered of heart than she, grovelled by her couch, and, what? –prayed? *Did* he? I suspect he must have gone nearer to what you would have called blaspheming.

"When a hand touched his, and a voice spoke; 'Tom, don't break that simple man's heart of yours about *me,*' and somehow there was a hard cynical ring in the tone which grated on the husband. 'I am not worth it, Tom. I have carried about me, long enough, the weight of a deception, the burden of a lie. In my own despite, in the candor of death, I am speaking out. I shall teach you to curse me, my poor Tom; but I *must* tell you, I cannot die and hoodwink you. Your manly faith has not faltered, and I must, at last, be true.'

"What was going to be disclosed, what black arcana were to be revealed! He sat in paralysis, she went on, and of what she said this is the epitome.

"Suddenly ordered on service (his regiment had taken part in the Sutlej campaign) he, like so many others, had to leave his wife behind, and alone. One they knew had, in the long weariness of those lonely days, wormed himself into her confidence, her affections, had triumphed and remained exultant. On *her* fell sickness, repentance, confession, death; on her husband, solitude, without even a loving regret to mitigate its bitterness—*he* remained unscathed.

"Well, well: and Nemesis? Listen. A January afternoon, a broad expanse of level yellow-green (a crop of wheat and pease; these things ripen then in India,) a line of coolies, two Englishmen, gun in hand, away buzz the quail—*brrr, brrr,—piff, paff*—'my bird,' 'your eye wiped, old fellow,' 'hold on load,' etc., etc., 'all right,' *'line bandho,' 'chulo'—brrr, brrr,—piff, paff,—piff, paff,*—'Oh, my God!' and a hurry of feet, and a man down, and blood on the trampled corn, *not* blood of quail!

"And while men of dark skin hurry away on foot to seek aid, one fair-skinned and fair-haired man, unharmed, bends over another who lies prone in the ripening harvest. The wounded man is very pale, the sound man, with fingers compressing the wound in his companion's thigh, to all appearance very earnest for his welfare. Brown-hued humanity is hurrying hither and thither. The white man, unhurt, watches closely the injury done by his unlucky shot (his uncocked gun had exploded suddenly,) a space is left around the twain. Then speaks he who is unscathed.

"'Bryan, *you will never more mislead wife of mine.*'

"And he removes his finger from the severed artery.

"And straightway the wounded man, who, with every fibre in his shot-shattered frame has been holding on to life, abjures existence; looks up in his *friend's* face, sees in it what extinguishes all vitality in him, tries to speak and fails, and in the sudden horror—dies.

"And murder will out? *Bon a savoir! Bottega! un gelato di limonada.*"

He ate his ice, looking just a little pale, for he had excited himself as he went on. We strolled round the Piazza: and then, passing in front of the cathedral and the palace, parted at the corner of the Piazzetta. In a day or two afterwards, the rail rolled me away toward Milan and Turin.

This odd story has since recurred to me, while, at times, I recall scraps of my quondam associate's conversation, which had in them hints of many years spent abroad, and in torrid climes. And again, he had a way of looking at the Austrian troops, whenever he saw them under arms, and a quick appreciation of defects or good points in their *tenue* or their manœuvres, that had in it a smack of the barrack yard and parade ground.

Had he ever lived in India, I wonder? Was it, perchance, his own story which he had thus half-scoffingly sketched?—who knows? He was just the kind of a man whom I should decline to trust, if feeling that I had played him any trick for which he was likely to bear me malice.

OUR CLUB.

NUMBER TWO.—INITIATIVE.

SOME trivial and misiuformed persons have seen fit to speak disparagingly of "Our Club." From remarks that have come to our ears, we have been led to believe that they belong to that class who always undervalue others' possessions, disparage tho worth of luxuries in which they cannot indulge, and talk gossip of the person who administers to the souls in the church with taller steeple than their own. Some persons of the femalo sex, also, whose literary taste is amply satisfied with daily reference to the newspaper record of matrimony and death, and an occasional glauce at priuted recipes for the preparation of poultices and pastry, are prodigal of sneers at "sech lit'rary people as them young fellers that b'long t' the Club." Notwithstanding these offensive remarks from persons who live in the immediate proximity of the mausion, where we enter to seek such intellectual pabuium as the evening may furnish, several of the Club —the Editor, for one—have noticed, iu passing, a decided fluttering of curtains and an uneasy motion of shutters, as of some curious person, concealed within, endeavoring to obtain a furtive glance at The Club in walking costume. We have, besides, found the auxiliaries of such persons, as if they might catch some pearl as it dropped from the lips of wisdom, standing at the outer door, burdened with inquiries concerning the welfare of persons who, all the world was perfectly well aware, lived at the next door, or asking dishonestly for the residences of persons who never lived anywhere—the mere fictions of their idle curiosity. These evidences of malicious envy are bnt petty grievances to the npright members, who would feel that they had indeed attained to but little philosophy, if they could not listen undisturbed to wayward tongues. Such persons may think now that this paper will let slip some diamond secret, which they would give their bonds for future discretion to possess; but I sincerely promise that my friend, the Editor, will carefully criticise all these papers, and add his prudence with my own in keeping forever concealed such facts as might hint to sagacious readers any solution of Club problems, which should never be solved by those who are not invited.

The first hour that one passes in that mystic circle is one which almost any one would mark with a white-stone—as if he had come to lose an ever-cherished hope, and now must bury it forever. The hope must have boen one that looked to some future day of maturity and wisdom, when he could stand up in the presence of great men; but, now, in his first hour in this singular presence, in the golden silence through which, at intervals, come dropping out the silver words from where the Doctor's mild face is beaming, and the pearly rhythm of the Professor's wit, that gathers in the chimes of temperate laughter, and the dignified organ-swell of the Philosopher's gravity, he feels as if he had been nourishing a dream that now was passing out unnoticed through the ivory gate. I call that a mystic presence, which was indeed so, till my poor, infant eyes were open to comprehend its significance. How could I, only a meagre, jagged sentence of the world's prosaic volume, at once chime in with the rhythm of this poetic page. Such was this little room, small enough as the carpenter measures, but bounteous in utterances of marvellous wisdom. Would you seriously wonder if I told you how I went that night unto my rest, bearing away on my tongue the flavor of unearthly sweets, and in my dreams was carried into the presence of sages whose graves the world cannot point out? Did I not wonder when I awoke, if my poor brain, that was not used to any but light potations of wit and wisdom, would not succumb to the wild intoxication of great learning? In the monotone of my former life, I had not felt that there was anything but a poetic tinkling in the suggestion that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" but, now, through terrible confusion of wits, the experience of undreamed-of dreams, and a new thoughtfulness, I was to come and gird myself anew, and believe that one ought to "drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring." Had I not forgotten to bear away in memory the photographs of the natural citizens among whom I had passed an evening hour, but, instead, had placed about them the halo which their exalted wit seemed to bestow upon them? I might have remembered, and so been more subdued, the fragile fame of that nervous disciple, whom Nature did not endow with superhuman strength, unless it be in intellect, and that the swift-footed Achilles of the circle was not panoplied, except it were in the armor of manly beauty. Achilles wears the latest pattern of "helps-to-read;" but his familiarity with all the classic poets and the morsels of quaint learning, with which he will occasionally startle the Club, makes parties forget, then at least, that his personal beauty is in the beaming eye, or that the brilliancy of that organ may be magnified a trifle; in that we have to be on the outside and the eye is on the inside of the spectacle.

It really takes a long time ere the novice can look around into every face with a mild and undazzled eye. The Doctor did not utter any articulate sound during the exquisite agony of my novitiate, and I did not fail to breathe a solemn *Benedicite* upon him for his discretion. I remember that it was enough for me to see his unconquerable mildness and the thoughtful eye that all the time was thinking and speaking, and telling me, that the rich current of his speech, when once it flowed, could bear on its bosom rich argosies of maturity —bold logic that, if it would, could annihilate the unuttered scepticism that slept in my breast—philosophy that could unravel unanswered problems. I believe that the Philosopher was considerate of my modest ignorance, and he, who seems to live only to utter great tomes of learning, kindly spoke out only duodecimos and sexdecimos, purposely avoiding those deep fords of learning which only giants can cross, and without uttering, only suggesting the magnificent sentences that were sleeping on his lips and in his brain. I had seen the Editor so many times before, that, had any one inquired, I should certainly have said I knew him truly, yet, in this before unknown sphere, where he conversed in sympathy with these very sagacious gods, I began to comprehend his stature and to reproach myself with thinking so meanly, as I had done, of a fellow-mortal of varied superior attainments. Although I had before met and been overshadowed by the learning of professors, it was only in the dignified reserve that guarded their public ministration, that I had seen them, not when I could catch the melody that mingles with their private greetings, or taste of the divine mirth that would heal every man's melancholy. And, in the shadows of crowds, I had seen the unobtrusiveness of that nervous disciple, but I did not divine that I should one day ask him to let me call him the young Charles Lamb, and promise that I would never interrupt the flow of geniality and cleverness. I know he is not a clerk in the India House, but he goes in and out every day in uprightness where wise and opulent merchants go, and where there is such continuous song of the Eagles as would make duller souls always melodious with virtue. It was not strange that I should recognize at a glance the countenance of Achilles, for his movements all carried with them a divine significance; but as I contemplated his bravery and beauty, I wondered if he still clung to the worship of the mythologic gods, and if in this circle he found none as great as Agamemnon, King of Men. But it would be strange if his modern life had brought no beauteous Helen to raise up cohorts against his terrible power. He is so strong that he can always be generous, and if he has not to fight that another may be crowned with his own crown, I know that he will fight bravely his own fight, and will only conquer the gentler foes upon his knees.

I cannot lead you as gently up the declivity, which I had long tried to ascend from the valley of my inexperience, to where I could better contemplate the grandeur of these lofty cliffs on which all these were standing, as I myself had perforce to go, and to-day I have not yet found a level that can approach theirs; but I must always use the tallest stilts whenever I speak, that my voice may not seem to come from below, and when I cannot stand longer so, I find that I may cultivate a solemn but approving silence, which, though it be only my native dullness, may perchance appear like wisdom. If I can, I shall sometime note the great utterances that are ever falling, and let you hear them—for I find I cannot ask you to come and sit around our board—although the Doctor has intimated that it would be an error to carry out into the world's chill atmosphere the warm humor and kindly thoughts that so much nourish our heads and hearts. Some very curious persons, who have been reading this column, half believe they have already found me betraying something of the mystery, which I did not intend, and which they only have the perception to recognize. I shall be always watchful that I tell nothing which every one will not understand. What if I should really utter those mystic sentences that belong to the inner shrine, and which had such terrible and sublime effects when first whispered to the great comprehensions of the Doctor and the Philosopher!

THERSITES.

PARLOR MAGIC

How to tell a number you have never seen: Think of a number you have never seen, and then tell it to any body who will listen to it.

FOR BOARDING HOUSES.

Get a large leg of mutton, weighing abont eight or nine pounds, and have it hot for dinner. If you have it for supper, and there is any of it left, besides the bone, it will be a most extraordinary piece of magic.

Buy half-a-dozen new handkerchiefs; after counting them, place them in a draw. Lock the latter carefully, and take the key with you. Be absent during the day, and on your return count the handkerchiefs. You will find one of the best handkerchiefs missing. The question is, by what magic can it have disappeared, for the key of your draw has been in your pocket all the while?

The same with your coals, and sugar, and candles, and the half-pcuce you leave in your pockets. You have only to turn your back for a minute, and you will find, on looking again, that they have all disappeared.

In the same mysterious manner will gin be turned into water, and brandy turn from brown into pale. Pens, ink, and paper, also will disappear most miraculously—no one being able to tell how; whilst hair-oil or pomatum, and such other requisites for the toilette, were never known to keep longer than the first day.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.—The treatment of a new-born child should be kind, but not cordial—and especially not Godfrey's cordial.

Children should be encouraged to rise with the lark—but the lark should not consist of a bolstering match, or any similar occupation.

Milk is the best food for infants, but curd should be avoided, nor should the child have its whey.

Pie-crust is bad for children, and in the nursery neither pie-crusts nor promises should ever be broken.

If a child should by accident eat anything poisonous, a good emetic may be obtained from the rust of old iron. Perhaps it would be safer to cram down the infant's throat "a wise saw," or a rusty proverb.

THE moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

JERROLDIANA.

Dogmatism is a puppyism come to its full growth.

Self-defense is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason: the lawyers didn't make it."

I've heard people say, truth lives in a well; if so, I'd adviso you to take an early dip in the bucket.

My notion of a wife at forty is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank note, for two twenties."

"That cat has got a cold," said a friend to Jerrold, pointing to a domestic favorite. "Yes," Jerrold replied; "the poor thing is subject to cat-arrh!"

The highest and most valuable of all the female virtues—a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not born with—is to be a quick dresser.

Never own that a woman is right. Do it once, and on the very conceit of it she'll be always wrong for the rest of her life.

Jerrold was showing off the accomplishments of a favorite terrier. "Does he beg?" asked a visitor. "Beg!" replied Jerrold, "ay, like a prince of the blood."

Some people were praising the writings of a certain Scot. Jerrold remarked: "I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the temple of Fame."

Ask a woman to a tea-party in the Garden of Eden, and she'd be sure to draw up her eyelids and scream: "I can't go without a new gown."

To feel the chains, but take especial care the world shall not hear them clank! 'Tis a prudence that often passes for happiness.

Women are all alike. When they're maids they're mild as milk; once make them wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.

"Do you know," said a friend to Jerrold, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant?" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied; "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

Consider the whole world an orchard, guarded by the man-traps and spring-guns of laws; you have only to know where the laws are laid, that, though you intrude upon them ever so closely, you are never caught or hit by them.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends, or, having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if he ever hope to get back again. These three things are books, umbrellas and money.

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room: "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

When Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, Jerrold on a certain occasion had reason to find fault with the strength of the company. Morris expostulated, and said: "Why, there's V.; he was bred on these boards!" *Jerrold*—"He looks as though he had been cut out of them."

Jerrold had a favorite dog, that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing, turned round and said, audibly: "What an ugly little brute!" Whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied: "O, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment?"

At an evening party, a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said: "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that very elderly lady?" "One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment, and said to him: "I hear you said it was the worst book I ever wrote." *Jerrold*—"No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

A gourmet joined a social club to which Jerrold belonged, and opened a conversation on dining. "Now, nobody," said the Loudon Savarin, "can guess what I had for dinner to-day!" The company declined to speculate, whereupon the gourmet said, with an air: "Why, calf's-tail soup!" *Jerrold*—"Extremes meet!"

One day Mr. Tillbury entered a room where Jerrold was talking with some friends. Macready was about to produce *Macbeth* at Covent Garden. Tillbury complained that he had been cast for the Physician, having previously been entrusted with the more genial part of the Witch. *Jerrold*—"Made you the Physician! Humph! that is throwing physic to the dogs with a vengeance!"

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries. *Jerrold*—"What! doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever."

One evening, at the Museum Club, a member very ostentatiously said, in a loud voice: "Isn't it strange, we had no fish at the Marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I cannot account for it." "Nor I," replied Jerrold, "unless they ate it all up stairs."

She conceived that a servant ought to be a sort of nun, and from the moment she enters your house should take leave of all the world beside. Has she not her kitchen for willing hands always to do something? And then, for company, doesn't she see the butcher, the baker, the dust-man—to say nothing of the sweeps?

My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear," and acknowledge a whitewashed garret the fittest housing-place for a gentleman. Do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the Sheriff be confounded.

A man who hated national prejudices invited an English uncle to a French restaurant to "dine 'em out" of him. After dinner he said to him: "What do you think of the French *now*, uncle?" "Not so bad," he replied, with a look of contrition. "Not so bad, if they wouldn't eat frogs." "You recollect the third dish—delicious, wasn't it?" The old fellow smacked his lips with recollections of delight. In that dish there were two-and-thirty frogs." The uncle insisted upon falling ill immediately, was carried home, went to bed, scratched his nephew out of his will, and died. Would it be believed?—a nurse was found to swear that in his last moments she heard 'em croak! See what comes of national prejudice.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Pineapple Fritters.—Take ½lb. of fine flour, I½ pint of new milk, the yelks of 4 fresh eggs, add make the same into a light batter, adding the whites of 2 eggs (first beaten into a light froth). Bruise ½ a dozen slices of sound ripe pineapple into a pulp, and stir it well up with the batter, adding at the same time a little nutmeg and cinnamon, grated fine. Introduce a clean pan over a brisk clear fire, and ladle out the batter into the pan as you may require it, according to the size of your fritters. Fry them in fresh butter, turning them only once, when they will assume a brown, crisp complexion. When quite done, remove them into a dish, sprinkling over them a dessert-spoonful of crushed sugar. Apple and currant fritters can be prepared after a like manner. The cinnamon can be dispensed with if objected to.

To Pot Trout.—Take from 6 to 8 trout from ½lb. to ¾lb. in weight each. Gut, scale, and wipe them dry, in a clean cloth. Then dispose of them in a shallow dish, about 2½ inches in depth, containing a very small portion of water at the bottom, enough to supply a sufficiency of steam to pass through them. Add to them a supply of ground mace, ground black pepper, salt, and 2 or 3 bay leaves, covering the dish over with a tin protection, and consign the same to a slow oven, to admit of the fish to be steamed through. When the prongs of a fork will pass readily into them, they will be done, and may be taken up. When cold remove the bay leaves, and let them be well covered with clarified butter. A flat board should be superimposed over the orifice of the dish, to prevent the air from entering it.

Biscuit Pudding.—This is a very delicate and nice pudding for an invalid, and is made so simply that it is generally found useful in cases of illness. Grate 3 large Naples biscuits, pour upon them 1 pint of boiling milk or cream, and cover them down closely. When cold, add the yelks of 4 eggs, the whites of 2, some nutmeg, a little brandy, ½ a spoonful of flour, and some sugar to taste. Boil this for 1 hour in a basin or mould, and serve it up with melted butter, wine, and sugar.

A Potato Escallop.—Obtain 1lb. of sound potatoes in their skins, wash and boil them until the same are thoroughly done (if they are of a mealy character the better). Remove the rinds, and mash them in a mortar, with ¼lb. of sweet butter, adding grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt to your liking. Abstract the meat from a fresh crab, ready boiled, adding ¼ pint of red shrimps, divested of their shells, and mix them up with your potato meal. When the ingredients are fully incorporated, introduce the same into tin escallops, or strong saucers, disposing of the latter in a hot oven with a clear slow fire. Let them stand until a rich brown crust presents itself upon the surface of the saucers, when they may be taken up and served at table. The foregoing constitutes an economical luxury when shell-fish is in full season.

Tomato Marmalade.—Take ripe tomatoes in the height of the season (in autumn they are insipid), weigh them, and to every pound of tomatoes allow 1lb. of sugar. Put the tomatoes into a large pan or a small tub, and scald them with boiling water, so as to make the skin peel off easily. When you have entirely removed the skins, put the tomatoes (without any water) into a preserving kettle, wash them, and add the sugar, with 1oz. of powdered ginger to every 3lb. of fruit, and the juice of 2 lemons, the grated rind of 3 always to every 3lb. of fruit. Stir up the whole together, and set it over a moderate fire. Boil it gently for 2 or 3 hours till the whole becomes a thick smooth mass, skimming it well, and stirring it to the bottom after every skimming. When done put it warm into jars, and cover tightly. This will be found a very fine sweetmeat.

WELSH RAREBIT.—Cut a pound of cheese in slices a quarter of an inch thick; put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a small frying-pan. Lay in the cheese, cook it about five minutes, and add two eggs well beaten, a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard, and a little pepper. Stir it up; have ready some slices of buttered toast; turn the cheese over it, and send it to table very hot. It is also very good cooked without the eggs.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.—This Institute, which has only been some three months started, has already become of great importance and benefit to our city, as evidenced by the number of sufferers from all diseases daily seen there, and the terms of praise and gratitude in which these sufferers speak of the Surgeons to the Institute. The Institute is conducted by Surgeons of well-known reputation in Europe, who possess some of the highest Medical Degrees to be obtained, and whose skill and success in the cure of Special Diseases, has been commented upon by such men as M. M. Ricord and Actow. These gentlemen have opened the Peake Medical Institute, 313 Montgomery Street, for the benefit of all sufferers from Special Diseases on this Pacific coast, who are now enabled to entrust their cures to Surgeons who have devoted years to the study of these diseases in the immense Hospitals of Paris and London, and who have gained reputations in Europe previously to their coming to our part of the world. We hear that these gentlemen give free consultations, and their charges are to be most moderate. It is really a long-wished for boon that is now satisfied by the opening of this Institute. Sufferers unfortunate enough to have any Special Diseases, can now be confident of obtaining the best treatment and thorough cures from educated and skilful Surgeons.

MR. CHRISTIAN PFISTER has the honor of calling public attention to his great assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, fine Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Perruques, Toupes, Combs—tortoise-shell, buffalo and Irish born, Ivory and rubber; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves, ladies' and gentlemens'; silk Suspenders and common ones; Shirts and Collars; now styles of Head Dresses, etc. Having made new arrangements with Paris houses, it is within his power to offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the gentlemen's room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

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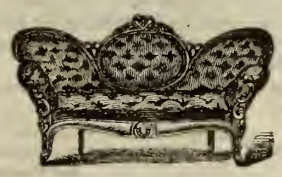

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Thus confidence and *certainty of a speedy cure* may be felt by all sufferers going for advice to

THE PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

and they will likewise be saved from the danger of falling into the hands of ignorant quacks who throng this city and annually ruin and destroy the health and happiness of so many.

The Institute is fitted up commodiously and privately, and no expense has been spared in obtaining the very best instruments and appliances of modern European surgery and medicine.

The consulting surgeon, Dr. Pratt, Member of the Royal College of England and author of several works on special diseases, has been for years with the celebrated Ricord of Paris, where he acquired considerable celebrity for his great success in the cure of Special Diseases. Dr. Pratt has very high testimonials from some of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe and his treatment is such that he can promise a cure in almost every case.

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THE EYES. THE EYES.

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TO THE LADIES.

PEAKE MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institute is conducted by experienced European Physicians who have given years in the large Hospitals of London and Paris to the study of the treatment and cure of all the diseases and irregularities peculiar to women.

The Consulting Surgeon, Dr. Pratt, late of Paris, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is the author of a valuable work "On Diseases Peculiar to Females," and ladies suffering from any of the diseases peculiar to the sex are respectfully informed that they can be certain of a *safe and sure cure* in a short time at the Institute. The Institute is commodiously and privately arranged. Ladies in the country can receive all directions and treatment for a speedy cure, on receipt of letter with symptoms, etc. Consultations free, in English, French, Italian and German.

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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

—DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Jose at 6 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
se General Superintendent.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my23 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

GREGORY YALE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—On second floor of Sather & Co.'s Bank, corner of Montgomery and Commercial streets, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, San Francisco. jy2

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.

Store fronting on
514 Market & 15 Sutter St.
☞ THREE DOORS ☜
BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,
San Francisco.

Our Motto, ☞ "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash. ☜

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE,
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
EUGENE KELLY & CO.,
NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES!

Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A
TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY
MACHINES,
With recent improvements for
HEMMING, FELLING,
TUCKING, GATHERING,
BINDING, CORDING,
QUILTING, BRAIDING, etc.,

Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

SINGER'S STANDARD
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

☞ Call and examine, or send for a pamphlet.

THE SINGER MANUF. COMPANY,
No. 139 Montgomery street.
WM. BRODERICK, Agent. se3-3m

FORTY-FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS
IN 1863!

THERE IS BUT ONE
FIRST
PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.
my28 329 Montgomery Street.

$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFFERED by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
CHRISTIAN PFISTER,
se3-tf No. 227 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

TELEGRAPHIC EXCHANGE
—ON—
NEW YORK,
PAYABLE IN GOLD,
For sale in sums to suit by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

EXCHANGE
ON NEW YORK,
In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by
au20-tf WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING
HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Not piles of Gold nor yet of Silver so much coveted by all men, but the bleeding, blind, or external Piles can be easily and speedily cured by the use of

WOOD'S SUB-POSITORY.

It is a preparation totally distinct from anything heretofore offered as a remedy for this painful and often fatal complaint. The Sub-Pository is neither a pill, powder, wash or salve, and yet it has proved to be a certain remedy for the Piles. Do not doubt this assertion, nor delay testing the truth of it if you are troubled with the Piles—you will not be deceived in it.

Sold wholesale and retail by W. NEWELL,
jul1 No. 630 Merchant street.

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF
Jamaica Ginger!

Tbis valnable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'s
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of
HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK
of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use
RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturbor of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.
And for sale everywhere. se10-tf

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

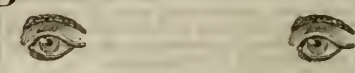
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumptim. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
an27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
an27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

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Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

[ST REOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

No. 637 CLAY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395 Opera and Marine Glasses,	20,500 Card Photographs,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	Photographic Albums,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	SCISSORS, in Cases,
Aneroid Barometers,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
	169 doz. Thermometers,
	25 doz. Hydrometers,
	Galvanic Batteries.

☞COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

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OPTICIANS,

637 CLAY STREET,

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R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

jn25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. su6-tf

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam-engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,

su6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS

(Advances on Consignments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1-3m

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.

First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.

First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.

Wholesale and Retail.

my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

DR. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

Office, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny street, San Francisco. su27

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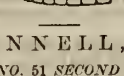

E. F. BUNNELL, D. D. S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low.☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. au27-3m

REMOVAL.

DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE,

Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. ROOMS 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

728 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Nothing will be spared that will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper of a superior quality and weight is being made EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL on the Continent.

Let the people of the mountains and the valleys

BUY THE CALIFORNIAN!

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Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates. an20

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NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,

No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.

jy9.

LEGAL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE of Real ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the Estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 10th day of OCTOBER, 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by law or otherwise, since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running westerly along said line of Ellis street 20 feet, thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place, No. 108 Front street, from this date till said 10th day of October, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of
Andrew Robeson, deceased.

D. P. Barstow, Attorney for Administrator, 24 Montgomery Block. se10-5t

IN THE COUNTY COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.—In the matter of the Petition of JOSEPH GENTH, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the creditors of said Insolvent, JOSEPH GENTH, to be and appear before the Hon. Samuel Cowles, Judge as aforesaid, in open Court, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 26th day of SEPTEMBER, 1864, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the mean time all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness, my hand and the seal of said Court, this 22d day of August, A. D. 1864.

(Seal and stamp.) WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By J. NAPHTALY, Deputy Clerk.

Barnett & Cleveland, Attorneys for Petitioner, 634 Clay street. au23-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.—FANNY L. GREEN, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and permitting plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Fanny L. Brown, and for costs of suit and general relief. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. Stevenson, Plaintiff's Attorney se3

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Esu Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF
Roses And Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

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Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

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THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

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For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

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The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

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FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
At HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, SEP. 24,
MR. J. H. WARWICK,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY,
Will appear in the exciting original drama of

Three Times Dead!

OR, THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT,

Dramatized from Miss Braddon's great novel of that name.

Peters (the Dumb Detective,) - Mr. J. H. Warwick
Jabez North (Count Raymond) - - - Frank Mayo
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Gaston de Luney - - - - - Louis Aldrich
Valerie De Cevennes - - - - Mrs H. A. Perry
Mary Williams - - - - - Miss Lulu Sweet
Old Madge - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at a quarter before 8. se17

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WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S
Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT

Is now PERFORMING EVERY EVENING until further notice, in the

LARGE AND ELEGANT PAVILION,

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When there will be presented to the San Francisco public a host of novelties.

The CARLO GROUPE are new and make their first appearance in this city.

The Manager, Mr. JOHN WILSON, is determined that the entertainment shall excel in every particular, and be worthy of patronage; he having concentrated in this company not only the largest and most complete Circus in the World, but the elite of the Equestrian, Gymnastic, Acrobatic, Juggling, Vaulting and Posturing performers of the country.

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Dress Circle - - - - - - - - - $1 00
Second Circle - - - - - - - - - 0 50
Reserved Chairs - - - - - - - 50c extra

☞ Grand Afternoon Performance for families every Saturday.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances commence at 8.

se3 JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

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THE EVER POPULAR

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

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D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Groh, and
MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

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FAREWELL
—OF THE—
English Opera Seaason,

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,

AND THE

BENEFIT OF
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

Upon which occasion will be presented for the first and only time, Donizetti's comic opera of

Don Pasquale!

Don Pasquale - - - - - - Mr. H. C. Peakes,
Ernesto - - - - - - - - Mr. W. J. Hill
Doctor Malatesta - - - - Mr. Edward Seguin
Norina - - - - Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS

NOTICE.—As a tribute to the Beneficiary, and in consequence of the unusual demand for seats,

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION

upon this occasion will be restored to their original standard: Dress Circle, Parquet and Family Circle, ONE DOLLAR. Gallery, FIFTY CENTS.

Between the Second and Third Acts, Mr. P. RICHINGS will address the audience.

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING:
For the Benefit of M. CHARLES.
Italian Opera and French Vaudeville.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT

IN AID OF THE

Printers' Cemetery Fund!

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TO THE

EUREKA TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION,

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—AT—

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GREAT CIRCUS.

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This wonderful young man has grown some three inches in height, and is some sixty pounds heavier; he therefore now weighs over three hundred pounds, and stands nearly eight feet and a half high, making him really the most Colossal Giant—old or young, man or boy—the world ever saw. Don't fail to see him.

Also, just engaged, the celebrated

ALBINO FAMILY,

Consisting of brother and sister, with beautiful snowy, wavy hair, perfectly white skin, and pink eyes—the most novel, wonderful and instructive exhibition ever presented to the public. Every student of nature should witness this extraordinary phenomena.

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Also, the great Mathematical Wonder,

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THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES. AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

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THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

The Theatre has been entirely remodelled; the stage newly decorated, new galleries erected, the seats rendered more comfortable, and the floors replaced.

The Shooting Gallery, the Ten Pin Alleys, and the Shuffle Boards have been replaced.

The Flying Horses for children, are in readiness to perform daily duty.

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CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

On the first of August, the Lodging apartments, Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon of the WILLOWS were thrown open to the public. Ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. se10-tf

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AND AMUSEMENT,
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In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of
LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

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For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

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OPENING
—OF—
The Industrial Exhibition.

The Grand Pavilion was thrown open to the Publicon last SATURDAY) MORNING, and is now open daily for the reception of visitors.

The North Beach and Mission Railroad cars pass the Fair Grounds every few minutes.

Season Tickets for Lady and Gentleman - - $5
Season Tickets for one person - - - - - 3 00
Tickets for Single Admission - - - - - 50

Tickets may be had at the Institute, on California street, or of any member of the Executive Committee.

By order of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 19. SAN FRANCISCO, CCTOBER 1, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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The Campaign Poet.

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A review of the Drama for the Week.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

DEAR CALIFORNIAN.—I am almost tempted to begin the old story and boast of the Italian climate of California again, the past week has been so delightful and so balmy. Wednesday was one of the most magnificent days I ever knew in California or anywhere else, and those who had horses and did not go to ride missed it; and those who could afford to hire and did not drive to the Beach missed it, too; although they have the consolation of knowing that they missed the whale, which, if they only knew it, was something to be congratulated upon. A miss may be as good as a mile in ordinary matters; but the mile away would be preferred by any one who had gone past his whaleship just once. I remember when the last "monster of the deep" was exhibited at Harry Tichenor's "Ways" at the foot of Second street, there were no two ways about the ancient and very fish-like odor pervading in that neighborhood, during the time it was there; and the clothes of visitors generally retained the odor. On getting into the omnibuses you could always smell those who had been to see the creature. The one on the beach is a great nuisance; but I don't know who will or can remove it—it is an unpleasant object to those who wish to drive on the sands. And where can be found such a delightful drive! It is a well-established fact that when the wind is blowing fearfully and disgustingly in town it is nearly calm on the beach, and an inhalation of the pure salt air (to windward of the whale) is good for the lungs, and conducive to an appetite that will strike terror to the hearts and livers of the keepers of hotels and boarding-houses.

Next to a good laugh comes a good appetite; and if dyspepsia don't come in the shape of peuance, the better the appetite the better for you. It is better than a good "drink-itite." Speaking of that, what a luxury this perpetual thirst seems to be to some people! I heard one of those drink-luxuriating fellows who, on taking his first Sherry-Cobbler, wished his neck as long as the flamingo's that his enjoyment and swallow-osity might be eked out like linked sweetness. Fortunately, there are two good Samaritans on the Beach route, Dickey at the Ocean House, and Foster at the Cliff. I see, by the way, that another house of entertainment has been put up near the Cliff House, which, if ever occupied, the man must have joined the army, as I see he is a left-tenant—it don't seem, however, to have a tenant, either at will or any other kind. That it will, however, is certain, for there is more or less business for all. Foster will probably get more and the other man less—the Cliff having the advantage of location. We can sit on the balcony, listen to the ever-discontented waves that dash with a hoarse moan against the rocks, as if vexed in spirit at the restraint to their onward march. Did any person ever see a quiet sea-shore where the broad ocean had its full and majestic sweep, and its vast expansive bosom to throb unbroken by bays and inlets? What reveries one falls into while sitting in that over-hanging balcony, looking out upon the treacherous ocean and listening to the dashing waves that make the rocky base fairly tremble, and dreamy visions of the past and future pass in misty indistinctness before his half-shut eyes!

And how the sea lions scoff and jeer your architectural efforts at castle building, while you dream on and lazily watch the contortions of the clumsy beasts as they worry over the sharp rocks, and, like men, endure many a hard knock in summit-seeking! And yet, while you are thus engaged and shut out all the world from your thoughts, you are suddenly recalled to this terrestrial sphere by a punch in the ribs from a cane or the time-worn trick of some one coming behind, taking the two sides of your head in their palms, holding you in that position and exclaiming, "Who is it?" Your first impression is, that you will toss him over the cliff into the sea below. Your next is that you had better accept his invitation to drink. You have sat there so long that you feel you owe Foster rent or patronage.

There was a long spy-glass on that balcony, upon the glass of which some wag had stuck a large fly, and I was amused at the criticisms upon the general appearance of the seahons as viewed then through it. A lady just from New York by the last steamer, in quest of a quiet family to board with, in consideration of a salary of thirty dollars a month, and all her evenings to herself, exclaimed: "Just look at the legs of him! Is them the things ye call centarpades?" She had an indistinct idea that sea-lions were a sort of centipedes, the projecting "pieds" of the fly assisting in the delusion.

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ON Wednesday evening the Academy of Music opened with the comedy of *Extremes*, in which Mr. and Miss Richings took the principal parts, and have really to carry the whole piece. The character of "Higgins," the politician and would-be Member of Congress, was capital and well played, and being a busy one, gave Mr. Mayo no time to do anything else. Of Miss Richings, as the "Widow Crosby," and Mr. Richings as the confirmed old bachelor, "Mr. Mildmay," it is unnecessary to speak. As neither of them are ever at fault, there is no opportunity for criticism. I could not but admire Mr. Mildmay's patience and forbearance, however, with the old darkey. That character is decidedly extravagant, and I should have knocked the old rascal endwise about twenty-five times for his impudence, had I been Mr. Mildmay. Miss Kate Martin played her part capitally, as did also Mrs. Saunders, who seemed to do the cuffing and ear-pinching part with a heartiness that appeared very much like reality. Our temporary friend, "O, Moses," was not so far out of the way when he prophesied that the politicians would dissolve the Union, or try to. The piece, although written years ago, contains many hits at the present times; and human nature is about as prevalent now as then, and not greatly improved.

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A GREAT discussion has arisen over the very stout body of "Don Pasquale," as to the appropriateness of the dress of "Me boy Peakes" in that character, at Miss Richings' benefit. The unsettled question as to the date of the piece, or time when "Don Pasquale" was supposed to exist—there being no data—leaves the question of costume open to the taste of the player. I have always seen it something after the style of friend Peakes on the occasion referred to, although not running quite so much to immensity of body. It has been played, however, in the costume of various ages or eras, but, in nearly all instances as a stout individual. And the text would seem to justify it, for "Norina" says, in the second act, in that little playfulness of spirit she treated the Don to:

"A man decrepid, sir, as you—as heavy and as fat, sir, too—can never take a lady out decently for a promenade."

—which is a literal translation from the original Italian. I think by common consent Peakes could be allowed to reduce his fair proportions just a little, and relieve himself and the audience of the fatigue of his carrying so much weight in the part. It is my private opinion that "Don Pasquale" was an Alderman, lived on the fat of the land, and came honestly by all he had, himself.

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I SEE that there is a Committee soliciting contributions for the suffering people at Santa Barbara. They may call upon you. Do give these poor souls something, however little; don't wait to be called upon—contribute your mite. Don't forget, when you pick up THE CALIFORNIAN to read its well-filled pages after a hearty dinner, that these poor people have neither. They probably could exist without the intellectual feast THE CALIFORNIAN would give them; but food for the body they cannot do without, at least not long. They are about as near existing on nothing now as they can, and live. Let us not forget how hard it is to see women and children suffering for the crumbs that fall from our tables. Cast your bread upon the waters by the *Senator*, and it will "come" to them in a very few days. We cannot relieve all the suffering in the world, it is true; but what we can do, we should. It is our duty to do all the good we can, for who knows which of us may soon stand in need of the charity of our neighbors and friends? Can a man do a better deed than contribute his aid in the cause of suffering ones, and, above all, alleviate starvation.

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IT was a rich treat to witness the delighted and happy countenances of the school-children at the Fair, the other day. Their little rosy faces shone with glee and yellow soap, and they were as gay and frisky as kittens. Bless their little hearts! why should they not have a good time? The present are their happiest days; the future, with its cares and anxieties, will come soon enough—too soon for many, who will never know again, perhaps, so happy a day as that at the Fair. How they enjoyed the music and the sights! Their eager eyes took everything in, from Mr. Faucherie's crocodile quartz-crusher and amalgamator, (which they did not understand much better than the grown children,) to the piles of fruit, which had more attractions than aught else. I'll warrant many of them dreamed of big red apples and bunches of grapes, and awoke to the sad fact that those were things of the past, and, perhaps, of the future, but not the present. How cunning the well-dressed children of the present day do look in their comical, diminutive toggery! To see a little three-year-old in the latest fashion of sack, and jaunty little hat-and-feather, seriously and soberly contemplating the wonders of the windows on Montgomery street; then my little gentleman in his Zouave jacket, velvet breeches, cap and cane, resembling a full-grown man as seen through a reversed opera-glass. There are some children that one is instinctively tempted to seize upon and bear off bodily from their astonished mothers to a candy shop, and regale them, just to see the happiness it gives. Oh! what heart-aches I see in the future for those little gentlemen with the canes! There are some little blue-eyed coquettes in embryo that will make raids upon those hearts that won't heal without leaving marks. Sweeter and prettier children never were born than one sees in our streets; and if there is a man with a heart in him that don't love them, let him be led out to immediate execution! Have no mercy on him—for there's something wrong about a man that don't love children; and I say "put him out" of existence! knock him on the head! I confess to a weakness for the little "tots," and never can resist the desire to kiss every pretty child I meet; and if their faces are unkissably dirty, I rub away with my handkerchief until I disclose space enough to accomplish it. If they are too dirty, I suppose one might fall back on the mothers with Christian resignation. Mere supposition, however; I never tried it. PODGERS.

CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF U. S. SAN. COM.—The work of organizing and forming distinct societies to systematize and render this popular charity regular and permanent, progresses steadily throughout the State. Agents commissioned by the Branch are now engaged in canvassing the interior. In this Agency, the President of the Commission is ably represented by his son, R. N. Bellows, and the President of the California Branch by his nephew, C. A. Low, who are now zealously prosecuting the good work. If perseverence, talent, good humor, and entire sympathy with their labor can avail, the ultimate success of these gentlemen is assured.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the receipt, since our last issue, of the following further sums: From the Sanitary Cheese, $176; from the *Camanche*, $332 40; from Lower Lake, $60 in Legal Tender notes; from Vallejo, $35; from San Pablo, $18; from San Leandro, $10 in Legal Tender notes; City collections, $4,231 65 in coin, and $167 in Legal Tender notes. Total, $4,793 05 in coin, and $237 in Legal Tender notes.

ENDYMION ON LATMOS.

HIGH on the Latmian hills, with the twilight deepening round him,
Couched in a mossy dell Endymion lay in his beauty,
Lulled into sleep by the sound of the pines, and the voice of the mountain
Streamlet that leaped down the vales and took all the echoes with laughter.
Silently, 'mid the reeds, his flocks were feeding round him,
Flocks of sheep, and dewy-eyed kine, and goats nimble-footed.
Beautiful as a dream, Endymion lay on the mountain,
Beautiful as a dream, in the purple glory of evening.

Slowly, on all the hills, the broad-winged darkness descended,
Slowly the stars came out in the silent measureless heaven.
Solemn, in silvery beauty, one moonbeam stole on the woodland,
Deeply slumbered the shepherd alone on shadowy Latmos.

Solemn in silvery beauty, one moonbeam stole o'er the woodland,
Stole o'er the bosky dells, and touched the side of the mountain,
Slowly it crept up the sward to where, under the whispering pine-trees,
Deeply slumbered the shepherd, alone on shadowy Latmos.

Rested the silvery moonbeam and streamed on his marvellous beauty,
Streamed on his golden hair and forehead's roseate marble,
Streamed on his limbs of snow, out-stretched by the glimmering waters.
Fair as the twilight star, or Phosphor that heralds the morning,
Fair as the boy Ganymede, that dwells with the happy immortals,
Was he, the youth on whom Artemis gazed on shadowy Latmos.

Shepherds, beware of Selené; ah! cold is the smile of Selené,
Beautiful on the hills is the light of starry Selené,
Beautiful, cruel, and cold is the glance of starry Selené;
Chilled to the heart by her kiss, Endymion slumbers on Latmos,
Never again to awake, ah, me! to the glory of living.

Ai, that the gift of the gods should be so fatal to mortals!
Year follows year, and race follows race, but Endymion wakes not.

Maids in the Latmian valleys bewailed for the beautiful shepherd,
Wept for his golden hair, and his ready foot in the Choros,
Wept for the summer eyes when they wandered with him on the hill-side.

Men in the Latmian valleys lamented the swift-footed shepherd,
Missed his sure spear in the chase, and skilful arm in the Discos,
Missed his glad pipe on the hills, with the low of the homo-coming heifers.

Dim grew his name as a dream, and never again in the woodland,
Never again on the hills, was seen the beautiful shepherd.
Ai, that the gift of the gods should be so fatal to mortals!

THREE TROPICAL PICTURES.

THE CERRO— HAVANA.

I WAS very comfortably lodged, for a few days, in one of the hotels in the Cerro. This suburb consists mainly of a single street some three miles in length, the half of it nearest the town being occupied by shops and the homes of shop-keepers, and the other half by the villas and chateaux belonging to the wealthy merchants of the city, and official personages of distinction. The most of these stand directly upon the street, though a few are situated a little distance from it, in the midst of groves and gardens. In passing along this more rural part of the Cerro, one gets a view of beautiful green lawns, of pretty collections of flowers, of tropical shrubbery growing in the greatest luxuriance, and of palms towering over all, no less gracefully than proudly, toward the sky. The mansions are gay with bright colors, the white being everywhere striped with pink, sky blue, and apple green. At evening, also, nothing of the kind can be more charming than a drive through this portion of the Cerro; for the houses—the piazzas included—are all brilliantly lighted with gas, and have their doors and windows thrown wide open. The passer-by, looking directly through the halls, sees pretty vistas beyond leading to orange gardens, or terminated by vases of bright-colored flowers. He also sees the members of the family gathered in groups on the piazza, or arranged, according to age and sex, in two formal rows of rocking-chairs. There they sit, the ladies opposite the gentlemen, and rock themselves the whole evening through. The Spanish fans make a pleasant breeze when none blows in at open doors and windows; the flowers diffuse through the rooms a sweet perfume; the blaze of gas makes every countenance visible, even from the street; exhibits all the toilets, and every article of the furniture, the volante which stands in a corner of the hall included. You hear, as you pass, the song, and see the dance. You hear, also, the mellifluous hum of the soft Spanish voices, and their musical, ringing laugh; and you see even the fingering of the piano, and the thrumming of the strings of the blue-ribboned guitar.

A CUBAN RAILWAY.

THE country through which the road passes, being occupied chiefly by sugar plantations, is beautiful throughout, and, in some places, picturesque. The palm trees, of the sight of which one never tires, escorted us in groups and groves the whole distance to Havana, as the stars had previously done on our way along the coast to Matanzas. And scarcely less graceful than the palms were the thickets of reeds, which grew in clusters by the roadside. If the former trees reminded us, by the color of their stems, of the white birch of our Northern home, so the delicate leaves, slender branches, and bending heads of the latter brought to mind, also, the graceful foliage of this well-called lady of the woods. The mango tree resembles our chestnut, presenting a dense mass of green leaves, the extremities of which, at this season, are tipped with the orange and purple of the bursting buds. Interspersed together were everywhere to be seen magnolias, with their large, glossy, dark-green leaves; tall pines of a delicate shade of bluish green, and lightly fringed with needles; and orange trees at the same time golden with fruit and white with blossoms. Here towered the ceiba tree with its strong, graceful stem, and wore its crown of rich green leaves above the tops even of the palms. The darker maneys were loaded with fruit grey-colored; the sapota tree with fruit of brown; the tamarind drooped with pods; the calabash was hung with round balls; the leaves of the banana were swayed by the wind, revealing its fruit clusters and buds of violet; while only here and there the cypress cast from its mournful boughs a frown on the smiling face of the landscape. Up many a lordly stem climbed the female fig—*yuagua embra*—holding it in a beautiful though fatal embrace; the lovely convolvulus, entwining itself around the trunks of dead monarchs of the woods, decked them with palls of white flowers; and innumerable tops of tall trees were tufted with various parasitical plants, the orchids and the aloes, all their flowers laughing in the sunlight, or dancing in the wind. Many misshapen forms, indeed, come to view in these tropical woods; and in the midst of all this abounding life there is constant decay. But the grace of parasitical plants creeping everywhere, and beautiful with every tint of flowers, is hung like a veil over the deformity of nature.

The undergrowth of shrubbery, likewise, is most luxuriant, and shows much gorgeous coloring. The wild passion-flowers are of many different varieties; the hedges are covered with several kinds of convolvulus; the fever-flower flaunts in flame and gold; the species of aloe plant, called *peta*, burns a stately candelebra with fire of yellow; the mangroves hold out to the passer-by white chalices full of perfume; the apple rose scents the air around it so deliciously as to hold all footsteps, as in an enchanted circle, spell-bound; the wild heliotrope runs modestly by road and pathsides; while everywhere fly, amid the flowers and the sunshine, humming birds and butterflies, and countless insects, all flashing with the tints of precious stones and the bow in heaven. All the forms of nature were high-colored—flowers, foliage, the sky, and even the ground itself. Indeed, the red dust which occasionally filled the railway carriages painted as well as powdered all our faces, and imparted to our travelling dresses a tinge quite as warm as that of the landscape. But, in spite of the clouds of dust which we had to encounter at some few points on the road, it was a pure delight to breathe the air of the open country; and I remember that, after our luncheon of oranges, bought from the palm basket of the Chinese brakeman, we not only pronounced the juice equal in sweetness to that of the apples which tempted the first of women, but would have it that the island itself was not a very bad copy of the original Eden.

SANTA CRUZ.

THE house in which I was so fortunate as to stay during my visit to the island, stood midway on a hillside covered with green canes, and sloping gracefully to the sea shore. It was therefore convenient both for the morning bath and the afternoon ride on the heights. Convenient, also, was it for seeing the sun go down in the sea; for the horizon of waters compassed, at this point, almost an entire semicircle. We found excellent companionship in the mild, tropical ocean, the waves of which were constantly making, both by day and night, a pleasing murmur, rarely changed to a roar. The ground swell brought up shells and corals. In the quiet bays the grave pelicans dived, rapid as the thunderbolt, all day long for sprats; and, returning at evening to their accustomed resting place, sailed sometimes directly over our heads, silently as the falling due, and holding both wing and breath for a long distance. The shadows of passing rain clouds coming over the hills out of the northeast, often blackened the blue of the ocean in certain portions of it, while others were glittering in sunlight; and the April-like showers which fell from time to time were generally accompanied by brilliant rainbows, sometimes double, or triple, or even quadruple—rainbows in clusters, like the clustered pillars in Gothic cathedrals. Often rising out of the depth of a valley, climbing the hillsides, and sweeping through the sky down into the ocean, they brought to mind the shining angel in the Apocalypse, who stood with one foot on the sea and the other on the land. On calm days, the shores, in places where there were coral reefs below the water, would be as green as the deepest emerald; at other times, the long line of rocks and beaches would be completely frosted with foam. Not only the colors of the sunset were reflected on the broad expanse of waters, but throughout the day a flitting purple light was often spread by passing clouds over the waves. In the early evening, the moon, when but one day old, drew a thread of silver from the horizon to the land; while the full moon poured a perfect flood of illumination over hills, valleys, and the sea. The limestone road which wound around the foot of the hill below us, running on the edge of the shore, shone then as if covered with hoarfrost; and the numerous forms of the palm trees bordering it were doubled by their shadows. So transparent, indeed, is the atmosphere in these latitudes, that, in calm weather, not only the islands of St. Thomas and St. Johns, lying forty miles to the northward, may be seen distinctly by the naked eye, but Porto Rico comes into view, and reveals its mountains at a distance of a hundred miles, floating among the clouds. Various other small islands also loom up, at such times, out of the misty distance; so that the beams of the chambers of the firmament seem to be resting upon them.

Directly behind the house was the garden. A door opening from one of our rooms into this, it was pleasant to sit looking, on one side, toward the sea, and, on the other, upon flowers and green leaves. It was pleasant to step out, as the morning was coming up behind the eastern hills, among the roses and the lilies, and many sweet-scented shrubs, and tall trees bearing flowers. At this hour I always realized best that I was in the tropics. As if in the natural state and condition of man, I stepped from my room into this little tropical Eden, wherein was no sin, but only the gushing light of the Southern morning; only the freshness of the sunrise air, in temperature just fitted to sense and feeling; only the green, glossy foliage, and buds and blossoms of every hue and fragrance. Here, from the tops of tall trees, the glowing scarlet cordia blossoms saluted, high in air, the rising sun; while those of the burning love shrub, and of the soldier's plume, equally full of fire, but growing lower, welcomed him to the ground. Great clusters of oleanders, also, reddened the morning air; and groves of full-blown yellow cedar trees, mingled with high Spanish jessamines, gave back to the sky more than its own effulgence of molten gold. How gorgeous these tropical flowers! How strange to the sight these broadly-spreading giant trees, and these puffed and swollen Guinea tamarinds, their trunks resembling in color the hide of the elephant! But the palm trees are the most beautiful of all, though now, unfortunately, more or less scathed by disease; and they may be seen, throughout the island, skirting the roadsides, and tufting, here and there, the hilltops.

GIMMAL RINGS.

THE real gimmal ring was composed of but two hoops, and therefore considered a proper emblem of love, each hoop being free to all appearance, yet not separate, and both being made to join, being complete or perfect only when joined, thus representing, it was supposed, the married state; or, at any rate, what the married state ought to be.

When gimmal rings were first invented, (we owe them to French skill,) they were formed of a gold and silver hoop, a distinction evidently intended to characterize the lady and gentleman; but whether the gold represented the husband or the wife, I leave others to determine.

Gimmals were in great request as rings of affiance. It was the custom for the lover to put his finger through one ring, and his lady-love her finger through the other, on the occasion of their engagement being formally made known. They were then, it might be truthfully said, yoked together, "typifying," says a quaint old writer on this custom, mutual forbearance and a participation of authority." Do such ideas cross the minds of young men and maidens in the present day, I wonder? I fear me much that the notion of absolute monarchy holds place in the female brain, during the period of the engagement at least, to be rudely displaced, when the "treacle-moon" is over, by the stern reality of *obedience*. "Mutual forbearance" is, alas! too often a myth, and a "participation of authority" a delusion and a snare. I really think gimmal rings ought to come into fashion again, if it were only to remind one of mutual obligations. Imagine, for one moment, the following scenes: "My dear Maria, you really are so devoted to your books and your correspondents that I never can get a moment's attention," exclaims Harry, on waking up from his comfortable nap by the fire-side, finding his pretty little wife at her writing-table. Maria, about to make a sarcastic allusion to Harry's staying up to the last possible moment in the city, and to his making a point of falling asleep immediately he has eaten his dinner, looks down at her gimmal ring, thinks of "mutual forbearance," and admits that Harry is really very indulgent if she happens to be late in the morning, that he never grumbles like Mr. —— if she takes a quarter of an hour instead of five minutes to put on her bonnet when he is waiting to take her to the Royal Academy; so the books are shut up, the table pushed away, and Maria, with a smile on her face, is all attention in an instant. Again: "George, I am very anxious that you should discharge Thomas," cries Celia, one morning, after hearing sad complaints of the said Thomas from the cook, who asserts that "he never does nothink that he is engaged to do in the house, and that he is a worrit and a trouble to her life." "My dear," exclaims George, in a masterly tone, "I do not wish you to interfere with the men servants; they are under my control." Celia "holds up her ring," a participator in authority. "Master George, remember I discharged my treasure, Dawson, because she neglected your orders, immediately, and I now expect due attention paid to my complaint." George, contrite and touched by the gimmal ring, concedes.

> Thou sent'st to me a true love-knot, but I
> Returned a ring of gimmals, to imply
> Thy love had one knot, mine a tripple tye,

sings old Herrick in his *Hesperides*. The gimmal alluded to by the poet must have been more elaborate, and, I should say, less fitting as a type of the married state than the true double gimmal ring; but they were often made, like the ring shown me by my French friend, of several hoops.

Shakspeare mentions "gimmals" in several places. In *Henry IV.* he says, "their arms are held together by gimmals;" and in *Henry V.*, speaking of their horses, he makes "Graudpree" say:

> ——the gimmal bit
> Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless.

So the word gimmal would seem to imply a double link, or, as some have called it, a joint-ring. Dryden has an allusion to these rings in *Don Sebastian*, and Phillips, in his *World of Words*, says that gimmals signifies twins; but I feel no desire to meddle with the origin of the word; I simply want to draw attention to the rings, and wish to know if there are many of them to be met with in the present day.

Apropos of rings, do you know why the wedding-ring is placed on the fourth finger? "Because (I was told the reason a few days since) it cannot be extended by itself; it must be in company with some other finger; but all the rest can be stretched out singly to their full extent." I have been trying to test this, and I find that I can stretch my fourth finger quite as well as I can my third, so I feel inclined to doubt the truth of the assertion, for I do not fancy that my fingers are more elastic than other people's. Perhaps some of your readers will try, and let us know if they discover that the fourth finger of their left hand is more helpless than its fellows.

RACHEL STUDYING HER PART.—It seems from the testimony of M. Janin, one of Rachel's most profuse admirers, that "the Muse of Israel" was anything but the laborious student which might have been inferred from the changeless style of her acting. Referring to the revival of *Esther*, and to Rachel's failure when she tried the part, M. Janin very coolly suggests that she understood nothing about it, having never read the Old Testament. (She died, recollect, in strict Hebraism, though her rooms were decked with St. Veronica handkerchiefs, rosaries and crucifixes.) The lively critic goes on to clench this supposition with a fact, communicated to him, he says, by M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger. When Rachel was rehearsing in the elder Dumas's play, the part of "Mlle. de Bell Isle," which Mars had created so admirably—at the moment when "La Marquise" says to the heroine, "Do you recollect the ill fortune of Fouquet?" Mlle. Rachel made an admirable gesture. "Good," cried Alexandre the Greater, "that is just it. You know, then, the story of Fouquet?" "I!" was the answer; "not a word! But when you say to me, 'Do you recollect the ill fortune of Fouquet?' of course I must tremble and be afraid. What need is there for me to trouble myself about M. Fouquet and his ill fortune?"—*Athenæum.*

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

[*Tennyson.*

ADVERTISEMENT ROMANCE.

THERE is a story of a German student who tried to read *Stuart Mill*, but gave it up in disgust, because the English philosopher was too clear for him. This is an objection which may perhaps be not unjustly applied to many of our modern novels. I don't mind confessing that, with Dundreary, "I like to wonder." I may be singular in my taste, but I do enjoy a narrative full of gaps and mysteries. There is more excitement in restoring an antique from a limb or a torso, or in building up a skeleton from a few morsels of bone, than in examining the figure when presented in complete and perfect form. I dare say the Venus de Medici would never have such a hold on people's minds, had there not been such cause for speculation as to the attitude of the missing arms. In the same way, I think that in telling a tale the reader's curiosity should not be too completely satiated; something should be left for his own imagination to work out. Now, it is the main charm of the class of romances to which I would direct attention, that they are told in snatches; that they are often perplexingly enigmatical; and that, at the best, they are mere outlines. They also derive interest from the circumstance, that they are founded on facts, and are generally written by one or other of the principal characters. A very good book of stories was once made up out of the scrap-pictures on a fire-screen, and I think an abundant stock of thrilling tales may be obtained from the second column of the front page of the *Times*.

This column of small print is indeed a perfect microcosm of the accidents and experiences of life. We have portrayed here every phase of passion, every shade of tragedy, with here and there a touch of comedy, or perhaps a gleam of farce. "Lost" is the burden of nearly every chapter. It has been calculated that a dog and a half is lost in London every day, and I should say that the average of runaway boys is much the same. The following are two very common cases: "The Young Gentleman who Left his Mother in Upper King Street, Russell Square, on Monday evening, and said he would enlist, is earnestly requested to Return Home at once."—A Young Gentleman, 20 years of age, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, of fair complexion and prominent features, left his Home on Friday, and has not since been heard of. He is supposed to have assumed the name of 'Harris,' and to have engaged himself to a theatrical manager in the country. Any communication from himself or others will be welcomed by his parents." Young men who go off with the soldiers or the players are generally not loth to return home again, after a short experience of the boards or the barrack-yard; but here are two forms of appeal which might perhaps quicken their return; one coaxing: "XY.—Come to Mum at once all will be forgiven;" the other peremptory: "Tom, call on your Uncle at 2 W. S. immediately." Unfortunately, there are too many prodigals in such desperate plight that they can scarcely bring themselves to disclose their real position to their friends, or trust to the assurance that "every thing has been satisfactorily arranged." What terribly graphic pictures of desolate homes, heart-broken friends and blighted hopes, are sometimes painted in the broken words of these forlorn-hope advertisements. Here is one: "Dear C——.—You are implored to Return at once to your sorrowing family. If not, their ruin and dispersion are inevitable. Your poor mother is dying." In another we have a sketch of the subsequent career of a runaway youth: "C. P. F., (age 50,) son of a captain in the Horse Guards, and formerly an Eton boy, and who many years since left his home, and has lately been heard of as having been coachman in a private family, has become entitled to valuable interests in freehold estates, and is requested to communicate with," etc.

There is a robustness in the character of a man, which secures for him, no matter how low he has sunk, many chances of retrieving his position; but with a woman, one false step is fatal! Hence we turn a darker page in the catalogue of the lost and missing, when we come to such as these: "Missing, since the 15th of this month, a Young Lady, 16 years of age, of prepossessing appearance, wavy, auburn hair, small brown eyes, and beautiful complexion, of remarkable good figure, dressing, when leaving home, in a small brown and white check silk dress, black silk mantle with capuchin, straw bonnet with blue strings, linen marked 'M. A. R. W.' Supposed to be now in company with a foreigner wearing a slight moustache, but no whiskers."—Left her home, in Paris, on the evening of the 10th inst., and, no doubt, now in England with her "companion," a Young French Lady, of great beauty, aged 20, rather tall, nose slightly aquiline. Immediately before disappearance, had on a low dress of blue figured silk, with short sleeves, hair dark brown, rolled up behind, and fastened with comb, very long drop ear-rings, which she wears constantly, a necklace of two rows of large gold beads, and gold bracelets. Speaks English tolerably." Mark the different style of description in each case—how the one advertiser is almost engrossed with the thought of the fine clothes and the jewels which the poor girl carried off, while the other notes, with a detail which must have been an agony to the heart, the personal attractions of the hapless child. The "foreign young lady" seems to have a taste for absconding, especially in masquerade. In the following case, the fugitive was recovered, as we learn from a subsequent advertisement: "Mysteriously Disappeared, a Foreign Lady, of superior education, twenty-three years of age, middle stature, intelligent features, pale complexion, light-brown hair, and dark-blue eyes. Passed through Calais, on her way to England, last Tuesday evening. After leaving the Minories, in a four-wheel cab, at a quarter past ten o'clock on Saturday last, she was seen for the last time at the Great Eastern Railway Terminus, with a black bag and mahogany case, a coronet engraved on brass plate. She was habitated in male attire, as a young artist, wearing a hat, a gray suit, under an Inverness cape."

This "second column" is the wall through which Pyramus and Thisbe, kept asunder by cruel fate, whisper their love, hopes and fears. Although none but the brave deserve the fair, the title of the former is not always recognized in this mercenary world, or else a gallant warrior would not be driven to this mode of communicating with the idol of his heart: "Pekin Palace.—Under orders for Canada. Can I see you before leaving?"—Here is romance in the suburbs: "Our Terrace.—My Beloved, I live only in the assurance of your truth and love. Pray Write." Only fancy the misery of these two lovers—so near, and yet so far apart; only two houses perhaps, between them. Jones probably passes the door of the angel's cage every morning as he stalks gloomily off to the city, with his umbrella under his arm; and at night, I dare say, he prowls about the street, in the hope of seeing her shadow on the blind, or catching a glimpse of herself in the hall, when the maid takes in the evening beer. Do you think young Jones does not wish that there were dragons and giants guarding the place? Wouldn't he run up the steps, blow the magic horn, summoning the monsters to deadly combat, cut off their heads, and carry away Jemima Smith in triumph? But you can't cut off the head of your angel's father, or bowl over your angel's mother, can you? And if they slam the door in your face, all you can do is to pour your sorrows into the *Times*, at so much a line. Let us hope that Our Terrace may one day be enlivened by a grand wedding, and that Smith *père* may be seen after the breakfast, waving a blessing (having been rendered inarticulate by emotion and champagne) to Jones and his bride as they dash off in their carriage to catch the express for Dover.

Some months ago, a "Voice from the Sands of Africa" was continually calling through the advertisement speaking-trumpet to Miss E—— G—— (daughter of Israel), who, in the year 1844, was 18 years of age, and whose residence (during that period) was east of Cornhill." Should we be wrong in guessing Houndsditch? It appeared that a gentleman had died in Africa, no doubt, leaving certain wishes on record as to the disposal of a sealed parcel. Does not this read like a page out of the *Wandering Jew?* Do you not recollect the sealed casket that plays such a prominent part in Eugène Sue's romance? It is, however, love faithless rather than faithful which is most frequently displayed in this strange library of matter-of-fact romance. Here is love, desertion and romance, in four thrilling chapters, which, using some license as to dates, I venture to bring together, as forming a grand complete drama of passion and despair. They tell the story fully; one can easily guess the prologue. 1. The woman still trustful: "Was it really your own wish—your own plan? . . I did not deserve it! . . . . I cannot so soon forget, but I have forgiven! Unless you mention something known to us only, I shall never consider it yours.—Lost L——." 2. The woman, after an interval of silence or explanation, convinced of her lover's perfidy: "It is enough: one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me for ever! Cold heart and mean spirit, you have lost what millions—empires—could not have bought, but which a single word, trustfully and nobly spoken, might have made your own to all eternity. Yet are you forgiven: depart in peace. I rest in my Redeemer" 3. The man: "With remorse and misery beyond telling, I find myself alone. Be merciful! Pray let me send what money you want; it would be the greatest consolation. God bless!—C." 4. The Chorus: "The assistance came too late—she died in the night!"

In the begining of 1861, an advertisement appeared in the *Times*, which invested the picturesque valley of Brohl with a new and melancholy interest, as the scene of a tragedy which may perhaps one day form a legend of the Rhine. It was as follows:

"Publication.—In an almost impenetrable ravine in the declivity of Mount Rheineck, which is situated immediately on the banks of the Rhine, between Brohl and Niederbreisig, (a district of the Tribunal of First Instance of Cobleuce, Rhenish Prussia,) on the 22d of last March, was found the Body of some person, a female, from 20 to 30 years of age or thereabouts, concealed in a recess covered with large stones. The period of decease could not be precisely determined. Death was caused by a ball shot from a gun, which traversed the breast and back. Description—height, 5 feet 2 or 3 inches; hair, fair; teeth, sound, small, and irregularly set in lower jaw. Dress—1. Chemise, cambric, 3 feet 6 inches long, the upper hem forming a running string, with two eyelet-holes, two fine and even cords passing through; in the centre of the round breast of the chemise, and below the eyelet-holes, the initials 'A. H. 36' are embroidered in Gothic characters, in relief, half an inch long. 2. A night-gown of fine white dimity, collar turned down, 2 feet 3 inches, with white mother-of-pearl buttons; some remains of a fine material, with brown and white stripes, (jaconet muslin,) in the white stripe is a small winding white line, with red spots. In the vicinity of the body have been found the remnants of a petticoat, 3 feet 2 inches long; it is composed of fine white dimity, striped, the same material as the night-gown—on the upper edge, which is an inch and a half broad, with white ribbon strings, are embroidered in white letters, 2½ lines, in relief, and in large characters of the German printed alphabet, the initials 'M. R. 6.' The bottom hem is finished with a cord in linen thread. The fine quality of the materials and the elegant make of all those articles indicate that the victim belonged to a rich class. In consequence of the state of putrefaction and external destruction, it is impossible to notice other marks of recognition. I request of any person who can give information concerning this unknown individual, and the circumstances of her death, to be so good as to furnish me with the particulars, else to communicate them to the nearest magistrates. The articles of dress above mentioned, together with the lower jaw, are deposited for inspection at my office.

"The Crown Prosecutor-General,
(Signed) "De Rodenberg.
"Coblence, 25th April, 1861."

What a story Poe could have spun out of these materials! The victim was not a resident in the neighborhood where her remains were found, or some clue to her identification would have been obtained without advertising in England. Her dress was clearly for summer wear. Probably she was on a pleasure-tour. That the murderer was not led to the crime by any cause which rendered his own life a burden, is proved by the care with which he hid away the evidence of his guilt. The unhappy girl was somehow an obstacle in his path, and having effectually set her aside, he went away to reap the fruit of his designs. Did he live to read the *Times* of 25th April, 1861, and to learn that the desert had given up its dead?

Doubts as to whether a man be alive or dead occasionally give rise to very singular advertisements. Perhaps the most curious of this class was one which appeared a few years back, and to which Dr. Wynter refers in one of his interesting essays. It ran thus: "To the Party who Posts his Letters in Princes Street, Leicester Square: Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's *Morning Advertiser*, headed: 'A Body found drowned at Deptford.' After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a panper's funeral." This, as the doctor remarks, must be either an appeal to the dead, or a menace to the living, to bury a wrong man in the family vault. A recent advertisement of a similar kind is also very singular: "Reward of One Thousand Marks (Hamburg currency.)—The engineer Rotherham, born in Norwich, was missed in St. Pauly, (suburb of Hamburg,) December 15th, 1857, and his supposed body found on April 27th, 1858, in the Elbe, near Hamburg. The undersigned, whose house the above-named was in the habit of frequenting, was on suspicion brought to trial, as his abode could not be found out, and the body which was found four months later in the Elbe was looked upon as that of the missing one. The result of this trial has not established the fact of a murder, nor proved that the body found was that of the above-mentioned Rotherham. As it is, therefore, not improbable that the above-named engineer, Rotherham, is still alive, and in this case it will be of great importance for me to ascertain this, I promise to everybody, being able to give me satisfactory explanation respecting the stay or abode of Rotherham, or of the body found, the above-named reward of 1,000 marks. The same will be given even to the relations of Rotherham who may be able to give me the required proof respecting the actual residence of Rotherham, by testimonies of magistrates or credible gentlemen.—T. H. C. Brandes, 16 and 17 David street, Hamburg, December, 1863."

After the tragedy comes the farce. Here is a droll piece of impudence: "Adoption.—Any lady or gentleman (Episcopalian) of fortune, feeling disposed to adopt or take an interest in a respectable young man, (gentleman-like, aged 31,) of energetic business habits, and unexceptionable character, now engaged with an eminent decorator, may address 'Orphan;'" etc. You will observe that this interesting "Orphan" of thirty is particular in restricting the inestimable privilege of adopting him to members of the Church of England—he could not think of extending it to a dissenter! If the "Orphan" is still under the sad necessity of earning his own living, he would do well to apply to the author of the following announcement, who has very practical notions of the great gain of godliness: "To Christian Parents.—A piously disposed young man can be accommodated with a comfortable sitting-room and bed-room, in a decidedly Christian family; he would have every home-comfort, and the inestimable advantages of a godly example; in return for which, liberal terms would be required;" etc.

Modern Poetry.—The apparent tendency of the best English poetry of this age is to become more and more thoughtful, and more condensed in expression. The most absolute grace and neatness of style, the truest simplicity or the most ample majesty of diction, are insufficient to give long life to thinness or poverty of thought. Studies from the antique and sketches from nature may show both carefulness and truth of drawing, but, unless they bear some relation to one or other of the deeper questions which human life or human imagination now and always presents, their acceptance as first-rate works of art will be only temporary. As the machinery of verse-making, like all other machinery, becomes more widely and thoroughly understood, the mind of the reader seeks more directly for something in the verse which is not merely the result of clever mechanism. The merest school-boy of versatile talent and cultivated ear does not want Tennyson's original genius to put together a poem that, upon the first blush, may look like a leaf out of *In Memoriam* or the *Idylls of the King*. The very facility of such imitation at once makes the reader more anxious to find the true ring of the genuine metal, and the real poet more careful to weight his words with as much thought as they can properly carry. In this wise it sometimes happens, even with the first class among our poets, that the fulness of thought overbalances the power of expression, and the most persevering and enthusiastic readers are compelled to sigh: "Oh, for a crib!"

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance, not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

Merit readily recognizes merit. Certainly he cannot have it who doesn't know it when he sees it.

A Temperance lecturer said: "Parents, you have children or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

MY FIRST CAVALRY CHARGE.

DURING the siege of Vera Cruz, it so happened that I found myself an idler about camp, having been shipwrecked the evening of the day I arrived in the harbor, where the elements made short work of my vessel and cargo. I amused myself watching the progress of the siege, and the effect of shot and shell upon the doomed city. I was sharing the tent of a friend, Lieut. L., of the Dragoons, and was lolling lazily on a blanket, one hot afternoon, trying to keep cool, when I heard the bugle give the signal for saddling up, and heard a desultory firing out towards the line of our pickets. At that moment Lieut. L. entered, and seizing his sabre and pistols, buckled them on hastily, saying: "Come, there's a little fun ahead: the Lancers have driven in our pickets, and my company is ordered to drive them back. Come along and take a hand." I said: "Give me a horse and I'll go along; but as for taking a hand—I'm not paid for reducing the census." Jumping up, I seized my hat and emerged from the tent in time to see a couple of dead men taken from the backs of two led horses—one a corporal and the other a private of the company, on duty as pickets. They had both been shot through the body and pierced by lances, presenting a horrible sight, the blood streaming from their wounds and running down the sides of the horses. There was a muttering of threats and curses among the soldiers as they saddled their animals hastily, and soon the line was formed and the sergeant reported "all ready." Turning to a corporal, the Lieutenant asked: "Have you a spare horse for this gentleman?" The corporal looked at me with a glance that I thought had a gleam of mischief in it, and, touching his cap, answered "Yes, sir." The steed was soon brought, all saddled and ready—by no means an inviting-looking animal, but I saw that he had plenty of bone and muscle, and as time was precious, there was no stopping to criticise. I mounted, and away we went at a brisk gallop. My horse had evidently been "laying-up" for a few days, and "felt his oats," for every few moments he would indulge in a most unearthly squeal, laying his ears back, and executing a sudden movement known in California as "bucking;" but as I rather prided myself on my horsemanship, I did not object to these demonstrations, especially as I saw that I was an object of considerable interest to the soldiers, who were watching my progress, evidently expecting some *denouement;* while the corporal who gave me the horse would occasionally sidle up and inquire "how his Honor liked the horse?"

"He is a rum one to look at, corporal," said I, "but I reckon he's a good one to go."

"You may well say that, sir," said the corporal; "it is Sergeant Tim Mooney's horse, sir, who took a little too much commissary whisky, your Honor, and fell off, sir, and broke his arm, and he is now in the hospital; and that's the way your Honor comes to get the baste to-day."

We galloped over the sand hills a distance of about three miles, when a picket came dashing up and pointed out a long line of Mexican cavalry, drawn up to receive us, their position defined by the fluttering pennons on their lances. The order to "halt" was given, and to dismount to tighten girths, and see that pistols and sabres were in order. This took up a moment's time, and we again moved forward. I had been riding with the Lieutenant, who now took his position on the right of the company with the bugler, and gave the order to "forward" at a walk. My old horse began at this stage of proceedings to execute a series of evolutions quite puzzling to me; he would give a little jump, thrust his nose out, jerking the reins out of my hands, then playfully prance side-ways, end-ways, all sorts of ways. It was in vain that I cried "Whoa! you beast, be quiet!" He evidently wanted to take his accustomed place in the ranks, and was suspicious that something was going on, and wanted to be there. I planted my feet firmly in the stirrups, wound the reins around my hands and held him down; but the perspiration rolled down my face in streams. My friend looked around, and, seeing that I was doing some hard work, cried out: "What's the matter?" "Oh, nothing, only this old cuss is awful on the bit." He apparently noticed for the first time that I had no weapons, and said: "You have no sabre! how stupid in me not to have given you one and a pair of pistols." I said: "It is of no consequence; I don't intend to get anywhere near a necessity for using them." "Well, then," said he, "better stop soon, for I am going to charge those rascals in a moment." He gave the order, "Trot!" I glanced ahead and saw that we were within a few hundred yards of the Lancers, who were drawn up ready to receive us, ten times our number, and sanguine of the easy victory and capture of our little band.

I thought the thing was getting serious, and, hauling up my beast with an effort, remarked: "I think I will stop here." At that instant the bugle sounded the "Charge." The first note had hardly floated upon the air before I felt myself suddenly raised from the saddle, and I then made the unpleasant discovery that my beast was making some tall leaps and a desperate effort to overtake his comrades. I tugged away at the reins, and hallooed "Whoa!" but I might as well have pulled on the *Chrysopolis* with a full head of steam on. Away he went, over sand-heaps and through the chaparrel. Presently, I found myself on the right of the company, in the front rank, plunging forward at a fearful rate. I had just time to see a line of horses, men and lances before me, and down we bore upon their ranks, with a yell and a hurrah. There was a concussion, a confused mass of men and horses, and I found myself on the neck of my steed in a cloud of dust, with sabres flashing around me, and horses and men under me. I succeeded in regaining my seat; but on we went, and over them. In the confusion of the moment I had only time to see a stalwart Mexican poising his lance, and I thought my time had come—that it was all over with me—when my horse struck the lighter one of my enemy full in the breast. Down he went, and man and horse rolled under the hoofs of my Rosinante. I had floored and ridden over him. On, on we went! I looked to see where I was, and observed my friend, the Lieutenant, standing in his stirrups, and laying about him with his sabre; and every time it descended, a Lancer went down under its skull-cleaving blows. I saw a dismounted Lancer spring up and aim a blow at him with his clubbed escopeta; but the Lieutenant also saw it, parried it with his sabre, and, with a swooping blow, clove the head of the Lancer as if it had been an egg-shell. There was a cheer, and the Mexicans were flying before us. I say *us*, for I was among the first and foremost, in spite of myself. The blood of my charger was up; with ears laid back and mouth open, he looked, as he was, a devil incarnate. And no wonder they scampered before him. Like chaff they were scattered, and not till we reached the little town of Medlin, twelve miles from Vera Cruz, did we halt.

My old horse stopped when the rest did, and, were it not that the bugle sounded "Halt!" would probably have been going on until now. Exhausted, breathless—the perspiration rolling off my face in streams, my pants torn and pulled up to my knees, my hands blistered, my legs bruised, and nearly dead with heat and thirst, I tumbled rather than dismounted from my horse, and lay, just where I fell, in the shade of an adobe house—a pretty well used-up man. My friend, the Lieutenant, rode up, and, discovering me, cried out: "Good for you, my boy! Got your blood up and wouldn't stay behind, eh? I saw you riding them down. You shall be mentioned in my report. A little fool-hardy, though. I wouldn't have given two cents for you at one time—came mighty near getting your quietus!" I said nothing—couldn't—too much out of breath. I heard many compliments about me from the men; such as "Plucky chap, that—ought to enlist," etc.

Just then, the Corporal who gave me the animal rode up. "Ah, your honor, you were a very divil among 'em! How did you like the baste?" I managed to get hold of a piece of adobe near me, and only for the hasty exit he made there would have been a vacancy among the corporals of that company. It missed his head only by an inch or two.

After a couple of hours' rest we mounted again and rode back to camp, over the same course. I counted about forty Mexicans *horse du combat*, killed, disabled and stunned. I sincerely believe that most of the latter were indebted to me for their misfortunes. We reached camp tired and exhausted, and as I threw myself on my blanket I passed a resolution in my mind that the next time I "went for a soger" I would go in the Light Infantry, and never again attempt to play "Heavy Dragoon." PODGERS.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

THE TRANSMUTATION OF THINGS.

"ALL flesh is grass," is not only metaphysically but literally true, and the change effected by some mysterious process in our system is surely more astonishing than the wildest dreams of the old alchemists, who believed and labored in the hope of converting one metal into another. They have not wanted high authority and eminent support even in modern times, for Boyle advocated the "multiplication of gold" by some secret mode which he communicated to Newton and Locke, basing his belief on the same kind of evidence that upholds many of our theories and doctrines at this day. For Newton, the most profound, in science pure and abstract, of all modern philosophers, and to whom, most reverently and heautifully, the expression has been applied, "and Newton said, let there be light and there was light," the practical fact had its charms, and on the testimony of Sir David Brewster, he pursued to a late period of life his experiments, in the confident expectation of transmuting one species into another, nothing checking, whatever the results, the ardor of his chemical researches or extinguishing the hope he so fondly cherished.

Ah! the poetic age of science, the days of visions and a dark superstition, exclaim some, others the work of ambition or avarice. But see, the attempt, however unworthy or contemptible in the eyes of the mere theorist, has had its devotees—less ardent maybe—but still devotees, even to-day in the light of a luminous sun-lit science. How? Alchemy in our time! We know not, Alchemy or what, but we do know that Dr. Draper, in 1857, communicated to the London *Philosophical Magazine* a most suggestive paper, ingenuously confessing his attempts at the transmutation of metals and describing his *alchemical* experiments, in one of which, by the action of light upon a salt of silver in the presence of certain acids, the metallic silver is set free, but so changed in character that nitric acid no longer affects it. Indeed a change, if not "in the sense of an actual transmutation into another metal, at all events into *something which is not silver.*"

If so, why not one step further? *Nil inventum et perfectum*—nothing is invented perfect; all argument favors the approach to perfection more or less rapid, a sound faith inspires the hope of it, and reason, on the analogy of nature drawn from every line of life, teaches it as "certainly as that the sparks fly upward" or that the law of gravitation acts inevitably downward.

This is no vague visionary attempt *to create something out of nothing*, to make a blade of grass to grow or to know why it grows. The materials *already* exist to hand in ample abundance, and the synthetical and analytical processes, modes of composition and decomposition, furnish the power whereby new forms and combinations, if not existences, of endless variety and pattern spring into determinate shape at the magic touch of the scientific wand.

Long and loudly did the world, in incredulous fit and sneering tone, laugh over the announcement of the discovery of artificial Ultramarine, or Lapis Lazuli, as has been truly said, the most brilliant and conclusive of all the achievements of inorganic chemistry. It seemed impossible that this beautiful mineral of azure blue could be formed from materials entirely colorless in themselves. A new *creation*, and hence an absurd piece of sacrilege! No, *not* a new creation, but a new *combination* of existing elements, that's all; and synthesis, the power of putting things together, taught the simple and direct way to it.

But where will you stop in this daring attempt? Your Andrew Crosse, by the peculiar mysterious force of electricity, has formed new crystals of rock and of metal. This is apprehensive enough to the placid, well-settled mind. Might he not, *impiously* intent, pass into the realm of organic life, and seek by *creative* act to disturb the firm foundations of faith, and the religion that rests so complacently upon it? Truly apprehensive, justly suspicious; for right quickly did he reach this realm and give to science and these panic-dealers, under conditions of experiment thoroughly cautious and faithful, and on proof beyond question, a *living thing*, an insect—the *acarus horridus*—well named, from the terror it excited, especially in the metaphysico-religious German world.

But why the alarm? For may not life be a *quality*, the result—not a new creation from nothing—but the result of the combination of certain elements under certain conditions; and why any greater apprehension, in this view, than from the numberless works of art and science daily produced under circumstances, many of them, quite as strange and problematical?

To give a few instances to this effect; it is almost inconceivable, the change from coal tar, black, dull viscous fluid, into the splendidly brilliant purple and scarlet colors of the solid aniline dyes! again, reverse the artful process, and coal in lumps of dull black solid mass passes into light, ethereal sparkling gas, and by a slight change in the proportions of the same elements, into the transparently clear coal oils of extreme fluidity. From clay, among the most common of bodies and of little worth, comes Aluminium possessing almost all the valuable qualities of Gold and Platinum.

Is it strange, therefore, or beyond reason that man strives, seeing how great changes are wrought by small differences, and how easy the transition among things utterly unlike, to produce from the "basest materials the precious metals and the noblest gems," or is it startling that he, still more under the impulse of a rational ambition, claims some share, how great not yet developed, in creative power? Intelligent progress answers no, the alarm has subsided, light overspreads the scene, faith and religion are found to rest as securely as ever, if not on more solid ground: persecution, to the honor of the age, no longer tortures or seeks to torture bold conception, and no more is heard the cry "I am not mad" from some Galileo's dungeon. TRISMEGISTUS.

DRAMATIC.

THE first night of the drama at the Academy of Music drew together, perhaps, the largest audience ever packed within its walls. A good-natured audience, too, who laughed over a broad, farcical, and not over-clever play, called *Extremes*. Its sentiment was ambiguous—its satire heavy. The moral ethics it teaches seem to be that all reformers are immoral, and that all things come right without the aid of Luthers, Howards and Whittiers. *Inter alia*—the only gentleman in the piece is a Southerner, or to use "Mrs. Crosby's" somewhat equivocal statement, "a Southerner, *but* a gentleman," and even he is perfectly exasperating from his insane propensity to wander about the stage and utter sentiments of a round text copy-book quality on all occasions. The views of New York society given here, if not strictly true, are pardonable if the author had no better means of judging than that obtained by looking out of areas and up kitchen stairs.

Satire, however, is good, and we must not always expect plays to be didactic. If the element of wit had mingled in this piece, there was a chance that it might have leavened the mass. But, unfortunately, the dialogue did not soar above commonplaces; its catch-words were but two—"O Moses!" and "It's a great country!" On these intensely subtle and highly original conceits the changes were rung through five mortal acts. People might yawn—fans rustle like the leaves of Vallambrosa—but "O Moses!" was sure to bring them to a sense of their duty. A lisp was the sole stock in trade which that capital actor, Charles Wheatleigh, had to draw upon, and he made the most of it. In one sense the piece was a success, as it proved the excellence of the company who could entertain for four or five hours so large an audience and keep them in excellent humor. The principal characters by Messrs. Richings, Wheatleigh and Mayo, and Mesdames Richings, Saunders and Martin were models of clever acting, and at once settled the status of the combination.

Fashion was played on Thursday night, and excellently rendered. It was a much better play than the preceding one, but by no means equal to some of the English comedies, ancient and modern that have been played here. We are patriotic and don't like to confess that, with the exception of John Brougham's extravaganzas and burlesques, there have been very few local American comedies worth going to see; but such is the fact, and as there is no restrictive tariff upon good English plays, shall look forward to this evening's *School for Scandal*, and Richings' "Sir Peter Teazle," with pleasurable anticipation.

MY CARTE DE VISITE.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma"—*Julius Cæsar.*

I DID not sleep as soundly as I am accustomed to, last night, from the time when I close my old and well-worn copy of Shakspeare, as habitually I lie reading it in bed at retiring, until the ringing of the breakfast bell in the morning. My slumbers were made up of brief naps, each of which encompassed a dream, pleasing, serious or fantastical as it may have been, curiously and almost methodically arranged throughout the hours, and so distinctly delineated as to make my rest resemble, as it were, a picture gallery, the representations in which, like some in Hampton Court or the Pitti Palace, are, perhaps, never to be forgotten. Some of these representations were master-pieces, partly in the originality with which their subjects were conceived, partly in the natural grouping and action of the characters, and partly in the graceful disposition and happy coloring of the general paraphernalia of the scene—mainly however, in some indescribable charm that invested them, if I may so speak, with a sympathy that mysteriously entered into my meditations when morning scattered the indifferent dreams to forgetfulness, and that as long as those vividly penciled—toning down with time into a more delicate harmony—shall remain in memory will form a pleasant portion of the ideality of my existance.

Why my slumbers were thus broken into patches of light and shade I have no idea, unless it was because the night was an interval between the forming and the carrying into effect of a singular resolution that I had, unawares, been betrayed into making. I never had until now (and now with a bewildering apprehension) been induced by whatever blandishments to have my *carte de visite* taken. Too many times had I laughed at the vanity of my dear friends (including the female) that had led them away into bearing about with them ample packages of their own fanciful likenesses. Now through the ingenious machinations of one of them, was it possible that all my laughter, having been hoarded up, was, in one accumulated blast, to be hurled back at me! Where is the wonder that I saw faces in every variety of amusing contortion in my dreams! Where is the wonder that my dreams, in their varied succession, resembled a picture-gallery!

Notwithstanding, I like to look at pictures of whatever character they be. Sometimes, when they are worth the time, I love to study them. Once, some thirty years ago, when Peter Parley furnished me with my art galleries, I took pleasure in poring over them all. But in those days pictures were pictures, indeed. No unskilfully drawn outlines, no lack of a natural perspective, no mere blotches of gamboge and Prussian blue, then; even the theory of pre-Raphaelitism it was unnecessary to become acquainted with in order to enjoy thoroughly. All designs were examined with the express view of detecting in them the minutest details of Nature, without regard to the school in which they had been drawn. Peter Parley knew how to write the context to them, too. John Ruskin, who has since perplexed me with his extravagant appreciation of Turner, cannot to-day write as delightfully concerning Page's copy of the *Venus* of Titian, as Parley could concerning the poor boy whose toe was caught by the crab.

Wordsworth, in all of his voluminous publications, never wrote but two lines that particularly attracted me because of their poetical strength; and one of them (which is so hackneyed that I confess myself ashamed to repeat it) is

"The child is father to the man."

My manhood has run wofully astray from the artless teachings of my childhood, especially in this matter of pictures. Then, in those days, when Parley flourished, I could find nothing in pictures except beauties; now, in these days of Ruskin, I can find little in them except faults, with, however, such exceptions as this: an old burgomaster, in his queer dress, that when I was a child hung in an art-gallery near my father's house, was then an abomination; now that same Vandyke would be to me a treasure worth all the *cartes de visite* that will be manufactured until Doomsday.

Not that I do not like sometimes to look at a *carte de visite*. I do, indeed, when the individual represented is a friend whose true expression of countenance I can summon up in my imagination as I gaze upon the contour of his face on the card. But when the individual is personally unknown to me—no matter what interest I may take in him—of what assistance is his "likeness" on one of these cards in establishing the identity of his appearance, when, in all likelihood, this "likeness" resembles him no more than Hamlet's uncle did Hamlet's father?

Who, let me ask, ever saw a smile on the lips of one in a *carte de visite?* Lucy, the merry tantrum, is always laughing. Lucy hands me her *carte de visite*. Well, in spite of that funereal look, I know the "likeness" is hers, but know it only because she tells me that it is. Ellen's eyes droop in their modesty. Ellen hands me her *carte de visite*. What, Ellen! are these great eyes, that stare so unmeaningly, yours? Alice prides herself on her graceful motions. Alice hands me her *carte de visite*. Ah, Alice! you must have had a very stiff neck when this was taken.

All *cartes de visite* are alike in these three respects: in funereal and long-drawn-out solemnity; in eyes that look like those behind grates at Stockton; and in stiff necks that Dr. Abercrombie would not have attempted to limber.

Parties going to masquerades can disguise themselves no more effectually, perhaps, than by imitating themselves as they appear in their own *cartes de visite*.

One day last week, a lady was puzzled enough to take me seriously to task for commenting dubiously on two paintings that hang in her parlor. One was an exceedingly gorgeous landscape, as she was pleased to call it. She asked me to give her my true opinion concerning it.

"Madam," said I, "the work is well done. The artist evidently took a choice bit of natural scenery for his subject, with the intention of wrapping it up in an artificial coat of many colors. How well he has accomplished his design he can best judge for you and the rest of us, himself. Let him place his picture alongside of the bit of scenery, and even he, I give my word for it, will be unable to recognize his own subject in the disguise with which he has so successfully concealed it."

"My nephew painted it," said she calmly; "and there's his portrait, taken by himself. What is your opinion of that?"

I would not tell her a falsehood; so I told her—and let her take my remark as she would—that the individual represented in that handsome frame was well executed on the canvas.

And indeed he was well executed: not as some of my fine old line engravings, India proofs, are—but as I myself am, in my ridiculous *carte de visite;* as all men are; as women and children are; as even innocent babes are, as may be seen in any my-lady's album.

Alas! for my invulnerability. The lady whose ingenious nephew had successfully disguised nature and neatly executed himself on canvas, had the mysterious skill to draw from me, in a weak moment, a solemn pledge that I would bring to her within three days my own *carte de visite*. Said she:

"I will place it between the President's and Gen. Grant's."

I thoughtlessly accepted the apple, which, however, she intended to be merely a sugar-plum.

Entering, this morning, the photograph gallery, as it is sonorously called, I huskily told the attending "artist" my business. Conducting me into a back room, he led me towards a chair surmounted with what looked to me like the garotting implement of the Cubans. He seated me, arranged my head, a little towards one side, in a semi-circular bow of iron, and directed me to look steadily at a small piece of white paper that he had pinned upon a screen in one corner.

"You are not to wink," said he gravely, as he left the room.

And there I was.

How, in some farce on Maguire's boards, in that predicament, I would have brought down the house with roars!

The "artist" returned presently, and, commencing to handle the camera, once more requested me to look steadily at the piece of paper, and on no account either to wink or move a muscle of my face.

"All over," said he in a moment or two.

But, in the meantime, in order not to look so woe-begone as others do in their *cartes de visite*, I had in a vein of pleasantry thrown my countenance into a beaming smile.

My "likeness" was soon afterwards brought to me, and, on looking at it, I broke out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, with the exclamation, "Malvolio!"

I looked at it again, and roared until I became hoarse.

A third time I ventured to glance at it, and had, this time, to fall back into the chair in sheer exhaustion with my risible manifestation.

Malvolio!

There he was, a perfect picture of him, as Shakspeare designed him to be:

"He does smile his face into more lines than are in a map. You have never seen such a thing as 'tis."

The "artist" was evidently chagrined.

"I will take you again," said he; "but you must keep your face in better countenance."

"In better countenance!" said I; "what face can be put in better countenance than that?"

He smiled grimly.

"I'll wager you ton to one," said I, "that you never threw so much expression into a face, not even your own, before."

"Let me try it again," he plead.

"Not if I know myself," said I. "Let me have a gross—that is, twelve dozen of these. When can you have them ready?"

"This afternoon," said he, looking at me suspiciously.

I paid him for them, and shall call for them as I take this article to the office.

What, my Californian, do you think I shall do with so many? So many? I have not half enough. One I shall insert between the leaves of the first scene of the 4th act of *Twelfth Night*. One I shall request my good friend the "Artist," to place conspicuously in a frame at the entrance to his gallery, in company with his other celebrities. The remaining 142 I shall distribute among such of my friends, male and female, as I may conveniently meet, (provided they have albums for the purpose,) in order that I, with my smiling countenance, may serve to cheer up somewhat the general solemnity of their drawing-room galleries.

Nor would this Malvonian hybrid between a smile and a grin on my countenance, in my *carte de visite*, be out of place in a lady's album. Some relief, however slight, from a common monotony would cause her portrait-gallery to be admired to the charming envy of her dear companions. Would not my countenance in the *carte*, too, be as naturally depicted as the countenances of others who affect the melancholy or severe? Sometimes by way of variety, we see an individual "taken" with a hat, cocked on one side, on his head; but he wears that inevitable seriousness, that makes his "picture" but the same old counterpart of the rest of them. Who can say that my "picture" is a counterpart of the generality of *cartes de visite*, except in the surroundings of it, as in that marble pillar and those vases of beautiful flowers? The book, I am glad to notice, has gone out of fashion with daguerreotypes. And how far preferable is that vase, with its unfading treasures! Let it remain! Is it not invariable the distinctive feature, in its clearness, of the *carte?* Only it will not smile. The gravity of the portrait infects it, as it does the pillar, which looks as though it were a monumental sermon.

How appropriate, also! Bridget the cook, John the coachman, General Sherman, myself as Malvolio, and John Conness, all standing together in the warm atmospbere of a delicious Italian landscape.

Fly-Leaf.

SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE POETS.

NUMBER THREE.

THE WILLOWS.—After Edgar A. Poe.

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year;
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear—
At the Nightingale—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here once in an alley Titanic
Of Ten-pins—I roamed with my soul—
Of Ten-pins—with Mary, my soul;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic,
With the monkey a-top of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sere—
My thoughts were decidedly queer;
For I knew not the month was October,
And marked not the night of the year;
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber,
That the hand oft performed down here,
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn,
And car-drivers hinted of morn,
At the end of the path a liquescent
And bibulous lustre was born;
'T was made by the bar-keeper present,
Who mixed a duplicate horn—
His two hands describing a crescent
Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said: "This looks perfectly regal,
For it's warm, and I know I feel dry—
I am confident that I feel dry:
We have come past the emeu and eagle,
And watched the gay monkey on high:
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle—
To the swan and the monkey on high—
To the eagle and monkey on high;
For this bar-keeper will not inveigle—
Bully boy with the vitreous eye;
He surely would never inveigle—
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye."

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said: "Sadly this bar I mistrust—
I fear that this bar does not trust.
Oh, hasten, oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly—let us fly—ere we must!"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom—
By some words that were warning of doom.
And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed, as she answered, "'All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room.'"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
As the streets were deserted and drear—
For my pockets were empty and drear;
And I cried, "It was surely October,
On this very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a fair maiden down here,
On this night of all nights in the year.
Ah! to me that inscription is clear;
Well I know, now I'm perfectly sober,
Why no longer they credit me here—
Well I know now that music of Auber
And this Nightingale, kept by one Shear

THE SWALLOW.

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou, that she might take me in
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, fling from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

[*Tennyson's Princess.*

THE JUBILEE LOZENGE.

MR. LISTON was at one period of his life a most determined joker. He and my husband were one day together in a shop in Bond street, kept by a Mr. Amick, which was full of perfumery, beautiful toys, and nicknacks of every kind. They had been looking at some amulets, a black composition, just new, and intended for brooches, upon which the head of George III. was stamped, to commemorate the jubilee. Mr. Incledon passing at the moment observed his brother comedians, and entered the shop. He admired in turn all the pretty objects placed in every direction; and, attracted by the amulets, he inquired what they were. Before Mr. Amick could reply to his question, Mr. Liston (who was aware of Incledon's overweening love of any novelty in the shape of medicine or voice-improver) told him they were lozenges of a most wonderful property, just discovered. As he anticipated, Mr. Incledon caught at the bait, seized up one, and examining it with much interest, observed that it was "very large," (it was about the size of a small locket.) He was told that, as only one was necessary to the cure of the person whose voice was out of order, it was made of the size requisite for the purpose—"But," observed Mr. Liston, artfully, "*you* cannot require such a thing, Incledon! There's nothing the matter with *your* voice!"

"Isn't there, my dear boy! that's all *you* know of the matter! I've been as hoarse as a raven this fortnight; in fact, I've not a note left in my voice;" a constant assertion by him when his voice was at his very best.

"Well," said the wag, "if that's the case, the Jubilee Lozenge is the *very thing*."

He then adduced several "cases" of its miraculous results within his own knowledge. Upon this Incledon addressed the master of the shop, who was exceedingly embarrassed at the trick thus played upon a customer:

"What, sir, is the price of this invaluable lozenge?"

"Ten and sixpence," was the reply.

"It's a large sum for one lozenge, sir; but, as my friend Mr. Liston assures me that it is efficacious, and as at this time I have not the ghost of a note left in my voice, from a severe cold, I'll take *one*."

He then threw down the money, and put the amulet into his mouth, observing that "it was made of a very inconvenient shape, but he supposed there was some good reason for it." Mr. Liston instructed him to keep it all day in his mouth, that being the intent. Away went the singer, quite pleased with the toy for which he had paid so dearly, and the two jokers roared aloud with laughter when he was out of hearing, at the easy credulity of their unsuspecting friend.

At night everybody in the green-room was apprised of the jest, and agreed to assist in prolonging it. Mr. Incledon, who did not play until the afterpiece, entered the room with the lozenge in his mouth. Being prepared for his appearance, Mr. Liston had all his confederates assembled. They inquired, in turn, every particular about the wonderful remedy "of which they had all heard so much!" Incledon was very communicative as to its effects. "His voice was *certainly* clearer since he had had the lozenge in his mouth, but at the same time he could not withhold from them his conviction that the sucking of it had made him feel exceedingly sick;" and well it might, for it was in fact a mass of perfume, like a highly-scented pastile, nauseating to the palate, as might be expected.

In the midst of the interest occasioned by this invaluable recipe, Mr. John Kemble, who had been performing in the play, and had listened to the conspiracy against the simplicity of poor Mr. Incledon, now entered, and, to the surprise of all present, joined in the hoax. He told Incledon that he was well acquainted with the amazing efficacy of the article: but added: "It will not be wholly effective, my dear Incledon, unless you keep it in your mouth all night!"

Incledon's eyes twinkled with gratification at the interest manifested by the great tragedian in his well-being, and at his confirmation of the treasure he had obtained.

"But, my *dear* Mr. Kemble," he replied, "may it not choke me in my sleep?"

"Oh, no!" said the somewhat solemn jester: "Oh, no! it is scarcely large enough for that. Besides, Mrs. Incledon will be aware of your struggles, and attend to you if it should get into your throat."

Incledon gave him a look which had a dawn of suspicion in it, but the unmoved gravity of the speaker dispersed it when he added: "It will do you no good unless you keep it on your tongue all night, be assured, my dear Incledon; so don't think of removing it."

Poor Mr. Incledon obeyed this injunction strictly; and the next morning gave sad evidence of his obedience, appearing in the green-room with his natural ruddiness exchanged for a sickly complexion, from want of rest, and from the increasing disgust of the scented mass in his mouth.

It was now time to heighten the plot, previously to breaking it up. One of the conspirators was intimate with a gentleman connected with the *Morning Chronicle*, who relished a joke, and always happy to assist in one. On hearing the particulars, he was induced to place a paragraph in the next day's paper, in accordance with the intended sequel to the imposture.

The time came for rehearsal. The plotters congregated in a manner that when Mr. Incledon arrived, he must of necessity see them and overhear their observations. Mr. Fawcett was much perturbed, and apparently, as he held the morning's newspaper open in his hand, indignant; all, indeed, seemed shocked. "Was it possible!" "What a monster!" "Who could divine such an instance of hatred to the English nation!" "*Poor* Incledon!" "What *will* be the consequence?" "What a loss to the public!" "Dreadful! Shocking! Afflicting!" etc. At this moment the group affected to perceive Incledon for the first time. They were all affection and sympathy. Mr. Liston *wept* to think he had been the innocent instrument of his friend's ruin. Mr. Matthews besought his forgiveness for his share in his destruction; and at last Incledon's suspense and agitation were so affecting to them all, that the fatal paragraph was submitted to his perusal. It was as follows:

"JUBILEE LOZENGE.—The public are cautioned against a specious but most injurious artifice, which has of late been practiced by some unprincipled quacks. A trinket, in the form of a shirt-brooch, adorned with the miniature likeness of the King, is said to be impregnated with a certain mineral property that can expel all disorders from the stomach of the wearer, who, to stimulate and call forth the essential virtue of the ornament, is desired to keep it in his mouth and suck it. The truth indeed is, that an adventitious property has been infused into the metal of which the trinket is formed; but, so far from its being of a salutary nature, its deleterious qualities are invariably experienced in subtle and slow, but infallible operation, by all the unhappy dupes to the imposture. The poison peculiarly attaches itself to the lungs, producing insensibly a decay of the vocal powers, and usually terminating in incurable hoarseness.

"It is reported that the French Emperor, jealous of the superior powers of melody which our stage can boast, has lately employed some of his emissaries in persuading one of our most eminent native female singers to make use of this destructive bane to vocal excellence. It is apprehended that the same artifice will be employed to rob our most celebrated male performers of their voices, and, in consequence, both of their fame and their bread."

The agony of the reader at the close of the paragraph was such as to make all present desirous of explaining the jest. Incledon dropped the fatal amulet from his mouth, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed, "I am a murdered man!" and dropped on a seat.

The whole was then confessed; and the well-known good-nature of Mr. Incledon was never more apparent than in his forgiveness of this hoax against his prevailing foible.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, by his Wife.*

A MASTERLY INACTIVITY.—It is no small privilege to you "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," or otherwise, that you cannot hear how the whole Continent is talking of you at this moment. We have, as a nation, no small share of self-sufficiency and self-esteem. If we do not thank God for it, we are right well pleased to know that we are not like that publican there, "who eats garlic or carries a stiletto, or knouts his servants, or indulges in any other taste or pastime of the 'confounded foreigner.'" The *Times* proclaims how infinitely superior we are every morning, and each traveller—John Murray in hand—expounds, in his bad French, that an Englishman is the only European native brought up in the knowledge of truth and the wash-tub. By dint of time, iteration, and a considerable amount of that same French I speak of, an article expressly manufactured for exportation, we really did at last persuade patient and suffering Europe to take us at our own valuation. We got them to believe that—with certain little peculiarities, certain lesser vices, rather amiable than otherwise—no nation, ancient or modern, could approach us. That we were at one and the same time the richest, the strongest, the most honorable, the most courageous people recorded in history; and not alone this, but the politest and the most conciliatory, with the largest coal-fields and the best cookery in Europe. Now, there is nothing more damaging than the witness who proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us somewhere, I think, of an Irish peer who, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctilious, faithful to his orders, but whenever he said, "My massa a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I." In the same spirit has Bull gone and damaged himself abroad. He might have enjoyed an unlimited credit for his stories of English wealth and greatness—how big was our fleet, and how bitter our beer; he might have rung the changes over our just pride in our insular position and our income tax, and none dared to dispute him; but when, in the warm expansiveness of his enthusiasm, he proceeded to say, not merely that we dressed better and dined better than the foreigner, but that our manners were more polished, our address more insinuating, and the amiability of our whole social tone more conspicuous, "Mossoo," taking him to represent all from Stockholm to Sicily, began to examine for himself, and after some hesitation to ask, "What if the wealth be only like the politeness? What if the national character be as rude as the cookery? What if English morality turn out to be a jumble and confusion, very like English-French? Who is to tell us that the coal-fields may not be as easily exhausted as the civility?" These were very ugly doubts, and for some years back foreigners, after that slow fashion in which public opinion moves amongst them, have been turning them over and over, but in a manner that showed a great revulsion had taken place on the Continent with regard to the estimate of England.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MORAL INFLUENCES OF FURNITURE.

WHILE Furniture, as representing the pleasures and duties of property, has always met high appreciation, there certainly has been, in all times, a jealousy of every new luxury which contributed to mere personal ease. Even Shakspeare has a sneer at easy chairs, as where he represents pursy Insolence in terrified fright, while

Breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease.

He delights to describe objects of splendor and *virtu*, and, we cannot doubt, knew how to make himself comfortable; but his was an age of housewives, and was full of the respects we attribute to certain classes among ourselves. Even now, when we have learned to regard such feelings as prejudices, our sentiment is regulated rather by the old standard than the modern one. Associations of mere ease cannot attach us if that ease has been inglorious. We like those things which have aided our work, or rested us after it. We do not willingly separate ourselves from tables, secretaries, pigeon-holes, drawers, well-arranged shelves amongst which we have worked and thought. They have a positive control and influence over us. It is well, we think, for everybody to establish personal relations with the combination of wood and horse-hair, wool and silk, without which, in our day and climate, home cannot be. Those who leave all to the upholsterer miss an opportunity of stamping themselves, as it were, upon dead matter, and imparting a kind of life to it. The man who, from no necessity, sells off his "effects" by auction, has cast away an anchor, and advertises his own tendency to disband and break loose along with the dispersion of his movables. But furniture, to win the heart of its owner, must represent the age as well as the man. We have no faith in the attaching qualities of things chosen on consciously æsthetic principles as suiting our favorite architecture or our hobbies. Nobody can give his heart to what is cumbersome or fantastic except through the ties of long association. Nobody, for example, can be on more than the coldest visiting terms with a laboriously collected museum of lumbering carved oak. The subtle influences of these things must reach the mind through the body, not contrariwise. The notion of being at ease and at home with our furniture is not the first nor the most natural one; and while this is the one field for the cultivation of taste, it cannot be treated with absolute familiarity. However, the tendency to be comfortable, and facilities for looking about us, are wrenching all ranks, and before long even the cottage housewife will have discovered other uses for her one armchair than to rub it into a more flattering reflector than her looking-glass. The manufacturers of cheap ornaments are already repining at the influence of excursion-trains, which, as they allege, make women care nothing for the adornment of their homes; and, of course, it is nothing to these hucksters that the decay of their trade is due to the opening of a wider field of beauty to their customers, or that nature, even as seen from an excursion train, teaches a refinement even beyond the art of their most staring owls and their gaudiest Highlanders. Altogether we might begin to despond of our age, as given up to mere personal indulgence, but for a consideration or two. One is, that a fussy, striving generation like ours must have periods of more deliberate, not to say abandoned, repose than where the business of life is taken more easily. Another is, that after all we may plead a mere change in our times of ease and habits of luxury. When men sat upon hard stools they slept upon feather-beds, as the poor do still when they have them. Even Ariosto's untiring heroes tossed upon *le plume* at night. Now-a-days, if we lounge in public, if we recline our lengths on down cushions in the drawing-room, we at least sleep severely on mattrasses, and so may face the reproofs of our forefathers with the hope of still holding our own.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.—One day, while in the Bay of Biscay, the sea smooth, the air clear and cool, I was on deck enjoying the balmy breeze, and almost expecting to sight the shores of Spain, when suddenly the air grew dark. I looked to see what was obscuring the sun—not a cloud was in the sky. Darker it grew—every face was raised to search for the threatening squall, but no squall came. Alarm was painted on many cheeks that turned ghastly in the strange and fading light. The captain came up from below. The mate's voice rang out to the men already there: "Stand by the halliards!" In great perplexity the barometers were consulted, but they gave no explanation, and it was not till an idea flashed on the captain that he turned from the instruments to an almanac, and found the surmise correct. It was a total eclipse of the sun, and many *savants* from England were assembled near the spot expressly to see this sight. The sea-gulls fluttered aloft in terror and amazement; the fowls, accustomed in their coops to artificial changes, steadied themselves on one leg and nestled to sleep. Though dark, it was not like night—the horizon was tinged all round with a strange light. In one direction this grew more intense, and came on towards us brighter and brighter. I could trace the rays of the sun as they shot over the barrier—a water-fall of beams. I watched for the first returning glimpse of his own majesty, and caught the brilliant ray, little larger than a pin's head, like lightning flashing all at once upon my eye. The dark shadow retreated like a legion of ghosts over the sea, followed by what took the shape, to my excited fancy, of the angel of light. The cocks began to crow, and there was a joyousness on the faces around, as if we had escaped from some impending danger.—*Mrs. Muter's Travels and Adventures.*

"I never saw such an indelicate gentleman as that at the opposite house," exclaimed a young woman. "He must have seen that I did not choose to pull down the blind, and yet he has been watching me the whole time I have been changing my dress."

"I cannot imagine," said Alderman H., "why my whiskers should have turned gray so much sooner than my hair." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than with your brains."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN OF LOCARNO.

AT the foot of the Alps, near Locarno, was an old castle belonging to the Marquis of Como, the ruins of which are still visible to the traveller, as he comes from St. Gothard—a castle with lofty and roomy apartments, high towers and narrow windows. In one of these rooms an old sick woman was deposited upon some straw, which had been shaken down for her by the housekeeper of the Marquis, who had found her begging before the gate. The Marquis, who was accustomed to go into this room on his return from hunting, to lay aside his gun, ordered the poor wretch to get up immediately out of her corner and be gone.

The creature arose, but slipping with her crutch upon the smooth floor, she fell, and injured her back so much that it was with great difficulty she got up; and, moving across the room as she had been desired, groaning and crying sadly, sank down behind the chimney. After a while she rose again, dragged herself painfully out of the castle, and died neglected in the adjacent village.

Several years afterwards, when the circumstances of the Marquis had been much reduced by war and the failure of his crops, a Florentine gentleman visited the castle, with the intention of purchasing it, in consequence of the beauty of the situation. The Marquis, who was very anxious to have the bargain concluded, gave his wife directions to lodge the stranger in the same upper room in which the old woman had died, it having, in the meantime, been very handsomely fitted up; but, to their consternation, in the middle of the night, the stranger entered their own room, pale and agitated, protesting loudly that the chamber was haunted by some invisible being, for he had heard something rise in the corner as if it had been lying among straw, move over the chamber with slow and tottering steps, and sink down, groaning and crying, near the chimney.

The Marquis, terrified, though he scarcely knew why, endeavored to put a fair face on the matter, and to laugh off the fears of his visitor, telling him he would rise himself and spend the rest of the night with him in his room; but the stranger begged that he would rather allow him to occupy a couch in the adjoining room; and as soon as morning broke, he saddled his horse, took his leave and departed. This occurrence, which occasioned much notice, made so unpleasant an impression upon intending purchasers that not another inquiry was made; and at last even the servants in the house becoming possessed with the notion that there was something dreadful in the affair, the Marquis, with the view of setting the report to rest, determined to investigate the matter himself next night. Accordingly, in the twilight, he caused his bed to be brought into the apartment, and waited, without sleeping, the approach of midnight. But what was his consternation, when, on the stroke of midnight, he actually heard some inconceivable noise in the apartment, as if some person had risen up from among the straw, which rustled beneath them, walked slowly over the floor, and sank, sighing and groaning, behind the chimney!

When he came down the next morning, the Marchioness asked him how the investigation had gone on; and he, after gazing about him with wondering glances, and bolting the door, told her that the story of the chamber's being haunted was true. She was terrified out of her senses, but begged him, before making any public disclosure, once more to make the experiment coolly in her company. Accompanied by a trusty servant, they accordingly repeated their visit next night, and again heard, as the Marquis had done before, the same ghostly and inconceivable noise; and nothing but the anxious wish to get rid of the castle, cost what it would, enabled them to suppress their terrors in presence of the servant, and to ascribe the sound to some accidental cause.

On the evening of the third day, when both, determined to probe the matter to the bottom, were ascending with beating hearts the stairs leading to the stranger's apartment, it chanced that the house dog, who had been let loose from his chain, was lying directly before the door of the room; and, willing perhaps, to have the company of any other living thing in the mysterious apartment, they took the dog into the room along with them. The husband and wife seated themselves on the couch—the Marquis with his sword and pistols beside him; and while they endeavored, the best way they could, to amuse themselves with conversation, the dog, cowering down at their feet, fell asleep. Again, with the stroke of midnight, the noise was renewed. Something—though what they could not discover, raised itself, as with crutches, in the corner; the straw rustled as before. At the sound of the first foot-fall, the dog awoke, roused itself, pricked up its ears, and, growling and barking as if some person was advancing towards him, retreated in the direction of the chimney. At this sight, the Marchioness rushed out of the room, her hair standing on end; and while the Marquis seized his sword, exclaimed, "Who is there?" and, receiving no answer, thrust like a madman in all directions, she hastily packed up a few articles of dress, and made the best of her way towards the town. Scarcely, however, had she proceeded a few steps, when she discovered that the castle was on fire. The Marquis had, in his distraction, overturned the tapers, and the room was instantly in flames. Every effort was made to save the unhappy nobleman, but in vain; he perished in the utmost tortures; and his bones, as the traveller may be aware, still lie where they were collected by the neighboring peasants—in the corner of the apartment from which he had expelled the beggar woman of Locarno.

RECENTLY, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, Miss Lousia Pyne was made the recipient of a testimonial, designed to mark the esteem and regard in which she is held by the public in general, and the patrons of the English opera in particular.

LARGE-TEXT COPIES FOR YOUNG LADIES.—A Ball is Bliss. A Small Waist is Elegant. Adore Young Officers. Paleness is interesting. Preserve your Complexion. Seek Approbation. Live Wholly for Dress. Encourage the Bashful. Refuse Not Hastily.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES.

IN an article on "Woman's Friendships," the *Saturday Review* takes the ground that the want of diversity of character is a fatal barrier to friendship between woman and woman. "In other respects they are of the stuff that friends are made of, and many of the qualifications for friendship they possess in a far higher degree than men. They have more self-sacrifice and less small selfishness, greater tenderness and greater tact, a quicker sympathy and a keener apprehension. But they are too much alike ever to be great friends. Somehow, women do not differ from women as men differ from men. Amidst all their innumerable diversities there is an underlying resemblance, something which resists analysis and sets calculation at defiance, something which you can neither explain nor account for, and which you must be content to call "a woman's way of looking at things." And how instinctively women recognize and proclaim the truth of this! No man ever professed to understand another man without either knowing him, or caring for him, or sympathizing with him; but this is just what women insist on doing for women every day of their lives. With them, community of sex supplies the place of all those qualifications. A woman claims to understand simply because she is a woman."

There is, however, the refuge of forming a friendship with the other sex:

The objection most commonly urged against friendships between the sexes is, in effect, that they are not what they profess to be. "Young men and women never stop at friendship," it is said; "they always end by falling in love." A very obvious way of meeting this objection is to be found in the formula, "Well, what then?" Supposing that the friends do end by falling in love, where is the harm of it? After all, friendship is not a bad stepping-stone to a warmer feeling. There are people, indeed, who seem to think that any long intimacy between lovers is a positive evil—that the less they know of each other before they are engaged, and the less time they have to get to know each other after they are engaged, the better for all parties. But it is at least an open question whether friendship, and all that friendship implies—intimacy, esteem, affection, knowledge of each other's characters, sympathy with each other's tastes, a share in each other's pursuits—is not a better preparation for marriage than an acquaintanceship in which the introduction is effected at a dinner-party, and the proposal made at a picnic, while the intervening intercourse consists of three balls, a kettle-drum and a flower-show. Nor is there any conclusive evidence that friendships of this kind tend, necessarily and inevitably, to falling in love. Occasionally, it must be admitted, they do end in this way. The frontier line between sentiment and passion is sometimes so faintly traced that it is hardly recognized until it has been fairly crossed. And at present the rarity of the relationship, the difficulties which are often thrown in the way of its continuance, the discouragement it usually meets with, the very excuses which are put forward to explain it, all tend to increase the probability of such a termination. Still, in spite of all these opposing influences, instances to the contrary are not very infrequent; and that they should be met with at all, when so little favored by external circumstances, is no slight proof of their inherent vitality. They occur oftenest, perhaps, in the case of cousins, between whom there is often the warmest and most affectionate intercourse, without a thought of any further connexion. And yet, so far as the chances of marriage are concerned, friendships between cousins stand on exactly the same footing as friendships between strangers in blood. Both may lead to marriage, both sometimes do lead to marriage, and in this respect, at least, an objection which is valid against the one is equally valid against the other.

Some persons, however, may be disposed to question the benefit of such relations, even if the danger of their transmutation into a stronger feeling is admitted to be exaggerated or imaginary. Will not the tendency of increased intimacy between the sexes be to make women masculine? The best antidote to this fear will be to keep in mind the foundation on which such a relationship is based: We have seen that women cannot find their friends among themselves, because they can not supply one necessary requisite of all real friendship; and any attempt on their part to divest themselves of their distinctive feminine characteristics would consequently involve the sacrifice of that very diversity of character which difference of sex was expected to secure. Men who seek in their friends the complement of themselves are not likely to look for them among "strong-minded" women, who have forgotten that it is on their sex that every-day life depends for almost all it has of grace or beauty; or among fast young ladies, whose highest aim is to reproduce, as exactly as fashion (and a little more exactly than propriety) will allow, the most ephemeral and superficial characteristics of their male acquaintance. But, on the other hand, there is no greater mistake than to assume that to be womanly and to be frivolous are simply exchangeable ideas. A girl will be none the less feminine because she has some serious interests in life, none the less graceful because her tastes have a wider range than mere school-room accomplishments, none the less attractive because she sympathizes, and to some extent shares, in pursuits of a graver kind. To make her a pleasant partner at a ball or a pleasant companion at a dinner table, it is not necessary that either of these duties should have occupied all her thoughts since the moment the invitation was accepted. Men are not considered unsuited for society, or unable to bear their part in conversation, because their education has a wider aim than merely to prepare them for the drawing-room. Small-talkers have no monopoly of small-talk. And, in like manner, the hours a young lady spends over history or science will give purpose and interest to her mornings without in the least degree unfitting her for the ornamental functions of the evening.

A possible exposure to misrepresentation and unjust criticism is a more formidable obstacle than any we have mentioned. Women cannot disregard social opinion, even when it is irrational; and if friendships between the sexes were likely to be "talked about," it would be useless to say anything in their favor. The persons who are best fitted for them would be just those who would most certainly hold themselves aloof from them. But in this respect the world gets rather hard measure. It is often charged with being censorious, when, in reality, it is only impatient of absurdity. People who are talked about commonly deserve what they get. They may not be chargeable with any serious error, they may be wholly innocent of any bad intention, but they have been foolish, and their folly has met with its reward. In nine cases out of ten, where appearances are much against a woman, it is her own fault that they have become so. The occasion of scandal is usually furnished, in the first instance, by the victims of it; and a little common sense on their part would have proved an effectual barrier against mischief-makers. But people who respect themselves generally find that they have set the fashion of being respected, and a certain amount of decision in dealing with public opinion is often the surest way to conciliate it. The world is so far like heaven that it admits of being taken by storm; it has so much of the nettle in it that it is safest to grasp it firmly. A friendship which is avowed without being obtrusive, and independent without being affected, which neither courts secresy nor cares to thrust itself into notice, will never be likely to provoke any injurious comments. At the worst, it is very doubtful whether a score of such intimacies will give half the opportunities for scandal and misunderstanding which are often afforded by one "innocent" flirtation. At all events, we recommend this question to our readers as likely to furnish them with inexhaustible material for a whole season of croquet-ground discussions.

LADY-DOCTORS.—But, then, are the lady-doctors to marry? and, if they marry, are they to go on with their calling? We presume that they, and all their admirers, and all the believers in the mission of women, would reply that the best thing they can to do is to marry, if they only marry tolerably well. But, after they are married, are they to go on visiting and receiving patients? We can easily answer this question if we look at occupations in which women have been accustomed to gain their bread with more or less success. An actress, an artist, a school-mistress, goes on with her trade if she is obliged to do so, or if the circumstances of her household give her abundant leisure; but if she has a family to attend to, and if she has a husband who provides for her, she will attend to her family, spend her husband's money, and abandon her business. We may be sure that lady-doctors would do just the same. They would marry if they could marry with satisfaction, and then, if they could afford it, they would leave off doctoring and stick to ordering dinners and watching the babies The object, therefore, of a lady-doctor is to be able to leave her profession at an early age; and this constitutes a profound difference between her and her male rivals. She can have very little professional ardor if she views her profession as an arrangement which, if things go well, she may hope soon to get rid of, while the male doctor hopes to go on increasing in knowledge, and with a deeper hold upon science, in every year of active life. But then she may not marry, or, if she marries, she may have a husband who cannot support her. If the husband simply lives on her, as is often the case when women go on working after marriage, she can scarcely be said to have done much good or gained much by neglecting her family in order to maintain her husband in idleness. If her husband wishes and tries to do all he can, but is unable to provide for his family, she can contribute towards their maintenance. If she had not learned doctoring, she would have given more of her time and attention to her family, but then she would have had a greater poverty to struggle against. Does the family gain by this? In most cases we should imagine it might, for the care and attention of a mother bowed down by utter poverty is generally not worth so much as half the care with a good deal more money. This, then, is one of the gains which a woman may fairly be said to get by learning doctoring. In case she marries a poor, hard-working man, unable to support his family, she may give them such an addition of money as will counterbalance the diminution of her personal superintendence. Or again, she may not marry at all, and she will not be obliged to marry from want. She can wait till she gets the right man better than a woman who is simply hanging on at home. If she does not marry at all, she gains indisputably by being a doctor, for she has not only the means of gaining a livelihood, but also a perpetual source of interest and occupation.—*Saturday Review.*

A LUDICROUS BLUNDER.—An officer of the Garibaldian army, writing to an exchange, gives circulation to the following incident, in which he himself figures prominently: As for the blunders of my Irish servant Peter, they never ceased. It was only a few weeks since that I was myself the victim of an absurd one. On the march from Melazzo I got a severe strain in the chest by my horse falling and rolling over me. No bone was broken, but I was much bruised, and a considerable extravasation of blood took place under the skin. Of course I could not move, and I was provided with a sort of litter, slung between two mules. The doctor prescribed a strong dose of laudanum, which sent me to sleep, and despatched Peter back to Melazzo for a certain ointment, which he was to bring without delay, as the case was imminent. Fully impressed that I was in danger, away went Peter, very sad about me, but even more distressed lest he should forget what he was sent for. He kept repeating the words over and over as he went, till they became, by mere repetition, something perfectly incomprehensible, so that when he reached Melazzo nobody could make head or tail of his message. Group after group gathered about and interrogated him, and at last, by means of pantomime, discovered that his master was very ill. Signs were made to inquire if bleeding were required, or if it was for amputation, but he still shook his head in negative. "Is he dying?" asked one, making a gesture to indicate lying down. Peter assented. "Oh, then, it is the unzione and estrema he wants!"—"That's it," cried Peter, joyfully, "unzione it is." Two priests were speedily found despatched to administer "extreme unction," and I awoke out of a sound sleep under a tree to see three lighted candles on each side of me, and two priests in full vestments standing at my feet and gabbling away in a droning sort of voice, while Peter blubbered and wrung his hands unceasingly. A jolly burst of laughter from me soon dispelled the whole illusion, and Peter had to hide himself for shame for a week after.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

MINOR MATTERS.

THE major portion of this community are miners, or so closely identified in interest with the success of the mines, that we might justly call them so; and by our mines are we judged abroad, and we gauge our well-doing at home. It is a great misfortune to California that people ever got into the way of thinking that there were but two objects of interest in the financial world—the Gould and Curry and the Ophir mines. They were the standard by which everything was measured, and by which all mines were bought and sold. When a man came to town with his specimens in his pocket, he never told you its value or spoke of its merits except by comparison, and the highest recommendation, in his estimation, was that it was a *fac simile* of Gould and Curry. Ophir, in palmy (Palmer) days, was the great gun, and all other mines in the vicinity were the offshoots, and the owners claimed that every claim in the vicinity was quite equal to it. People swore by Gould and Curry when the Ophir declined, and pinned their faith in all mines upon that. The stock was eagerly sought for as an investment from which there would be a perpetual dividend; it was purchased by Eastern capitalists and men of small means with avidity, and ran up to a fabulous price. There was no end to the rich deposit that day after day, and month after month, were extracted, giving business to twenty or more mills, running night and day, and turning out good results. But the expenses were enormous, and absorbed nearly 75 per cent. of the earning; and on the common principle that everything must have an end, the great body of pay ore suddenly diminished. Then came a panic in the stock market, and the price fell, involved in its fall the ruin of men of small means and gave a terrible set-back to larger owners. Falling, it carried all other mines with it; and in the brief period of thirty days, mining stocks became a drug in the market, and almost valueless. They were no longer considered safe collaterals upon which to advance money, and were "forced off" to realize, to meet obligations falling due, until scarce twenty cents on the dollar netted the unfortunate owners. This crash in Gould and Curry and Ophir has impaired confidence in our mines to an extent that is hardly yet realized, and checked the flow of capital from abroad that was adding so much to our prosperity. It will take us a long time to recover from the unfortunate effect upon our mining interests; but the lesson we have learned may prove ultimately a benefit. It is true that we never again shall see any mining stock go to the high price of Gould and Curry a few months since. It never should have reached such figures—never was worth the money. We see it now; and we also have learned something of the rock upon which we split. We have learned, too, that almost any good mine may be ruined by extravagant and reckless management; and hereafter let us look closely to the expenses, and be more prudent in the working of the ores. We must begin again, and, with the experience of the past before us, there is no reason why we may not regain the confidence of foreign capitalists, and see again the tide of capital setting to our shores, where—when judiciously and prudently invested—it may be made to pay a better return than in any other part of the globe. Gould and Curry may turn up trumps yet; but should it not, there are plenty of good mines left, and hundreds undeveloped that, with the aid of capital, will yield their golden harvest for the prudent to reap. We are recovering from the shock, and there is a happy day coming for all.

Naturalized Citizens.—As the time of election approaches, the Courts are busy in naturalizing citizens. A good deal of this raw material of which intelligent voters are made, and which is woven into the fabric of our body-politic, is Celtic. Germans come next in number, but stand first in loyalty. This time-honored bulwark of our National liberties affords a pleasant thesis for the reflective mind. If we calculate that in creating a greater part of these citizens, we simply change so much alien prejudice into active alien element. It is not pleasant to reflect that our Government is about the only one that indulges in the luxury of creating its own enemies. There can be no doubt but that a number of these newly-formed citizens will go against the Government they swear to support and uphold. Some may do it conscientiously, but we may be certain that a greater part of those who do oppose, can give no better reason than the Irishman who, when asked why he voted the Copperhead ticket, replied, that he had always been opposed to the Government in his own country, and was not "a goin' to back down on his principles now!"

Crowded Out.—"Ten Minutes," a sketch by E. H. L. P., although in type, is crowded out this week.

AN HOUR WITH THE PAST.

ON our table, in suggestive proximity to the freshly-cut pages of the last Californian, lies a well-worn volume. It is styled *The Royal American Magazine, or Universal Repository of Instruction and Amusement*, and its pages, which are stained to the color of a venerable meerschaum by the collected juices of a century, were printed at "Greenleaf's Printing Office, Boston," in the year of our Lord 1775.

How the pages of an old newspaper carry us back to the mysterious past, and make history thoroughly vital! How much magic lies in its present and imperfect tenses! How much more vivid than any page of Bancroft is the following statement of colonial affairs, which we take from the pages of this *Royal Magazine* that even in 1775, a full year before the Declaration of Independence, talked thus boldly for a "Royal" periodical:

Charlestown, January 14.—While servile placeman, pensioners and expectants are employing their venal pens in support of a system of tyranny, the honest yeomanry of this province are joining our compassionate brethren of the other colonies in giving fundamental proofs of their attachment to the common cause of America. The week past has afforded several instances of their readiness to relieve their distressed friends at this severe season. We shall mention only two: On Tuesday last the inhabitants of Lexington sent sixty-one loads of wood and some money as a present to the poor sufferers by the Boston Port Bill; and on Thursday last the first and third parishes in Reading sent twenty-seven loads of wood, some money and some grain for the same purpose. The second parish, being more remote, was prevented by the badness of the weather and travelling from sending anything that day, but we hear that they do not intend to be behindhand with their brethren.

On one of the sleds was hoisted the Union flag, with the following inscription in its center:

To the worthy Inhabitants of Boston and Charlestown:

Ye noble patriots! constant, firm and true,
Your country's safety much depends on you;
In patient suffering greatly persevere.
From cold, from famine, you have nought to fear;
With tender eye the country views your woe,
With your distress will her assistance grow;
Or if (which heaven avert!) some fatal hour
Should force you from your homes by tyrant pow'r,
To her retire—with open, gen'rous heart,
All needful aid and comfort she'll impart;
Gladly she'll share the wealth by heaven bestown,
With those, FOR HER, who've sacrificed their own.

Apropos of these offerings, we read that among the donations for the suffering inhabitants of the town of Boston, received in January, 1775, Virginia sent "776 bushels corn, 10 bbls. flour, 40 bbls. bread, and, in cash, 16s. 6d."—a pleasant reminiscence in these days of civil strife—and that later in February of the same year, Henrico and Cumberland counties, (now occupied by Grant,) sent, with their love, 2,898 bushels wheat and 22 bbls. flour to the suffering Yankees.

A few pages further on we come upon the following:

Thursday, March 9.—Last Sunday being the anniversary of the horrid massacre, in King street, Boston, 1770, perpetrated by a party of soldiers, an elegant and spirited oration was pronounced, at the old South Meeting House, the day following, by Joseph Warren, Esq., in commemoration of the bloody tragedy.

The General Assembly of the Island of Barbadoes have drawn up a spirited petition to be transmitted to Great Britain and to be presented to his Majesty, in favor of America.

Who of that little party would have ventured to predict when a still more "eloquent and spirited oration" should be pronounced on that eminence where the gifted orator and devoted patriot was destined to fall?

On Friday, March 17th, says the chronicle:

Yesterday the Provincial Congress met at Concord, according to adjournment.

At a meeting of the fee-holders and other inhabitants of this town, at Faneuil Hall, on Monday last, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., was chosen Moderator. Town officers for the year ensuing were chosen as usual.

Under date of Thursday, March 20th, the chronicle says:

Last evening one Thomas Ditson, of Billerica, was seized by a party of the 47th regiment, and confined all night in the barracks. In the morning these new conservators of the peace, under the direction of their Colonel and some officers, tarred and feathered Ditson, and carried him in triumph through the streets on a truck drawn by a horse, attended by a number of armed soldiers, and under the nose of the General, in direct violation of the law. Not one of these high-handed offenders have been punished (that we hear of) either by the civil magistrate or a Court-martial.———Stand this recorded in the historic page of my country, for——for——

It stands recorded also for the benefit of this honest journalist whose indignation made him forget the formal plural in this recital of his country's wrongs, that this same Colonel of the gallant 47th, lived to see his regiment returning somewhat disorderly before the bullets of undisciplined farmers, and those same citizens they had so flippantly abused.

But in spite of these rebellious times and the suffering of the good people of Boston, and even of the following appeal to the subscribers of the magazine:

To the Subscribers of the "Royal American Magazine."

Gentlemen—The peculiar difficulty of the times is the excuse which the Editor has to plead for the request he *now* presents to his subscribers for the balance of the first year's *Magazine*, which ended in December last. Nothing is expected for the second year, until it is half expired.

—its pages were often graced with stately essays on abstract topics, nor did the Muse disdain to lend certain serious and didactic strains to its columns. Most of these poems were in the heroic measure, severely modelled after Pope and Cowper, and disguising their personal tributes under the names of Phillis and Chloe. Several stanzas "To a lady on the birth of a son," and others "To a young lady on her recovery from the small-pox," are "inserted to oblige A Youth." We are tempted to give space to the following as a specimen of Colonial poetry, partly from the singular effect which the change from the second to the third person in the first two lines produces, and partly for the sake of the lady's reputation. It is entitled:

ACROSTIC.

Mild, gentle maid! sweet winning beauties thine,
In her bright form, which speak her all divine;
Soft melting charms adorn her lovely face,
Smile in each look, and every action grace,
Discreetly gay by all approved, admired,
Endued with virtues innate and acquired;
Not keen-eyed envy could a blemish find,
Nor in her person, nor her well-fraught mind:
Inherent worth and goodness stand confest,
Engaging inmates of her generous breast.

And who was Miss Dennie? Was she a spinster of such an uncertain age that even the language of sincere and respectful passion dare not address her less formally than this title? Was she some prime New England damsel,

"Straight-laced, but all too full in bud
For Puritanic stays,"

whom the impassioned poet had met but once, and whose Christian name was undiscovered? Was she a fair Tory—some "She-slip of loyal blood," who danced at Colonial balls with red-coated Ensigns—who talked of Sheridan's new play of *The Rivals*, and retailed George Selwyn's last *mot* and the stale chat of London society, and bewailed Provincial barracks? Or was she one of those who, but a month later, listened to catch the hurrying hoofs of Paul Revere, and threw the powder-flask over her sweetheart's shoulder as she bade him hasten to Concord bridge. Did the fair girl, who blushed when the pages of the *Royal American Magazine* first proclaimed her charms, ever dream that her name would survive that of the *Royal American*, and that her virtues would again be published on the further confines of the continent, beyond the uttermost search of Jonathan Carver? Perhaps we shall never know. Mysterious Miss Dennie!—"Cecilia Metella" of Colonial History—only thy name is left to us as we turn away from this monument erected to thy unknown virtues!

"INIGO" REDIVIVUS.

WHEN Inigo gracefully dropped the reins and retired from the box seat of the Californian, a few days thereafter he disappeared from public gaze. Anxious inquiry on the part of his personal friends failed to elicit any definite information of his whereabouts. Some clue was offered by a tourist who informed us that a hat was picked up on the waters of Lake Tahoe, with the inscription "In-I-go" pinned on the lining, but whether this were really the signature of our friend, or a mere testamentary statement of fact by some suicidal diver, we were unable to determine. Matters thus remained enveloped in mystery until an unexpected incident suddenly cleared them up.

On returning to our office one day last week, after an absence of a few hours, we found "Bob" the office boy, away, but Bob's dog, a coal-black terrier, coiled up in Bob's chair, his inky hide spotted with small circles of white chalk, to artfully simulate a child's popular toy. Empty glasses on the table diffused a mild but not unpleasant flavor of lemon-peel throughout the apartment. In the centre of the floor stood a gunny-sack containing specimens of Arizona ore. On our desk lay contributions ransacked from their respective pigeon-holes, with verbal alterations, changing their sense entirely, and one or two sentimental and serious verses, with the addition of choruses.

Close beside them was a sheet of paper, beginning with a spirited though rudely executed sketch of ourself in the character of "Mazeppa," and, underneath, these lines:

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

Imagine a landscape and a woodshed. It is noon, and that stout old reaper, the Sun, has half cut his broad swathe through the billowy meadow above, piling the clouds on either side of him in winrows of white, and tossing his golden sheaves to the earth until the bleakest and barrenest spot smiles in a harvest of sunbeams. The sweet but pensive countenance of Inigo looks out from the window; and this fills up the picture.

I do not visit the Californian office now-a-days so frequently as I once did. It was here that my life was nearly worried out of me by having to pay bills and furnish copy, and I have a nervous apprehension that the same scenes may be re-enacted if I venture in even as a visitor. But business brings me here this morning, and accident detains me. No one is visible about the premises but "Bob," and he sits in a high-backed chair reading *Barrabas the Bandit, or the Bloody Bugle.*

A strange taste in literature that boy has! It was impossible to persuade him to read *The Countess*, and I do not think that

"PHILOSOPHIC PARAGRAPHS—The selected Sayings of Wise Men,"

(*vide* table of contents,) ever won from him more than a passing glance. But that department of the newspaper known as The Column of Crime has attractions for him. And in the book at present before him he is so deeply buried that a request for him to do an errand round the corner falls upon unheeding ears. I am the more at a loss to account for this strange perversity of taste, when I reflect upon the opportunities he has for reading back numbers of the Californian.

It has already been hinted that this article has been written "just for the fun of the thing." The old saying of the frogs in the fable comes pat to mind, but those who are not satisfied with the entertainment in this instance, can have their money returned at the door. This is better than the Christian Commission did with its customers.

Another thing that urges me to write in this accidental and surreptitious way is the desire to write my wrongs. I'm tired of being asked

about my return from Lake Tahoe and how I liked the country. I've not returned from Lake Tahoe, because I've never been there; but this does not prevent me from hating and despising the country heartily. More fish can be caught in Washington market in five minutes than one could get by going hobbing round Lake Tahoe for a week. Was there ever a Tom Cod seen up in the mountains?

To tell the truth, I've been to a mine of mine in the Alpine District, and at the present moment we are wealthy. A rich vein of unfermented bread has been struck in two of the lower tunnels, and a shaft that was commenced a year or two since is already deep in an excellent quality of shoe-blacking.

Unfortunately enough, the morning after this latter deposit was found the shaft filled with water. But this, as the Superintendent very sagaciously remarks, "is nothing." He will have a "whim" going in a very few days, and then he expects to polish off the stockholders with remarkable despatch. Superintenden's on whims in the main are not conducive to the success of any metallurgical enterprise, but this one promises to be. It is to be worked with women-power, I believe.

Pardon me for stupidity, but I sat up late last night to see a five-act comedy through. Think of it!—in this progressive age, when everything goes and everybody owes! Methuselah sat such things through in his youth, but not after he had reached the turning point of life. Of course it is a treat to see Richings, *père et fille*, in anything, and Wheatleigh's inimitable acting would go far to reconcile one even to *Pollock's Course of Time*, but five acts to grind is a little too much for modern comedy, suggesting tragedy at once. It pleased me to see the spirited tenor of the opera troupe charging through his *role*; but where was my charming friend, Jennie Kempton? Surely her rose-petaled little mouth has not convolved forever. Her friends, and they are many, will not allow her to give them the slip in this way, for her pleasant face lent a light to the stage, and the ripples of her voice are dear to our memories.

At this point behold me, stupid and sleepy. *Extremes* are not meet for this day and generation. I think I'll go somewhere and take something—ether, perhaps:

How happy I could be with ether.

If any one inquires for me, if there be reason to suspect that they are creditors, tell them I've gone to Lake Tahoe; if they look like people who owe me money, tell them I've returned from there—and in the meanwhile . . .

ON AN EXTINCT PUBLIC INSTITUTION.

NEAR the terminus of what is now a great public thoroughfare I sometimes pass a certain square whose freshly painted dwellings show it to have lately undergone that change which practical people call "improvement." Yet so impractical am I, and withal so vagrant and reprehensible in natural impulse, that I cannot resist a vague yearning as I recall the olden time when it was simply a beer-garden—called, I think, a Social Hall—and devoted mainly to pure-strained libation and the Waltz. I recall, too, the memorable Sunday when my youthful feet were arrested on my way to church by strains of secular music, and, how, after a moment's irresolution, I basely thrust my prayer-book into my pocket and entered the fatal enclosure. Here, as a conservator of public morals, I might stop. But I grieve to state that I enjoyed myself thoroughly on that occasion, and that many Sundays after, my thoughts would fondly revert from the sermon to the blissful delights of that beer-garden. No one familiar with the dignified and aristocratic service which always distinguished the dispensation at another public institution will for a moment imagine that there was anything in the sermon to suggest those vulgar memories. It was my own wayward fancy which invested the Rev. Mr. Cream Cheese with a lager-beery atmosphere, transformed the delicate white cambric of his pocket-handkerchief to the folds of a napkin, and made him otherwise appear as a festive and gorgeous head-waiter.

I remember—and offer it somewhat in mitigation of my offence—that a majority of those who attended the Extinct Public Institution were women and children, and that on entering that unhallowed enclosure my eyes fell first upon a baby. It is true that these people were principally foreigners, of a class educated to believe the Sabbath a day of enjoyment, and to whom—being Germans—all music was sacred. But the spectacle of so much happy childhood was a "touch of nature" that seemed to make us "kin," and the appearance of one or two infants at the breast made me overlook the bibulous propensities of their parents. Indeed, those babies were everywhere—toddling on the grass, being extricated from the whirling crinoline of waltzers, impending from their mothers' arms, dabbling their impotent fingers in small lakes of beer on the tables, or choking over their first glass and being violently rapped back again into consciousness and ear-piercing lamentation. There were older children, who ran races on the green and indulged in gymnastic exercise, on the poles and bars, or, repairing to the swing, swung themselves so high that the bright dresses of the little girls, seen through the swaying branches, made them look like gaily-plumed birds. I remember also an extravagance of sash, and a faint flavor of freshly-ironed frocks about those innocents, that were quite remarkable. There were older children, too, of both sexes, who sat in Arcadian simplicity with their arms about each other's waists. There were the laughing Gretchen, and the pensive Marguerite—a trifle rosier and stouter than her typical namesake—with blonde hair and blue eyes, and a gentle and persuasive sweetness of voice that belonged to an older civilization than ours, and often afforded an odd contrast to the tones of my fair countrywomen, which are apt to be somewhat stridulous and self-asserting—perhaps because the ancestors of Gretchen and Marguerite were sometimes yoked to a plough, and their descendants were accustomed to servitude, while my fair compatriots were always independent. However it might be, I remember that Gretchen and Marguerite were very happy in the company of two young fellows with smmach-colored monstaches, and I did not begrudge them that seventh-day's recreation which followed their week of domestic drudgery. There was Young America, also, mingling with the crowd—pliant, adaptive, and good-humored. There likewise the inevitable and gorgeous Snob presented himself—all the more pretentious, uneasy and insincere for being in the presence of ease, sincerity and unpretentiousness. But why should I recall him? The Public Institution is extinct, but has he not survived it? Does he not still pervade society, flitting before us like Mr. Pepper's Ghost—a cheap illusion, a theatrical shadow of the real thing—at church, at the opera, and in the *salon?*

At the further end of the hall, seen dimly through a halo of tobacco smoke, I remember to have observed a portrait, executed in the highest style of German art, representing Schiller—I think—with a few lines underneath, that in their complete unintelligibility and redundancy of Z's and S's, seemed to me to be the natural language of intoxication. I remember, too, that as I gazed at it, the band struck up an irresistible waltz, and the circling couples flew by me. I remember, too, how well they danced—those Germans—how the mazes of their cotillion seemed to be modelled upon the terribly-involved sentences of their own metaphysical writers. I remember, too, that, being influenced by the prevailing beverage and the fascinations of Strauss, I found myself shortly after waltzing with somebody in a white waist and blue skirt, but when or how I was introduced I cannot now recall. As she spoke no English and I no German there was nothing to divert our attention from the serious business of the waltz, and our acquaintance ceased with that set. Blonde-haired and slightly adipose maiden! should thy mild blue eyes ever rest on these pages, accept this assurance that thy slim, serious and sallow-visaged partner is still thy debtor.

Such are my loving and tender reminiscences of this Extinct Public Institution. If I may believe popular report, a weird influence still extends over the locality. On warm, starlit summer-nights, strains of Von Weber are said to float lightly and mysteriously upon the air, and mingle with the grateful perfume of adjacent gardens. The shrill notes of the piccolo have been heard at such times, even above the whistle of the San José cars. The soil is still damp, as with unabsorbed heel-taps and overflowing libations; a murky fog like that of tobacco smoke sometimes encompasses that region, and a brewery has risen over the locality of hops.

BRET.

A NOTABLE CONUNDRUM.

THE Fair continues, just the same. It is a nice place to hunt for people in. I have hunted for a friend there for as much as two hours of an evening, and at the end of that time found the hunting just as good as it was when I commenced.

If the projectors of this noble Fair never receive a dollar or even a kindly word of thanks for the labor of their hands, the sweat of their brows and the wear and tear of brain it has cost them to plan their work and perfect it, a consciousness of the incalculable good they have conferred upon the community must still give them a placid satisfaction more precious than money or sounding compliments. They have been the means of bringing many a pair of loving hearts together that could not get together anywhere else on account of parents and other obstructions. When you see a young lady standing by the sanitary scarecrow which mutely appeals to the public for quarters and swallows them, you may know by the expectant look upon her face that a young man is going to happen along there presently; and, if you have my luck, you will notice by that look still remaining upon her face that you are not the young man she is expecting. They court a good deal at the Fair, and the young fellows are always exchanging notes with the girls. For this purpose the business cards scattered about the place are found very convenient. I picked up one last night which was printed on both sides, but had been interlined in pencil, by somebody's Arabella, until one could not read it without feeling dizzy. It ran about in this wise—though the interlineations were not in parentheses in the original:

"John Smith, (My Dearest and Sweetest:) Soap Boiler and Candle Factor; (If you love me, if you love) Bar Soap, Castile Soap and Soft Soap, peculiarly suitable for (your Arabella, fly to the) Pacific coast, because of its non-liability to be affected by the climate. Those who may have kitchen refuse to sell, can leave orders, and our soap-fat carts will visit the (Art Gallery. I will be in front of the big mirror in an hour from now, and will go with you to the) corner designated. For the very best Soap and Candles the market affords, apply at the (Academy of Music. And from there, O joy! how my heart thrills with rapture at the prospect! with souls surcharged with bliss, we will wander forth to the) Soap Factory, or to the office, which is located on the (moon-lit beach,) corner of Jackson street, near the milk ranch. (From Arabella, who sends kisses to her darling) JOHN SMITH, Pioneer Soap Boiler and Candle Factor."

Sweethearts usually treasure up these little affectionate billets, and that this one was lost in the Pavilion, seemed proof to me that its contents were rather distracting to the mind of the young man who received it. He never would have lost it if he had not felt unsettled about something. I think it is likely he got mixed, so to speak, as to whether he was the lucky party, or whether it was the soap-boiler. However, I have possession of her extraordinary document now, and this is to inform Arabella that, in the hope that I may answer for the other young man, and do to fill a void or so in her aching heart, I am drifting about, in an unsettled way, on the look-out for her—sometimes on the Pacific Coast, sometimes at the Art Gallery, sometimes at the soap factory, and occasionally at the moonlit beach and the milk ranch. If she happen to visit either of those places shortly, and will have the goodness to wait a little while, she can calculate on my drifting around in the course of an hour or so.

I cannot say that all visitors to the Fair go there to make love, though I have my suspicions that a good many of them do. Numbers go there to look at the machinery and misunderstand it, and still greater numbers, perhaps, go to criticise the pictures. There is a handsome portrait in the Art Gallery of a pensive young girl. Last night it fell under the critical eye of a connoisseur from Arkansas. She examined it in silence for many minutes, and then she blew her nose calmly, and, says she, "I like it—it is so sad and thinkful."

Somebody knocked Weller's bust down from its shelf at the Fair, the other night, and destroyed it. It was wrong to do it, but it gave rise to a very able pun by a young person who has had much experience in such things, and was only indifferently proud of it. He said it was Weller enough when it was a bust, but just the reverse when it was busted. Explanation: He meant that it looked like Weller in the first place, but it did not after it was smashed to pieces. He also meant that it was well enough to leave it alone and not destroy it. The Author of this fine joke is among us yet, and I can bring him around if you would like to look at him. One would expect him to be haughty and ostentatious, but you would be surprised to see how simple and unpretending he is and how willing to take a drink.

But I have been playing the noble game of "Muggins." In that game, if you make a mistake of any kind, however trivial it may be, you are pronounced a muggins by the whole company, with great unanimity and enthusiasm. If you play the right card in the wrong place, you are a muggins; no matter how you play, in nine cases out of ten you are a muggins. They inform you of it with a shout which has no expression in it of regret. I have played this fine game all the evening, and although I knew little about it at first, I got to be quite a muggins at last. I played it very successfully on a policeman as I went home. I had forgotten my night-key and was climbing in at the window. When he clapped his hand on my shoulder, I smiled upon him and, says I, "Muggins!" with much vivacity. Says he, "How so?" and I said, "Because I live here, and you play the wrong card when you arrest me for entering my own house." I thought it was rather neat. But then there was nobody at home to identify me, and I had to go all the way to the station-house with him and give bail to appear and answer to a charge of burglary. As I turned to depart says he "Muggins!" I thought that was rather neat also.

But the conundrum I have alluded to in the heading of this article, was the best thing of the kind that has ever fallen under my notice. It was projected by a young man who has hardly any education at all, and whose opportunities have been very meagre, even from his childhood up. It was this: "Why was Napoleon when he crossed the Alps, like the Sanitary cheese at the Mechanics' Fair?"

It was very good for a young man just starting in life; don't you think so? He has gone away now to Sacramento. Probably we shall never see him more. He did not state what the answer was.

MARK TWAIN.

THE CAMPAIGN POET.—Since the opening of the Presidential campaign, the columns of the San Francisco *Call* have been kept sparkling with epigrammatic hits, quite characteristic of that sprightly journal, and often as effective as political leaders of a column's length. Some of these effusions of only half a dozen lines are as clever and indigenous as the Lowell-Biglow political epigrams, minus the Yankee dialect. The *Call* has evidently thrown its whole Soule into the campaign:

THE GRAVE-DIGGER OF THE SWAMPS.

If "Little Mac" was a hero when
He dug the graves of those lumbermen,
And slighting all the rules of Jomini,
Left nine hundred at Chickahominy—
Men who never felt a shiver
In the ice and snow of Penobscot river,
All destroyed by those dreadful blades,
In trenching swamps—poor worn-out braves—
Till death still digging their own graves—
If such campaigning made, alack!
A Bonaparte of "Little Mac,"
Sure now a hero ten times more,
Is he than e'er he was before,
Who digs a grave with a will so hearty
To bury the Democratic party.

AN APPROPRIATE SYMBOL.

SINCE Art built houses for the human,
A broom's the sceptre of a woman,
The symbol still its meaning keeps—
For instance, note McClellan's "sweeps,"
Who bear their brooms while seeking quarrels,
Significant of George B.'s laurels.
In warfare an old woman, he,
The broom should still his banner be.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

[*Tennyson.*

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS.

IN the autumn of the year 1847, Col. Dunn went to visit his friend, Mr. Murray, at his country-seat, in the North of England. As this country seat was the scene of a very singular adventure, it may be proper to mention its antiquity and solemnity, which were fitted to keep in countenance the most sombre events. The following circumstances were well known in the family, and were related by one of its members to the deceased Lady Blessington:

Upon arriving at the house of his friend, Col. Dunn found there many guests, who had already got possession of almost all the apartments. The chilliness of an October evening, and the somewhat mournful aspect of nature in that season, collected them, at an early hour, round the blazing hearth, where they thought no better amusement could be found than the ancient and well-approved one of story telling, for which all mankind seem to have a relish. We do not mean the practice of circulating abominable slanders against one's friends; but the harmless, drowsy, and good-natured recreation of retailing wonderful narratives, in which, if any ill is spoken, it is generally against such as are well able to bear it—namely, the enemy of mankind, and persons who, having committed atrocious crimes, are supposed after death to haunt the same spots to which their deeds have attached dismal recollections.

While these tales went round the evening darkened apace, and the windows ceased any longer to contrast the small glimmerings of eternal twilight with the bright blaze of the hearth. The rustling of withered leaves, casually stirred by the wind, is always a melancholy sound, and on this occasion lent its aid to the superstitious impressions which were gaining force by each successive recital of prodigies. One member of the family began to relate a certain tradition; but he was suddenly put a stop to by their host, who exhibited signs of displeasure and whispered something to him, at the same time turning his eyes upon Col. Dunn. The story was accordingly broken off, and the company went to supper with their hair standing on end. But so transitory are human impressions, that in a few minutes they had recovered their gaiety, except the Colonel, who was unable to comprehend why any tradition should be concealed from him in particular. When they separated to go to sleep, he was led by Mr. Murray, as the reader will probably anticipate, to a chamber at a great distance from the other bed-rooms, and which bore evident marks of having been newly opened, after remaining long unoccupied. In order to dissipate the confined air of the place, a large wooden fire was lighted, and the gloomy bed-curtains were tucked stiffly up in festoons. We have not heard whether there was tapestry in the room or not; but one thing is certain, that the room looked as dreary as any tapestry could have made it, even had it been worked on purpose, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe herself. Mr. Murray made apologies to Col. Dunn for putting him into an apartment which was somewhat uncomfortable, and which was now opened only because the rest were already filled. With these excuses, and other suitable compliments, he bade his guest good night, and went away with a good deal of seriousness in his countenance, leaving the door ajar behind him.

Col. Dunn, observing that the apartment was large and cold, and that but a small part of the room was covered with carpet, endeavored to shut the door, but found he could only close it half-way. Some obstacle in the hinges or the weight of the door on the floor, opposed his efforts. Nevertheless, being seized with absurd fancies, he took the candle and looked out; when he saw nothing, except the long passage, and the vacant apartment beyond. He went to bed, leaving the remains of the fire still flickering upon the broad hearth, and gleaming now and then upon the door as it stood half open. After the Colonel had lain for a long time ruminating, half asleep, and when the ashes were now nearly extinguished, he saw the figure of a woman glide in. No noise accompanied her step. She advanced to the fire-place, and stood between him and the light, with her back towards him, so that he could not see her features. Upon observing her dress, he found that it exactly corresponded, in appearance, with the ancient silk robes represented in the pictures of English ladies of rank, printed three centuries ago. This circumstance filled him with a degree of terror, which he had never experienced before. The stately garniture of times long past had a frightful meaning, when appearing as it now did, not upon canvas, but upon a moving shape, at midnight. Still endeavoring to shake off those impressions which benumbed him, he raised himself upon his arm, and faintly asked, "Who is there?" The phantom turned round, approached the bed, and fixed her eyes upon him, so that he now beheld a countenance where some of the worst passions of the living were blended with the cadaverous appearance of the dead. In the midst of traits which indicated noble birth and station, was seen a look of cruelty and perfidy, accompanied with a certain smile which betrayed even baser feelings. The approach of such a face near his own was more than Col. Dunn could support; and when he rose next morning from a feverish and troubled sleep, he could not recollect how or when the accursed spectre had departed.

When summoned to breakfast, he was asked how he had spent the night, and he endeavored to conceal his agitation by a general answer, but took the first opportunity to inform his friend Mr. Murray that, having recollected a certain piece of business that awaited him in London, he found it impossible to protract his visit a single night. Mr. Murray seemed surprised, and anxiously sought to discover whether anything occurred to render him displeased with his reception; but finding that his guest was impenetrable, and that his remonstrances against his departure were in vain, he insisted upon showing Col. Dunn the beauties of his country residence, after which he would reluctantly bid him farewell.

In walking round the mansion, Col. Dunn was shown the outside of the tower where he had slept, and vowed, mentally, never to enter it again. He was next led to a gallery of pictures, where Mr. Murray took much delight in displaying to him a complete series of family portraits, reaching back to a very remote era. Among the oldest there was one of a lady. Col. Dunn had no sooner got a glimpse of it, than he cried out, "May I never leave this spot if that is not she!"

Mr. Murray asked what he meant.

"The detestable phantom that started me out of my senses last night," and proceeded to relate every particular that had occurred.

Mr. Murray, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed that to the room where his guest had slept there was attached a certain tradition, pointing it out as having been, at a remote period, the scene of incest and murder. It had long obtained the repute of being haunted by the spirit of the lady whose picture was before him: but there were some circumstances in her history so atrocious, that her name was seldom mentioned in his family, and his ancestors had always endeavored as much as possible to draw a veil over her memory.

THE RADIANT BOY.

AN APPARITION SEEN BY THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

IT is now nearly forty years since the late Lord Londonderry was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such an one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to Lord Londonderry, was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling, from its antique decorations; from the dark and richly-carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning width and height of chimney, looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sepultures and entablature; from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous and complicated draperies that concealed the windows and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed.

Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutations; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not long been extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting that he might be imposed upon by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the same house, Lord Londonderry proceeded towards the figure; it retreated before him; as he slowly advanced, the form, with equal paces, slowly retired; it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sank into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real? Was it the work of the imagination? Was it the result of imposture? It was all incomprehensible.

He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and countenances of the family. He was conscious that, if any deception had been practiced, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast-table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for those latent smiles—those conscious looks—that silent communication between the parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything, apparently, proceeded in its ordinary course. The conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavoring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrence of the night. It was most extraordinary; he feared that he should not be credited; and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors who, like himself, were strangers and visitors in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practiced: the family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm.

At last, the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting interrupted their various surmises on the subject by saying: "The circumstances which you have just recounted must naturally appear very extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and not conversant with the legends of my family; and to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that has long been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the Radiant Boy. Be content—it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."

And here the affair ended.

TEXT-HAND COPIES FOR FAST BOYS.—Jolly is a Lark. To Be Respectable is To Be Slow. The Casino is Charming. Go it Like Bricks. Do the Governor. Philosophy is Dummy. Sherry-Cobbler is Stunning. Cut Slow Company. High Art is Dreary. A Good Young Man is a Pump. Virtue is Walker. The End of Life is a Spree.

TO-MORROW has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterday.

EVIL RESULTS OF GOOD COMPOSITION.

IT is probably true that bad style—or, rather, imperfect style—must always exist, because it necessarily attends, in various shapes, on the different forms which good style takes. It is not as if there was one simple, undeniable, perfect style, from which all others are abberrations. Men of genius or of great power of mind write their own style, for, as Buffon said, the style is the man. In English literature, the style of Burke is good, and the style of Southey is good. The excellence of De Quincy is equalled by the excellence of Dr. Newman, and yet all four styles are perfectly different and distinct from each other. In every case the style is intimately connected with the general cast of the writer's thought, and the language gains and grows because Englishmen of bright thought and practiced power write, generation after generation, in English. Sometimes the language which a man of genius has taught himself to use can scarcely be called a good style, but is yet vigorous, suggestive and characteristic, and we can neither wish that the style should be separated from the man nor conceive how the separation could take place. It is, for example, a gain to English literature that Mr. Carlyle should have written in Carlylese. In no other way could he have produced so accurate expression of his thoughts, or have done so much justice to himself. Mr. Ruskin, again, sometimes, as Mr. Arnold points out, writes a style perfectly marvellous for its sustained subtlety and a certain involved and tropical richness of imaginative expression; while sometimes he maunders on, saying the most foolish things in a prolix, affected way, though with an air of authority, as if he were an Old Testament prophet taking his ease. And yet the bad things and the good things are part of the same man, and it belongs to the character of the man and his thoughts that there should be this flux of an originality impotent to restrain or measure itself. But when such men as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle have secured their position, and caught the attention of their generation, and infused a certain portion of their thoughts into the mind of every educated person, it is inevitable that many of those writers who are most affected and captivated by them should use the language of their masters to express what in their thought comes from their masters. Particular phrases are then caught up and repeated, not because they have much meaning in the connection in which they are used, but because it has come to be received as an accepted and traditionary truth, on the authority of certain eminent writers, that they have a virtue as in themselves, and are full of a secret meaning, such as was once assigned to opals and amulets. For example, Mr. Carlyle, in his great anxiety to put portraiture into language, and to make short phrases express a whole character, used to employ frequently the term "humor," and to apply to it, as instruments of variation, certain emphatic words, such as grim, inner, veracious, and so forth. These words were originally parts of a description which was meant not only to be exact, but to be more exact, because more suggestive, than plain words setting forth moral qualities at length could possibly be. The effect was to a certain extent produced; and then admirers of Mr. Carlyle, although aware that they could not paint verbal pictures as he could, thought they might at least use the same paints, and so applied pretty freely to any one of whom they were speaking such expressions as that he had a grim or veracious humor. In a later stage, expressions like these came to be used, by persons not very choice or accurate in their language, as mere pieces of emphasis, and without any reference to Mr. Carlyle. Certain writers seem to acquire thus, without effort, and almost without their knowledge, a simple fund of strength, and their language is, as it were, made emphatic for them just as it is by slang. If, for instance, they like a man, and wish to praise him, they would say, if called upon to write in a solemn and formal way of him, that he was full of veracious humor; just as, if they were writing in a quiet and easy way among friends, they would say that he was a "thundering brick." Any one who reads either expression sees in a moment that nothing more is really meant than that the writer likes and admires the person of whom he is speaking.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing like having one's wits about one in the hour of peril, to which end it is above all things necessary that people should cultivate a habit of keeping themselves cool and facing small evils steadily. Some years ago a lady, bathing on the coast of Cornwall, got out of her depth and was carried out by the tide. The people on the shore were in a flutter, and did nothing to save her; but she herself knew that she could float, and so she threw herself on her back, determined to utilize her sole power to its utmost. A young shipwright hearing what happened, and being a strong swimmer, came down to the beach, stripped and began to swim after her. After swimming upwards of a mile he came near her, but before touching her he asked if she had presence of mind to do exactly as he told her to do, and promised that on that condition, he would do his best to save her. She gave her promise, and the carpenter came close to her, told her to place both hands upon his hips, which she did, and then swam back with her towards the shore. Both these people had their wits about them and both were saved. The Birmingham *Daily Post* also records an instance of coolness equally happy, though different in circumstance. A canal-boat at Wolverhampton was capsized on Monday, having in the cabin the captain's wife and three children. To all appearance their death was certain, when a boat-builder, seeing what had occurred, ran into the water, and leaped on to the bottom of the boat, at the same time sending a friend for his axe. As soon as he got it he placed his ear close to the side of the boat, and, ascertaining where the woman and children were, set to work to cut through the timbers of three-inch oak, and in ten minutes made an opening through which a tiny hand immediately grasped the broken timbers. As the hole increased in size more hands were held up, till at last the hole was wide enough to admit the egress of the baby ten months old. In twenty minutes from the occurrence of the accident, children and mother were all rescued. The process of delivery was simple, but no one thought of it except the man who had his wits about him.—*English paper.*

ALPINE INSPIRATION.

BETWEEN two and three we set off, my guide affecting to show the way with a lantern dangling at his knees. Our path lay for some time up towards the summit of the pass, across rough slopes of stony pasture, in which we occasionally stumbled on a cow, munching in the starlight, and shedding out the smell of her sweet breath. Leaving a large lake on our right; we soon reached the notch in the ridge over which the path leads down toward Engelberg. This is the top of the Joch. Here we turned off on the right, some time apparently losing ground by descending, but always making our way towards the Titlis. Presently, the grey light of the morning made that of the lantern a little, hot, greasy dab of flame; so the guido blew the candle out, hid it under some stones, of which he took the bearings, and pushed briskly on. After a succession of rock, slopes of debris, grass and small glacier, we came to a saddle, which led away from our right towards the great rounded snow summit of the mountain. Here my man swung off his knapsack, and sat down with a look about his mouth which said, "Lunch." It was really between five and six in the morning. Sleepy housemaids of the world beneath had not yet begun to light the kitchen fire; muddy boots stood in empty attitudes of expectation at hotel bed-room doors; Belgravia was still snoring politely—when my man unstrapped his knapsack and dragged forth our lunch. This done, we passed up the edge of the ridge on our right, tied ourselves together, got down upon the *nevé* from some rocks, and made straightway for the summit, which we reached at ten minutes to seven. The view was magnificent. Towards the Bernese Oberland the air was clear: beneath us, over the Lake of Lucerne, lay a sea of cloud, out of which Pilatus and the Righi rose like islands. Beyond, the more level land lay towards Strasburg, from which it is said the summit on which we were standing is sometimes visible. It consists of a grand swell of *nevé* or frozen snow, approached on one side by snow slopes, and on the other flanked by a series of precipices down which avalanches continually fall during the day, starting from the great cake of ice then beneath our feet. There is a little bit of rock on the summit; here I sat down and looked around. I had not done so long before I was disturbed by a poet, of all people in the world. "The poet of Engelberg" had chosen that very morning to ascend with a sheet of paper, a pencil and six friends. One of these informed me, directly he had been cast loose from the rope which had bound his party together, that the poet had come, and pointed out the man. Poor fellow! he had a character for inspiration to keep up, and so, though he was very hot and blown, he whipped out his pencil and justified it at once, soon gathering his admirers about him, and reading aloud, with rounded mouth, a stanza of the new-born thought. Then they said, "Bravo!" He pocketed the scrap, and all sat down to lunch. It was a touch-and-go act of poetry—genius with a hair-trigger. The sense of the sublime was summoned and dismissed at will. In the space of ten minutes the view was taken in, the brain was fired, the flash was fixed in a pocket-book, and the poet had his mouth full of cold sausage.

BURNS' "TAM O' SHANTER."—The London correspondent of the *Scottish American Journal* discourses about Burns' handwriting as follows: "I had the great literary treat yesterday of turning over the original manuscript of that matchless epic, *Tam o' Shanter*. It is written in dear Robbie's noble hand, distinct and legible in the highest degree; and herein the calligraphy testifies to the honest, warm-hearted bard. *Tam* is written on indifferent paper, a sort of whitey-brown, browner doubtless by the reek of the poet's cottage and its age, now about seventy years. It is written on twelve pages of this paper, such as he might have had from the gude wife Mauchline. The sheets are uniform, and of the size of the London *Gazette* page. The MS. is a study. You will sometimes find a whole page without erasure or interlineation—fluent as 'Logan Water.' The ploughman knew the value, however, of the Latin adage, *Limæ labor et mora*—the labor—the polish and delay of the file. What a mistake Lord Oxford must have made in literature; for he said that most authors wrote in his time—Robbie's time or *circa*—as they expected their works would live no longer than a month. Burns, and many other authors dear to memory, ever-during, knew the labor of the file, and filed away till they formed 'one entire and perfect chrysolite;' and we humble students who live now thank them for their file work. Here is a point worthy of note. Every alteration that is made in Robbie's MS. is made for the better. A word introduced gives greater breadth, depth, and meaning to show the passage, but never changing the latter, showing the firm mental purpose of Burns. Honest and frank in his corrections, he strikes out a word here and another there, but leaves it legible. Here's another point about *Tam o' Shanter's* first writing. It appeared to me in perusing it that Burns made more alterations in the 'Doric' parts of the tale—those parts, entirely of a rustic, plebeian—shall I say—character. From beginning to end there is *prima facia* evidence that he wrote by gushes, 'routh o'rhyme,' and that his more refined and sparkling thoughts and images came with entire spontaneity. Let me be understood. The well-remembered lines in *Tam o' Shanter*, beginning

> 'Our pleasures are like poppies spread,'

and ending with the exquisitely beautiful simile—

> 'Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm,'

seemed to be like the willing firstlings of his brain. Altogether, the MS. is a curiosity. It came direct through the executors of Burns' biographer, Dr. Currie. At the same time I examined Tom Campbell's first bit o' writing of *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and *Hohenlinden*. Thomas Campbell was a great polisher, as we all know."

IT is said that a lady is best dressed when one cannot remember what she wore, and according to that interpretation, Waifer thinks that Menken must be the best dressed woman that ever lived, for he cannot remember that she wore anything in particular.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT JERUSALEM.

I HAVE now been a week at Jerusalem, going the round of the sights—some of interest, others of absurdity. The first was, of course, the Holy Sepulchre, then King David's tomb, the Mount of Olives and the Chapel of the Ascension, Gethsemane, the village of Emmaus, and finally Bethlehem. They are all too well known from books for me to attempt description. It was far from my purpose, in writing about this country, to tread feebly in the footsteps of the many learned authors on it, but merely to give my impression of its present state as a part of the Turkish empire. I cannot, however, pass over Jerusalem, without saying how painful it was to me to listen to the desecrating tales of guides at the sacred shrines. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is necessarily of surpassing interest; but the doubt of the identity of the tomb—the flight of steps leading from it to Cavalry, which is also in the church, and the moukish triviality with which every detail is pointed out—the sockets of the three crosses—the rock riven by the earthquake during the Crucifixion—the stone on which the Lord's body was prepared for burial—that on which the Empress Helen sat when she found the true cross—finishing off with the sword of Godfrey of Bouillion—and all this under a guard of Turkish policemen—drive reverence from the mind most bent on simply believing that Christ died there. On Easter-eve it is still worse, I am told. The Greeks and Armenians assert that fire descends miraculously from heaven to light the lustres and tapers round the Holy Sepulchre, as the altar was burnt at the prayer of Elijah in the First Book of *Kings*. Strange antics are then performed—ludicrous were they not profane. People rush wildly shouting round the tomb; and so mad is the frenzy excited that persons have even recently been trampled to death in these superstitious orgies when the struggle to light tapers at the holy flame is raging. Formerly a white pigeon was thrown from the cupola into the sanctuary, to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost; but this gross aggravation is, happily, now discontinued. And we expect Christianity to be respected by Mussulmans who witness such degrading mummeries, for there are always some Turks in the church to guard it, and, on great festivals there are large bodies of soldiers and police to tell the tale of Christian inferiority to the purity of their own form of worship and that of the Jews. The noble Mosque of Omar is very different in its general effect. Impressed by its grave repose, one rejoices to recognize the undoubted features of the threshing-floor of Araunah, a bare rock unadorned with priestly gewgaws, and precisely in the same state in which it was when Abraham bound Isaac on the altar he had erected on it—when Melchizedek or Shem (if they were really the same person) offered bread and wine to Abraham on it, receiving a tithe of his spoil—when the angel stood there to threaten Jerusalem with pestilence, and when David built his altar on it. Then this was the court of the Temple of Solomon, whose vaulted foundations I visited, while pilgrim Jews from Germany and Poland wept outside, in all simple grief for its fall, at the Place of Wailing. It is truly a grand monument, eclipsing, both as a Jewish temple and as a mosque of Islam, the tawdry finery of the Christian Church of the Holy Sepulchre. One can well comprehend the enthusiasm of Saladin when he said, as recorded by the historian Emad ed Din, that it was the abode of a prophet, the resting place of saints, the goal of pilgrimage of angels, the future scene of the general resurrection and judgment, the spotless and beautiful pavement whence Mahomet ascended to heaven, and whence the lightning flashed on that night of mystery, illuminating every point of the universe.—*Rambles in Syrian Deserts.*

MISPLACED KINDNESS.

THERE is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself one day, when traveling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham!" cried out the conductor; "the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Captain Holmes fast asleep and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Captain Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road-side. Whiz went the steam, and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him: "Well, if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles," and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said "if it hadn't been for me, Captain Holmes would have missed his bundles finely;"

When we stopped at the next station, a lady began to rummage under the seat where Captain Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I cant find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping-place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days, provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that old woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station; I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Captain Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens?" exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Captain Holmes."

"Captain Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Captain Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me, what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing-place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well!" again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Captain Holmes's cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old fellow is lame too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young gentleman.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young gentleman, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

JERROLDIANA.

JERROLD said: "Eve ate the apple that she might dress."

In the outside world of brazen brows there is no impudence like the impudence of what men will call religion.

A wild republican said, profanely, that Louis Blanc was next to our Saviour. "On which side?" Jerrold asked.

They say a parson first invented gunpowder, but it is hard to believe it till one is married.

"Well, Talfourd," said Jerrold, on meeting the late eminent Judge and author one day near Temple Bar, "have you any more *Ions* in the fire?"

Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till, falling, it is shivered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wraugle about who broke it.

Every impostor rewarded is a worthy poor man wronged. We do not respect the philanthropy that has its especial pets yet those pets abound.

An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish; and, as he threw down his knife and fork exclaimed, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!" *Jerrold*—"There's egotism!"

At a club of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William III., were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table and roared at his adversary. "I tell you what it is, sir; I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be out-mastered by mere lungs. He rose and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I, sir, spit upon your James II." Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell and shouted, "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

When Jerrold was living at Boulogne, he caught rheumatism in the eyes. He was attended by a coarse, brutal French doctor, who blistered him severely, to no purpose. Jerrold was in a dark room for several weeks, under the ineffectual treatment of this unpleasant practitioner. One day the doctor was dressing the blister roughly, when his patient winced: "*Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!*" said the doctor. Presently, some hot water was brought in for the doctor's hands. The doctor dipped his fingers into the basin, but withdrew them rapidly, with a loud exclamation. The water was nearly boiling. Jerrold could not resist the opportunity, ill as he was, for a retort, and soothingly addressed the scalded man with "*Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!*"

A gentleman of a somewhat ardent temperament paid great attention to his pretty servant in the absence of his wife. The good wife, before leaving London, had made a store of pickles and preserves, that were to adorn her table till the following year. But the husband, taking Time vigorously by the forelock, shared the sweets of the year with the temporary object of his affections. When the wife returned, the pickle-jars were empty. "Conceive his baseness, my dear," said the injured wife to a female friend, "he not only destroyed my peace of mind, but, with a depravity that makes one shudder, he actually ate all my pickles." In the following spring Jerrold met the husband and wife in Covent Garden market, walking together. Pointing to a tray of young walnuts, Jerrold quietly asked, "Going to do anything this year?"

The law of war between nations—a law illustrated in every page of history—appears to be this: that wars are few or frequent in proportion to the destructive powers of the arms in use. When the club was the only weapon of attack and defence, there was no peace; every knave had his club, and club-law was universal. When the sword and buckler took its place, war came and went with the season. As soon as the harvest was over, the Roman went out against his neighbor or his neighbor advanced against him. Gunpowder was a great peace-maker. If with that invention war became more destructive, it ceased to be the normal condition of mankind. It grew more and more terrible, more and more brief. Nations felt how great the loss must be of a collision, and statesmen began to ask themselves if the possible gain would equal the inevitable loss. No doubt, passion, ignorance, personal cupidity, often overleaped the bounds of reason, and plunged all Europe into horror; but the violence, never failed to obtain the reproach of public opinion—the brand of history. And no ruler, however powerful, can dispense with the moral support of public opinion; and hence, however warlike, the most passionate lover of war will hesitate long and resort to a thousand tricks, as Bonaparte always did, rather than appear to Europe as the open agressor, the wilful shedder of blood.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

Monday, 26th.—The Pioneer and San Francisco Cricket Clubs have had a trial of skill at the old Pioneer race-ground near the Willows, resulting in victory to the Pioneers.....A gentleman offers to bet $100 that Lincoln and Johnson's majority in this State will reach 25,000. Who takes it?.... The Oaklanders, getting spunky, offer to carry passengers by rail from Oakland to Alameda, thence by stage to San Jose, for the sum of one dollar.....The Lancha (launch out) Plana Copper Company advertises a dividend! Wonders never will cease.....George W. Pollock commences suit against the owners of the steamboat *Washoe* for $10,000 damages, for being blown up on that craft; she now lies at Hathaway's wharf, a sight to behold.....Isaac Hinzman indulges in the luxury of threshing his wife, which Russian idea of illustrating affection Judge Shepheard objects to, and "can't see it in that light;" so comes down heavy on Isaac.....Eighteen years ago to-day, the California Regiment sailed from New York in the ships *Thomas H. Perkins*, *Susan Drew* and *Loo Choo*, under command of Col. J. D. Stevenson. They were all deeply laden, although the *Susan Drew* the most water..... *Telegraphic News:* Gold at 202; report of Gen. Stevenson fully confirming the magnitude and brilliancy of Sheridan's victory over Early. Sheridan woke up Early in the morning, and gave him a good dressing before night. Reports that Mobile surrendered unconditionally. Athens (Ala.) attacked and forced to surrender. Shelby's cavalry 5,000 strong, occupy Fredericktown (Mo.) Price advances from Arkansas with 10,000 men intended to join Selby. The French again defeated on the Rio Grande by Cortinas; they went up the river to attack Brownsville, but were themselves attacked, and took French leave. Quite an excitement in Legal Tenders. $150,000 sold at 53 cents cash and 30 days.....Gardner, who was injured at the time Mr. Rice was killed, recovering and out of danger.....Dr. Wadsworth's "Lecture to young men" at Calvary church, last evening, was well attended. It is needless to state that they were all single men. The married men have no occasion to go out for their lectures.....Steamer *John L. Stephens* from Mexican ports, arrived yesterday, (Sunday,) with a large number of passengers, and $207,700 in specie.....A Federal salute was fired from Alcatraz this afternoon, by order of Gen. McDowell, in honor of Sheridan's success..... *Io Triumphe! The first installment!*—The *John L. Stephens* brought thirteen silver bars from the Triuufo Gold and Silver Mine, San Antonio district, Lower California. There will undoubtedly be a bar-gain in stock. May their bars never be less!....One hundred sacks 50 per cent. copper ore or fifty sacks one hundred per cent., (we forget which.) were landed from schooner *Sovereign*, from the Colorado—the first evidences of good from Nazareth!

Tuesday, 27th.—*A whale:* A gentleman riding on the beach strikes a lead, and calls it the *Jonah*. It is a whale 70 feet long that had become disgusted with a life in the ocean wave and came ashore to offer his services to some political club. Can spout anything. The discoverer proposes to spout his whaleship—a scent-sible investment! Who wants fish for dinner?....A gentleman named Santo Gnido was fined $70 for imagining every man he meets to be the great Sanitary cheese, and thereupon proceeds to slice him and cut his acquaintance generally—carving his way to distinction with a large knife, at groat expense.....A runaway, too common to be worth mentioning: a nice buggy converted into stove-wood in just two minutes, and stove all up; time not taken. A *hitch* in time would have saved the distance made, and some dollars.....A man named Martin, a waterman, fell in a fit and died in a few moments near Sixth street.....Discovered that there is no good reason why raisins should not be produced in California if we had the right kind of grapes, and knew how to cure them. Referred to the medical faculty, who wouldn't admit that they couldn't cure anything. ....The Crescent Mine at Indian Valley, Plumas county, declares a dividend of $50 per share..... *A Droll Mayor:* Henry Drollmayer and his wife, who were made one, have been divided and made two, by order of Judge Dwinelle.... Steamer *Moses Taylor* arrives from San Juan via Panama, with passengers by the Nicaragua route..... The Postmaster-General telegraphs Postmaster Perkins that the Overland Mail route is again open, and that the mails will be despatched by that route as usual. Good!....The California Guards, Capt. Bluxome, fire a salute in honor of the recent victories.....Walter N. Palmer, late Superintendent of the Ophir Mine, files his answer to complaint of the company, charging that he had overdrawn his salary, and says he only got what belonged to him, and that he doesn't owe the company any thanks, or money either. The stockholders have not been so lucky..... *On the Square:* An appropriation of $2,500 made by the Board of Supervisors for ornamenting the Plaza. It does not provide for a few buckets of water to wash off the accumulated dust on the fountain.....The Courts busy coining sovereigns (voters) for the coming election. A large number of foreigners made "native and to the manner born."....Gold quoted 180 in Wall street; greenbacks lively at 53¼. The Gaps of Shenandoah Valley to be fortified—these gaps have proved yawning gulfs to the rebels.....Postmaster-General Blair resigns; the people bear the infliction with a great deal of resignation.....Pilot Knob evacuated. Lee instructs Early to hold Shenandoah Valley at all hazards. Rather late for Early to do it; will prove a hazardous operation.

Wednesday, 28th.—The editorial corps of The Californian went "*inter se*" the whale, and, "O, Moses!" it was a sudden but *sic transit* they made in passing the object..... *Jarndyce and Jarndyce:* The Pan controversy still continues in the U. S. Circuit Court, grinding away; the lawyers reducing the testimony to a pulp; some grit still perceptible, however, but nothing panned out yet. There probably will be some quicksilver lost in the trial. Judge Hoffman will be sound on Amalgamation hereafter.....An interesting dog-fight on Montgomery street, gathering a crowd of a hundred or more Bummers. Stub-tail wins the fight.....Gold 190 in Wall street; greenbacks lower, 51½ cents. John Perry and Frank Woods considerably excited.....Race at the Bay View Park, between *Humboldt* and *Latham*, was won by *Latham* in three straight heats—time, 2:48½, 2:45½, 2:43½.....Miss Hardinge lectures on *The Coming Man*, at Platt's Hall, to a large audience. Miss Hardinge speaks with that fervor that usually distinguishes ladies, on that subject.

Thursday, 29th.—Telegraph Omaha'd again, consequently no news; but as no news is good news, we quote the news to-day "cheerful and encouraging." Private despatches quote gold last evening fluctuating from 200 to 210, and closing at 204—a lively time among the brokers, we should imagine.... Patrick Smith brings suit against the Omnibus Railroad Company for over charge of fare; complains that it was not fair to charge him six-and-a-quarter cents when the rate is but five, and he can't see any sense in it. The company probably do, and will continue to do Patrick, thereby accumulating the cents that he can't see. For Patrick's consolation we would mention that it is a "free country," and it is one of the glorious principles of this style of government that if a man don't like to ride he can walk.....*A New Coat:* The Plaza fence gets a new coat—a suit of black—going into mourning for the dead trees and grass within it. A suitable reward will be paid, on application at this office, for the suggestion of a little water in the Bensley Squirt....The Ladies' Fair of the Christian Commission results in a clean profit, over and above all expenses, of $26,492 63. Very flattering to the ladies, certainly!....Steamer *Golden Age* arrives, bringing a large mail, lots of females and other precious freight. Our old friend, Col. Hewston arrives.....*Modern Thebes:* The English ship *Thebes* founders off Cape Horn; total loss of cargo; crew saved. Cape Horn foundered the *Thebes*. Who found Cape Horn?

Friday, 30th.—*By Telegraph:* Sheridan still hurries up Early's cakes, which seem to be all dough. Secretary Seward, the peace-maker, seems to have had a taste of rebel compliments; also Assistant Secretary of War Dana. Where was Mr. Stanton? If there are any heads of Departments to be taken off, it is his duty to head the list. Secretary Seward don't seem to relish the style of rebel diplomatics, and thinks the pen mightier than the sword. We think old cheese is, too; but cannon balls are worse than either; and even as good a Christian as the Hon. Secretary don't care to be canonized in that way. Grant makes a move to some effect. That's a way he has; the defects in his moves are the faults of his subordinates. Birney carries the Newmarket entrenchments; don't say where he is carrying them, but as he is marching "On to Richmond," it is probable he will set down the one and carry several more. Let him refer to his Daboll and make a note. Sheridan enters Staunton for a race after Early. Gen. Hooker appointed to an important command. We knew it; we knew Fighting Hooker's very handsome sword, presented by his old friends here, would never be suffered to rest in idleness. Three cheers for Hooker! and may his command never be less—than a corps.

October 1st.—Ephe Leonard and Charley Smith go off on a shoot.

CALIFORNIA, AS SEEN BY A STRANGER.

THE following graphic and humorous picture of California, as it strikes a stranger's comprehension, we extract from Dr. Bellows' recently published Oration before the Pioneers:

If I wished to give a stranger in the most rapid way an idea of California, I would blindfold him the other side the Golden Gate, and take off his bandage in the middle of some mining town, or camp, like Murphy's, or if a larger scale were desired, Placerville or Folsom. Between the scarred and hydraulicked sides of a gulch in the foot-hills, torn and disfigured as with the wicked sports of a band of tipsy Titans pelting each other with earth and stones, he should open his eye on a narrow street lined with one-story small wooden houses, with here and there a brick or stone building of two or three stories breaking the sky line into gappy irregularity, and with green iron shutters panelling the fronts. A few stores bursting with stocks of goods of a prodigious size and variety, compared with the apparent demand, should attest the difficulty of replenishing a business stock, the distance of the country from its base of supplies at New York, and the large capital involved in trade, accounting for the enormous prices demanded at retail.

Passing along, the fresh eye would note almost at once certain characteristic things, five or six saloons standing wide open, with enormous bars of liquors and still more extraordinary supplies of billiard tables, which no where else in the rudest hamlets are regarded as a first necessity of life. Next, four or five restaurants with small tables attended by a speckled population of English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Mexican, Chilian, Chinese, Indian and American servants—but in which great mufly Diggers, natural perukes, or else shaved pig-tailed Johns, form the most picturesque features. Three barbers' shops, each big enough to shave a city in, with every possible extravagance of luxury in them, and some new wrinkle, on which to found an extra quarter's charge introduced once a week; next, a pair of solemn looking institutions, in which the dignity of a bench of Judges is ingeniously blended with the indignity of the *Stocks*, which gradually develop themselves on the mystified stranger, as "the peculiar institution" of the country—in short a boot-blacking establishment. Dont let me forget to point out two extensive and excellent bathing establishments connected with the barbers' shops, and six laundries, where *John* is seen spirting the water from his mouth upon a snow-white shirt, and then smoothing it down with a brazier of live-coals; three or four fruit-stores that make a stranger's mouth water; six tobacco and cigar cubby holes; two stands of yellow novels, periodicals and newspapers, illustrated and otherwise; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express office, of course; an apothecary shop, or drug store, whose stock would indicate that the people lived at least half on medicines, and especially quack medicines, politely known as Patent; four or five small taverns, one or two unexpectedly comfortable; the placard of the circus, for which you are to "wait" and the equescurriculum, which you are "not to forget;" and the concert which Messrs. Dodge & Hayward have come to charm you with; not to speak of sundry most brilliant pictures of ladies in very short petticoats, and gentlemen in very tight breeches, sometimes unhappily in next to none at all, stuck on street corners, and hanging in the barbers' shops—for I never dared to enter the saloons; in the distance, a wooden ditch of muddy water, elevated on a staging a hundred feet high, and in the road beneath it, the Pioneer Company's Stages, with nine inside, and fifteen a-top, the legs dangling round the entire roof, and forming a charming fringe of boots, shoes and Chinese slippers for the delectation of the inside passengers, all dashing along, generally three or four of them, with six horses each, up to the tavern, where stand the noble horses that are to relieve their sweating mates. If I add that about half the houses and stores have the words "to let" upon them, it will serve to indicate the certain effect, and "seen-better-days" character, which marks all mining towns that are not founded on a quartz basis.

If the stranger were not satisfied with this characteristic picture, I would bandage him up again and give him over as a dull fellow for the interpretation of human and social physiognomy, offer him one more chance to redeem himself by a glance at your scenery. First I would set him down at the charming door of the Big Tree Hotel, and after he had recovered on excellent fare from the exhausting admiration awakened by the rare greenness, the smoothness and vastness of the hills among which his winding way led up to the elevation he had reached, had lain, an admiration forced out of him by those sugar pines, straight as arrows and from two to three hundred feet high, and six, eight and ten feet in diameter; their bark mottled like an adder's skin, and suggesting the idea that some new Moses, after having restored their erectness, had changed back the serpents into rods fit for the wands of demi-gods—I would carry him out into the grove, a grove such as no Druid ever worshipped in, where that great council of monarchs of the forest stands, surrounded by a court of Dryads, each of which would alone dignify any other scene. I would call his attention to the vigorous youth of these vast growths which a thousand years has not carried beyond their prime, and which a thousand years more will not humble to old age. Was ever the majesty of organized form, the mingled beauty and grandeur of vegetable growth, the solemn mystery of vital processes and the awing associations of lapsing ages, which these silent witnesses have seen come and depart, more impressively united! How their grand boles flame up, columns of ruddy energy and beauty, fingers of light and power, in the dark forest that embosoms them; how like vast Indian chiefs, in their old war paint, their tall plumes still nodding, they stand guardians of the hunting grounds of a thousand years ago!

If this vast vistory of vegetative vitality did not bring our visitor to his knees, I would hurry him straight to Yosemite and imprison him before he was aware, in that most wondrous fortress of rock; its green, meadowy floor, swept with the pellucid waters of the raging, playful, changing, mighty, meek Merced; a floor, a mile down from the cornice of granite walls, that, steep as the sides of your city streets, hang in precipitous curtains of rock, now white, now brown, now black, fringed above with a vegetation, fine as box to look up at, coarse as timber land, to visit; and below, edged with firs and pines, too large for the masts of frigates, but dwarfed from above into bushes and tufts. Here garlanded with cataracts, that hang in bridal veils and flutter on the breeze, he should look up two thousand feet to see rivers darting over the brink, to flow and flow and flow, in terror into splinters of watery wrath, exploding in pyrotechnics of fluid rockets, as if diamonds and pearls had suddenly taken on the qualities of shells and gunpowder. If these sublime combinations of rocks and waters, of chasms and precipices, over which beauty had poured her oil, and "smoothed the raven down of darkness till it smiled," did not suffice to awaken that pleasing terror, that ecstatic pain, that purifies and exalts the sensitive soul, I would remand the insensate wretch, whose heart was dead, to the California Gehenna, and after treating him with a course of sulphur, alum, magnesia, and epsom salts fresh from your great subterranean apothecary-shop at the Geysers—after riding him bare-back on the Hog's Back, not in the safe-keeping of Mr. Foss, fling him at last into the Witches' Cauldron, to be converted, not from the hopeless errors of his ways, but into the acids and alkalies that compose a cynical and unadmiring biped of the *genus homo*.

The Human Figure.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, this rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin is one-tenth of the statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. The chest is one-fourth; and from the nipple to the top of the head is the same. From the bottom of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet and second the place where the nostrils. The navel is the centre part of the human body, and if a man should lie on his back with his arms extended, the periphery of the centre would touch the extremities of his hands and feet. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

In the French towns much frequented by the English, it is not unusual to find, at cafes and hotels, translations into English of the bills of fare. At a restaurant in Boulogne-sur-Mer, the following very usual notice to the *carte* had rather an unusual translation. The note is: "*Les vins sont d'une qualite qui ne lasse rien a dtsirer*," which being freely translated is: "The wines are of quality to suit the most fastidious;" but was thus rendered: "The wines are of that quality they leave you nothing to hope for."

Proverb.—A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

Apple Snow Balls.—Obtain half a dozen large apples, pare them and cut them into quarters, taking care to remove the whole of the cores. When reconstructing the position of the apples, introduce into the cavities caused by ubstracting the cores. 1 clove and a thin slice of lemon-peel. Have 6 small pudding-cloths at hand, and ¼ lb. clean picked China rice, and cover the apples severally, one after the other, in an upright position, with rice, tying them up tight. Then pluce them in a large saucepan of scalding water, and let them hoil for 1 whole hour. On taking them up open the tops, and intermix with the fruit a little grated nutmeg, with butter and sugar to your taste. The above constitutes a wholesomo and nutritious course of food for childreu, and proves, witbal, an economical featuro iu the nursery bill of fare.

Imitation Oyster Soup.—If this be carefully made, it will very nearly equal the real oyster soup in flavor, and I should advise any lady who does not already know it, and wishes for an excellent soup, to try it. In the first place, a full quart of good white stock must be prepared, after which blanch 2 oz. of sweet almonds, and pound them to a paste, with a little water. Rub this paste through a cloth or sieve, with ¼ pint of rich milk. Then mix up together 2 table-spoonsful of anchovy sauce, 1 of vinegar, 1 of mushroom catsup, 3 of white wiue, a ¼ of nutmeg, grated, und the yelks of 2 eggs well beaten, and 1 table spoonful of arrow-root or fine flour. This mixture must be added to the stock, and also the almonds and cream, and the whole hoiled up together. The only seasoning should be pepper and mace.

A Pretty Supper Dish.—Have some semicircular tiu moulds, about the size and shape of the half of a small orange; prepare some corn starch in the plan usually udopted for the corn starch blanc-mauge, and fill these little moulds therewith when it is still warm, taking eare to dip the moulds in cold water beforehand, to prevent the mixture from sticking to them. When cold turn out, and with a little gum-water, or sugar and gum-water, stick the halves together, forming shiny opaque balls; then with a brush and some extract of cochineal, carefully tiuge one side, shading the color according to taste; arrange these on a dish, in a little pyramid, as you would do with apples, placing leaves or flowers in the interstices. If nicely managed, and any careful cook could do it, this will prove a charming dish, the oswego balls looking like the loveliest of love-apples.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Hints on a Wedding Breakfast.—The bride is of course banded in first by the bridegroom, but it is not usual for the bridesmaids to follow them immediately. The older members of the company take the precedence, commencing usually with the parents of the newly-married couple. The most attractive cavaliers are generally set apart for the bridesmaids, who are handed by them to the breakfast, after the principal married guests, and before others of the younger portion of the company. It is usual, for the bride's mother to sit next to the bridegroom, and his father by the side of the bride; the lady's mother having been taken to breakfast by the gentleman's father and *vice versa*.

A correspondent says: "Let me describe some very pretty curtains which I have lately seen. The curtains were of plain book muslin, long and full. At the top and bottom and down both sides was placed, close to the edge, a plaiting "à la vielle" of book muslin, about four inches wide. This was sewn to the curtains, leaving a frill, about half-an-inch wide, on either side. Above the two lines of sewing was placed a narrow plaiting of deep rose-colored ribbon, and a broader ribbon of the same color was run underneath the plaiting. The usual fringe depending from the curtain cornice was omitted, the full plaiting just appearing below the gilt cornice. The curtains were tied up with broad ribbon in a large bow, which is a much prettier plan for muslin curtains than the old-fashioned cord. In the same room with these charming curtains was a pretty device for hiding that very ugly object—the fire place. A large sheet of looking-glass filled up the space, and some flowers, in pots, were grouped at the base. The glass might be expensive, to begin with, but, with care, would last a lifetime, and, if expense is not an object, I can vouch for the excellent effect of the mirror and flowers."

To Wash Lace.—Dissolve in warm water a piece of spermaceti about the size of a small walnut, and also a bit of white wax not quite so large. Let the saucepan stand on the stove, and, having put in the lace, let it stew until the color becomes good. When it is taken out of the water, it must be pulled out until it is dry, but never ironed. The same plan may be pursued with crochet work. Use luke-warm water and plenty of soap. Do not rub or wring, only dab your lace about, and gently squeeze it out. Soap again and squeeze again till clean. Do not let it be longer in the water than you can help to clean it. Then rinse perfectly. Your last rinsing water must be unsullied by the immersion of your laces. Fill a teacup with blue water (the bright powder-blue is best), und add half a teaspoonful of liquid drawing gum. Let the lace remain a few moments, squeeze it out gently, pick out each piece nicely, lay them separately on a clean cloth, and fold it up. Have a hot iron, lay your lace on a handkerchief placed over the ironing blanket doubled four times, pick it out very exactly and then iron, taking care to pick out and iron out every piece like new, and raise it well by a moderate pressure.

To whiten lace—After washing, before rinsing, soap well; put it in a jug, pour on boiling water, cover the jug and let it stand awhile.

To whiten fine articles much discolored.—After well washing, soak all day in the deepest possible blue water. At dark lay it out on the grass, and leave all night; then rinse well. If still yellow repeat the process, and leave it out another night or two in the dew.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A SEWING-MACHINE and of the many styles now before the public, none combine so many excellent features as the "Grover & Baker." We find this machine alone adapted to the elegant embroidery which has become so popular this season—which advantage, aside from all others, is sufficient to commend it to all ladies contemplating the purchase of a sewing-machine.

MR. CHRISTIAN PFISTER has the honor of calling public attention to his great assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, fine Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Peruques, Toupes, Combs—tortoise-shell, buffalo and Irish horn, ivory and rubber; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves, ladies' and gentlemens'; silk Suspenders and commen ones; Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, etc. Having made new arrangements with Paris houses, it is within his power to offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the gentlemen's room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
Over Parrott's Bank.
'y30-1m

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.

Store fronting on
514 Market & 15 Sutter St.
THREE DOORS
BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,
San Francisco.

Our Motto, "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,
Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.
au6-tf

SELLING OFF,
TO CLOSE BUSINESS,
ON ACCOUNT OF LEAVING FOR THE EAST.

ROSENBLATT'S
Palace of Fashion,
Number 125 Montgomery street.
OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Sacramento.

WILL SELL THE ENTIRE RICH STOCK OF REAL LACE Collars, Sleeves, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Russia Leather Bags, Hosiery, Fancy Boxes, Fans, Portemonnaies, and Silk, Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,
AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Real Point Lace Collars at - - - - $2 50
French Corsets - - - - - - - - - 1 00

STORE TO LET, and FIXTURES FOR SALE.
se24-1m

H. LUCKE,
BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER
—OF—
FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.
SUNDAY TRAINS
Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.
FREIGHT TRAINS
Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Jose at 6 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
se General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:
Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

QUINCY HALL
Clothing Emporium!

THE Largest and Finest Store in the State is QUINCY HALL, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street, where can be found clothing of every description, of the finest quality and latest style. Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.
sc3-tf

TYLER BROTHERS,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
School Books, Stationery,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,
NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
au27-tf

CARPETS.

WE have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON
—AND—
Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of
BRUSSELS CARPETS,
THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,
PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,
WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our
PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,
Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.
se24

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF
Roses And Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S
PATENT IMPROVED
Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their sanitary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by
H. P. WAKELEE,
sc24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing Stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing.

Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by
H. P. WAKELEE,
se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,
WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,
DEALER IN
LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,
And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. sc24

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Palace of Fashion,

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OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Sacramento.

WILL SELL THE ENTIRE RICH STOCK OF REAL LACE Collars, Sleeves, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Russia Leather Bags, Hosiery, Fancy Boxes, Fans, Portemonnaies, and Silk, Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Real Point Lace Collars at - - - - $2 50
Freuch Corsets . - - - - - - - 1 00

☞ STORE TO LET, and FIXTURES FOR SALE.

se24-1m

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NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) ‖ CLAY STREET, ‖ (Old No 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF—

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

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Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.

jy30-tf

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,

No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,

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—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At 7 o'clock, A. M.

se24-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

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Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY *MACHINES,*

With recent improvements for

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Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

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MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

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THERE IS BUT ONE

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PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

The GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE has been awarded Twenty-three First Premiums at State Fairs, and Twenty-one at City and County Fairs, in 1863, making Forty-four in all.

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$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

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NEW YORK,

PAYABLE IN GOLD,

For sale in sums to suit by

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In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

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This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S

ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

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ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFUL, wee

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S

CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

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DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skodaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
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ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
an27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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DR. H. GOODALE'S

Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE GREAT

UNEQUALLED

PREPARATION

FOR

RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING

AND

DRESSING

THE

Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
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au19-3m

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$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
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And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
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R. G. SNEATH,
408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE
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Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Rod Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.
Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

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GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.
Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
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PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.
CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.
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Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.
SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

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Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?
THIS AGENCY
Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

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Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,
or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam-engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.
Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

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Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.
A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.
jn11-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

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WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,
204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
(Advances on Consignments.)

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San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

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jul1-3m

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.
First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.
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CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
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Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

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Devotes herself exclusively to
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And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.
Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.
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DENTIST,
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.
All operations portaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
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E. F. BUNNELL, D. D. S.,
ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.
☞ All work warranted. Price low.☜
N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. nu27-3m

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DR. JOHN HEALD,

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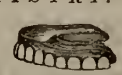
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE,
Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH
IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 *Clay street,*
ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.
Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

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THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

Paper of a superior quality and weight is being made

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL
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Let every lover of choice literature throughout the States and Territories of the Pacific coast

READ THE CALIFORNIAN!

Let no family be without this paper, which, as an Eastern cotemporary remarks, is creditable to the people who sustain it. Therefore,

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.
CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
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R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

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BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
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STOVES AND METALS,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
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nu20

JOHN GORMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER,
No. 705 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Near Washington,)
Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9.

LEGAL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE of Real ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the Estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 10th day of OCTOBER, 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by law or otherwise, since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street 77 1/2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running westerly along said line of Ellis street 20 feet, thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place, No. 108 Front street, from this date till said 10th day of October, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of Andrew Robeson, deceased.
D. P. Barstow, Attorney for Administrator, 24 Montgomery Block. se10-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.—FANNY L. GREEN, Plaintiff, vs. ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to ROBERT E. GREEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and permitting plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Fanny L. Brown, and for costs of suit and general relief. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By WM. R. SATTERLEE, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. Stevenson, Plaintiff's Attorney se3

REMOVAL.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 315 Montgomery street, bet. California and Pine.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
305 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395	Opera and Marine Glasses,	20,500	Card Photographs,
75	Telescope and Spy Glasses,		Photographic Albums,
178	dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600	Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80	doz. Pocket Compasses,	50	doz. Union Card Frames,
325	Hand Stereoscopes,		Joseph Rodgers & Sou's CUTLERY,
74	Revolving Stereoscopes	100	doz. Table Knives,
1025	doz. Stereoscopic Views	260	doz. Pocket Knives,
	Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120	doz. Razors,
		50	doz. Razor Strops,
	Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	130	doz. Scissors,
	Microscopes in every Style,		SCISSORS, in Cases,
25	Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	100	doz. Gyroscope Tops,
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OCTOBER 13th, - - - - - - CONSTITUTION
OCTOBER 22d, - - - - - - - SACRAMENPO

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Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

BURDELL'S Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by

H. P. WAKELEE,
Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

FOURTH GRAND MASS MEETING

OF THE

Washington Union League!

—AT—

UNION HALL

On Saturday Evening, October 1st, 1864,

At half past seven o'clock.

All the Union Clubs of the city are invited. Seats reserved in the gallery for Ladies. The Union Band and Glee Club will be in attendance. The following gentlemen will address the meeting:

Rev. Mr. STEBBINS,
Dr. HENRY GIBBONS,
W. H. L. BARNES.

COMMITTEE OF FINANCE:

S. BRANNAN, | Dr. S. R HARRIS,
Dr. H. GIBBONS, | L. LELAND,
C. T. FAY.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

S. BRANNAN, | E. T. BATTURS,
RICH'D CHENERY, | ROBERT MERRILL,
oc1 W. P. C. STEBBINS.

A GRAND Promenade Concert AND BALL,

WILL BE GIVEN BY THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

—AT THEIR—

INDUSTRIAL PAVILION,

On Friday Evening, October 7th, 1864,

Commencing at 9 o'clock.

☞ The Programme will be issued in a few days.

TICKETS, admitting one person, - - - ONE DOLLAR.
Can be procured at the principal hotels. oc1

NOVELTY! NOVELTY! NOVELTY

WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S

Great Circus!

THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT

Is now PERFORMING EVERY EVENING until further notice, in the

LARGE AND ELEGANT PAVILION,

Adjoining International Hotel,

Whom there will be presented to the San Francisco public a host of novelties.

The CARLO GROUPE are now and make their first appearance in this city.

The Manager, Mr. JOHN WILSON, is determined that the entertainment shall excel in every particular, and be worthy of patronage; he having concentrated in this company not only the largest and most complete Circus in the World, but the elite of the Equestrian. Gymnastic, Acrobatic, Juggling, Vaulting and Posturing performers of the country.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle - - - - - - - - - - $1 00
Second Circle - - - - - - - - - - 0 50
Reserved Chairs - - - - - - - - 50c extra

☞ Grand Afternoon Performance for families every Saturday.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performances commence at 8.

se3 JOHN WILSON, Proprietor.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - Stage Manager

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MONDAY EVENING - - - SEPT. 5TH.

THE EVER POPULAR

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch,	Charles Backus,
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George H. Coes,	Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina,	S. Washburg,
C. F. Shattuck,	Signor Pinto,
F. Harris,	E. Grob, and

MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

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—OF THE—

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THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,

GRAND FASHIONABLE MATINEE,

When the Comedy of

Fashion,

Will be presented.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF THE

COMEDY COMBINATION!

AND THE

BENEFIT OF

MR. PETER RICHINGS,

Upon which occasion

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

AND THE

FAVORITE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

Will appear in Sheridan's brilliant Comedy of the

School for Scandal!

Sir Peter Teazle - - - - Mr. PETER RICHINGS,
Lady Teazle - - - - Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS
Charles Surface - - - - - Mr. Wheatleigh
Joseph Surface - - - - - Frank Mayo
Sir Oliver Surface - - - - - D. C. Anderson
Careless (with song) - - - - - W. J. Hill
Sir Benjamin Backbite - - - Pierpont Thayer
Crabtree - - - - - - - Louis Aldrich
Moses - - - - - - - - Edward Seguin
Maria - - - - - - - - Miss Lulu Sweet
Mrs. Candor - - - - - - Mrs C R Saunders
Lady Sneerwell - - - - - Mrs. Waters

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

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Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

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J. A. ROWE, - - - - - - - - Manager

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HOME AGAIN!

JAMES MURPHY, THE IRISH GIANT BOY,

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This wonderful young man has grown some three inches in height, and is some sixty pounds heavier; he therefore now weighs over three hundred pounds, and stands nearly eight feet and a half high, making him really the most Colossal Giant—old or young, man or boy—the world ever saw. Don't fail to see him.

Also, just engaged, the celebrated

ALBINO FAMILY,

Consisting of brother and sister, with beautiful snowy, wavy hair, perfectly white skin, and pink eyes—the most novel, wonderful and instructive exhibition ever presented to the public. Every student of nature should witness this extraordinary phenomena.

Still astounding and startling the world, the

GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER, M. DE BAR.

Also, the great Mathematical Wonder,

THE LIGHTNING CALCULATOR,
From Barnum's Museum.

THE WONDERFUL TYROLEAN WARBLER

Will give his interesting Musical Exhibitions throughout the day and evening.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

The Willows.

W. H. BARNARD, - - - - Proprietor.

THE HOTEL of this popular and fashionable place of public resort has been so far completed as to enable the lessee to open its Saloon and beautifully shaded grounds permanently for reception of visitors. The Grove has been culled and trimmed; the flower beds replanted and cultivated into fragrant bloom; the aquarium replaced, with the addition to its former feathered collection of four elegant black Australian Swans. The proprietor has also added a large collection of birds, embracing two Golden Pheasants and a brace of Silver Pheasants.

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Ample stabling is attached to the premises, attended by polite and watchful grooms.

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CELEBRATED MINSTRELS,

Will give a performance in the Theatre every SUNDAY Afternoon.

Mr. E. WOODWARD, formerly known to the San Francisco public, will give his personal attention to the Bar.

On the first of August, the Lodging apartments Restaurant and Ladies' Refreshment Saloon of the WILLOWS were thrown open to the public. Ladies, gentlemen and children visiting the grounds will find ample entertainment and amusement. se10-tf

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se24-tf 610 Montgomery street

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C. J. ROBINSON'S SELECT CLASSES,

In Dr. Dio Lewis's System of

LIGHT GYMNASTICS!

At Miss ALDRICH'S ACADEMY, Stevenson street,

Near corner of Market and Second streets, San Francisco,

For Scientific Physical Training and Recreative Exercise, in classes, by persons of all ages and conditions of health, and by both sexes, with light and movable apparatus, and an invariable and appropriate musical accompaniment. While the Exercises of the Light Gymnastics impart strength, grace, activity and symmetry to the person, they at the same time furnish an exhaustless fund of social enjoyment and mental recreation.

Mr. ROBINSON has recently been employed to teach this system in all the public schools of this city.

CLASSES meet on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 P. M. For admission or further information, apply at the Academy.

Mr. ROBINSON will give instruction, on application to classes and private pupils, in VOCAL CULTURE and ELOCUTION, as taught by the best masters in the East.

jy26-1m

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JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

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se17-1m

QUINTESSENCE OF ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the United States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden Lavender Flowers. se24

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 20. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 8, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance. 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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POETRY—

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Trial.
On Furlough.

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A Digest of Passing Events.

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The Poet's Lot.
The Poet's Friends.
The Flower.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONCERNING THE ANSWER TO THAT CONUNDRUM.

I WENT out, several days ago, to see the whale—I speak in the singular number, because there was only one whale on the beach at that time. The day was excessively warm, and my comrade was an invalid: consequently we travelled slowly, and conversed about distressing diseases and such other matters as I thought would be likely to interest a sick man and make him feel cheerful. Instead of commenting on the mild scenery we found on the route, we spoke of the ravages of the cholera in the happy days of our boyhood; instead of talking about the warm weather, we revelled in bilious fever reminiscences; instead of boasting of the extraordinary swiftness of our horse, as most persons similarly situated would have done, we chatted gaily of consumption; and when we caught a glimpse of long white lines of waves rolling in silently upon the distant shore, our hearts were gladdened and our stomachs turned by fond memories of sea-sickness. It was a nice comfortable journey, and I could not have enjoyed it more if I had been sick myself.

When we got to the Cliff House we were disappointed. I had always heard there was such a grand view to be seen there of the majestic ocean, with its white billows stretching far away until it met and mingled with the bending sky; with here and there a stately ship upon its surface, ploughing through plains of sunshine and deserts of shadow cast from the clouds above; and, near at hand, piles of picturesque rocks, splashed with angry surf and garrisoned by drunken, sprawling sea-lions and elegant, long-legged pelicans.

It was a bitter disappointment. There was nothing in sight but an ordinary counter, and behind it a long row of bottles with Old Bourbon, and Old Rye, and Old Tom, and the old, old story of man's falter and woman's fall, in them. Nothing in the world to be seen but these things. We staid there an hour and a half, and took observations from different points of view, but the general result was the same—nothing but bottles and a bar. They keep a field-glass there, for the accommodation of those who wish to see the sights, and we looked at the bottles through that, but it did not help the matter any to speak of; we turned it end for end, but instead of increasing the view it dimiuished it. If it had not been fashionable, I would not have engaged in this trivial amusement; I say trivial, because, notwithstanding they said everybody used the glass, I still consider it trivial amusement, and very undignified, to sit staring at a row of gin-bottles through an opera-glass. Finally, we tried a common glass tumbler, and found that it answered just as well, on account of the close proximity of the scenery, and did not seem quite so stupid. We continued to use it, and the more we got accustomed to it, the better we liked it. Although tame enough at first, the effects eventually became really extraordinary. The single row of bottles doubled, and then trebled itself, and finally became a sort of dissolving view of inconceivable beauty and confusion. When Johnny first looked through the tumbler, he said: "It is rather a spleudid display, isn't it?" and an hour afterwards he said: "Thas so—'s a sp-(ic!)-splennid 'splay!" and set his glass down with sufficient decision to break it.

We went out, then, and saw a sign marked "Chicken Shooting," and we sat down and waited a long time, but finally we got weary and discouraged, and my comrade said that perhaps it was no use—may be the chicken was not going to shoot that day. We did not mind the disappointment so much, but the hiccups were so distressing. I am subject to them when I go abroad.

We left the hotel, then, and drove along the level beach, drowsily admiring the terraced surf, and listening to the tidings it was bringing from other lands in the mysterious language of its ceaseless roar, until we hove in sight of the stranded whale. We thought it was a cliff, an isolated hill, an island—anything but a fish, capable of being cut up and stowed away in a ship. Its proportions were magnified a thousand-fold beyond any conception we had previously formed of them. We felt that we could not complain of a disappointment in regard to the whale, at any rate. But we were not prepared to see a magnified mastodon, also; yet there seemed to be one towering high above the beach not far from the whale. We drove a hundred yards further—it was nothing but a horse.

Then the light of inspiration dawned upon me, and I knew what I would do if I kept the hotel, and the whale belonged to me. I would not permit any one to approach nearer than six or eight hundred yards to the show, because at that distance the light mists, or the peculiar atmosphere, or something, exaggerates it into a monster of colossal size. It grows smaller as you go towards it. When we got pretty close to it, the island shrunk into a fish—a very large one for a sardine, it is true, but a very small one for a whale—and the mastodon dwindled down to a Cayuse pony. Distance had been lending immensity to the view. We were disappointed again somewhat; but see how things are regulated! The very source of our disappointment was a blessing to us: As it was, there was just as much smell as two of us could stand; and if the fish had been larger there would have been more, wouldn't there? and where could we have got assistance on that lonely beach to help us smell it? Ah! it was the great law of compensation—the great law that regulates Nature's heedless agents, and sees that when they make a mistake, they shall at the self-same moment prevent that mistake from working evil consequences. Behold, the same gust of wind that blows a lady's dress aside, and exposes her ancle, fills your eyes so full of sand that you can't see it. Marvellous are the works of Nature!

The whale was not a long one, physically speaking—say thirty-five feet—but he smelt much longer; he smelt as much as a mile and a half longer, I should say, for we travelled about that distance beyond him before we ceased to detect his fragrance in the atmosphere. My comrade said he did not admire to smell a whale; and I adopt his sentiments while I scorn his language. A whale does not smell like magnolia, nor yet like heliotrope or "Balm of a Thousand Flowers;" I do not know, but I should judge that it smells more like a thousand pole-cats.

With these few remarks I will now proceed to unfold a conundrum which I consider one of the finest that has ever emanated from the human mind. My invalid comrade produced it while we were driving along slowly in the open country this side of the Ocean House. I think it was just where we crossed the aqueduct of the Spring Valley Water Company, though I will not be certain; it might have been a little to the east of it, or maybe a little to the west, but at any rate it was in the immediate vicinity of it. I remember the time, though, very distinctly, for I was looking at my watch at the moment he commenced speaking, and it was a quarter of a minute after 3 o'clock—I made a memorandum of it afterward in my note-book which I will show you if you will remind me of it when I visit the Californian office. The sun was shining very brightly, but a light breeze was blowing from the sea, which rendered the weather pleasanter than it had been for several hours previously, and as it blew the dust in the same direction in which we were travelling, we experienced no inconvenience from it, although, as a general thing, I do not enjoy dust. It was under these circumstances that my invalid comrade, young John William Skae, who is in the quartz-milling business in Virginia City, now, but was born in the State of Pennsylvania, where his parents, and in fact most of his relatives, still reside, except one of his brothers, who is in the army, and his aunt, who married a minister of the gospel and is living out West, sometimes having an improving season in the vineyard and sometimes chased around considerable by the bushwhackers, who cannot abide preachers, and who stir them up impartially, just the same as they do those who have not yet got religion; and also except his first cousin, James Peterson, who is a skirmisher and is with the parson—he goes through the camp-meetings and skirmishes for raw converts, whom he brings to the front and puts them in the corral, or the mourner's bench, as they call it in that section, so that the parson can exhort them more handy—it was under these circumstances, as I was saying, that young Skae, who had been ruminating in dead silence for a long time, turned toward me with an unwholesome glare in his eye, at a quarter of a minute after 3 o'clock, while we were in the vicinity of the aqueduct of the Spring Valley Water Company, and notwithstanding the light breeze that was blowing and the filmy dust that was drifting about us, says he: "Why is a whale like a certain bird which has blue feathers and is mostly found in the West, where he is considered a good bird though not remarkable? It is, because he is the Kingfisher—(the king fish, sir.")

There was no house near by, except an old shed that had been used by some workmen, but I took him to that and did what I could for him; his whole nervous system seemed prostrated; he only raised his head once, and asked in a feeble voice, but with an expression of ineffable satisfaction in it—"How's that?" I knew he did not want medicine—if anything could save him, it would be rest and quiet. Therefore, I removed the horses to a distance, and then went down the road, and by representing the case fairly and openly to all passengers, I got them to drive by him slowly so that they would make no noise to excite him. My efforts were successful; his pulse was at two hundred and ninety when I put him in the shed, and only forty-two when I took him out.

Now I thought that conundrum would have done honor to the finest mind among us, and I think it especially good for an invalid from Pennsylvania. How does it strike you? It is circumscribed in its action, though, and is applicable only to men; you could not say "Because it is the king fish, madam," without marring the effect of the joke by rendering the point in a manner obscure.

Some friends of mine of great powers and high intellectual culture, and who naturally take an interest in conundrums, besought me to procure the answer to that one about Napoleon and the Sanitary cheese, and publish it. I have written to the Author of it, and he informs me that he and his mother, who is a woman of extraordinary sagacity and a profound thinker, are cyphering at it night and day, and they confidently expect to have the answer ready in time for your next week's issue. From what I can understand, they are making very encouraging progress; they have already found out why Napoleon was like the cheese, but thus far they have not been able to ascertain in what respect the cheese resembles Napoleon.

MARK TWAIN.

Affectation in Clergy.—Gail Hamilton thus satirizes the "cloth": "Was an orthodox minister ever known to use the word 'wife' in the pulpit? From the manner in which he steers round it, one would suppose that its utterance was a ban. Your 'consort,' 'companion,' 'the partner of your joys,' or 'sorrows,' or 'bosom,' is recognised; but nobody ever prays for your 'wife.' Why is it not just as well to say that Mr. A will preach in the *afternoon*, as in the 'after part of the day?' Why not say that the man whose life you are sketching was *married* at a certain age, rather than that he 'entered into the marriage relation?' Why in the pulpit shall we not hear our own tongue in which we were born? If diguity cannot stand Anglo-Saxon, so much the worse for dignity. Good, common, honest, racy, idiomatic words and phrases are not only the strongest, but often the most eloquent. The cumbrous euphonisms of a pulpit *patois* are neither pleasant to the taste, nor good for food."

Cold in the head isn't half so common as cold in the heart, but it is a great deal oftener complained of.

THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Through my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sowed it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the need.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.—[*Tennyson.*

YUSEF EL CASLAN.

AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

IN the city founded by Moaz, an Arabian caliph, and called by him *El Kahireh* or Cairo, you may find in the Frank quarter, in the street Muskih, nearly opposite the *sharab hanoot*, or wine-shop, of Herr Datelbaum, a true Cairene coffee-house. The water-pipes, made of a cocoanut and two pieces of fishing-cane, the little *finjans*, or crockery coffee-cups with brass holders, the square seats made of cane, the furnace with charcoal fire, and the large mortar in which roasted coffee is pounded, comprise the entire outfit, and may be bought for a few dollars. If you understand Arabic, and sport the *tarboosh*, or red-purple felt cap of the country, can sit cross-legged and smoke in turn the *shishah*, or water-pipe, as it is passed around, and can drink Arabic coffee neat, why, then you may hear a story like the following, told by a black-eyed, hook-nosed, half-starved Egyptian, who thus earns his coffee, a few *paras*, and a pull at the water-pipe by amusing the frequenters of this and other of the thousand coffee-shops in *El Musr*. He tells this with the greater glee since it has for its hero a man resembling himself, and contains an apology for his own aimless and almost shiftless existence:

There once lived in this beautiful city, in the days of Saad Pasha, two brothers of the tribe of *A'hma'k*, the elder of whom was named Yusef *el Caslan*, or Yusef the Idle, while the younger one was called Ali *el Mashgool*, or Ali the Busy. On the death of their parents they divided their property, the eldest brother, Yusef, so investing his share that he could just live on a small income it yielded, while the young brother, Ali, true to his name of *mashgool* or busy, at once placed his property, in a fruit-shop, and made money diligently.

Now, it happened that Yusef, surnamed the Idle, had a friend who acted as dragoman to the ever-wandering Franks, and who was called Abu *ben Bilah rahah*, or Abu the Son of the Restless; and this Abu, over many pipes and *finjans* of coffee, taught Yusef the language of the Franks, and the two wasted days in idle talk (for it is well known that words bake no bread.) But in course of time Yusef could converse with the Franks, and, behold, they understood every word in six he spoke to them. He also passed his time, like a very idler, gathering flowers and making curious perfumes, in company with an old *Hakim*, by boiling them in a queer glass vessel looking like a gourd with a very long thin neek; and one of these perfumes was so delicious that it was called "The Dream of the Harem," and a trader in the Tuuis bazaar once offered Yusef a thousand piastres for the recipe. But Yusef refused it, saying "I am not in the fancy-soap and perfumery business, and don't want to be. I will give it to the Pasha and perhaps he will invite me to visit the Garden of Shoulbrah next time he goes there with his families."

Then Yusef, who was always idle, discovered a certain dye-stuff that gave a tint like the rosy red of morning to the white cloth made of cotton, and the dyers, with arms all blue, with indigo, saw the beautiful color, and said, "Be one of us, and give us thy secret; and thou shalt go into our business, and have plenty of piastres, so that there shall be Latakiah in thy pipe, and *bouza* in thy cup, and several maidens to keep thee in music." But Yusef turned a deaf ear to the dyeing-men, and told them he preferred to be clean. So they left him in wrath, and he and his dye were troubled by them no more.

One day, when Yusef was sitting near that tumble-down rock-grotto in the island of Rhoda, idly looking at the dhoum palm, and thinking what a good cook nature was to cause gingerbread fruit all ready-made to grow on that tree, he drew from his girdle some dried dates, and, while eating them, he remembered the delicious taste of a date-sausage made of fresh dates and almonds stuffed in antelope casing, and determined to propose their manufacture to a newly-arrived Frank, an Italian confectioner, who lived near the Esbekieh gardens and was a man of money and enterprise. Thus musing, he rose from repose, and, crossing over in the ferry-boat, wandered around the city until he came to the Turkish bazaar where his brother, Ali the Busy, sat on his seat in his small shop, smoking a tchibouk and waiting patiently for customers. But his brow was wrinkled when he saw his brother Yusef so calmly walking along, neither buying nor selling, nor bartering, nor huckstering, nor trading, and he lifted up his voice and said to him:

"Son of my father, are you still busy loafing?"

Then Yusef meekly replied, "Ali, my brother, I have tarried under the palm-trees in the pleasant shade, and with the soft breeze perfumed with flowers I have reposed for a long time dreaming of—perpetual motion."

"Perpetual melons!" answered Ali the Busy, ironically. "While you have been idle, I have been busy. How many figs do you think I have sold this morning?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Yusef.

"But *guess*," said the busybody. "*Do* guess—for the love of Allah!"

"Well," said Yusef the Idle, "about seventeen millions eight hundred and fifty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-six."

"You go to ——!" shouted Ali. Where he desired him to go, probably to—work, was unuttered; for at this moment up rode an Englishman, with a cork hat and blue veil around it, and mounted on a small donkey, pursued by a small Egyptian with a large stick, who from time to time shouted, "*Riglak! Schmalak! Effendi!*" and only ceased when the Englishman, anchoring his donkey by sticking his heels in the ground, pointed to the fruit exposed in Ali's stand, and, beckoning the donkey-boy, said to him, in a compound of Canton-English-lingua-franca:

"I do some pigeon here this *uomo*. I buy-ee two-ee piastres," (holding up two fingers) "oranges. *Capisce?*"

"*Tahib!*" shouted the donkey-boy, almost jumping out of his blue calico shirt, the only garment he had, on seeing the silver piece. "*Aio!* oll rite, beeg olangis, I *versteh* Engeesh." Then, giving Ali the Busy a fearful wink, the boy commenced in Arabic a severe blackguarding of the *Inglese* on the donkey, ending by buying about ten oranges for ten parás, and with great dexterity pocketing the change for the two piastres. The Englishman, delighted at receiving so much fruit for his money, reflected to himself:

"There is nothing like knowing the language of the country you travel in, you know!"

Jerking the reins, the *howaga*, or traveller, was about resuming his ride, when Yusef the Idle, who had been leaning meditatively near his brother, started up, and said:

"Sare, you want go in sassage-bizness?"

"How's that?" replied the Englishman. "Is it safe? Will it pay? Where can you find hogs enough to make it an object, where people don't keep 'em? But stop! Call this evening at seven o'clock at Shepherd's hotel; you will find me smoking a cheroot in the portico. Business before pleasure."

"Oh, brother," said Ali the Busy, "what are you saying to the red-headed man?"

"I am asking him to go into the sausage-business with me."

"Halloo, *howaga*. Don't have anything to do with Yusef the Idle; he is an enthusiast, a dreamer, a poet. *He* make sausages! The fruit of rashness is repentance: therefore let him alone." But the Englishman understood not, and was already afar off before Ali had finished his harangue.

That evening, Yusef the Idle, with a large sausage resembling a veritable bologna in weight, size and dark color, accosted the Englishman, who was dreamily smoking a cheroot, and exhaling the bottle of crusty old port he had lately finished at dinner. Then Yusef, taking out a large knife, sliced off two or three cuts from the sausage and presented them to the Frank.

"Can't do it," said he; have just finished ten dishes and a heavy desert. But it looks like a good bologna; firm, not too tough, the exact shade of healthy young-donkey-meat." But Yusef insisted on the traveller's eating a small piece, telling him it was sweet and very good, setting the example by finishing several slices himself. Thus guaranteed from sudden death, the Englishman took a piece, nibbled at it, ate it all, and asked for another slice, and finished by discovering that date-sausage was a very dainty delicacy. He then entered into business-matters, asking Yusef what capital he required, etc., etc., to start their manufacture. But Yusef told him he only had the knowledge of making them for sale, and was too idle for business, but that if he would give his brother an order he would supply all he wanted. The Englishman at once wrote an order for two tons, (about fourteen camel loads,) to be sent by the *bool bool* (*Fellaharen* for locomotive) to Alexandria, thence to England per steamer, money to be paid for them on delivery at Alexandria. He afterwards said that on the occasion of a great dinner in London he had so exquisitely sold [in Arabic, *gashsh ed*] all the club, by having these "bologna sausages" brought on with the dessert, that he considered his tour of the East amply repaid by the discovery of date-sausages.

Yusef, before taking his leave, modestly presented a beautiful crystal gilt flask to the Englishman, and desired him to see if the perfume pleased him. The traveler, who was a man for every thing, carefully uncorked, or rather unstoppered, the flask, and, placing it to his nostrils, a gentle sigh escaped him, and, as his eyes rolled towards the skies, he exclaimed:

"It is wonderful. Lubin and Rimmel have nothing like it. What do you want for the receipe?"

"Reward me as you see fit," said Yusef the Idle; "to, I am not a business-man, and trust to your honor." The Englishman, learning that it was Yusef's own invention, gave him a handsome sum for it, and was about closing the session, when Yusef displayed a flamingo-colored piece of remarkably fine muslin. Even by lamplight the color struck the Englishman's eye; and when he was told that the dye was the invention of the idle Cairene, he requested him to call next morning, and if the color looked as well by daylight as at night, he would buy the secret.

The next morning Yusef the Idle waited on the traveller; and, the color appearing even finer by daylight than at night, the Englishman bought the recipe for the dye—and paid the money.

Then Yusef the Idle went into the clothiers' quarter and bought for himself, and put on, a splendid suit of maroon-colored clothes, with a handsome red sash, and a gold-embroidered kerchief for head and throat, and a purple fez cap, and yellow leather slippers, a pair of pistols for show, and a jasmine-stemmed pipe for use, and, with a purse full of guineas and the order for fourteen camel-loads of date-sausages in his girdle, he held his way to the Turkish bazaar. When he arrived at his brother's stand, behold, there was the desolation of the desert. Ten cents, or two piastres, would have bought everything he had for sale, and Ali the Busy, with his hands, was very busy—crying. He had not "made a fail of it," as the Franks remark; but he was, nevertheless, "bursted up so high that the hawks couldn't fly to him," as the men of Yengisland tersely say.

"My brother," said Yusef the Idle, "how comes it that I find you in affliction, and you do not come to me for help and comfort?"

At the tones of this voice, Ali the Busy would have broken out in a torrent of abuse about lazy, idle loafers: but, lifting his head, the splendid clothes and pipe and pistols met his eye, and, believing they were worn by some rich old Turk, or one of the head officers of the police, he kissed his hand, laid it on his breast and head, invoking a shower of complimentary blessings on the head and beard of the Effendi before him; and not until several seconds did he allow his eyes to mount up, until, to his surprise, he met the kindly regards of his elder brother fixed tenderly, lovingly on him.

Ali the Busy then told his brother of all his troubles, and of his having to sell that very morning his whole stock of goods to pay a debt due that day, a debt that had he refused to pay he would have been dishonored for life. Then Yusef the Idle bade his brother be of good heart, and, placing in his hand the purse of gold and the order for the fourteen camel-loads of date-sausages, told him to cheer up, and go at business again with all his might, and conquer.

"Thus ends," said the story-teller, "all I know of the lives of Yusef the Idle and Ali the Busy—so called by men; but whether they were rightly named in the sight of Allah, perhaps the priest now crying the hour for prayer from the mosque of El Azhar can best tell you. All I know is: "The nest of the blind bird is made by Allah!"

SMILES.

WE are not going to set the poor conventional hack Smile against the affluence and benediction of that which expresses a full, deeply-moved, loving heart; and unquestionably that smile, whatever its source, is brightest which comes from being pleased, and need not justify itself by an hypothesis; but where is the merit of most smiles? Mrs. Browning has personified a whole tribe of beaming, satisfied, youthful radiances in her little "Ellie," who

> "Sits alone,
> And the smile she softly useth
> Fills the silence like a speech,
> While she thinks what shall be done,
> And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
> For her future within reach.
>
> Little Ellie in her smile
> Chooseth—'I will have a lover
> Riding on a steed of steeds,'" etc.

The so-called "worldling"—the man who smiles when he is not glad at heart, and has no fair anticipations to retire into at pleasure—may have more humanity in his feigning than there is in the other's nature and truth, and is honester than he knows himself to be. He smiles in support of large general principles—in acknowledgment that man is a social being, and would be wretched if alienated from his kind. It is no cause of joy, perhaps, that visitors come interrupting or disturbing us; but we smile from a sense of duty to them, as men in fellowship with our kind—in recognition of the truth that, if our solitude were never to be broken in upon, if we were indeed alone, isolated, neglected, we should be miserable, and life a burden. And the effort is not unrewarded. Cause and effect change places. We do not smile because we are glad, but, by dint of assuming cheerfulness as a duty, we taste a certain satisfaction. The smile of patience, forbearance, good manners, forced and unreal though it be, is worn many times in the day by every person who accepts the responsibilities of life, and acknowledges other obligations than his own comfort and inclination.

We are apt to class smiles grammatically as masculine and feminine. Thus the lightning smile is seen with most effect on men, while the bewitching smile is essentially a woman's weapon. The critical smile, the "slow, gradual smile"—a certain subtle, delicate, polite smile of carrying a point in argument—is a man's mode of triumph; while the artless, appealing, "mocking," winning, cajoling smile is best pointed with girlish dimples. The best smile of all—that of sympathy, where the eyes do more than the lips—is to be seen wherever the feelings have the luck to meet with features pliant and graceful enough to let them show themselves to advantage.

We have kept clear of the whole race of melodramatic and tragic smiles, whose very last design is to express or convey pleasure—as, for example, the smile of scorn, anger, hate, despair. Nor do we touch on that milder and mere domestic provocation, the smile of incredulity, which many besides Thackeray have found "a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face." Of course the smiles we treat of have no relationship, or only the most distant, to laughter, or to those broad smiles, degenerating into giggling explosiveness, which are the reproach of undisciplined youth. There have been times when laughter was wholly forbidden to the well-bred gentlewoman—when it was pronounced vulgar, inadmissable at tournament or court of love. Ladies might never go beyond a smile; but then that mediæval smile! What was not said and sung, what was not borne and suffered, for the divine emanation? The *lampeggiar del angelico riso* of Laura received its apotheosis; the *santo riso* of Beatrice has become a constellation since it first shone on Dante, as "that admirable person in a dress of purest white" transfixed him with a smile "of such ineffable courtesy that on the instant he attained the extreme of human happiness." If all this means nothing else, it means that the smile has always been an affair of cultivation, a carefully-trained flower, an influence and power, not unknown to the possessor. These historical smiles would have been quite out of place, and in fact impossible, in the merely domestic circle. And so it is still. Smiles of the ineffable sort are the expression of thought and feeling happily stimulated and exerted in a new field, or wherever opportunities and influence are occasional, and to be made much of. However pleasant the wife's smile to her husband, it was a different smile which first charmed him. The smile of purest benevolence is not lavished on those whose well-being is the first duty and daily care. In fact, with all these, smiles have done their part. When you know men or women thoroughly, you have got past their smiles: these will tell you nothing of the disposition or character which you did not know more perfectly in other ways, and you will cease to study them.—*Saturday Review.*

A VERY great porportion of the unfavorable opinions, which men entertain of their fellow-men, found on some misconception.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE Robin sings in the elm,
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes
And fragrant meadow breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things;
But they never understand a word
Of all the Robin sings.

THREE ORIENTAL PICTURES.

ON THE DESERT.

AS long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while and a long while you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over-head by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on—your skin glows and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all you own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or, where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

* * * * * * *

After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small, shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun; "he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof." From pole to pole, and from the east to the west, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he hid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely, too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me and say: "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary self of mine, that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I, (the eternal Ego that I am!) I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly toward the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned; he had toiled on a grateful service; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back, for token, an ear of rice, full, fresh and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in deep rushing waters.

THE GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.

To a Christian, and thorough-bred Englishman, not even the licentiousness which generally accompanies it can compensate for the oppressiveness of that horrible outward decorum which turns the cities and the palaces of Asia into deserts and jails. So I say, when you see and hear them, those romping girls of Bethlehem will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer, the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if you imagine evil against them they will know of your ill thought before it is yet born, and will fly, and be gone in the moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuous enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then, growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress to a serious contemplation of your stately height and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your ungloved fingers, then again will they make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with their warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face. Instantly the ring-leader of the gentle rioters imagines a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smoothes it gently betwixt her own, and pries curiously into its make and color, as though it were silk of Damascus or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you, even then, still sage and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless and innocent—a lion that makes no spring, a bear that never hugs—and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand and strive to explain it, and make a theme and a controversy. But the one—the fairest and sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one *shall* be their accomplice—*shall* share their dangers—*shall* touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under the folds of downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant her large, timid eyes are upon you—in an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously and harmed their gentle sister. A moment, and all, with a sudden intelligence, turn away, and fly like deer, yet soon again, like deer, they wheel round and return, and stand and gaze upon the danger until they grow brave once more.

THE MONOLITHS OF THE DESERT.

I went to see, and to explore the Pyramids.

Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids, and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and tried to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the West were of harder stuff, and more ancient than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the great Pyramid, that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain.

Now try to endure this homely, sick-nursish illustration of the effect produced upon one's mind by the mere vastness of the great Pyramid: when I was very young, (between the ages, I believe, of three and five years old,) being then of delicate health, I was often in time of night the victim of a strange kind of mental oppression; I lay in my bed perfectly conscious, and with open eyes, but without power to speak, or to move, and all the while my brain was oppressed to distraction by the presence of a single and abstract idea—the idea of solid Immensity. It seemed to me in my agonies, that the horror of this visitation arose from its coming upon me without form or shape—that the close presence of the direst monster ever bred in hell would have been a thousand times more tolerable than that simple idea of solid size; my aching mind was fixed, and riveted down upon the mere quality of vastness, vastness, vastness; and was not permitted to invest with it any particular object. If I could have done so, the torment would have ceased. When at last I was roused from this state of suffering, I could not of course in those days, (knowing no verbal metaphysics, and no metaphysics at all, except by the dreadful experience of an abstract idea,) I could not of course find words to describe the nature of my sensations, and even now I cannot explain why it is that the forced contemplation of a mere quality, distinct from matter, should be so terrible. Well, now my eyes saw and knew, and my hands and my feet informed my understanding, that there was nothing at all abstract about the great Pyramid—it was a big triangle, sufficiently concrete, easy to see, and rough to the touch; it could not, of course, affect me with the peculiar sensation which I have been talking of, but yet there was something akin to that old night-mare agony in the terrible completeness with which a mere mass of masonry could fill and load my mind.

And near the Pyramids more wonderful and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness, through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big, ponting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh, and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent forever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian Kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx. —*Kinglake's "Eothen."*

HEALTH OF WATERING-PLACES.—Some of the watering-places are very much displeased, and not without reason, at the figure they make in the Registrar-General's tables of mortality. And necessarily there is fallacy in these accounts, for it is impossible to distinguish the deaths of visitors from the deaths of residents; and the former swell the death-rate, in some instances, very considerably, and at the same time unduly, as regards the question of salubrity. We will take two extreme examples, Brighton and Bath, which have the high death-rate of twenty to the thousand. To compare that death-rate with the death-rate of a rural district would be like comparing the death-rate of a hospital with that of a proportional number of private houses. Brighton is the great seaside hospital of London. The ailing and convalescent go to Brighton to get health and strength, and the incurable go there for their last chance, and to die. It is probable because the place is so healthy that its death-rate is raised so high by the mortality of its invalid visitors. It is impossible to traverse the cliffs without seeing both the health the air will give, and the stages of disease and decay which are past cure. Brighton is, indeed, the incurable patient's forlorn hope. The death-rate, which is swelled by this class, must not be taken as a criterion of the general sanitary condition; and the same remark applies to three other places which have the same high rate, probably from the same cause—Tonbridge Wells, Buxton and Malvern, all haunts of invalids.

Bath is another example, but not quite of the same class. It is the refuge of the aged, and balks death of many who have long passed the appointed three score and ten. Dryden says of his good parson:

> "Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
> To fifty more, but that he lived too fast."

A description which must not be understood in the present sense of the last phrase, as the model pastor "made almost a sin of abstinence," and lived too fast in speeding to heaven. Neither this sort of excess, nor any other, is to be seen in the folks who well might last to a hundred in Bath; but we believe that temperate good living contributes much to the extraordinary longevity of the place, and nowhere is marketing better and cheaper. But the inevitable hour must strike sooner or later, and the city of the aged has a corresponding death-rate. And here let us suggest that a column of average age would throw light on the death-rates, and serve to distinguish from unhealthy places, places sought for health and prolonging life. The Isle of Wight has the lowest death-rate, in compensation for all its other rates of the very highest. If any live too fast there it is in the way of Dryden's good parson, but the abstinence is not, indeed, almost a sin, but very much of a necessity, and to this, perhaps, the standard of health is referrable. No one sits too long at table, and the tough meats and stringy fowls make a case of repletion an utter impossibility. We can imagine nothing more advisable for the high-liver than a course of the Isle of Wight. It will fine him down better than any training, and lighten in person not less than in pocket, which is saying much indeed. *London Examiner.*

IT was pretty generally known that Mr. Solicitor-Gen. Bushe was to succeed to the Justiceship of the King's Bench, or of Common Pleas, in Ireland, as soon as either became vacant. Some in his presence was highly and most deservedly praising Chief Justice Downes, who, he asserted, possessed every virtue under heaven. "No," said Mr. Bushe, "I am sorry to say he does not possess the virtue of resignation."

M. LALANDE dined one day at the house of Recamier the banker: he was seated between the celebrated beauty, Mme. Recamier, and Mme. de Stael, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Mme. de Stael, "and without possessing either."

LORD Brougham's son, when a minor, and consequently dependent on his father for support, was noted somewhat for his attention to a young actress of the French theatre. His father wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you do not quit her, I will stop your allowance." To which the son replied, "If you do not double it I'll marry her."

TRIAL.

"WHAT! pouting and cross? What is it, love?
Only a frown, and not a word?"
Pray, had I angered her, or perchance
The depths of her little being stirred?

Cross, so cross—and a great, dark frown
There, where the sunshine always lingers;
Spitefully sewing, she doesn't heed
The needle that pricks her restless fingers.

Pray, can I smooth out the frowns, or bring
The sunshine back to her face to stay?
Ah! thunder will come to the clearest sky,
And love can't escape the earthquake day.

Kisses I'll give her—I know they serve
To smooth out the ruffles in roughest lives;
Kisses will cure all the infant's ills,
And kisses, the little griefs of wives.

So I said: "Come, love, kiss and make up!"
She stirred, and her passion I thought I'd routed;
"Kiss me!"—she frowned still—"Kiss me, love!"
Ah! she put up her lips—but only pouted!

THE WHITE WOLF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.)

Chapter I.—The Song.

THE Forest of Rennes is utterly despoiled of its antique glory. The improvements of cultivation, during fifty years, have caused a terrible massacre of its fine trees. In former days, Messrs. De Rohan, De Montbourcher and De Chateaubriand, hunted the deer in this very forest, in company with the lords of Laval, (whom they expressly invited,) and of the Intendant Royal, whom they would willingly have passed by. At present, it is rarely and with difficulty that the red-faced clerks of the masters of the forges can kill a sickly rabbit or an emaciated roe.

Some rub their hands with satisfaction at the aspect of such a result. They say that the castles serve no purpose, and that the workshops make nails. We have ourselves arrived at a very positive conclusion on this subject, but will reserve the expression of our opinion for a more favorable opportunity.

However this may be, in the place of some square kilometers, covered with heavy timber, of which three-quarters were underwood, the Forest of Rennes had, a hundred and fifty years ago, eight good leagues of circumference, with adjacent forests so vast and thickly covered that the rangers themselves would sometimes lose their way.

In the place of manufactories, you would find wooden-shoe shops, and also huts where they made hoops for barrels. There was a large number of charcoal-burners, and, in fact, the population of the forest did not number less than from four to five thousand inhabitants.

They were a half-savage people, born enemies of any innovation, and detesting by instinct any other *régime* than the old-fashioned customs which tacitly accorded to them the right to an unlimited use of all the products of the forest, save the game. From time immemorial, the wooden-shoe makers, coopers, charcoal-burners and basket-makers had been able not only to ignore the name of tax, but also to help themselves to all the wood they needed for their employments without any security. The forest was, according to their belief, their legitimate patrimony—they were born there, and had the undeniable right to live and die there. Whoever contested this right became for them an iniquitous oppressor, and they were not the people to suffer without resisting the oppression.

Louis XIV. was dead, and Philip of Orleans, in defiance of the will of the late monarch, possessed himself of the regency. Although this prince (whom history judges severely and justly) chose to forget the grand policy of his master, this policy still existed by its own strength wherever unskilful and perfidious hands did not undertake to undermine it secretly. In Brittany, the long and valiant resistance of the States was at an end. A collector of taxes had been installed at Rennes, and the compact of union, greatly amended, no longer regarded its proud stipulations in favor of the liberties of the province. The Breton party was defeated—Brittany became France decidedly—there was no longer a frontier.

But it was one thing to agree upon a measure in Parliament and quite another to have this measure passed with a people with whom obstinacy has become proverbial. M. de Ponchartrain, the new Collector Royal of taxes, was legally invested with his functions—it remained for him to execute his mandate, which was no easy matter. Everywhere they accused the States of forfeiture—everywhere they resisted. The association of freres-bretons, organized for the defence of the liberties of the province, and having in reality no political object, continued to exist and to act in the dark. It is the characteristic of these assemblies to survive, as it were, in themselves. Free-masonry, which is dead, will live longer than we ourselves. The Breton-brothers at first refused the tax, sword in hand—then yielded, but even in yielding they protested. We will find their traces twenty years after the events that we are about to relate. The mystery lies in man's nature. Secret societies never are known to die but of old age, and God knows how long that endures.

In 1719, almost every nobleman retired from the association, but it still subsisted, energetic and indestructible, among the lower classes of the cities and villages. Those nobles who still belonged to it were the object of a peculiar worship. The castles to which these obstinate partisans of independence retired became the centre around which assembled the discontented. They were, as yet, powerless to act upon a grand scale, but their opposition (if we may be excused the anachronism), was made in all security. It became necessary, in order to destroy them, to devastate the country with fire and sword. After what we have said of the Forest of Rennes, its inhabitants would seem to be the most determined in resistance. Its population, composed entirely of poor people, ignorant and inured to the rudest labors, was in a condition singularly favorable to this opposition. Numerous and united enough to fight, if no other resource should be left them, the people of the forest waited, confident in the inaccessible retreats that the country offered at each step—above all, confident in the perfect knowledge they had of their forest, that immense and sombre labyrinth where the under-wood touched at the same time the country of Rennes and the faubourgs of Fougeres and Le Vitré. In these three cities they had numerous adherents.

There was living at this time a man whom they respected so highly that if he had said to them, "Pay the tax to the King of France," they would, very likely, have obeyed him. But this man did not care to do so. He was, in fact, one of the most obstinate of the remainder of the Breton association, and his voice was heard from time to time in the halls of State, loudly protesting against the encroachments of the House of Bourbon. His name was Nicolas Tremi de la Tremlays, Lord of Bouexis-en-Foret, and he was the owner of a domain about half a league from the bourg of Liffré, which made him lord of almost all the country. His castle of Tremlays was one of the most beautiful in Upper Brittany, and his manor of Bouexis was scarcely less magnificent. It was a journey of two hours from one to the other, and the whole route lay in the estate of Nicolas Tremi. He was an old man, of tall stature and austere countenance; his long white hair fell in scanty locks over the coarse cloth of his old-fashioned doublet; age had not dimmed the fire in his eye, and when he rode through the forest, firm and erect in the saddle, the people would say to each other as he passed: "As long as Monsieur lives, there will be one Breton in the country; and woe to the blood-suckers of France!"

They spoke truly: the patriotism of Nicolas Tremi was as ungovernable as exclusive. The gradual decay of the Independent party, far from acting as a warning, only served to increase his obstinacy. From year to year his colleagues in the States listened with less and less favor to his vehement protestations. But still he protested, and, sword in hand, thundered forth his denunciations against the representative of the Crown.

One day, while he was speaking, some of the nobility commenced to laugh, and several voices murmured: "Well, M. de la Tremlays has certainly lost his reason."

He was silent in an instant. A deathly pallor overspread his countenance. Taking his hat, he slowly gained the door of the hall, and, stopping at the threshold, he crossed his arms, and casting a long look of defiance at the assembled nobility, said, in a voice which penetrated to the extreme end of the hall, "I thank my God to have lost only my reason, while these gentlemen, my peers, have lost their courage."

At this insult, these proud noblemen bounded from their seats, and twenty swords were instantly drawn. Nicolas Tremi did not stir.

"Put up your swords!" said he. "I, too, have been insulted, and I choose to retire. It is not Breton blood which provokes my anger. Farewell, gentlemen. I pray God that your children may forget their fathers and remember their grandfathers! I separate myself from you and renounce you. You have entombed Brittany. When there is no longer a time for fight there is sometimes a time for revenge."

M. de la Tremlays mounted his horse and proceeded homewards. No one who met him would have surmised the vindictive thoughts which possessed his mind. Strong in heart as well as in body, he well knew how to keep his anger to himself.

The sun had nearly set as he entered the forest. He contemplated with satisfaction the natural and impregnable intrenchments offered at every step by that virgin soil; he involuntarily counted the vigorous and brave men who saluted him from a distance with such respectful affection. "War," said he to himself, "might be a very terrible thing, with these soldiers and these retreats."

He checked his horse and dreamed on. Suddenly a wild idea crossed his mind, and he knit his heavy brows. He drew himself up, and his eye seemed to burn with a strange and savage glare.

"No war!" said he, at last; "no war! a duel! one single blow! one single death!"

And M. de la Tremlays, putting spurs to his horse, completed the plan of a scheme whose extravagant boldness would bring a smile to the lips of a man of sense, and which could hardly be sanctioned, even if crowned with success. He was not blind to the madness of the undertaking, but he was a man of inflexible purpose, and though seeing the precipice open before him, would not stop for the narrowness of the road.

One single circumstance caused him to hesitate. The house of La Tremlays had but one direct heir, and that was Georges Tremi, his grandson. What would become of this child of five years of age, if deprived of his natural protector? Nicolas Tremi impatiently considered this objection.

"If I succeed," thought he, "Georges will have an inheritance of glory. If I fail, my cousin de Vaunoy will keep his patrimony for him. Vaunoy is a loyal gentleman."

As he thus spoke to himself, a shrill voice in the distance was heard singing the refrain of a song of the country—it was a slow, monotonous and melancholy air, and accompanied the gloomy story of the death of Arthur of Brittany, wickedly killed by his uncle, Jean Sans Terre.

M. de la Tremlays shuddered, and felt at his heart a fearful presentiment.

"Impossible!" murmured he; "Vaunoy is a faithful parent." . . .

The voice came nearer, and the song seemed to take a shade of irony.

"However," pursued the old gentleman, "George is a Breton; his welfare, as his blood, belongs to Brittany."

The voice was silent for a few moments—then rose higher than ever, just above him. He looked up quickly, and perceived at the top of a gigantic chestnut tree a being of extraordinary and diabolical appearance. His body, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, seemed to emit a dim glimmer. If a traveller had met him in the forests of the New World he would not have accorded to him the name of man, and the natural history of M. de Buffon would contain one article more. This strange creature jumped from one branch to another with marvellous agility, and at each leap a number of small branches fell to the ground. His song was continued.

It was evidently not the first time that M. de la Tremlays had met this personage, for he checked his horse without manifesting any surprise, and whistled, as if calling to a dog.

The song suddenly ceased, and the creature fell at the feet of the old nobleman, giving utterance to an amicable and respectful growl.

It was certainly a man, and was still more extraordinary than when seen at a distance. His naked legs, covered with colorless hair, supported a body very deformed and much too short. His neck, bony and planted, like a bird's, upon his hollow chest, was surmounted by an angular face, whose bones were covered with a tightly-drawn skin, white, downy. His hair, eyebrows and beard were white, and his red eyes glittered in the midst of this milky surrounding. There was nothing about him to indicate his precise age—he might have been a child or an old man—his extreme activity, however, could belong to neither, and youth alone could have concealed so much vigorous suppleness under this wretched, miserable exterior.

He sprung from the ground and planted himself in the middle of the road, directly in front of the horse.

"How is your father, Jean Blanc?" asked M. de la Tremlays.

"How is your son, Nicolas Tremi?" replied the albino.

A cloud overspread the old man's face. This sudden question corresponded mysteriously with the subject of his recent troubled reverie. "You are becoming insolent, my boy," grumbled he; "I am too good towards all you villains, and that makes you bold. Get out of my way, and don't let me see you again!"

Instead of obeying this command, delivered with much severity of manner, Jean Blanc seized the horse's bridle, and quietly smiled.

"You are mistaken, my lord," said he, in a sweet and melancholy voice. "It is not towards us, poor people, that you are too good, but toward others, whom you love, and who detest you in return."

"Peace, fool!" interrupted Nicolas Tremi. The albino still held the bridle and continued: "The father of Jean Blanc is well. Jean Blanc watched over him yesterday; to-morrow he will watch over him again. Yesterday, you watched over George Tremi; will you watch over him to-morrow, my lord?"

"What do you mean to say?" demanded Nicolas Tremi.

"That is a beautiful song about Arthur of Britanny. . . . Listen, I know how to wander about under cover as well as how to leap among the branches of the chestnut trees. I have followed you a long time in the forest; you were conversing with your conscience. I understood it, and I sang the song about Arthur.

"What!" exclaimed M. de la Tremlays; "you heard me. . . . You know all?" . . .

"No, not all; you said too many foolish things for me to understand all. But take my advice: Do not leave our little M. Georges at the mercy of a cousin. If you go far, take him with you—if you cannot take him, kill him; but don't abandon him. And now, I am going to cut branches for cask-hoops. God bless you, Nicolas Tremi!

The albino let go the bridle, and sprung into the tree. Night was fast coming on. The costume of this fantastic creature, composed of rabbit skins and white like his body, was easily distinguished among the branches, through which he jumped with indescribable swiftness.

M. de la Tremlays resumed his journey in a very pensive mood.

"He is a poor crazy creature," said he to himself, but his heart felt more and more anguish; and when the voice of Jean Blanc came again to him wafted over the heads of the great forest trees, the old nobleman felt his very soul freezing within him and pronounced, in shuddering the name of his little grandson.

"CHILE COLORADOS."

DURING the Mexican war, when troops were gathering at Brazos Santiago and the mouth of the Rio Grande, the steamer came in one day and landed at the former place the regiment known as the Mounted Rifles, commanded by General (then Colonel) Sumner. How well I remember the splendid appearance they made as they marched along the beach the nine miles from the Brazos to the mouth of the Rio Grande, Col. Sumner at their head; and when they halted, while he rode forward to consult the Post Quartermaster as to the best location for the camp, I walked among them, and could not but confess that I never had seen such a splendid body of men, and so many Americans, in one regiment. They were all Northwestern men, and nearly every one a crack shot with the rifle. The regiment was serving as Infantry, their horses having been left behind. The Colonel soon returned, and, as his eye glanced over the plain, he pointed out a spot that, from its green and grassy appearance, caught his eye, and it looked so refreshingly clean that he at once said, "I'll camp there."

Major E. A. Ogden, then Quartermaster at the post, replied: "Colonel, I think you had better try the sand-plain a little beyond, for, during 'Northers,' that ground is sometimes overflowed, and our first one of the season is due."

The Colonel, who never liked suggestions, pooh-poohed it, and gave the order. The spot bordered the lagoon and was covered with salt-grass, and, at that time, was perfectly dry. In an hour the aspect of things had materially changed: a little canvas city had sprung into existence as if by magic. By this time it was nearly sundown, and the evening breeze wafted towards our rude wooden shanty the fragrant odor of fried bacon; and, as I had not dined, it was very suggestive. Putting my head out of the back door, I hailed the kitchen near at hand with the inquiry as to "that dinner," and whether it *ever* would be ready. I was answered by my Mexican boy, Sancho, with the usual "Poco, poco, señor." However, we soon sat down to a very passable dinner, the principal dish being one of the country, which we were all trying to learn to eat, and which involved the shedding of more tears than any of us had ever shed in our lives. It was a dish of meat and other ingredients all chopped up, but the principal one seemed to be peppers—little peppers, big peppers, and vicious peppers called "Chile colorados," which were about as large as peas, (red,) and the most outrageously sharp little things that I ever attempted to swallow. We had sworn to learn to eat this dish, and no one would admit that he could not. We would take a mouthful and then seize a glass of water frantically. As we sat around that rude table, with the tears streaming down our cheeks, a stranger would have imagined we were all in the deepest affliction. While in the act of discussing this dish, there was a tap at the door, and Col. Sumner thrust his head inside. "Boys," said he, "I have invited myself to dine with you. My cook has not got the run of the commissariat yet and there is a deuced poor show over at my tent."

Of course, we were only too glad to have the Colonel join us; after a basin of soup, he espied our grand dish in the middle of the table, and said: .

"Ah, that looks nice! I'm mighty sharp-set; give me a try at it."

We helped him, remarking that it was a hot dish for a new comer, and that we were all trying to learn to like it, as it was a Mexican national affair; and it was that or nothing in the interior.

I said, "Colonel, look out; it's very hot."

He was just taking in a large mouthful; but, not heeding my caution, swallowed it, and had the second installment in his mouth when it began to take hold, good and strong. I saw him gasp, and the astonished expression of his countenance I never shall forget. He laid down his fork, grasped the table with both hands, and made a superhuman effort to maintain an unconcerned look; but it was useless. He sprang to his feet, dashed out of our tent, and commenced at the top of his voice to shout, "Orderly!" None of us followed, for we dare not; but there were three men nearly choked with the bread they had crammed into their mouths to prevent roaring. Outside of the tent was a barrel of water and a tin dipper, and we heard the unmistakable plunge of the cup into the barrel and a gurgling sound between the shouts of "Orderly!" Presently the Colonel entered. There were traces of tears upon his face; his eyes were red and his mouth was open partially, as if to inhale the cool air.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said he; "I forgot to order 'tattoo' early, as the men are tired, and that rascal of an orderly is out of the way when I want him."

We offered to send for him, but he wouldn't hear of it. The dinner went on; but I noticed the Colonel avoided the "Chile colorados" as if they were certain death. We had a good stiff toddy to wind up, and the Colonel took his leave with what seemed to be a perpetual thirst, for he drank water constantly and in great quantities. As soon as he had left we gave vent to the pent-up laughter that now broke forth. I was lying near the mouth of the tent, rolling on the ground, with both hands on my sides to ease the pain of such a rush of laugh that I thought I should suffocate, when the curtain of the tent was suddenly drawn back and the Colonel thrust his head in, with a "Beg pardon, but I forgot my cape." There was a sudden hush, and I rolled under the table to escape observation. The others rose and handed him his cloak; and for a moment, as we listened to his retreating footsteps, the silence prevailed. But it couldn't last, and the roar went on. We all hoped the Colonel had not imagined we were laughing at him; for in those days we stood more in awe of a colonel in command of a regiment than we do now of a General of Division. However, next day we heard nothing of it; but the story leaked out. We had to tell it to the "subs," of course.

In the evening I dropped over at the Rifle camp, to pass an hour or two with the fellows and smoke a pipe. It was a calm, star-light evening, and we sat rather late. All at once a low, muttering, roaring sound was heard. The new-comers started up and said, "What's that?" I knew it mighty well; it was a "Norther"—one of those typhoons of the sand-plains of Texas that bursts upon you with no note of warning other than the low roaring of the coming cloud, blacker than midnight, bounding the horizon, and settling like the pall of death, while every breath of air is hushed, and the frightened animals and birds seek cover in haste. The black cloud extending from the sky to the ground presses onward with a deep, dull roar that grows louder as it approaches, bearing upon its onward and resistless march every lighter object strewing the ground, and bearing before it a furrow, as it were, of sand and dust. Suddenly it breaks upon you with the chill of the icy regions of perpetual snow; and from a genial and balmy atmosphere, you are suddenly shivering in your linen habiliments, and hastily seeking heavy woollens and great-coats.

These "Northers" occur in Texas and on the Gulf coast about twice a month, during the winter, and last from three to nine days, and constitute the "winter" of that latitude. The intervals are lovely, and the climate charming.

I bade the boys a hasty "Good-night," and cautioning them to look out for their tents, I trotted towards the guard-tent, to be passed out of the lines by the officer of the guard, anxious to get home and make things all snug for the approaching storm; but somehow, in my haste, I turned in the wrong direction, and missed the tent. I began to retrace my steps when the whirlwind burst upon the devoted camp, whirling sand and the sharp rain-drops in my face, almost blinding me. Amid the scene of confusion that followed, tents flying through the air, the flapping of the "tent-flies," and the shouts of the soldiers trying to secure them, I struck out boldly in the direction of my abode, believing that in the darkness and blinding rain I could easily pass the sentinel and save time, I had got fairly past the line as I fancied, and was congratulating myself upon soon being snug in my bunk, rolled up in warm blankets, when I was startled by a voice: "Who goes there?" almost hissed in my ear, and, at the same time, a flash of lightning revealed a musket with the point of the bayonet in very uncomfortable proximity to my breast, upon which, if I had not stopped, I apparently would have been "spitted" in another step. I tried to tell the sentinel who I was by shouting at musket-and-bayonet distance, which was as near as he would let me come, but it was useless; he could not understand, and would not let me pass. I said, "Then I'll go back." He replied, "Guess not." "Well, then," said I, "call the sergeant of the guard." He did try it, but it was a waste of breath, and we might as well have tried to whisper under the Falls of Niagara. The sergeant couldn't hear, and did not, of course, come to rescue me. The sentinel wouldn't let me go on, nor go back. There was a fix! I screamed out. "What am I to do?" To which he replied, "Walk up and down in front of me." There was no alternative. I did ask him if his gun was loaded; he said it was. "Well," said I, "do you think you can hit me if you give me two or three jumps the start?" Said he thought he could "plump" me with his bayonet before I got much of a start, and if he saw any attempt he would try me. I saw it was dangerous to fool with that fellow. I had to succumb, and for nearly two mortal hours did I march up and down on that fellow's "beat," within convenient "prodding" distance of the bayonet, which gleamed maliciously in the cold lightning flashes.

Wet to the skin, and chilled to the bone—my teeth chattering, my hat blown away—I was generally wretched. But all things must end; even those two hours, that were ages of misery, terminated, and the "relief" came. I was marched off a prisoner to the guard tent, and there identified, and the sergeant ordered to pass me out. As I turned to go, I heard a voice say, "Who have you there, Sergeant?" It was the Colonel, who, wrapped in his big cloak, had been in person superintending the securing of the tents, and looking after the comfort of his men. The sergeant held his lantern up to my face, and the Colonel said, "Ah! what the devil does this mean?" I in a few words explained, and above the howling of the storm rose the shout of laughter, as he comprehended my plight. Grabbing me by the shoulder, and putting his lips close to my ear, he said: "Cold out there, eh? Why didn't you bring your 'Chile colorados' with you? 'Gad, sir, you wasn't smart! My turn now, eh?"

As he turned away, I could hear above the whistling of the wind his hearty laugh. I saw it: The Colonel was avenged, and the next day every officer and soldier in the camp enjoyed the "rig" on the "sutler."

The storm lulled a little, and there were signs of clearing up, but I observed the ominous leaden hue of the horizon, and knew that it would come on again that night, and be worse than ever. Building up a good fire in our old-fashioned stove, which had a hole in the top for a tea-kettle, we gathered around it with our pipes and toddy, and prepared to have a jolly night of it, inasmuch as there was little chance to sleep. The night waned, the pipes were replenished, the toddy passed around, and the storm howled; but we were all as gay as larks, as our rude shanty defied the elements, and one of our number was singing, in a good, strong, and well-cultivated voice, the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing," when there was a loud knock at the door, and a cry of "Open!" The object that presented itself was one of damp wretchedness. With a sword under one arm, a bundle of clothes under the other, a pair of long boots in one hand, in the other a pair of holsters—bare-headed, bare-footed—stood the gallant commander of the Rifle regiment. I understood it at once: The wind had driven the tide over the camping-ground, and it was at that moment two feet under water, and everybody afloat. I knew there must be a grabbing time of it up there, and sympathized with the poor devils. We soon had the Colonel alongside of the stove drying, and I mixed a good stiff toddy, while his teeth played like castanetts. I handed it to him, as I did so remarking "Colonel, wouldn't you prefer a little 'Chile colorado?' It's very warming."

He turned upon me fiercely and said, "What's that, sir?—what's that you say?" He swallowed the toddy, and, shaking the cup at me in a menacing manner, said: "Even, sir! even, sir! but if you ever dare to 'peach,' I'll shoot you."

I had quite forgotten the circumstance, and was very busy writing at my desk one morning, when two gentlemen entered. One was Col. Drum, whom I had never before seen, and the other I recognized at once as Gen. Sumner, who made his appearance here so suddenly and assumed command of the Department of the Pacific before Gen. Johnson was fairly aware of his arrival. The General came along up by my desk, and with a very comical expression remarked, "I think we have met before."

"Yes," said I, "at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

"I dined with you, I believe. 'Chile colorados,' eh?" continued the General, giving me a punch with his thumb in the ribs. "'Chile colorados!'—hot, hot—devilish hot!"

PODGERS.

ON FURLOUGH.

O MOTHER, dear, pray draw the dimity curtain,
And pile the blazing logs of hickory higher;
Nay—take away the lamp, I better like the uncertain,
The fitful lights and shadows of the fire.

Do you know, when lying in the swampy thicket,
I have heard you Pussy purring on the hearth,
And the faint chirping of that very cricket,
Whose shy notes from that shaking stone come forth?

I have thought of your lone hours, and how much dearer
Than all the weary world you were to me;
Come! bring your chair—the lullaby-rocker—nearer;
Is its creak crazier than it used to be?

Somehow, to-night, in ghastly panorama,
Rises the past of your poor thoughtless boy;
A toddling baby—crying "Mamma! mamma!"—
A romping urchin shouting for his toy;

Snowballs, and skates, and sleds, the very jingling
Of the old sleigh-bells echo in my ear;
And the sharp winds that set my blood a-tingling,
Shiver me now. Mother, is that a tear?

My boyhood love—the winsome, dashing Mary—
Dimples and curls, and kisses and delight;
O bonnie, bonnie, lightsome-hearted fairy!
The dead grass whistles o'er your grave to-night.

And all day long I seem to see the golden,
The shining hair—the eyes so grave and sweet;
But when her smile my yearning arms embolden,
She vanisheth, on swift but noiseless feet.

Pray, stir the fire!—the room grows dark and chilly—
And lift the curtain to let in the moon,
I wish to-night that I could stop the shrilly,
The crazy cry of that disconsolate loon.

Do you say the fire is bright? Then, I am dying;
For I feel no warmth, and see so faint a light;
O, mother, mother! do not fall a-crying!
'Twas you that taught me all His ways are right.

The boys all think they have the best of mothers,
The mothers think they have the bravest sons;
And I, who played as captain to the others,
With paper soldier-caps and cornstalk guns,

And made the village noisy with our bluster,
Our sham-fights, and our camp-fires' crackling flame—
When they went nobly at their country's muster,
Could their boy-captain stay at home in shame?

I led them through a storm of cannon-thunder,
And lead hail showering from the clouds of smoke,
With powder lightning tearing the air asunder,
And great shells raining death in every stroke.

Many of them are dead, and many missing,
But the rude graves and the wild swamps only know
Where they now lie—without a mother's kissing.
Ah! I am blest I did not perish so!

Oh, lift me up! I seem as one half-fainting
In the broad space of some vast vestibule,
Through whose great doors flow floods of molten painting,
And far away streams ripple, fresh and cool.

A gorgeous cloud floats in the upper regions,
Crimson and White—Stars on an Azure sea,
Its precious folds upheld by martyred legions—
There my lost comrades wait and watch for me.

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE POET'S LOT.

WHAT is a poet's love?—
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame?—
Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from garreteers,
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines?—
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

Child of the ploughshare, smile;
Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle-bed
Their broidered tissue weave not.

The poet's future holds
No civic wreath above him;
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,
Who workest woe on satin,
(The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin.)

Trust not to them who say,
In stanzas, they adore thee;
O rather sleep in churchyard clay,
With urns and cherubs o'er thee!

[*O. W. Holmes.*

A FRIGHT IN THE CAUCASUS.

WE were in Asiatic Turkey—the Ottoman Empire. The remains of grand old ruins arose in broken spire and jutting pinnacle on every side, and places connected with important events were pointed out, on every hand, by our officious but indispensable guides, Avic and Berue.

We had traversed Syria, the provinces including Palestine; had surveyed, with mixed and varied feelings, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We had visited Smyrna, and, becoming tired of the fruit and rag vendors, we held a solemn conclave to know which route to travel.

Berne said our journals would be stale affairs unless we ran down and spent a night in the Caucasus mountains. So we pushed on for Asiatic Russia, and agreed to put ourselves for one night at least under the guidance of the reckless but experienced Berue.

The least agreeable item connected with this undertaking was the fact that, lying as they did between the Black and Caspian Seas, we might be beset by a species of pirate that annually descended from the high altitude of their mountain-home to make little excursions about the coast in pursuit of plunder—such gentry always finding some of the natives willing to supply them with the rude shore-boats, whereby they could overtake and capture the little four-oared traders that carried their small hut valuable cargoes down the Caspian to Tabreez, or across the Black Sea to Constantinople.

We lumbered along, our steeds making little headway over the rough road, if road it might be called, and at last entered upon a long, low defile, rocky and barren on its walled sides, but affording, in the valley below, some coarse slight browse for our horses. Avic advised us to tie our steeds two and two, a native horse and a foreign one together, so in case of trouble with marauding travellers—the piratical ruffians just spoken of—that we might the more readily save them. The horses of the gnides, being of the mountain breed, would readily allow themselves to be caught; while ours, unused to the wild costume and wilder gibberish of the prowlers, would naturally enough dislike being captured, and being by far the strongest steeds, could whirl the others around to suit themselves.

Readily conceiving his object and embracing it as a cunning suggestion, we sent our trusty steeds down the slope and prepared to ascend the height and look for a fit situation for repose. I was somewhat exhausted when we arrived upon a rocky projection, before named by Berne as "Safety Lodge."

The air was rare and rather chilly, coming as it did from the untropical country of Siberia, which country, although rich in gold and silver, is not thought to be a desirable country for emigration.

The night proved clear and moonlit; and after conversing on real, probable and improbable things, the male portion retreating into a natural cavern, prepared to sleep away the hours of the night.

I said the male portion; but I forgot to say that Avic, whom I shall always think was a sort of man-monkey, kept watch from the top of a gray rock, that, being so much higher up, looked about large enough for the foothold of a bird. Wrapped in my husband's shaggy coat, I prepared to stay outside and poetize, having a substratum of sentiment underlying my broad, rough, matter-of-fact exterior.

I remember I was walking off with the beloved Moore into the adjoining country of Iran, "beloved of our hero," when the funniest, sharpest whistle came cutting out from the rocks above. I at first supposed it was our guide up there preparing to run off a stave of song in that manner; yet a moment after I detected him leaning over the rock in such a singular attitude that I divined him to be listening for its repetition. I stepped into the cavern and awoke our male portion, who, with hazardous carelessness, had been asleep an hour or more. I said to my husband:

"I have heard a singular whistle-call higher up the mountain, which sounded to me very much like the signal of some night prowler to another."

"Nonsense," was the gallant response. "Probably, it was some animal in search of its mate. There is no need of fear. Avic—"

"But step out and see Avic. I think, to judge of his attitude, he hardly takes it for bird or beast."

Just as we came to the door or entrance, from the lofty peak again came, cutting through the night, that same sharp sound. In a moment it was answered from below—from the sharp latitude of our horses.

"Oh, ha! yes, yes! that does sound suspicious; but—"

Here Avic made a rapid, heteregeneous descent, striking in his usual catlike manner on his feet.

"Your horses are in danger down there, I judge. You noticed the answered whistle came from the ravine."

The next order was similar to the military parlance, "Boots and saddle."

With rapid, agile movements we descended the mountain, each one holding his weapons securely and in readiness for an attack. Cautiously approaching our horses we found them busily feeding, apparently quite unconcerned about marauders. We came to a standstill, not knowing what to do. Our position was a solid square, three each way; and were standing in one of those chasms that show a perpendicular wall of dark gray, limestone-like rock and which open by a gradual descent into the adjacent valleys.

As we stood there, there came one, two, three, four—clap—clap—clap, indescribable sounds, as if the rocks were splitting over our heads in harsh echoes. Clap, clap, clap! dust, particles of brush and softer materials rained upon us, mingled with the wildest cries and those infernal claps.

One loud, simultaneous howl broke from our congregated party, and each one seemed only intent upon giving the loudest yell. Avic gave the first of the second series of howls, quickly followed by the rest, however, as soon as our eyes were sufficiently clear of dust to discover our assailants. A small flock of remarkably large birds, looking like a mixed breed of buzzards and pelicans, had been disturbed in their roosting-place, and the clap, clap of the wings of the first one to take flight was followed quickly by the clatter of the whole flock reverberating in thunder tones from the sides of the rocky defile.

We laughed heartily, although Avic cautioned us we had not yet discovered the origin of the sharp whistle that had startled us from our repose; but we were inclined to account for it in a light manner. However, we resolved to keep in the shadow of the rocks and watch our horses for the remainder of the night. Nothing disturbed us, although I often think that our uproar and unearthly yells, echoing among the rocks, in all probability saved us the trouble by alarming the ruffians, who might be meditating an attack.

At dawn we saddled and started on our way, smiling to ourselves as we thought of our fright in the Caucasus.

ETIQUETTE.

IN an amusing critique of a new work on this subject, the *Saturday Review* says: In the *Etiquette of Courtship*, introductions again play an important part. Flirtation, indeed, may be carried on without them, as "churches and chapels, lectures, Sunday-school teachings, music meetings, singing classes, omnibus and railway journeyings, picnics, fancy-fairs and bazaars, and a thousand other ways open to society a wide field for indulgence in that dangerous pastime." Of all these, a strict regard for truth compels the writer to give the first place to "mutual attendance at church or chapel." As a rule, he considers these "church courtships" destructive of propriety, but he allows that even here, "when the eye falls" upon a young lady who is behaving herself properly, "the person so distinguished may be graven in the memory," and an introduction legitimately, though patiently, sought for. After this privilege has been secured, the gentleman is recommended to obtain the consent of the lady's parents to visit at their house upon such a footing as will not "compromise himself or the lady he seeks to win, should he find upon more intimate acquaintance that she is not calculated to make him happy." During this probationary period both the persons concerned are naturally on their best behavior. The lady puts forth all her accomplishments, the gentleman is lavish of his attentions. Still, he must keep his tendency to make presents under restraint until he becomes an accepted lover, though flowers offered to the young lady, and still more to her sisters, may be accepted without compromise to the neutral position of the parties, while a little "choice fruit, or game, or small dainty of which the family can partake," will be a still more appropriate offering. We know nothing in literature prettier than the picture which these last words present to us, of the blushing maiden shyly glancing at her adorer as he bashfully unpapers a sweetbread, or draws an early cucumber from his pocket. These thrilling moments may also be utilized in ascertaining whether the young lady has any notion how such tokens of affection are to be cooked. But this is too important a point to be cared for only on exceptional occasions. The ordinary course of the family meals will supply "little scraps of information" which no wise observer will disregard. "'Oh, you must taste Lucy's cake!'—'A morsel of Ally's pudding,' or 'My Julia's partridge pie,' are the pleasant injunctions from one to the other which a man may turn to good account, and by a few adroit remarks, elicit enough for his purpose." It must not be supposed, however, that our author is always thus practical and prosaic. On the contrary, he numbers among the "indications of mutual liking and admiration,"

> The pressing of the thrilling hand,
> The kiss so guiltless and refined.

But even here his wonted caution does not quite desert him, and he is careful to add, "Poetry, charming as it is, must not override etiquette; and our rules will admit of no kiss being given or received until the proposal has sanctioned such an endearment." Indeed, on the slightest approach to flirtation the *Handbook* is markedly severe, and its language rises to almost tragic eloquence as it depicts the coquette "artfully causing her victim to indulge in a sort of St. Vitus's dance, and then, with a low laugh of scorn, leaving him to conclude his gyrations. Such women help to fill our lunatic asylums, and to augment bachelordom." Alas! why did he not tell them they might help to augment spinsterdom? Then indeed there might have been some chance of his scathing denunciations being attended to.

PLATO was one day entertaining some friends of Dionysius, when the tyrant Diogenes entered with an unusually firm step, saying, "I tread on Plato's pride!" "Yes," said the latter, "and with greater pride!"

ARMY IMPROVEMENTS.

THE cat-o'-nine-tails must be given up. It is little used—it is the principle rather than the practice to which disciplinarians cling; but it scares many a lad who would take the shilling with a good heart were it abolished. The present paltry pensions to invalided men injured *bona fide* in and by the service should be increased and prolonged. The sight of a poor wretch begging on the highway, stone blind from the black sand of Aldershott, and starving on a miserable sixpence a day, or of a maimed object crippled by a kick from a comrade's charger, and who has been refused a renewal of the pittance of eightpence a day granted to him for three years, is a disheartening spectacle to the would-be recruit, and gives the service a bad name throughout a whole district. Where permanent disability is the result of a mishap in the service, a permanent pension is due to the sufferer, and where the disability is total, the pension should bear some approximation to the means of living. Were it possible to introduce any system whereby an increased number of soldiers might be enabled to enter into, and have fair facilities for being happy in, the married state, such a scheme would assist us much in getting a much better class of men to enter the service, and would also help us in our efforts to retain time-expired men; many of whom leave the service for no other reason than that they are anxious to marry, which they are not permitted to do, and who would die sooner than condemn a woman to the wretchedness and poverty, which is the all but inevitable lot of one who marries a soldier without leave from his commanding officer. This is a subject on which many pages might be written, but from its very comprehensiveness it cannot be more than alluded to here. It has been proposed that the term of actual service should be curtailed in time of peace to, say, one or two years; at the end of which period the soldier should be free either to return into civil life, the army retaining a lien on his services in case of need, or to remain in his regiment permanently; and that thus "a stream of men would be continually flowing through the army." We fear this scheme is impracticable. We want a standing army; not a fluctuating body, the component parts of which are altering every day. We want soldiers, not men who have once dabbled a little in soldiering, and then gone back to the plough-tail or the factory. This scheme would only keep men in actual service during that first year of licking into shape upon which all soldiers look back with unmitigated disgust, and its victims would go back into civil life with a settled dislike to a career, the worst side only of which they had seen. But a modification of the present system might be attended with good results. Let the soldier be enlisted, at first, for seven years, and after the expiration of that period let us ask him to take on again for fourteen years more, thus bringing his total term of service up to our present maximum. More young men would be thus attracted, knowing that when seven years had elapsed they would still be young, and the service might come to be looked upon as no inapt training to fit men who could leave it at the age of twenty-five for the hard struggle of after life. Seven years, too, is long enough to familiarize a man with the solid advantages which the army presents, and not long enough to induce that *ennui* which often leads the ten years' man to drift away when his time is up, merely because "he would like to change." If he has striven to merit promotion and not received it, all hope is not dead while as yet but seven years have elapsed; if he has been wild, in the succeeding fourteen years there is yet time to retrieve himself, and to earn a creditable pension. It is believed that if this change were introduced, we should both have more recruits come forward, and more time-expired men renew their engagements.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ESTABLISHING PRECEDENTS.—A lawyer with a taste for casuistical speculations was one day walking over a common. He heard a noise by the roadside, which appeared on examination to proceed from a battle between a rabbit and a weasel. The weasel had the rabbit by the throat, and the rabbit was drumming furiously on the weasel's back with his forepaws. The lawyer began to doubt whether he should interfere or not. By interfering, he would save the rabbit's life! but he would also deprive the weasel of his dinner, which he was earning in the natural way of his business. By not interfering, he would neglect to save the life of the rabbit, which, as compared with depriving the weasel of his dinner, would produce a balance of pain. It appeared to the lawyer, who was a practical man as well as a casuist, that under these circumstances the rabbit ought to have the benefit of the doubt; and instead of following the advice of one of his own profession who, when a notorious rogue was defended by an ingenious quibble, proposed to "hang the man and save the point," he saved the rabbit's life from his antagonist, and also saved the point whether he had done right for further consideration. Upon reflection, he arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he had done right, on the ground that the individual act produced more pleasure than pain, and that it did not, and from the nature of the case could not, tend to establish an injurious precedent. If, in order to save the life of the individual rabbit, it had been necessary to lay down the general principle that all rabbits ought to have their lives protected against all weasels, he would have been wrong; for to affirm such a principle would have been to interfere with the established order of nature whereby it is ordained that rabbits should be the prey of weasels. But the particular act had no such meaning. The lawyer had not the remotest intention of becoming a knight-errant on the part of rabbits in general against weasels, nor did he even intend to set up a company for that purpose. His connection with the subject began and ended with that particular interference, the plain result of which was life to the rabbit and a countermand of dinner to the weasel; and it was hundreds, perhaps thousands, to one that he would never see such a sight again as long as he lived.

AN author who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. Foote returned the play, with a grave face, saying: "Sir, depend upon it—this is not a thing to be laughed at."

THE CORPS DE BALLET.

A BALLET is a wonderful conglomeration of grace and nonsense, and, it is to be presumed, is concocted for the purpose of puzzling as well as of delighting the outer world. Much has been said and written of the dancers who form what is called the *corps de ballet*. The stories told of them are more or less true, and very much less than more.

Some say the members of the *corps de ballet* are in the habit of dining with dukes daily; of living at the rate of £1,000 per diem; of having sets of diamonds for every week of the year; two broughams, four footmen, three ladies' maids, and a *boudoir* of white velvet and lilac satin, with mother-of-pearl furniture, and solid silver fire-place, with gold fender and fire-irons *en suite*. Others protest that she is the possessor of more good qualities than all the famed heroines of ancient or modern times; prefers linsey-woolsey to satin; thinks porter a nicer drink than champagne; is never irritable with her father, mother, or the nine brothers and sisters whom she supports by her earnings; has not in her composition one particle of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, and is exactly like those most impossible and disagreeable persons, the heroines of small novels and the "ideals" of lads of sixteen.

There are ladies of the ballet who have broughams, though they do not dine with dukes daily. There are ladies of the ballet who have fine clothes, equipage, and luxury for reasons connected with anything but merit.

But these gorgeous creatures are but few. The majority live by the industry of their feet and fingers. Dancing and the needle is their sole support, and their virtues are as many and their faults as many, their goodness and their foibles as oddly mixed as in others of their sex of the same age and station, and as worthy as much honor, pity, consideration and reproof.

Ye gentlewomen of England, who live at home at ease, ah! little do ye think upon the terrible labors of the ballet-girl. Milliners, dress-makers, and all the tribes of the needle, work at home or in the houses of others, seated by the fire. How do the "ballet" pass their day? A new piece is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Swellgravia. The "call" posted in the hall runs: "Theatre Royal, Swellgravia. Ballet at 10.—Mr. Skreype, properties. New Play at 11.30.—Everybody. Full Band."

At 10 o'clock, A. M.—hail, rain, wind, snow or sunshine—from distant parts of this large metropolis, the ballet, no matter at how late an hour they may have been engaged in the theatre the night before, drop in at the stage door. Very few of them have saved their legs by the hire of an omnibus. The dwellers in the wilds of Camberwell, Kennington, Islington or Hackney, started from their homes by nine, to effect which they have had to rise by eight. An hour's walk, especially if the streets be dirty, or the weather severe, is not an agreeable preparative for dancing. No matter! The corps adjourns to its dressing-room, takes off those prides of girlhood, bonnet, cloak, gown and boots, and arrays itself in "practising dress"—a garb of doubtful white with short skirts, cold in the winter and inconvenient in summer. The girls tie up their poor heads in handkerchiefs, like the mill-hands in Lancashire—for theatres are always full of draughts, the architect takes care of that—and descend to a cold, dank, dark stage, where the ballet-master, a little, old Frenchman with a graceful figure and a hideous face, is walking up and down, the breath from his nostrils steaming into the damp air like the breath of a wicked dragon in a fairy tale, and Mr. Skreype, the repetiteur, alone in the orchestra, conveys an idea of musical desolation and discomfort by taking his violin out of its case, where it is protected from the inclemencies of the season by green baize and flannel, and dividing his time anointing his bow with rosin, and wishing mentally that he had not taken quite so much whiskey over night.

"You are all raddy?" says Monsieur now. "Mistair Skreype if you please, go!"

And the rehearsal of the ballet begins. The girls dance, and are compelled to repeat the same figures over, and over, and over again, until Monsieur Legrand, a conscientious little artist, and agreeable man enough when not rehearsing his "imbeciles," as he calls them, is partially content, for to be entirely satisfied falls not to the lot of any ballet-master, French or English.

This lasts for more than an hour and a half, when the general rehearsal commences. The refractories of the ballet—those who cannot or will not learn—adjourn to the back of the stage, and Monsieur Legrand, with considerable perseverance but no patience whatever, by tearing the hair of his wig, terrifies them into submission and grace; the others run up-stairs to their dressing-room and pluck out of their half-damp pockets their lunch—not paté and champagne, we can assure our readers—and club together for beer or coffee. The *corps* particularly affects coffee.

The ballet has to be danced again in its proper place in the general rehearsal of the piece, and thus the girls are delayed till half-past two, when they dance again. They quit the theatre at about three, and the dwellers in Camberwell, Kennington, Islington, and Hackney, after the small exertion of rehearsal, recruit their exhausted limbs by walking back to their homes to dinner or to tea. Many, however, are too languid and delicate for this exertion, and these stay up in the dreary dressing-room, and club again, for a compound comfortless meal, which they take, gipsy-party fashion, sans chairs, knives, forks, or cellarets.

They are at the theatre again by six or seven, for they appear in the first piece as well as the last. When the curtain descends at midnight they are on the stage. They then resume the habiliments of every day life, and trudge, for the fourth time on the weary way between the theatre and their homes. Dwellers in Camberwell, Kennington, Islington, and Hackney, get to bed about 1.40; they rise again at eight, with the same routine before them.

This is not a luxurious life; it is not sensual. It is laborious, unpleasant, comfortless, wet, sloppy, and sore-footed. Its monotony is seldom broken, except by the happy intervals when a piece has a long "run," and there are no rehearsals. But this is but a poor compensation for the fatigue and danger incurred at Christmas for the gratification of ardent-minded scene-painters, money-loving managers, and a sensation and splendor-loving public.

* * * * * * *

The members of the ballet feel enormous pleasure in the exercise of their calling. While dancing they are happy. And the wages for this wear and tear of body, this expense of muscle, the reward for the fleeting possessions of grace, youth, beauty, and agility? The highest salary—and the girl must be indeed clever and lucky who obtains it—is one guinea weekly, and this only in the best theatres. Eighteen and fifteen shillings are also sums given for the regular ballet. Extras, that is girls engaged for the run of one piece, and not regularly on the staff of the theatre, twelve and ten shillings. Will the reader believe that in some places the remuneration of these girls is one shilling per night? To be sure they are theatres seldom visited by folks from the West-end, but they are theatres where the *corps de ballet* undergoes greater labor than at any other, and, strange to say, these facts do not prevent obsequious writers in the press from extolling that enterprise and spirit, large humanity, and honorable fair dealing with which, if all that is written be true, managers of theatres are gifted by divine right of lesseeship.

"The Queen's English."—The article on Dean Alford's book, *The Queen's English*, in the new number of the Edinburgh *Review*, is one of the most effective attacks upon the heresies of grammar and style prevailing, not only among the crowd of letter-writers, but among the popular authors of the day. We give an amusing specimen of what the reviewer calls "Nos-ism," or the absurd use of the newspaper editor's "we" by persons who are frequently not writing throughout in the first person plural. One of these grammatical sinners, whom the writer quotes, describes, we are told, something in this style an exciting adventure in which he was the principal actor: "*We* felt that a few moments would decide our fate. *We* were totally alone: *we* shouted, but no one answered. The projecting ledge on which *we* had contrived to support one of *our* feet was slowly giving way. *We* look down: a sheer precipice of one thousand yards yawned beneath *us; our* hat fell off: *our* head grew dizzy: *our* right hand was rapidly becoming benumbed," etc. "Who," asks the reviewer, "can care for a Mr. We in such a situation?" The passage is perused with frigid indifference, as not appealing to any human sympathy with a fellow-creature; or if any feeling is evoked, it is one, perhaps, rather resembling satisfaction; a vague notion that somehow or other there will shortly be one newspaper editor the less in the world. Equally just is the reviewer's indignation with the humorous writers of the day, who are in the habit of beginning an article in this style:—"We are in the Strand. See a haberdasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right a counter. In front of it a chair. Behind it a smiling shopman, moustached, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third? A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle: they are on! That will do. Three-and-tenpence, did you say? Thank you, sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand." A sad falling-off, indeed, from the grammatical ways of our simple-minded forefathers, who, holding that no sentence can stand without a verb, were wont to write up on corners of houses, as some old mural tablets still testify, "This is High street." "What can be more dreadful," asks the reviewer, "than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence, of this kind of composition, or rather decomposition? One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, 'Leave thy damnable faces and begin. Tell us what thou hast to say, if anything thou hast, and if not, hold thy peace!'" To all which most educated readers will, we think, subscribe; though somebody may, perhaps, suggest, in answer to the reviewer's question, "What can be more *dreadful?*" that the reviewer himself here slips into the common but serious offence against the Queen's English of using stronger language than the case requires, for it cannot be denied that some recent murders, or, say, railway accidents, have been more "dreadful" even than this verbless paragraph of the small humorous writer, who, with all the other offenders now held up to scorn and derision, will, we hope, shut his eyes to these small motes in the eye of his censor, and henceforth walk meekly by the light of the true principles which govern the Queen's English.—*Publishers' Circular.*

Jenny Lind's Debut.—The Queen received her with marked attention. The Dowager Queen invited her to visit her Majesty in private. Invitations, which she was as unwilling as unable to accept, were showered on her by the English nobility. The late Duke of Wellington on one occasion invited her to his country seat, promising that "music should form no topic of the conversation." But, amid all the honors they lavished upon her, the shy *prima donna* invariably preferred the intimacy of her choice private circle, and was glad to flee the flattering incense sought to be bestowed upon her, by escaping to the country house of the kind friend who had first welcomed her in London. There she would heartily enjoy a ride, a rural ramble; and anon seated among wild ferns and shaded by ancient beech trees, she would study her new parts, the score laid open upon her lap. Every anecdote which transpired abroad, every detail which could be caught up, eagerly seized as it was by the "outside" public, contributed to throw a romantic halo about the name of the favorite *prima donna.*—*Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera.*

Sterne's Father.—Sterne's father was a shiftless, roving Irish officer in the early part of the last century. He served in Marlborough's wars, and was cast adrift, like many other people, by the caprice of Queen Anne, and the sudden peace of Utrecht. Of him only one anecdote remains. He was, his son tells us, "a little smart man, somewhat rapid and hasty" in his temper; and during some fighting at Gibraltar he got into a squabble with another young officer, a Captain Philips. The subject it seems, was a goose. It ended in a duel, which was fought with swords in a room. Captain Philips pinned Ensign Sterne to a wall behind; upon which he quietly asked, or is said to have asked, "Do wipe the plaster off your sword before you pull it out of me;" which, if true, showed at least presence of mind.

THE MORALITY OF PLAYING FOR MONEY.

GRANTING it right to play for money at all, which most people will grant, and that there must be a limit to the amount it is justifiable to stake, which all—even gamesters—assert, what is the principle on which the moral limit should be decided? Most people respond at once that no man ought to play for more than he can afford, but the sentence when analyzed will be found to amount to nothing. A really good player could "afford" guinea whist very well indeed if he had only five hundred a year, and the dogma involves the absurdity of making capacity for winning a test of the moral right. What is the meaning, either, of the sum a man can afford? Does it imply that he may play up to the amount of his income, or half his income, or what Mr. Mill calls his surplus income, *i. e.*, his income after necessaries are purchased, or his income after he has done all his duty in spending, and lending, or giving? That last definition with men who hold, as we do that property, like strength or capacity, is a trust never to be misused without sin, would simply prohibit playing for money altogether. Or, to put another point, is a Marquis of Westminster or of Bute justified in playing for hundred-pound points? Their loss is less in proportion to their means than shilling points to average professional men, yet—though a fixed line is impossible—such stakes by comparison with the stakes necessary to give rich men interest in the game necessarily suggest the notion of waste. Now all waste *qua* waste is evil, and requires a justification just as much as the cutting off of a finger-joint or an ear would require one. No man has a moral right, as Mr. Kingsley somewhere puts it, to shy at sea-gulls with half-crowns, even if his half-crowns be ever so many or exhaustless. He can use them to purpose, and having them he is bound to use them to purpose, just as he is bound to use his brains, or his strength, or any other gift which is his.

The true law, so far as it can be defined, which is not very closely, seems to be a composite one. No man can, for instance, have a right, a moral right, to play for a sum which he feels rouses in him avarice, or greed, or any distinctly-evil sentiment. He might as well toy with a disposition to murder, caress a tendency to theft, or deliberately encourage a fancy towards his neighbor's wife. Not having the right for himself he cannot have it for his fellow-players—is just as evil if he tempts them to evil as if he commits it himself. Then when he has discovered the sum which leaves his pulses cool—which will differ with every player—he is bound also to calculate not how much he can afford—for that is regulated by his chance of winning—but how much he has a right to waste, to lose, to throw away for the sake of the amusement gained. No man in the world out of a Trappist monastery ever disputed the right to some recreation, and no man except a miser ever questioned that it was lawful to buy it. The only point is the price to be paid, which must be decided like everything else by a very complex calculation balancing between one's desires, one's needs, and one's duties. To give more than the net result of that equation is wrong, and just as much evil as the throwing away of any other resource with which God has endowed us—time, or health, or special powers—no more, no less. There are many men, especially among the sedentary, so unhappily constituted that the only recreation which is recreation, which takes them out of themselves, gives them excitement without fatigue, and rest without the sense of *ennui*, is playing cards. They have a right to play, as we understand it, without the perpetual conflict of conscience with which some men are afflicted, but only at a price—the price they would think themselves justified in paying for any other amusement which produced nothing except the momentary relief. Means have very little to do with the matter, and the chance of winning nothing at all; the money lost or won is pure waste by somebody; but then one has a right to waste when waste purchases fresh powers, for then it ceases to be what nevertheless in itself it *is.*—*London Spectator.*

Rebel Reinforcements.—The Milwaukee *Sentinel's* correspondent with Sherman is responsible for the following: A tacit understanding among our pickets and the Rebs, who are on opposite sides of the river, has existed for the last three or four days. Some of our boys swam over day before yesterday, and were very amicably received by the Rebs, who climbed the apple-trees and shook down the fruit for the Yanks; and when one of them expressed a wish to take some back for a stew to eke out his evening meal of hard tack, a friendly Johnny immediately tore off the leg of his pants to make a bag of—that the leg was too badly worn to hold green apples, did not detract from the benevolence of the act. But the armistice terminated this morning; notice was given by a reb yelling out: "Hello, Yank!"

"What do you want, Johnny?"

"Can't talk with you uns any more!"

"How's that?"

"Orders to dry up!"

"What for, Johnny?"

"Oh, Jim Brownlow, with his d—d Tennessee Yanks, swam over upon the left last night and stormed our rifle-pits naked, captured sixty of our boys, and made 'em swim back with him. We uns have got to keep you uns on your side of the river now."

Yesterday a conversation took place between a couple of outlying pickets, which shows that the movements of our troops are most closely watched. In less than two hours after the crossing of our troops a Reb yelled out: "We uns are going to give you 'uns h—l now, Yank!"

"How are you going to do it, Johnny?"

"We uns have got reinforcements!"

"The d—l you say! What troops are they?"

"That one-armed cuss, old Howard, with the 4th, and Schofield with the 23d corps, are on our side now."

Conversation ended in a smile you could have heard farther than a Parrott can shoot, participated in by the skirmishers on both sides of the river.

In some tranquil and apparently amiable natures there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

*** *Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to* "THE CALIFORNIAN," *office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

THE RHETORIC OF RIOTS.

IT is very difficult in times of anxiety for men to await the sober suggestions of their second thoughts. We are so much the creatures of impulse. We like so much to have our will executed immediately and our apparently reasonable desires unchecked. It is so much easier to lift our own hands to the work than abide the humane method of a courteous remonstrance, or the slow certainty of legalized justice, if any one has erred against the statutes. So we come to personal discourtesies, insults, the pulling of noses that do not belong to us, and riots, where we crowd together and think we carry justice and the law in our hands, but when we are only acting very much like idiots and have hold of contraband weapons. Horses sometimes take the bits in their mouths, and, forgetting these very things were meant to guide them along safe roads and restrain their intemperance, run headlong among the sharp rocks or into the perilous water. We are never more unphilosophical than when we try to take the laws in our teeth, and, unmindful that they are only for our safe conduct and protection, attempt to gather in justice where they do not seem to reach, and in spite of them. It is favorable to our inherited ideas of freedom, that the laws will not snap suddenly and so subject us at once to a penalty, but, cobweb-like, are finely spun, and will bear very reasonable tension. It is only, then, when we get to be fools, that we let our tempers carry us so far outside of the proprieties and moralities of life, that we hear the cords snap and feel ourselves let down into the abyss of men's condemnation and retributive justice. When we get there, we ourselves begin to see the improprieties we have committed, and wonder where was the soberness of our second thoughts that would have guided us better and saved the tarnish upon our reputations.

Whenever any class in the community are placed in jeopardy by the unreasonable pressure of a class above them, they claim and rightly have the unstinted sympathies of all other classes—it being only asked of them, that they, who suffer, forbear attempting unlawfully to rectify a wrong. As soon as they attempt to make a right, *vi-et-armis*, there gets to be such a jumbling of wrongs, one piled upon the other, that the rights of everybody get out of sight, and the whole thing gets to be a maze that only the law's delays can unravel. People feeling very much outraged get so far blinded as to be unable to distinguish the parties who are making them suffer, and, in their anxiety that nothing but justice be done, immediately do a great many unjust acts against just the most innocent people. A few hours of intemperate heat alter somewhat the original intentions of the parties, and there gets to be prevalent a feeling that it is only a holiday for the shillelah, and there is a great deal of ripe strength that is spoiling for a combat.

One of the most immoral sights in the world is a crowd, with offensive arms, calling out for justice. That article can only be efficiently dealt out to soberness and temperance of conduct. A dash of reason may be mixed up with an injured man's demands without damage to his cause, but reason comes before clubs and the use of muscle. It comes altogether without them, and if men come to forget it and take to the arguments of blows, the calaboose must bring them finally back to the standing point of reason, when they can courteously ask or remonstrate, and as courteously listen.

IN THE FIELD.—The transition from the calm of peace and a quiet life on this coast, to the scenes of strife where the battle rages, is so brief a matter, that we were astonished to hear so soon of our friend Capt. John Kellogg, for the last three years Chief Commissary of the Pacific Department, who was ordered East, and seems hardly to have had time to reach Panama, so rapidly does *Tempus fugit*. He writes in excellent spirits, and with great satisfaction, that he had been ordered to Gen. Sheridan's command as Chief Commissary; and as the letter was written prior to the late fights in the Shenandoah, Capt. Kellogg has, of course, passed through all the desperate struggles that succeeded Sheridan's onward movement—quite a change, we should say, from life in San Francisco. Capt. K. has chafed under the inactivity of duty here, and his dearest wish has been gratified. He is now in the field. Success and promotion attend him, and may his rations never be "short!"

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee report the following further receipts since our last issue: From Sanitary Cheese, $73 70; *Camanche*, $430; Sales of various articles at the Industrial Fair, $43 40; "Old Sanitary," $65; Suisun and Fairfield, $3,486, in Legal Tender notes; Nevada City, $97 50; Rough and Ready, $90; Washington, $32 50; Red Dog, $25 50; Healdsburg, $5; San Francisco collections, $2,465 45, in coin, and $35 in Legal Tender notes. Total—$3,328 05, in coin, and $3,521 in Legal Tender notes.

DEFECTS OF A FINE CLIMATE.

THE past week was uncomfortably hot. People drooped about listless and perspiring in those substantial garments which the Californian wears throughout the year. Business men felt the duties of shop and counting-house growing irksome, and began to indulge in visions of rural recreation. Professional men dozed in their close offices, and, like Falstaff, babbled in their sleep of green fields. All kinds of vehicles were in demand, and the roads leading to the suburbs were crowded with panting pleasure-seekers. *Intra muros*, pedestrians cursed the short-sighted parsimony of the city that begrudged them a park or any decent public resort in such an emergency. Involuntarily the alien's mind reverted to eastern summers, and bewailed the lack of those little comforts and advantages by which he evaded the extremes of temperature and extracted even a certain kind of pleasure from the dog-day heats. The weather was altogether unusual and exceptional for California; but its rarity afforded some other suggestions than iced punches, thin clothing, country air and rural dissipation.

An explanation of the universal feeling of lassitude is the first suggestion offered. In all other parts of the Union, the very conditions of the climate render some relaxation from labor during the summer months an imperative necessity. Business as well as social circles recognize the fact. The hard-worked clerk or apprentice is allowed his vacation of a few weeks or month; fashionable society seeks the watering-places; humble folk visit their country cousins, and business languishes. California, however, neither recognizes the necessity nor the custom; her climate gives her twelve months of working days, with the Sunday, alas! not always excepted. Twelve months of equable, bracing temperature, that keeps the strings of the human instrument constantly keyed up. It is only when a day or two of midsummer, like that of last week, comes straying this way that our people collapse and suddenly find out how much work they have been doing, and how tired they are. The strings that every now and then snap here and there and tell us too plainly the result of this unnatural strain, awaken no apprehension. People can't understand how it is that they may work strenuously, eat freely, sleep soundly, and fulfil so splendidly all the requirements of a practical existence, and yet be wasting away. The school-boy's experiment of the candle burnt up in a jar of oxygen is perhaps an exaggerated illustration, but it is the first and the one that most naturally suggests itself.

Another suggestion of last week's weather was, that we lose most of the poetical and æsthetic associations of summer in our moderate climate. We don't mean that inspiration rises with the mercury, or that poetry flourishes best in the tropics; but the poetic faculty is very apt to find indulgence in that lassitude which follows high temperatures—in the *dolce far niente* that ensues from bodily ease—in the disposition to idle reverie that comes with midsummer weather. Even our warmest season is not mild enough to bring us in close, sympathetic contact with Nature; lying under a tree or rolling in the grass is provocative of rheumatism and sciatica, in the vicinity of San Francisco, and of dust and uncleanliness in the interior. In fact, the California poet is seldom able to get near enough to Nature to appreciate her. The pleasure arising from a fine sunset suffers deterioration from the necessity of putting on an overcoat to enjoy it thoroughly, to guard against the cold that springs up as the sun goes down. The clear, cold, star-light summer nights of California, so much extolled for their soporific qualities, are not apt to tempt people from their comfortable beds to open windows and celestial contemplation; and in this way a good deal of a certain kind of experience which Eastern people acquire is unknown to the dwellers in this practical climate. The interior Californian draws the blankets of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams. It is nothing to him if his brother by the Atlantic seaboard, tossing upon his feverish bed, rises at last to find consolation by the open window and the streaming moonlight—the scents of the garden heavy in the air, and the night vocal with the song of katydids. No sane man in California would try an experiment of this kind, nor is there any necessity for it. He is content to view Nature at a distance; he does not care to learn her secrets, nor how to evade her wintry forms or summer heats. The goddesses of Mount Ida do not expose their naked charms against the clear outlines of the California hills; to us our climate is a reality, with nothing suggestive or mystic in its conditions. Last of all, there is a social incentive in the extremes of Eastern weather which we all miss here. But lately, a cotemporary, taking a text from Dr. Bellows, enlarged upon "firesides," and the necessity for "fireside influence" in California for social welfare and the proper education of youth. There is a similar influence in the "open air" communionism of the Eastern midsummer. There was sociability and sympathy in the conversational comments on the weather last week, inasmuch as six months of fine moderate weather is apt to use up that stale topic, and though we have returned to it once more, its influence still lingers in society.

OUR NEW STORY.—In the present issue is commenced an interesting story entitled "The White Wolf," translated from the French of Paul Feval, expressly for the CALIFORNIAN.

MANY persons seem to feel a great solicitude for your soul's welfare, who are entirely indifferent to your body's

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE *School for Scandal*, performed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Richings at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, was very largely attended. As the dramatic action of this piece is of a very quiet and subtle character, and the interest more often dependent on the bandying of wit and repartee and the flow of brilliant dialogue than any individual effort or excellence on the part of the performer, we never could understand why the best actors and most ambitious novices have always chosen this play to exhibit their talents. As "Sir Peter Teazle," the beneficiary looked handsome and commanding, but he has often made more of less pretentious characters. There was nothing to highly praise or blame in the quality of his personation. Of Wheatleigh's "Charles Surface," the same may be said, except that he would have appeared to better advantage as "Joseph," whose character contains more depth and fairer opportunities for that subtle analysis and quiet dramatic action in which Mr. Wheatleigh excels. Mr. Mayo, the "Joseph Surface" of the cast, would have profited also by an exchange to the rattling *role* of "Charles," and would have naturally lent to the character a *personnel* and recklessness much more suitable and in keeping. Miss Richings' "Lady Teazle" was an excellent personation; the reconciliation and quarrel scene between Sir Peter and herself bringing out all the vivacity, naturalness and earnestness which render her acting always entertaining. Mrs. Saunders deserves great praise for the ease with which, (like Charles Wheatleigh,) she identifies herself with any character, and yet never loses her own originality. Seguin's "Mr. Premium" was cleverly played. The company, as a whole, did very well, and, beyond one or two hitches, in the dialogue—which in Sheridan's sparkling composition instantly becomes observable—there were fewer mistakes than usually attend the reproduction of a standard play. The bill was repeated the next evening.

On Monday evening, Charles Wheatleigh's benefit was very well attended, and the attractions offered were varied and diversified. Five-act comedies—even by Sheridan—are rather long for the uneasy, restless audiences of San Francisco. *The Blind Man's Daughter*, a domestic play in one act, developed in Miss Richings a capability for quiet and intense dramatic pathos, in a manner more striking than shown in any previous performance. *The Bull in a China Shop*, with Wheatleigh for the central figure, was, of course, inimitable. The Musical Olio comprised the best selections, and was one of the best performances of the Opera troupe. With the repetition of this bill on the following evening, the Dramatic season closed.

On Monday next the Academy re-opens with the Richings troupe, for a second season of opera. The orchestra has been reconstructed, and the troupe open with Auber's *Crown Diamonds*. *Luisa Miller* and *Dinorah* are in active preparation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean make their debut in California to-night, at the Opera House, in *Henry VIII.*, in which tragedy they sustain the characters of "Cardinal Wolsey" and "Queen Catherine." *The Jealous Wife* is also given, with these distinguished artistes as "Mr. Oakley" and "Mrs. Oakley." Old play-goers will recognize in Mrs. Kean the famous Ellen Tree of old time, and in Charles Kean the celebrated actor whose last visit to the United States, many years ago, created such enthusiasm. The house will probably be crowded.

Paul Julien will give his farewell concert at the Metropolitan Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next, and will be assisted by the Bianchis, a good orchestra under the direction of Mr. Herold, and an array of talent announced elsewhere in our columns. A fine programme will be given on the occasion, embracing many choice *morceaux*, among which are the three following masterpieces of Verdi: the great quintette in *Nabuco*, "S'appressan gl' istanti; the quartette in *Rigoletto*, "Bella figlia dell amore," in which Verdi has so ably represented four diverse sentiments: the grand trio in *I Lombardi*, with the original violin solo obligato, which Julien will play in person, in the orchestra. The stage is to be fitted up as an elegant drawing-room, and every effort will be made to make Julien's farewell a crowning triumph. The Metropolitan has recently been painted and re-decorated throughout with new designs for the proscenium by Messrs. Rogers and Stackhouse, and the auditorium portion of the theatre newly furnished.

The Eureka has been in a high tide of prosperity all the week, the other principal houses being closed, and, consequently, Birch, Backus & Co. have been overflowing with wit and humor. A laughable farce, entitled *Here She Goes and There She Goes*, has been the new escape-valve for the exuberant spirits of the company. The introduction of lively after-pieces is a decided improvement, and relieves the sameness of the old programme.

THE Circus, after a good season of five weeks, will close and fold its tent like the metaphorical Arabs, and silently steal away to some adjacent locality for the next day's operations. For a while we shall miss the clown's sharp jokes and sharp retort of the ring-master's whip; the wonderful feats of the agile Carlos and the graceful and daring equestrianism of the flying Zoyara, equipoised between tent and steed. This afternoon's performance will be rendered doubly attractive by the appearance of Ella Zoyara in male attire and the allotment of twenty presents to be given away to the assembled audience.

SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE POETS.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE PLAZA.—After Sir Walter Scott.

IF thou wouldst view the Plaza aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Show that the fountain *does not* play.
When the broken benches are hid in shade,
With many a vagrant recumbent laid;
When the clock on the Monumental tower
Tolls to the night the passing hour;
When cabman and hackman alternately
Entreat and threaten—indulging free
In course yet forcible imagery;
When the scrolls that show thee the play-house nigh,
In monstrous letters do feign and lie,
Of "Fun divest of Vulgarity;"
When Bella Union is heard to rave
O'er the last conundrum the minstrel gave;
When the street-boy pauses—intent upon
The band at Gilbert's Melodeon—
Then go—but go alone the while,
And view John Bensley's ruined pile,
And, home returning—do not swear
If thou hast seen some things more fair.

NEW BOOKS.

ROMAN & CO., whose full shelves and long tables, running over with the latest books, make one despair of keeping up with the current of cotemporaneous literature, have laid upon our table a few specimens of their freshest acquisitions. Of the others we can say but little except to admire the growing good taste and inventive genius displayed in bindings—the old severity and simplicity of style having given way to warm colors, illuminated letters and ingenious cyphers. Gold is used sparingly—a sure indication of good style—but the body of the modern volume is often clothed with some positive color, so that a collection of new boks may fairly vie with the autumnal foliage of a northern forest. The delicately tinted leaves are sometimes illuminated with initial letters, with the old-fashioned "rivulet of text" running down a "meadow of margin."

Overland Explorations in Siberia, Northern Asia and the great Amoor River Country, etc., etc. By Perry McD. Collins. 8vo. pp. 467. New York: Appleton & Co. 1864.

This is a book peculiarly interesting to the people of the Pacific coast. Major Collins, who, it appears, had long since fixed upon the Amoor River as the channel by which American enterprise was destined to penetrate Northern Asia, at the time the Russians took possession of the Amoor country in 1855, went to Washington to acquire further information on the subject. After conferring with the Cabinet and Russian Ambassador, he was appointed to represent the interests of this country as Commercial Agent on the Amoor River; started for St. Petersburg, and, arriving there traversed the Empire from west to east, crossed Siberia, entered Tartary and descended the Amoor from its source to its mouth. Major Collins gives us the practical results of this exploration in the interior of a country hitherto almost unknown to us—results that are most important to the future of this coast. He carefully investigated the natural features of the country, its resources, agricultural and mineral, and every thing that might affect our future commercial relations with it. It would seem, by the author's experience, that the Russian policy in regard to the development of Siberia is liberal, and that Mouravieff, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, far from looking with suspicion on the acute, Yankee, commercial traveller, afforded him every facility, and became his ardent friend. The story of the telegraphic union of Europe with America overland, now such an exciting and interesting topic, is told here and illustrated with a map.

Apart from this practical information, Major Collins gives us a very readable volume. Most of the incidents are related in a simple matter-of-fact way, without any attempt at fine writing or sensational effect. One of these episodes we are tempted to extract. After a pleasant dinner with the "Golovah" of Kyachta, our traveller was shown the Russian custom of "tossing up for drinks":

"As soon as we entered the apartment, servants bearing trays loaded with glasses, foaming with champagne, approached us, and the Golovah pressed us to take the parting glass. This it was idle to refuse, so we drank, as we supposed, for really the last time. Presently I noticed a pretty dense circle encompassing Peyton, and in an instant he was seized by half-a-dozen stout, jolly merchants, and tossed up in the direction of the ceiling. Fortunately it was not a very low one, or else he must have gone through to the roof. Down he came, however, into the hands of his tormentors, who sent him up again, if any thing, higher than ever, the most uproarious mirth and laughter prevailing. My companion was not a small man, or a light one, but he was no more than a feather in the hands of these portly Siberians.

"This sport is called in Russian *podkeedovate*, or tossing-up, and is considered a mark of great respect. General Mouravieff told me, after our return, that he had had *podkeedovate* performed upon him in the same room.

"During the performance, I stood half-aghast, looking at the figure Peyton was cutting, a man six feet high and well proportioned, going up and down like a trap-ball, his coat-tail flying sky-high, and his face as red as a brick. I was all the time consoling myself that they had administered this extra touch of hospitality to Peyton because they considered him the most worthy, and the best able to stand it, and I said to Beetsov, 'I hope one tossing for the American nation will be considered honor enough.' He replied, 'Your turn will very likely come too.'

"After a while Peyton came down, and staid down. Servants again came around, and again we had to drink champagne. I had just emptied my glass, and placed it on the waiter, when, without a moment's warning, I was seized, and up I went. Being much lighter than Peyton, and handled after him by these stout, and now very jovial and mellow fellows, I have a distinct recollection of touching the ceiling. My coat-tail certainly did, and what I thought at first a piece of good fortune, now proved to be otherwise, for, having taken Peyton's guage with regard to weight, they did not take into consideration my lightness, and I came near going through the top of the house. Up I went and down I came, only to go up again, until my friends were satisfied that if I was not drunk before, my head would certainly swim now. However, I was able to stand when I came to my feet, which was more than I calculated upon when tossing between the floor and ceiling."

Poems by David Gray, with Memoirs of his Life. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864. 8vo. pp. 239.

David Gray, who made amends for his claim to recognition as a new poet, by dying early, and thus disarming the reviewers, was a Scotch lad whose affecting story is told by R. M. Milnes in the preface. It is alone sufficient to interest the reader in his poems, if they had no other merit. It is almost a repetition of Keats and Chatterton—the old story of a self-torturing, sensitive, and delicate organization—the struggle with cold realities—the morbid fancies, heetic flushes, and feverish exaltation of the consumptive. His poetry possesses genius and rare promise of fruition—which was, alas! never to be realized. He seems to have been an etherial Burns—purer and more sensitive than the ploughboy bard, but lacking the vital force which was a part of Burns's animal nature.

Congdon's Cavalry Compendium.—This interesting little book is invaluable to the soldier, and particularly to cavalry, although it treats of things that every soldier and officer ought to be familiar with. Everything relative to the duty of a soldier is here laid down, in a concise form and under separate heads. The treatment of the horse—care of arms—extracts from the best authors on cavalry tactics—the manual of arms—use of the sabre—extracts from the army regulations—the Articles of War—and interesting remarks on the question of valor and skill over numbers. The book is for the pocket, and extremely desirable to every branch of the military service—comprising, as it does, a greater amount of information in less space than any work on military matters we have yet seen.

Mercantile Dictionary: By J. De Veitelle.—This compact little work, contains a mine of information for the business man. All terms and names of articles in general use in commercial life are here laid down in English, Spanish and French, without a master. We quote from the preface: "The able correspondent and accomplished linguist are often brought to a stand-still by a trivial technicality, for an explanation of which they vainly search in the most comprehensive general dictionaries: an idiomatic expression, a single word incorrectly rendered, often gives rise to most lamentable delays in, if not the complete interruption of, the simplest business transaction." With a view to remove this and other difficulties, the author publishes the *Mercantile Dictionary*—a very useful work to every business-man.

Quest: A Novel. Author unknown.—A pleasant story, somewhat original in style, well written, and quite an interesting book.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

THE SIMPLICITY OF NATURE'S WAYS.

ALL things seek to grow into straight lines or easy curves, or into form blended of the two, composite yet simple; and every departure from this general rule can be easily traced to the influence of adventitious causes. Nature deals not in sharp turns, and still less in right angles, and rigidly eschews uncouth figure of every kind. Her acts, the resulting whole, may sometimes be grotesque: but examine the several parts in detail, for instance, of some most hideous animal. Are they not all in themselves gracefully formed, and simple in their very grace? The square has no place; the circle and the sphere prevail in her æsthetic system.

Nothing strikes the eye more quickly or painfully than a gnarled or twisted tree in a forest of straight, symmetrical columns, or than the disturbance of the smoothly-swelling slope by the up-throw of some contorted volcanic wall of rock roughly stretching across its bosom. How strange in our sight, how defective in principle, how different from all other modes of structure in nature, would the tree appear, if, instead of the trunk, limbs and branches rising by easy, gentlest of lines, they should spring from each other at angles of stiff degree. Once, while passing a grove, of stately stems and dense foliage, the whitened forms of a certain tree, numerous but dead, rose before us in the obscure twilight of a summer evening, and made us doubt our sight to perceive that the boughs of those trees, from their roots to their tops, all pointed *downward*, in utter reversal of the law which tells that all living things tend *upward*—the skeleton-witnesses of a deformity in nature—and, though dead, still beautiful in the graceful fall and elegant downward curve of their branches. It was right that they *all* were dead, and yet bore evidence of Nature's universal wish and tendency. Drawn to earth by some mystery of their growth, not without a struggle did they yield to the adverse influence; for, starting from the trunk in decided *upward* bent, but gradually is the course changed, and only after some period of uncertain advance, marked as a time of contest, along the line of each limb, by ridges and wriukles on the otherwise smooth bark, is their fall fixed and their course established. In the most distorted and fantastic shapes observable in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms can be seen this strong desire to conform to rule, and, when possible, to return by direct, simple course to the law of their being.

The convulsions of nature are themselves indications of this desire, and furnish the philosopher the means of reconciling many questions, and have led to some of the grandest discoveries. Jenner, by close observation of *disease*—unnatural, morbid state of the body—was brought to the discovery of Vaccination, an improvement without parallel in the physical sciences. By calculatiou of the perturbations in the solar system, Le Verrier gave the planet Neptune to the knowledge and eye of man, by an immense mental effort, deducing the law, found to be simple when made known, for its necessary existence and place in the system. Not that the weak or ignorant could have achieved the result, though they may somewhat appreciate its value and merit, not simple in this sense, but simple because direct and free from intricate complication.

When in the disturbed mountain districts we see "confusion worse confounded" in the overlying strata, the uptiltings, overlappings, the upheaval of rock through solid rock, the dislocation and twisting out of all natural and regular shape and course, and, ultimately, the disappearance of all system, it seems rash to assert that these disturbances, and their effects, often roughened into an incomparable chaos, can be reasonably referred to any law of simple character and direct action. Even in the moments of labor and contortion, the geologist, Nature's anatomist, can find no violation of her own laws. He strips the ground of the earthy mantle that covers up and conceals the rocky framework beneath, and, dealing only with parts and relations essential to the problem, works out with "assurance doubly sure," the simple nature of the structure and the causes of the existing disturbance.

Is the triumph a barren one? No! a thing of glory and honor—a charm to the theorist it may be, but more, for it becomes to the man of practical turn of great commercial use, opening new fields to his energy, some the richest yet known, and incites hope to attempt, almost beyond hope, the boldest strokes of enterprise. Men no longer magnify doubt and difficulty: the force of Tacitus' apt expression, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*"—the ignorant always exaggerate—has been greatly weakened by the discovery, in the light of modern science, that simplicity is the immutable quality of Nature's style. The vein has been broken, turned from its course in violent commotion: ascertain how, whence, and, if possible, when the disturbance came; compare the relative powers of the forces in action, and, drawing your conclusion, how surprised are you to find that the most simple explanation is the truest and most direct.

Catching the spirit of this truth, of Nature's teaching, it was but reasonable to expect its influence upon the literary style of the scientific writers of the day; for he who deals in simple facts, receiving his impressions from simple combinations and understands the strength and grace of Nature's unaffected ways, must sympathize more or less deeply—may be unconsciously—with the style, and from sympathy comes imitation, more or less pure, impressing upon the mind somewhat of its own type and character. What? philosophy in simple form, in figure of speech? Yes; what more didactic, more eloquently simple than the Sermon on the Mount?—probably the most eloquent and simple discourse in the literature of any language.

In the treatment of scientific matters in our own day observe, to mention a few illustrations, the force and felicitous tone of the new style. Hugh Miller, Prof. Tyndall and Prof. Mitchell, throwing respectively a charm around the profoundest problems of Geology, Heat and Astronomy by the splendor of their simple descriptions; the usually dull, labored details of History made bright by the graphic pen of Macaulay, and, still more recently, Dr. Ferrier, in the repulsively dry department of Metaphysics, enlivening his page with an imagery that seems to aid the reason, while it strongly attracts the reader by the beauty of its garb.

On the other hand, who can think of the dreadfully complex style of the old philosophical writers, without a shudder? "Horror piled on horror," books glorious with the stuffed learning of twenty centuries, swelling with an endless undigested array of facts or opinions, in language studiedly stiff, thrown into sentences of the most elaborate and artificial construction, unrelieved by ornament or illustration, and often broken midway for the forcible insertion, utterly out of place, and without translation of some ponderous foreign quotation. These works never fail to call to mind the expressive phrase "*obscurum per obscurius*"—the obscure made still more obscure.

TRISMEGISTUS.

THE Knickerbocker No. 5's Grand Promenado Concert and Ball, on the occasion of their fourteenth anniversary, will be given at Platt's Hall on Monday evening, October 17th, and will be an event worth looking forward to. The Knickerbockers pride themselves upon their full ranks, their active duties as firemen, and their gallantry as gentlemen. Though by allotment of company formation they are rated as No. 5, yet upon the occasion of their anniversaries, their festivals always rank as No. 1.

A FAIR AWARD.—R. Liddle & Co., gunsmiths and gun manufacturers, on Washington street, near the Post Office, were awarded the First Premium for double-barrelled shot guns, at the Mechanics' Institute Fair of this city. Bob has long been famous for the excellence and accuracy of the workmanship and repairing done in his shop, and for his extensive assortment of guns, Rifles, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, and sporting accessories, of every kind; and now he enters the field with some "double-barrelers" of his own make that excel in beauty and completeness, in fineness of finish and material, anything in the market. Those guns will go off, sure, in a double sense of the word.

MUSICIANS, Ho!—Pianos are selling here at fifty per cent. lower than at the East. Walter S. Peirce & Co. are selling superior seven octave instruments for $300, at their Piano rooms, 26 Montgomery street.

SAINT NAPOLEON.

AS in ancient Rome the slaves were once a year permitted to indulge in the harmless fancy that they were freemen, so one day is annually set apart for the Parisians to remember that they are loyal. During the rest of the year they rejoice in a serene contemplation of their political liberalism and intellectual *spiritualité*, but when the Ides of August approach, they begin to reflect that two days afterwards it will be their duty to go mad in glorificatiou of the only Saint whose worship in the least troubles the devotional instincts of a Frenchman. Lest they should forget or miscalculate the date of his festival, hundreds of men and women, such as in London permeate the streets with illuminated hats announcing less obtrusive exhibitions, arrest the attention of the *flâneur* on the Boulevards, by thrusting into his hand a broadside bearing the flaming inscription of *La Saint-Napoléon, Chanson Nationale*. This, in a certain sense, undoubtedly inspired anthem commences in the following strain:

Quels chants d'amour! quel concert d'allégresse!
Ciel! qu'ai-je lu sur le calendrier?
C'est le Quinze Août, chacun alors s'empresse
De déserter le bureau l'atelier,
A nos plaisirs mariant sa clémence,
Un beau soliel plane sur l'horizon;
Du haut des cieux Dieu protége la France,
C'est aujourd'hui la Saint-Napoléon.

But when once the blessed morning has broken, and the fair sun commenced to shine distressingly, as per advertisement, there is little need of the invocations of the bard to remind the unhappy visitor that the Emperor's *fete* has broken loose. At 6 A. M. he is startled from his couch by a salvo of guns, which announces the day of *Panis et Circenses*. The *panis* is distributed in its natural form to the poor, and in that of wine to the legions whom their master not unnaturally delights to honor. At noon *Te Deums* are chanted in all the churches in honor of the maker of the new Boulevards, and then the *Fete de Jour* commences. The theatres vie with each other in receiving the Emperor's "orders," everything but his free-list being on this occasion entirely suspended. "The freedom of the theatres"—which is in everybody's mouth at Paris, and has furnished the Variétés with a subject for as diverting a farrago of nonsense as has ever graced its boards—to-day becomes a reality on one side of the curtain at least. Strange to say, the most popular of the gratis representations, all of which are given at one o'clock in the day, is that of *Esther*, at the Theatre-Français. Did Racine, when he composed his most unobjectionable morality for the benefit of the prim young ladies of St. Cyr, dream of its being represented on a hot August morning before a couple of thousand of Paris workmen? Not all of these and their ladies, however, can sit at the feet of the strictly legitimate Muse. Melpomene is hard run by the frowsiest of Terpsichores. The glories of the Empire are celebrated by hundreds of devotees in tights, and all the funambulists of the world seem to be standing on their heads before the Hotel of the Invalides. Military spectacles recall the glories of the Mexican war, which has brought so much profit to France, and the horrors of the Polish rebellion with which she so effectively sympathized. A large proportion of the dusty crowd betakes itself to the enjoyment of those swings and roundabouts without which no Frenchman or Frenchwoman appears, even on soberer days, to be able to realize perfect enjoyment. Hardy adventurers climb to the top of greased poles in order to descend covered with glory, and a spoon of Britannia metal in their mouth. The million is nearly drunk with delight and lemonade when it remembers that the best exhibitiou of the day is yet to come, and hurries off to behold its own Elect, with the hope of his dynasty on his august knees, and the arbitress of fashion by his august side, condescendingly drive through the crowd. It is then that the omnipresent reporter of the *Moniteur* observes those cheers which seem never to end, and takes note of the intelligence with which the heir of the safest of thrones appropriates to himself his share in the popular enthusiasm.

In the eveniug commences a part of the *fete* the glories of which are indeed far from new to the frequenters of Cremorne or the *Chateau des Fleurs*, but which is certainly one of those things which are managed superlatively well in France. Five hundred thousand lamps (more or less) recall, as Mr. E. T. Smith would say, the nights of Haroun-Alraschid; yet there is not the least fear that the Sultan himself may be lurking amidst the crowd, with his bow-string in his pocket, in the disguise of a Turkish or Cochin China merchant. For there he stands himself, on a balcony of the Tuileries, with the same sweet smile and the same cold lack-lustre eyes, gazing down upon the people whose enthusiasm once more surpasses anything within the recollection of the oldest reporter on the *Moniteur's* staff. Nothing could tear his subjects away from the contemplation of their chosen one, were it not that the fireworks, a species of exhibition most perfectly adapted to the satisfaction of the French idiosyncrasy, are about to commence on the *Champ de Mars*. Long may the Emperor live who can afford such pyrotechnic displays, which end, of course, in a magnificent Mexican temple, just as the central glory of the illuminations consists in an architectural blaze rouud the obelisk which, as the attendant warriors inform the spectator, also represeuts a Mexican reminiscence. Who can doubt that was worth fighting for Jecker's bonds when so many *motifs* for an Imperial *fete* could be obtained in the liberated land in question? It is with such a feeling that the crowds continue to walk up and down the flaming streets till any hour in the morning, casually exclaiming, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as who should say "Is it not jolly?" nnd not going to bed till loyalty is upon its very last legs. Whether it is loyalty which induces large bodies of youths and maidens to repair once more to the Invalides, and under its shadow dance the national dance of France without the accustomed supervision of an officially chaste *sergent de ville*, is scarcely within the province of the most intelligent of foreign visitors to determine.

And thus the St. Napoleon is once more over, and the British traveller—to whom a comparison naturally suggests itself with his own national holiday, the St. Derby—asks himself whether he has really been assisting at a great festival of a people and a city which love to call themselves the most *spirituel* in the world. He feels sure that the correspondents of the London journals who condescend to notice the annual return of the day will point out that not a single case of drunkenness was noticed during its course. He confirms the fact from the limited range of his personal experience, and draws the inference that a French mob can be rendered utterly inane without the stimulants which many of their British brethren on such occasions imperatively demand. It is idle to attempt to draw inferences as to the sentiments of a people from the fact of its being so very easily amused on one day in the year. But three hundred and sixty-four days remain; nnd it is during these that some sections at least of the population reflect on the question whether bread, shows, and Mexican glories suffice for the wants of a nation daily growing in intelligence, and to which the taste of liberty is not a wholly unaccustomed one. It is on some of these that it may occur to such inopportune thinkers that, while it may be very well for a couple of millions or so to hold an "authorized" assemblage in the streets on the 15th of August, it seems hard that a heavy fine should have been inflicted only a day or two before on certain persons who had ventured to hold an "unauthorized" meetiug of rather more than twenty in a private house. Meanwhile, the game goes on merrily enough, and is certninly worth the candles and lamps that were lit for it on the Emperor's *fete* day. On this occasion three new boulevards were incidentally "inaugurated." Soon Paris will be all boulevards, and of course infinitely better adapted than even now for illuminations—and infiuitely worse for barricades. It will no longer be necessary, as it was this year, to issue instructions to the authorities that the splendor of the *fete* shall everywhere be in accordance with the enthusiastic feelings of the population. The only question is, whether the day may not sooner or later come when it will be found requisite to send forth a general proclamation, somewhat the converse of the former, and to order the civil and military authorities throughout France, and in Paris especially, to take every precautiou to ensure the sentiments of the population being in accordance with the aims and existence of the Imperial Government.—*Saturday Review.*

UNDER THE KNIFE.

AND now the critical moment has arrived, so, having undressed myself, I take a last look around and mount the table; I am at once seized and arranged for the convenience of carving by the two aides-de-camp. Mr. C., who, with his sleeves tucked up, had been standing in such a position as to screen the little what-not and its glittering load from my sight, takes a last look at the wound, evidently determining in his own mind the precise spot where he will make the first gash, and then, retiring a pace or two, nods to Dr. S., who has placed himself behind me. That gentleman at onco steps forward and commences to apply the chloroform. The instrument he uses for this purpose appears to me to partake very much of the form of a meerschaum pipe, in the bowl of which is placed a sponge containing the fluid, n cover fitting tightly over the top of the bowl. The long pipe-stem terminates in a cup intended to cover the nose and mouth of the patient. At the upper end of the stem is a small valve or stop-cock, which regulates the amount of vapor to be inhaled. I am told to draw long deep inspirations as steadily and slowly as possible, and for two or three seconds the only effect I perceive is a slight choking sensation which makes me gasp for breath. Then, however, I see him turn on the stop-cock a little fuller, and immediately I feel myself becoming giddy, the sensation of choking increases, and I find more and more difficulty in drawing my breath. The objects in the room become blurred and dance before my eyes; my brain begins to throb and whirl in my head, and I feel a weight like lead on my heart. And now my blood begins to surge violently through my veins, and beats like a sledge-hammer on my temples; every nerve in my body tingles, it grows faster and faster, wilder and wilder—the room rushes round and round—I cannot bear it—I cannot breathe—I try to strnggle, and feel I can just raise my arm, which, even in my state of semi-consciousness, I perceive is at once held down by one of those abominable students, who is doubtless enjoying the spectacle nmazingly, and gloating over my distress. A roaring sound fills my ear—I strive to raise myself to struggle, but I cannot move. I try to scream—I try to breathe—I gasp wildly—I am suffocating—I shall die—I—I . . . A pause, a long, sensible pause, at the end of which I feel that I have been asleep; and then I am gradually awoke by hearing the gentle plash of water dropping on my pillow. I hear it quite distinctly, and I know at once what it is; but for a king's ransom I could not open my eyes, or stir hand or foot. I am conscious, but motionless. I hear the murmur of voices, but cannot distinguish what is said. Presently there is another plash, and I somehow know they are sprinkling my face; but though I hear it fall upon the pillow, I cannot feel it; nnd now I hear the voices once more. This time I can distinguish what is said. It is Dr. S—— speaking, and he says, "He is coming round fast." Another moment and I can open my eyes. Dr. S—— is standing over me with a basin of water, from which he is sprinkling my face and bathing my temples, though, oddly enough, I cannot feel either his touch or the water. Mr. C—— is standing with his back to me washing his hands, and one of the pupils is packing up the mahogany box, whilst the other is watching me with a look which seems to me very like one of regret that it is all over, and that there is no more to be seen. The nurse is carrying away the two buckets, and I can even see that the water is very red. I see all this at a glance; I am perfectly conscious, nnd yet I can feel nothing. Not only am I free from pain, but there is a numbness over all my limbs. I cannot feel my own touch—I have no sensation whatever. In this state I am lifted into the bed and placed in a comfortable position, not even the movement causing any sensation. Gradually, however, a slight tingling comes on, somewhat similar to that which takes place when a hand or foot has, what is commonly called, gone to sleep. This is succeeded by a smarting pain at the seat of the wound, which increases in intensity until, after some minutes, it becomes very severe. Sensation has returned to my body, and with it comes the after pain of the operation. This, of course, is all the more severe, because I have been spared the torture of the operation itself. It does not, however, last very long, and within half an hour it has entirely ceased.—*British Army and Navy Review.*

MRS. FARNHAM AND HER "ERA."

MRS. FARNHAM, whose name is familiar to Californians, has lately written a strong-minded book entitled, *Woman and her Era*, which the reviews handle rather ungallantly. Says one:

Mrs. Farnham could overthrow any opponent in the world, whether saint or plain man or worse, by her knack of pouring forth n stream of mysterious aphorisms, worthy of the palmiest days of the Transcendental Mecca. If one were to urge any of the common facts by which the world is wont to justify the comparative subordination of women in the social system, she would never think of closing with the fact, but would start from some sonorous proposition, that "Sentiment may be defined as the pure, simple reflection of the Truth which the consciousness entertains," or "That life is most elevated in itself and its uses in which there is the largest amount of voluntary and mixed function, for so it has the largest intelligent hold on results." If this is not enough, we are laid low by a couple of pages from Mr. Walt Whitman, that wicked Tupper, whose writings, it seems, are a sort of precursor of the era of the Feminine. After we have been properly stupefied by awful aphorisms on Life, and Truth, and Intuitions, and Conscionsness, we are finally despatched at the hands of Walt Whitman, thus:

You Hottentot with clicking palate!
You owned persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
You poor Koboo, whom the meanest of the rest look down upon!
You dwarfed Kamschatkan, Greenlander, Lapp!
You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip, grovelling, seeking your food!
You Caffre, Berber, Soudanese!
You haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedowee!
You bather, bathing in the Ganges!
You benighted roamer of Amazonia! You Patagonian—you Fegee man!
I do not prefer others so very much before you either!

What this has to do with the argument we cannot guess, but we have a vague fancy that it is meant to be abusive. And Mrs. Farnham is a very good vilifier on her own account when the occasion requires that men should be thoroughly scolded and exposed. "Who are the gourmands," she asks, "and for whom are concocted the thousand and one compounds known as bitters, cordials, stimulants to appetite, stomachics, tonics, etc., with which the walls of modern cities are illustrated?" The termagnnt of an Irish street-row might vainly envy Mrs. Farnham's fluency of vituperation. "Who consumes the tobacco, opium, hemp, and other narcotics? Who located the soul in the ventricles of the brain, then in the stomach, then in the pineal gland, then in the spleen, then in the muscular heart, then in the frontal sinus? Who shut up Galileo, and rejected the prayers of Columbus, and scouted the idea of the circulation of the blood?" This ferocious indictment goes on nntil the wretched masculine shuts up the book and calls upon the rocks to fall upon him and the mountains to cover him.

Mrs. Farnham's æsthetic argument for the superiority of her sex is chiefly based on the supposed fact that "the Venus de' Medici outlives all male marbles, and is not only visited and admired by men, but by women, who either never hear of the Apollo Belvidere, or pay him but a scanty homage if they do." Poetry plainly shows the same thing, and verses are quoted from Lord Houghton, Miss Jewsbury, Whittier, Mrs. Hemans, and others, in illustration of the writer's position. But Mrs. Farnham evidently thinks her strongest point is the organic argument, nnd into this, unhappily, we are quite unable to follow her. It would be very unfair to say that it is abominably indecent, as one is at first strongly inclined to do, because, after all, the reproduction of the species is a proper subject enough for scientific discussion, and Mrs. Farnham pretends to be scientific, whether she is or not. If we are to have lady doctors, we suppose we shall have to accustom ourselves to hearing women talk in public about the physical relations of the sexes. At present it is rather startling, and we can only venture to state the lady's conclusion, which is that in these functions, as in everything else, woman plays a vastly superior part to man, and that paternity is a poor and contemptible office, while maternity is the most glorious part of human destiny. However, we may mention one of Mrs. Farnham's incidental arguments without offence. The respective positions of the sexes are broadly hinted at, we are told, in the difference between the bearded face of man and the delicacy of the feminine countenance. The character of woman is open, noble, and fearless, so nature has thrown no mask over her face. Man, on the contrary, is subtle, deceitful, and cunning, and this would be too plainly written on his features did not kind nature furnish him with a means of concealing his revolting lineaments. The beard, in short, Mrs. Farnham alleges, is given to man on the same principle on which tails are given to the brutes. This is a modest and delicate sample of the physical arguments by which this enterprising feminine proves her case, and it is about the only one which we can transcribe.

POETIC IMPECUNIOSITY.—At one of many breakfasts we had the honor and good fortune to enjoy at No. 22 St. James's place, we found the poet Rogers in his drawing-room in a more than usually pleasant vein. Taking our hand, holding it, and leading us to the window, (half smiling, half laughing all the time,) he exclaimed, "I have an anecdote for you, and in your way: Coming from the city yesterday I took Fetter-lane, Fleet street, in my road, that I might see, reverentially, the newly-discovered house in which Dryden is said to have lived. I asked for the house, and could for a long time obtain no better reply to my repeated question, 'Which is Dryden's house?' than 'Dryden, Dryden, (the policeman I spoke to thinking for a time with his finger, Sterne-like, to his ear,) 'Dryden; is he backward with his rent?' That policeman knew to the life the poetical character. I went laughing home, and, as you see, am laughing still."

ALFONSO LOMBARDI, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture: "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

FLUNKEYISM.

THE *Freeman* of the 17th inst., has an article, headed "Flunkeyism of the Licensed Victuallers." On the 9th inst. the statue was inaugurated of the late Prince Consort, in the old Kent-road, by the Prince of Wales. We quote the following observations from the *Freeman* on the conduct of the victuallers:

"Not improper was it that the son of the Prince Consort should be treated with all honor, when he came to the Licensed Victualler's Asylum, to 'unveil' the statue of his father. He is the son of the Queen of England, and is himself the prospective occupant of the British throne; and all sentiment both of loyalty and propriety demand that he should be treated always with all respect—a respect due alike to his high position, and, for anything we know, to his personal character likewise. But—and it is here our difficulty begins—if he is a Prince, he is a Prince *in England;* and—though he *is* a Prince—he is not yet the chief person in the English realm. We cannot understand how any Englishman—we cannot understand how any Englishman who remembers that there is a Queen—can use to a Prince of Wales such language as was used without a blush last Tuesday. Two addresses were presented. We quote one of them:

"'May it please your Royal Highness—Most Illustrious Patron—We, the chairman, trustees and governors of this asylum, beg permission to approach your august person for the purpose of expressing to your Royal Highness our high sense of the lasting obligation which you have laid us under by the distinguished honor which you have this day conferred upon us. This act of your Royal favor, most noble Prince, is a cause of profound gratification not only to ourselves as the executive, but also to every member of the trade by whose voluntary contributions the institution is supported, and will ever be remembered by us with feelings of deepest gratitude and of the most heartfelt pride. Associated, Sire, as are the events of the day with the memory of our lamented patron, our thoughts cannot but recur with real and fervent sympathy to our Royal Queen, your Royal mother, and we pray sincerely and devoutly that Almighty God may, of His Goodness long preserve her Majesty, and pour the rich blessings of His peace and consolation into her sorrowing heart. For yourself, most illustrious Prince, and for your Royal consort, we humbly pray that God may vouchsafe to each of you a long life of health and happiness. For your Royal son we pray that he may grow up to be a blessing and a daily source of increasing joy to yourself and her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales; and for your Royal House we pray that you may live for ever in the hearts of a loving and devoted people. And now, most noble Prince, with every sentiment of loyalty to our Queen, and of profound respect for the person of your Royal Highness, we beg to renew the expression of our gratitude for the mark of gracious condescension which you have to-day been pleased to bestow upon us.'

"Now we put it to Englishmen—Englishmen of the nineteenth century—whether this is language fitting, from their lips, for any man living. Such an address ought to have been presented, as to an Eastern monarch, by persons having 'their hands upon their mouths, and their mouths in the dust.' By what right is the Prince of Wales 'most illustrious,' and 'most noble?' In the course of the two addresses, these words are used, each of them, not less than four times. Even the word 'Sire'—never before assuredly given to one less than a monarch—is addressed to the Prince once at least. The chairman, trustees and governors, 'beg permission to approach his august person.' Again and again they assure him of their 'profound respect,' and of their high sense of his 'gracious condescension.' We do not know how all this will strike our readers, but to us it seems unworthy of Englishmen. Such language is unworthy alike of those who offer it and of him to whom it is offered. For is not the Prince of Wales a gentleman? Is it not the first characteristic of a 'gentleman' to respect others as well as himself? And are there to be no *degrees* in adulation? If this is fitting language for a young man, only twenty-two years old, and fresh from college, how must he be addressed when some day he shall be King of England? What language would these 'licensed victuallers' have for the Queen, if *she* were to condescend to visit them?

"To ourselves, this spirit of adulation, which we fear is on the increase, seems worthy only of contempt and condemnation. The danger of its increase arises from the real respect and affection in which the present Royal family are held. But that respect may be carried too far. It will be a sad thing for England if Englishmen forget their own dignity, even in the presence of their greatest men. Our fathers spoke not, nor wrote so. To be an Englishman was itself sufficient dignity to them, in whatever presence they stood. Let us act worthily of our fathers. Let us 'honor' our kings and princes, but let us also respect ourselves. After all, princes are made for peoples, not peoples for kings. If Albert Edward should ever be in danger of forgetting this truth, it will be the people themselves who will to be blame!"

TATTLING.—"It is a great thing to mind one's own business," said a certain philosopher, and he was right. It is a great thing to let other people's business alone, and this much is implied by the maxim above quoted. In our view, there is hardly a class of people in modern society—and they are numerous—so superlatively contemptible as that class known as tattlers, or meddlers in other people's business. We don't admire a thief; we have no affinity with gamblers; abominate drunkards, and have no respect for misers; but any one of these is a first-class gentleman in comparison with the jealous-minded tattler, who goes mousing about in a garb of social respectability, poking his or her nose into the affairs of their neighbors, and seizing upon every trifling circumstance which comes within the wide scope of their remorseless curiosity, for the purpose of making capital against those whose character they cannot understand, because it is pure and above impeachment. The mischief-making busy-bodies are simply all unmitigated nuisances, and should be frowned on by all sincere lovers of social peace and happiness. The man or woman who can find no better employment than tattling, had better jump into the nearest pool of water, and become food for respectable fishes. In that way the eels would gain a little in their commissary department, and society above water would be immensely purified.

SERIALS AND THREE VOLUMES.

I LIKE what in our modern slang are called serial stories. The writers understand one requirement at least of their trade—they do not give too much at a time; and in so far they resemble the heads of the profession, the old Eastern story-tellers, who only told the Calif each evening enough to set him asleep. Now this alone is a great point. Another advantage is this—they cannot cram into their limited space any of those long-winded descriptions, especially of scenery, which the three volume people are so prone to inflict; neither have they so much of the page open to emotional expatiation. They are bound by their very limits to be more short, sharp and decisive. Lastly, they must endeavor to interest by something else than story—that is, they must try what can be done to amuse by humoristic views of life, shrewd touches of character, quaint pictures of people not the less recognizable that they are not met with every day, and occasionally—which Three Volume probably thinks beneath him—they must make us laugh. In the very fact that the reader is not bound to them beyond the monthly part before him, lies their heaviest obligation to interest them. It is like a shilling stage, and if you dislike the conveyance, or feel tired of the company, you can get out and walk home. For all these reasons I incline much to the serial. I do not know how it may be with others, but for myself I am not over-grateful to the man who invests his story with that amount of interest that engrosses my attention too far, and in this way turns me from the real business of life to involve me in cares and sorrows that have no reality. I want to be amused by the novel pretty much as I feel amused with the play—that is, I want what will present a certain number of pictures to my mind without the cost of being obliged to retain them thereafter. If I be obliged to do this, the novel becomes a burden, not a relaxation. I want, besides, the writer to let me so far into his mind that I may know what he thinks is droll, what strange, what picturesque, what attractive, what ridiculous. When I have arrived at that understanding—any one number will suffice for so much—I am able to guess if I should care for more of his company. The three-volume man affords me no such clue as this. All he is thinking of is his wind-up in the last volume. It is for the grand finish alone he cares; his heart, like the Irish postilion's, is fixed on keeping a "trot for the town." No matter how he stumbled and staggered during the stage, so that he comes up to the door at last with whip-cracking, and the jaded team spirited up to a lively tramp. The serial writer, too, performs usually to a larger public, and, consequently, is less addicted to conventionalities than Three Volume, who has a more select few for his audience, and who could not so easily stoop to the vulgarity of common people, and their ways and doings. But as I have said already, the serial is more prone to make me laugh, and for this great gift I prize him most of all. I have very grave doubts if age has anything heavier in all its inflictions than in the diffiently—yearly increasing in a terrific ratio—the difficulty of enjoying a good laugh. For my own part, baldness, adiposity and suchlike, are all lighter evils to me than the gravity I feel stealing over me, the little tolerance I have for small fun, and the growing conviction that the pleasant people have gone home, and that I am left to walk back with the dreary ones. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

BOY LOVE.—One of the queerest and funniest things to think of, in after life, is boy love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape mannish ways. He casts side-glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church or meeting, carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and very soon, he *falls* in love—yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious, self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstacies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolator! Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophises as the first of all earthly blessing; and "love in a cottage, with water and a crust," is his *beau ideal* paradise of dainty delights. He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water; undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka; swim storm-tossed oceans; scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, for but one sweet smile from her dear lips. He dotes upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next to his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—a fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully depreciates the attention of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets dead because he said that the adorable Angelina had carroty hair; and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina. Happy! happy! foolish boy love! with its joys, and its hopes, and its fears; its sorrows, its jealousies, and its delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.

WHEN some stupid fellow charged Sheridan with inconsistency, the wit replied that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying "Past three." "Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He changes his story every half hour!"

PERILS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—The wisdom of allowing railway companies to regulate their lines as they please, without insisting, at least, upon obvious precautions for the safety of the public, has been again illustrated by a case in murder. Last week five persons left King's-cross by the night train for Edinburgh. As the train was starting, the guard, against their wish, pushed into the carriage a sixth passenger, a "tall and strongly-built man," says the *Scotsman*, "dressed as a sailor, and having a wild and haggard look." The impression he made on his fellow passengers at first glance was that he was intoxicated; but before long they had painful reason to believe that he was suffering from *delirium tremens*. The train had hardly got upon its way when he started up, declared he had been robbed, and began to rush about the carriage, uttering the most fearful shrieks and imprecations. For a time the others took no notice of him; but by and by they tried to pacify him; but as he became more and more violent, dashing up and down the carriage, and striking out right and left, they saw that their only chance was force. Luckily they were more than a match for him; but it was all that four of them could do to keep him from throwing himself out of the window in his endeavor to break from them. One of the party had a strap, and with that they tied his arms behind him, and at the same time taking his knife from him; but, even then, his struggles were so violent that it took two of them to hold him down on the seat, and they were not safe until they had tied his legs together with their handkerchiefs.

Bound hand and foot, he still struggled, and if the strap, which was not a very strong one, had given way, there is no saying what the result of this journey to Edinburgh might have been. One of the passengers was an elderly gentleman, too much terrified to render assistance; another, who had struggled with the maniac, was in a fainting state; and the train had to run nearly eighty miles, from London to Peterborough, without stopping. Under these circumstances, the parties did what they could to attract the attention of the guard, but in vain. The passengers in the neighboring carriage heard what was going on; men shouted, women screamed. Every effort that either could make to attract attention was made; and in fact the officials at one of the stations saw that something was wrong, and showed the danger signals. The train began to slacken its pace, and the passengers thought that the hour of their deliverance was at hand; but no sooner were the danger lights passed than the train tore away again at its old pace, and it was not till Peterborough was reached that the man was removed from the carriage.

When we read such a narrative as this, and think of the namby-pamby terms in which the Board of Trade has invited the railway companies to reflect whether it may not be "deserving of consideration" that passengers should have the means of communication with the guard, we cannot restrain our indignation at such miserable folly. On this question the Board of Trade have the whole country on their side, and when they suggest a reform which everybody demands, they should say, "Either you must do this, or we will do it for you."—*London Review.*

YOUNG LADY CONFIDANTES.—There are two kinds of young-lady confidantes. One adopts this line with a definite object in view—as a means to an end, that end being matrimony. Like a skilful general, convinced that the enemy's position is impregnable in front, she seeks to vanquish him by an adroit flank movement. Overpowering beauty, overpowering cleverness, overpowering fortune are, in their way, like the *gros bataillons* by which Napoleon swept all before him. A woman who commands such mighty weapons for enslaving the heart of man is irresistible. But one who has them not, or has them in a less degree, cannot expect the same easy triumph. To gain her point she must often have recourse to manœuvre. And no manœuvre is more congenial to the female strategist than that of gradually but surely possessing herself of all the avenues to a man's tastes and predilections. This is what she is quietly doing while he waxes confidential. She is taking the measure of his intellect, noting his likes and dislikes, observing his habits, his hobbies, his weaknesses, reconnoitring his most accessible side. The result of this study of character is treasured up for future use. Supposing him to have revealed in an unguarded moment a passion for botany, she will surprise and delight him one fine day by giving a wild flower an alarmingly scientific name. If he is fond of field sports, she will secretly take in the *Field*, and astonish his weak mind by her knowledge of natural history. If politics are his chief interest, she listens again and again with unflagging interest to his *résumé* of the state of parties, and his view of the Schleswig-Holstein question: and when she has made out on which side his sympathies lie in the American struggle, loudly proclaims her own adhesion thereto. With the votary of art she adores art. With the pre-Raffaellite she is pre-Raffaellite, and lays aside her crinoline, heroically sacrificing her love of the Fashionable to her sense of the Beautiful. With an enthusiast for Gothic she is all for Gothic, and, as a proof of the perfect conformity of her own tastes with his, she manages to give a Gothic bend to her last new bonnet. Music, if her friend avows a passion for music, she declares a necessity of her being. All this delicate flattery tells. It gratifies the self-esteem which characterizes the lords of creation. But it is not by operating on this sentiment that she hopes to succeed. She speculates on the chance of making herself indispensable. Some day, she thinks, the object of her ambition will suddenly awake to the consciousness that he cannot do better than make a lady who understands him so well his wife. He will say, Here is a person to whom I have told everything, from whom I have no secrets, who knows my tastes and shares them, whose sympathies exactly coincide with mine; where can I possibly find a woman better calculated to make me happy? He will perceive at last that years of unreserved confidence have completely mined his position as a bachelor, that it is no longer tenable, and that he must instantly decamp or capitulate. Whether the latter alternative is adopted depends mainly on the lady herself—on her firmness in forcing matters to a crisis, and her tact in making that crisis take a direction favorable to her wishes. If she fail in either of those qualities, success will never crown her efforts, however her pertinacity may deserve it. Her fate will be to be involved for an indefinite term in a long, dreary, aimless, damaging flirtation, which perishes at last of disgust and inanition.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.

FROM CARLYLE.

SOME apology may be proper for inflicting Carlyle and his style upon anybody at this day—a style forcibly affected, spasmodically involved, hardly English, thoroughly repugnant to most readers, yet made bearable, even attractive, by cultivation, like many other queer tastes and habits. At times, but seldom, it flows smoothly, with a steady stream of simple thoughts in simple language, boiling up then into broken rapids, and ultimately rolls contractedly down some precipitous cataract—a pent-up, condensed mass of foam, iridescently beautiful in color, movingly descriptive in power—description splendidly graphic, compressed into single phrase, word, or even syllable.

In his volume but recently published is given an eminently characteristic account of the visit and residence of Voltaire at the Court of Berlin, urgently pressed upon him by Frederick—Voltaire accepting, secretly with intense gratification of pride, openly in a hesitating, delaying way, to excite the King's urgency, and ending in mutually disagreeable, disastrous results. No where could the genius of Carlyle find fitter room for its peculiar powers: the eccentricities of two sensitive, fiery, wayward and capricious, yet extraordinary men, treated *con amore* by the most eccentric, wayward and capricious of authors. How he revels in his theme, and dashes with a light, joyous step along the trackless path of a mutilated, dateless and vague German record! He has done a great work among these German mysteries and myths, bringing light to life from loose, discordant and repulsive elements—to the historian an invaluable disinterment, to the world a story "pleasant but mournful;" for small and great things, mean and magnanimous, are alike set out in bold, bright foreground, by the artful hand of the master sketch-man.

Let the picture from the work—brilliant but envenomed—speak for itself:

Voltaire's visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot,—Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees, matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; thongh the primal perfect splendor, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siécle de Louis Quatorze;* which he stood by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his);—work for the King, "two hours, one hour, a day," which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of a window! Had the man been wise—But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained;* and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them!—

Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself: and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover;—though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire; "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat*, or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconcilement; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so,—the Voltaire-Freidrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

ON Lord Henry Pelly's iron tax being withdrawn, some one suggested a tax on coals, to make up the deficiency. "Poh!" said Sheridan, "do you want to raise a rebellion in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! That would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

HOTEL CHANGE.—The Railroad House has recently been purchased by C. L. Ross, Esq., an old pioneer resident of our city, and doubtless well known to thousands of our readers, who has thoroughly renovated the house and fitted it up with every convenience. Mr. Ross says that he will make the "Railroad," famous for its good living, and moderate charges, an oasis in the very business heart of the city; and from his business activity and experience we have no doubt but that he will do it.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2D.

THE week opens perspiringly. Handkerchiefs and fans in demand; shirt-collars wilt; display of muslins and light fabrics wonderful. Every woman that has been dying to appear in gossamer has a chance and improves it; and they are all out, looking very zephyr-like and angelic—a little red in the face for angels, perhaps, but their wings are all right.

Offishal: Another whale comes ashore on the beach, adding a new odor to the "spicy gales of Araby, the blest," in that direction. Foster, at the Cliff House, has reversed his telescopes and opera-glasses, and people are requested to see the whales in that method, as it removes them to a greater distance, and, of course, the perfume also. Foster is a genius.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3D.

WHEW! how hot—awful papers! Thermometer at 85, yesterday, and it seems a little warmer to-day.

The steamer *Golden Age* sails at 3½ P. M. The firemen's "strike" culminates in a bit of a row. They strike several people, giving striking proofs of being in earnest. The Police and Provost Guard march to the Mail Company's wharf, fully armed, and there is a good chance for somebody to get hurt. Of course, it won't be any of those who deserve it, but some open-mouthed looker-on, who ought to be somewhere else.

Billy Birch and George Pen Johnston fraternize and settle the affairs of the nation. Billy walks alongside Johnston with a codfish in his hand—a favorable omen that the North and the South will soon lay aside cold steel and be playful little lambs together.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4TH.

THE Courts adjourn in respect for the memory of Judge Baldwin.

The Provost Guard increased by the addition of Company E, 9th U. S. Infantry. The Guard now numbers 160.

The elegant French carom billiard table raffled at the Fair was won by Ticket No. 852. Who was the lucky holder? Give us the cue. (Since turned up.)

Ship *Victor*, from Puget Sound, bound for Valparaiso, lost her mainmast in a squall, and put into this port in distress.

John Davis, sentenced to board perpetually at the San Quentin Academy, at the expense of the State, was brought down from Sacramento last evening. John's personal expenses are considerably reduced by this movement, and he can live without being bothered with a board-bill every Saturday. Is this Honest John Davis, of Massachusetts?

The race for $5,000 a side, between the well-known trotter, *Fillmore*, and the *Unknown*, pacer—two-mile heats—was won by the latter. The pacer seems to be a mine of wealth to the owner—not an imaginary but a *Real* del Monte vein; the dividends are more satisfactory than the original ever paid. We did not gamble on the result. Time—5:16, 5:19, 5:23. Over $50,000 changed hands on this race.

Awful hot again to-day. Sherry cobblers in demand; ice cream received coldly.

Business at the Fair closed, and all property being removed, "meet me by gas-light alone, at the Big Cheese at the Fair," is no longer possible. Lovers in despair!

The *Alta* receives a dozen nice white wine, ig-noah-ing the CALIFORNIAN—all owing to its removal to the new office, opposite Odd Fellows' Building. The *Alta* is informed that we never lend our corkscrew, but wine can be brought to our office and opened, without charge of "corkage."

Proposition from Mr. O'Donnell, of San José, to ornament the Plaza—which is not much of an ornament of itself, in its present dry and dusty condition. If allowed to pitch in, Mr. O'Donnell will improvise turpentino walks and a lemonade all round.

A couple of tons of silver ore from the Shoshone mine, Reese River, received—giving from $4,000 to $6,000 per ton. Reese is looking up, and the people are beginning to show themselves men of metal.

Several ladies appear in the street in the new-fashioned swallow-tailed dresses; the tale is authentic.

A Difference of Opinion: The rebel papers claim that Early whipped Sheridan. If they are satisfied with such victories, we are, certainly; and we would like to get thrashed in that manner every day.

A "cave" in the Gould and Curry mine reported; there has been considerable of a "cave" in the stock, lately, burying some of the holders.

Ferrand's Patent Oscillating Amalgator takes the premium of the Mechanics' Fair. It is a splendid machine, and every mill should have them.

Assessors around lively after Federal officers and employés to levy the additional tax of 5 per cent. on all incomes for 1863, being a *special* tax in addition to all others for the equipment and pay of the one-hundred days men. A little steep, but can't be helped; so pungle down the greenbacks. The hardest part of it comes to those who have spent their incomes for '63 and have nothing left out of that of 1864 to pay with. It is a luxury that those not in the employment of Government escape.

Another run-away, from carelessness, and a lady seriously injured. About one man in fifty knows how to drive, or has common sense and judgment sufficient to be trusted with women and children. And yet in San Francisco every other man drives a horse, and it is about an even thing, half the time, whether it is not a horse at one end and a jackass at the other.

Fifteenth District Court: Grant *vs.* Moore—The jury Grant the plaintiff $5,000 damages for the strength of defendant's attachment, which he (plaintiff) says nearly or quite ruined him. (Often the result of attachments.) He asked for Moore, but got less than his figures, but still a very respectable amount of consolation. Moral: Mind how you grab!

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean arrive from Australia, accompanied by Mr. George Coppin, Miss Chapman, George Everett and J. F. Cathcart, of the profession.

An attaché of the press has $88. Such a remarkable and unusual circumstance attracts the attention of everybody, and among others a gentleman who had not eighty-eight dollars nor eighty-eight cents, and concluded to freeze to a man who had, and "spe-'im-'ome." On the way, fearing that so much money in the hands of an attaché of the press might be made the medium of starting another weekly paper, and believing it his duty to check such an insane idea, he checked on this bank and drew the funds. Nobody arrested—Chief Burke probably pooh-poohing, the story as ridiculous. He probably never in all his life before heard of a newspaper man having that amount of coin. We never did either, and believe the whole story is "a 'oax."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.

THE Club-house and stables of the Eastonia Park Association burn up or down—either way amounts to about the same. Loss, $30,000; insured for $12,000. The $18,000 of Irish dividend is apportioned out to about fifteen gentlemen, most of whom are not greatly scorched by the operation, as they can stand it.

The Pacific Dry Dock Company file their certificate of incorporation. Capital stock, $1,000,000, in 2,000 shares of $500 each. They propose to build a dry dock in the water over about Hunter's Point. Their enterprise is a pacific one.

A young lady "does" several gentlemen of our acquaintance by "selling them" tickets reading thus: "Investment of one dollar in a Sewing Machine, Orphan Fair. G." The only sewing machine the gentlemen will find their money invested in will be the one in crinoline. What the "G" stands for we can't imagine, unless it is for "gammon." The young lady is reported good-looking, and consequently she met with good success; but it won't be easy to find a man who will admit that he invested in this fair orphan.

E. P. Peckham, commissioned as Notary Public, files his bonds to-day. We swear by Ned, and there's Not-ary other more popular recorder of solemn assertions. It appears to be a great relief for people to go to his office and "cuss,"—consequently his customers are numerous.

E. P. Hilton starts a manufactory of California-grown tobacco. Prime Havanas will now be cheaper.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6TH

REMOVAL of arms from various places to City Hall. They were too "handy." People without arms are not very dangerous.

A man named Robert fell off one of the wharves into the water. A bystander remarked that he was bob-in for eels. The man was knocked down immediately for his temerity.

A dog gets his head entangled in a lady's hoops, and between the struggles of another dog to get at him, and his to get away, the lady is upset. There would have been a large crowd of Bummers to witness the sight, but as the curtain was down they could not get a view of the stage of proceedings. The fight was curtailed by the man belonging to one of the dogs coming to the rescue.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7TH.

THE Assistant Treasurer of the Mint has come out with a new hat.

Billy Williamson indulges in a new suit, either by purchase or won on the race.

We knew by the wrinkles that so gracefully curled in the coat-tails, that the steamer was here. The *Constitution* arrived at 9 o'clock. The Commodore is constitutionally correct in time, and the time made was good for his constitution.

Sanborn, broker, has settled with all of his creditors in full, and is again "lively" on stocks. He handed over all his old business to Judge ——, who closed it up very handsomely in a few days, and Sanborn stock is on the rise.

Something "out" in Gould and Curry to-day. Not less than fourteen crazy brokers have rushed into the CALIFORNIAN office, (proving their insanity,) to buy the stock. Sold fourteen feet at $1,500 per foot, to arrive—deliverable when we get it, and we hope *they* may get it.

We are going to the "swarry" at the Mechanics' Fair this evening, and a negotiation pending for a new suit requires our attention. Trismegistus is anxious to ascertain if the young lady will be there at whose feet he knelt, in Montgomery street, to pick up his hat. We saw her at the Academy, the other evening, looking beautifully. Adieu for this week.

TRICKS OF THE SHOWMAN'S TRADE.—Lady giants, for instance, are always humbugs; they have long dresses made to trail on the floor of the caravan, in order to hide the erection on which they are mounted—viz., a pair of high sandals, with soles perhaps six or eight inches thick, on which they walk up and down the exhibition booth with great dignity; and with such aids it must be admitted that they do look rather tall. I remember even of a giantess who walked on short stilts; and on one of these going through a hole in the caravan, she bent forward in order to release it, and, to the great horror of the spectators, broke her leg; but it only ended in an *expose* and a burst of laughter at the deception. As to exhibitions of mermaids, six-footed sheep, three-horned bulls, etc., I can honestly say, from personal experience, that most of them are shams. I knew of one show which was drawn from fair to fair by two oxen. It always arrived about midnight, so that nobody saw how it was propelled; and when I state that these very identical oxen, painted fantastically, one of them ornamented with an additional horn, and the other with an additional tail, formed the very prosperous and sole exhibition of the ingenious showman—my readers will see how they can be gulled. Even as I correct these sheets for the press, a paragraph is "going the round," explaining how a cattle-dealer had cheated the judges at the prize cattle-show, by putting false horns upon one of the prize animals, and otherwise ingeniously cooking it up for the show. Farmers, however, have not one-half the ingenuity of showmen, who can make any man's eye the fool of his other senses. . . .

I knew a man who made a deal of money by exhibiting a few colored views of Windsor Castle through a magnifying-glass at a penny per head. The shaved bear was the last remaining inhabitant of a menagerie. The proprietor saw that he was used up in the wild beast line, and so he had his old performing bear done up as a woman, clean shaved, and tied into a chair, and then announcing her as the celebrated pig-faced lady, recruited his finances, and so replenished his menagerie. In fact, there is no end to the trickery, and barefaced, although amusing, robbery which are perpetrated by showmen and exhibitors. In the right hands, as I have indicated already, anything will make a show. I have seen a more than ordinarily large egg (it was cut out of chalk and deftly spotted) exhibited in an English market town.

THOSE usually deserve most from their friends who expect least of them.

AT what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? At the point of the bayonet.

A CARD.—After a Rip Van Winkle sleep, Mr. Price replies to our Card. Our statements in that Card were true. As to the challenge, that Mr. Price may ease his mind from its natural hallucination, we herewith reiterate that "Mr. Price is not the best Cutler in San Franciso, nor can he personally make a presentable piece of work. *And we challenge him to make prize Cutlery—anything from a Jacknife to Broadsword—for* $500 *a side; the articles to be accompanied by a sworn statement* that they were *forged from the rough* and FINISHED OFF IN THE SHOPS of the respective parties." We did not enter our goods as *specimens of Blacksmith work*, or any other class of *forging*. And as Mr. Price seems to labor under his usual *mixed impressions*, we will just inform him that Cutlery is not made in the single act of a *fire-eating forger*. A piece of work in that line, before being presented to a *Fair Committee*, must undergo seven processes: First, it is taken hold of by the Forger, but a different style of one from you, Mr. Price; then it is Filed; then Hardened; then Tempered; then Ground; then Polished, and, lastly, Finished. We did not intend to teach you, Mr. Price, but having more regard for the information of the public than you seem to have, with your Barber Certificates and Fair Committee Reports, that you make Razors equal to Sheffield, it is but right that we should expose the intrigue. You know as well as we do that you cannot do it; so own up; tell the truth for once in your life and shame the "*Divil.*" Your *blarney* to the "Colonel," "don't mind him," *is nate*. Your *hedging* out of the road of our challenge while you shove that *much-to-be-pitied* Committee in front of you like breastworks; your curious endeavor to separate one partner from another, all through your card; and your false construction placed upon every one of our charges, lets you out, Mr. Price. You have a bad opinion of your craftsmen. Let us tell you, we would rather take the honest hand of many journeyman cutlers in this world, than the hand of a certain "Artful Dodger" whom we know. If you can prove to us, that in our card we said you "did not *forge*" in your shop, we will eat it, (the card.) But *you* "feel bad." "A guilty conscience is its own accuser," and don't, Mr. Price, if you have any idea at all of a hereafter, call Fred Will a *fire-eater!* A fire-eater, Mr. Price, is a person who *carries* and *throws knives*. Fred Will never carried one in his life, unless to a customer or engraver. A fire-eater is a man *bred to fighting*, and who *brags* that his first impressions of God's footstool were "to *put up well*," "*touch him on de smeller.*" etc. There is one thing we beg to impress on your memory; that is, our challenge as we first published it is open to you, Mr. Price. Cutlery is our theme; we do not confine ourselves to forging *in any sense of the word*, and you do not dare to take it up. WILL & FINK,

* Excelsior Cut'ers, 605 Jackson street.

KERBY, BYRNE & Co., No. 7 Montgomery street, are now opening the choicest lot of Silk Cloaks, Merinos, Empress and Ottoman cloths, and other styles of Dress Goods ever imported to San Francisco. Call and examine the new goods. *

HAVE YOUR PIANOFORTES TUNED BY A Competent Workman. Leave orders at
oc8 KOHLER'S Music Store.

PIANOFORTES TO RENT—NO CHARGE FOR KEEPING them in tune. Leave orders at
A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
or8 and 424 Sansome street.

ON ALL SIDES WE HEAR THE MERITS OF THE Grover & Baker Sewing-Mchaine extolled. The ladies declare it the "very best," and prove to us in so many undeniable facts that we are bound to confess our conviction of the truth of the declaration. What other machine will embroider so beautifully, braid so elegantly, hem so faultlessly, quilt so evenly, stitch so accurately, gather so regularly, operate so easily? None, we conscientiously affirm.

THE POETRY OF ART HAS ACHIEVED ITS crowning triumph.—PHALON & SON'S Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS" is among perfumes what the master-piece of Beethoven is to music. It takes the sense captive. It has no competitor in delicacy, permanence and floral freshness. PHALON & SON, New York, proprietors. Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide n certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

MR. CHRISTIAN PFISTER has the honor of calling public attention to his great assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, fine Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Peruques, Toupes, Combs—tortoise-shell, buffalo and Irish horn, ivory and rubber; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves, ladies' and gentlemens'; silk Suspenders and common ones; Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, etc. Having made new arrangements with Paris houses, it is within his power to offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the gentlemen's room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
Engravers and Electrotypers,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay street.

oc8-3m

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

PACIFIC
Insurance Company,
436 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE
BY FIRE,

On Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - - - - $750,000
ALL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. oc8

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Fine Clothing
AND
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the
RAILROAD HOUSE
affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

oc8-3m C. L. ROSS.

FIRST PREMIUM
Billiard Table Manufactory.

P. LIESENFELT,
No. 612 Battery street, between Jackson and Pacific,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of the Best Billiard Tables, with the modern improvements, as well as Billiard Trimmings, of every description, at the lowest prices.

☞ All goods warranted. oc3-1m

H. P. WAKELEE,
CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,
IMPORTER OF
F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,
DRESSING CASES,
And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1864:

OCTOBER 3d - - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
OCTOBER 13th, - - - - - - CONSTITUTION
OCTOBER 22d, - - - - - - SACRAMENTO

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
oc1 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.
IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.
Store fronting on
514 Market & 15 Sutter St.
☞ THREE DOORS
BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,
San Francisco.
Our Motto, ☞ "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash."

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.
SUNDAY TRAINS
Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.
FREIGHT TRAINS
Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Jose at 6 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
se General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

TYLER BROTHERS,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
School Books, Stationery,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,
NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
nu27-tf

CARPETS.

WE have just received and are now opening
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF
WILTON
—AND—
Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,
PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,
WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,
Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.
se24

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF
Roses And Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S

PATENT IMPROVED

Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by
H. P. WAKELEE,
se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing Stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing.

Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by

H. P. WAKELEE,
se24 Cor. Montgomery and Satter streets.

PHINEAS BANNING,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,
WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,
DEALER IN
LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,
And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

REMOVAL.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,

IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

STEREOSCOPIC GOODS,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

CARTES DE VISITE,

AND

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S

SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 315 Montgomery street, bet. California and Pine.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1851,)

HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames.
300 dozen EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel, Horn, Shell and Rubber Frames.
150 dozen WIRE GAUZE GOGGLES.
300 dozen SPECTACLE GLASSES and BRAZILIAN PEBBLES.
350 dozen SPECTACLE and EYE GLASS CASES.

395	Opera and Marine Glasses.	20,500	Card Photographs, Photographic Albums,
75	Telescope and Spy Glasses,	600	Album Pictures—in oil colors,
178	dozen Magnifying Glasses,	50	doz. Union Card Frames,
80	doz. Pocket Compasses,		Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
825	Hand Stereoscopes,	100	doz. Table Knives,
74	Revolving Stereoscopes	260	doz. Pocket Knives,
1025	doz. Stereoscopic Views	120	doz. Razors,
	Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	50	doz. Razor Strops,
	Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	130	doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
	Microscopes in every Style,	100	doz. Gyroscope Tops,
25	Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	169	doz. Thermometers,
	Aneroid Barometers,	25	doz. Hydrometers, Galvanic Batteries.

☞ COUNTRY TRADERS will consult their own interest by examining our Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

*** ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY promptly executed.

☞ CATALOGUES sent to any address FREE.

Address

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
oc1 SAN FRANCISCO.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) § CLAY STREET, § (Old No 176
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

DR. GEORGE F. WOODWARD,

SURGEON U. S. PENSION BUREAU.
OFFICE, 127 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco.
jy30-tf

THE MOST EXTENSIVE,

BEST SELECTED, CHEAPEST,

—AND—

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Furniture.

GOODWIN & CO.,
No. 528 Washington street,

Are constantly receiving, and have on hand a large assortment of FINE ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and BLACK WALNUT PARLOR, LIBRARY and CHAMBER SUITS, with DINING ROOM SUITS TO ORDER.

☞ *We guarantee both Price and Quality satisfactory to our Patrons.*

GOODWIN & CO.,
jul8 No. 528 Washington street.

H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER
—OF—
FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30 3m

FOLSOM STREET PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

COMPRISING TWO 50-VARA LOTS ON THE NORTH side of Folsom street, fronting also on Clementina street. Will be sold as a whole, or in subdivisions of 25 by 80 feet.

WM LEFFINGWELL,
se24-tf 619 Montgomery street

SELLING OFF,

TO CLOSE BUSINESS,
ON ACCOUNT OF LEAVING FOR THE EAST.

ROSENBLATT'S

Palace of Fashion,

Number 125 Montgomery street.
OPPOSITE THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Branch, 125 J street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Sacramento.

WILL SELL THE ENTIRE RICH STOCK OF REAL LACE Collars, Sleeves, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Russia Leather Bags, Hosiery, Fancy Boxes, Fans, Portemonnaies, and Silk, Velvet, Cloth and Opera Cloaks,

AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Real Point Lace Collars at - - - - - $2 50
French Corsets - - - - - - - - - 1 00

☞ STORE TO LET, and FIXTURES FOR SALE.
se24-1m

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES!

Motto—The Singer Sewing Machines are the only machines that can sew all kinds of cloth, and with all kinds of thread.

THE SINGER LETTER A
TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE FAMILY
MACHINES,

With recent improvements for

HEMMING, FELLING,
TUCKING, GATHERING,
BINDING, CORDING,
QUILTING, BRAIDING, etc.,

Are unrivalled for Family and light Manufacturing purposes. We invite the special attention of ladies to the Folding Top Cabinets, our latest improvement. They are the most useful, convenient and novel Cabinets yet introduced, and are worthy of examination.

SINGER'S STANDARD
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

For Tailoring, Boot and Shoe Making, Harness and Carriage Trimming, are the cheapest, best and only Machine worthy of patronage for general purposes.

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THE SINGER MANUF. COMPANY,
No. 139 Montgomery street.
WM. BRODERICK, Agent. se3-3m

$2,000 REWARD!

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce a better article for dressing and preserving the HAIR than the

TRICOMALICUM!!

known in California for many years for its wonderful properties.

The TRICOMALICUM, composed of substances tonic and strengthening, possesses the priceless quality of renewing the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of dressing and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,
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In sums to suit, at the lowest rates, for sale by
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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my28

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Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

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ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever.

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S
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As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

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An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

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THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, WEEKLY.

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CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

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TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S
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They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

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DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

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Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

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LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the heart, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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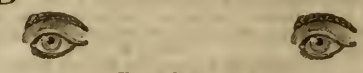

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AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

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Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

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FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

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au19-3m

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$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

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Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

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Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

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GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
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PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

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Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

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Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

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We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

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Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

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Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jn11-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

McRUER & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS (Advances on Consignments.)

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From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.
jn11-3m

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.

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BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

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Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

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Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

☞ *Remember the number*, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

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DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

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SAVE YOUR

E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low. ☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. sn27-3m

REMOVAL.

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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE, Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

617 Clay street,

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

Devoted to Live Topics,

AND THE

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Is published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

AT

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BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

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Paper of a superior quality and weight is being made

EXPRESSLY FOR THE CALIFORNIAN,

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL on the Continent.

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Let every lover of choice literature throughout the States and Territories of the Pacific coast

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Let no family be without this paper, which, as an Eastern cotemporary remarks, is creditable to the people who sustain it. Therefore,

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

R. L. OGDEN, Agent, Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, San Francisco. jy30tf

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At 7 o'clock, A. M.

se24-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

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BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
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IMPORTERS OF

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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(Near Washington,)

Metropolitan Block, SAN FRANCISCO.
jy9

LEGAL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE of Real ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the Estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 10th day of OCTOBER, 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by law or otherwise, since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running westerly along said line of Ellis street 20 feet, thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place, No. 108 Front street, from this date till said 10th day of October, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of Andrew Robeson, deceased.

D. P. Barstow, Attorney for Administrator, 24 Montgomery Block. se10-5t

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,

Sporting Emporium!

418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office.)

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AND

Importers of all Classes

OF

SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Mooro & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carbines on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

☞ *Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.*

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. oc8 3m

NEW SEVEN-OCTAVE PIANOS,

OF THE BEST AMERICAN MAKERS,

$300! $300!

For Three Hundred Dollars and Upwards, at

WALTER S. PIERCE & CO.'S

Pianoforte Warerooms, No. 26 Montgomery street,

oc8 Opposite the Lick House.

SAILING DAY, OCTOBER 19TH.

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK,

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - - OCTOBER 19TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit over the Isthmus is now in fine order. The coaches on the road, and the steamers on the Lake and River are all new, and built expressly for this route. Particular attention paid to the comfort of ladies and families by a Conductor, who will go through to New York with them.

☞ Note the change in the day of sailing. No Opposition until OCTOBER 19, 1864.

For information or passage, apply to

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IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearied experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S

Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

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Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have a gray Hair in your head.

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C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

MR. MAGUIRE has great pleasure in announcing the arrival in San Francisco of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

(formerly Miss Ellen Tree,) on their way from Australia to Europe, and with whom he has entered into a professional engagement to appear at the Opera House.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's stay in California will be limited to a few weeks, and is their first and will be their only visit to this part of the world. These great artistes are accompanied by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, Mr. J. CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the London Theatres.

MR. and MRS. KEAN will make their first appearance

This (Saturday) Evening, October 8th, 1864,

In Shakspeare's tragedy of

Henry VIII.,

Cardinal Woolsey - - - - -	MR. CHAS. KEAN
King Henry VIII. - - - - - -	Frank Mayo
Cromwell, servant to Wulsey - -	Mr J. F. Cathcart
Earl of Surrey - - - -	Mr. George Everett
Duke of Buckingham - - - -	Pierpont Thayer
Duke of Norfolk - - - - - -	Louis Aldrich
Cardinal Campeius - - - - -	D. C. Anderson
Queen Catherine - - - - -	Mrs. CHAS. KEAN
Anne Boleyn, her Maid of Honor - -	Miss Chapman
Lady Denny, friend to Anne Boleyn -	Mrs C R Saunders

To conclude with the comedy, condensed in three acts, entitled,

The Jealous Wife!

Mr. Oakley - - - - - - -	Mr. Chas. Kean
Major Oakley - - - - - -	Mr. George Everett
Charles Oakley - - - - -	Mr. J. F. Cathcart
Mrs. Oakley - - - - - - -	Mrs. Chas Kean
Lady Freelove - - - - - -	Mr C. R. Saunders
Harriet - - - - - - - -	Miss Chapman

ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 9.

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in three characters.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Mr. and Mrs. KEAN will appear in the great play of

LOUIS XI.

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - -	One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - -	Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - -	Fifty cents

PAUL JULIEN'S

Grand Farewell Concert,

WILL BE GIVEN

On Tuesday Afternoon, October 11th, 1864,

—AT THE—

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

At which he will be assisted by the following talent:

Signora Bianchi,	Mrs. Marriner,	Signor Bianchi,
Mr. J. DeHaga,	Mr. Crowly,	Mr. L. Schmidt

And a grand and select ORCHESTRA,

Under the direction of

PROFESSOR R. HEROLD.

TICKETS, - - - - - - - -	ONE DOLLAR.
Reserved Seats - - - - - - -	Fifty cents extra
Gallery - - - - - - - - -	Fifty cents

☞ Box office open on MONDAY. oc8

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T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - Stage Manager

GRAND OPENING NIGHT!

MONDAY EVENING - - - SEPT. 5TH.

THE EVER POPULAR

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

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D. S. Wambold,	Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes,	Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina,	S. Washburg,
C. F. Shattuck,	Signor Pluto,
F. Harris,	E. Groh, and

MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

GRAND

Promenade Concert

AND BALL!

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

—OF—

KNICKERBOCKER ENGINE CO., No. 5,

AT PLATT'S HALL,

On Monday Evening, October 17th.

☞ Full particulars in future programme.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Proprietor
PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - - Manager
GEO. EVANS, - - - - - - Musical Director

The Manager respectfully begs leave to announce that this popular establishment will be re-opened

On Monday evening, October 10th, 1864,

For a Second Season of

ENGLISH OPERA..

He has also much pleasure in recording the re-engagement

OF THE

Richings' Opera Troupe!

Who upon this occasion will produce, for the first time,

Auber's celebrated opera, entitled

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

Principal characters by

Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS,
Miss JENNY KEMPTON,
Mr. W. J. HILL.
Mr. EDWARD SEGUIN,
Mr. H. C. PEAKES,
Mr. CHARLES.

In active preparation,

LUISA MILLER, and DINORAH.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at 8 precisely. se17

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WILSON, ZOYARA & CARLO'S

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THIS MAMMOTH COMBINATION OF CIRCUS TALENT

Will give their last Saturday afternoon and evening performance in the

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TO-DAY, OCTOBER 8TH.

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HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK:
A Digest of Passing Events.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TELL ME!

BRIGHT, budding heliotrope!
Whose amethyst eyes at her warm breathing ope,
Tell me if those dear feet—
Wait for my coming with impatient beat?

Sweet tuft of mignonette!
So daintily upon her bosom set,
Tell me if her dear heart
Heaves with regretful throbbing when we part?

Delightful jessamine!
Clasping her hair with that sweet clasp of thine,
Tell me if her dear head
Bend dreamily in thought of fond hours fled?

Beautiful tell-tale flowers!
Ever around her in her tenderest hours,
Ye may each sweet sign see—
Tell me if, as I love her, she loves me!

EMILIE LAWSON.

STILL FURTHER CONCERNING THAT CONUNDRUM.

IN accordance with your desire, I went to the Academy of Music on Monday evening, to take notes and prepare myself to write a careful critique upon the opera of the *Crown Diamonds*. That you considered me able to acquit myself creditably in this exalted sphere of literary labor, was gratifying to me, and I should even have felt flattered by it had I not known that I was so competent to perform the task well, that to set it for me could not be regarded as a flattering concession, but, on the contrary, only a just and deserved recognition of merit.

Now, to throw disguise aside and speak openly, I have long yearned for an opportunity to write an operatic diagnostical and analytical dissertation for you. I feel the importance of carefully-digested newspaper criticism in matters of this kind—for I am aware that by it the dramatic and musical tastes of a community are moulded, cultivated and irrevocably fixed—that by it these tastes are vitiated and debased, or elevated and ennobled, according to the refinement or vulgarity, and the competency or incompetency of the writers to whom this department of the public training is entrusted. If you would see around you a people who are filled with the keenest appreciation of perfection in musical execution and dramatic delineation, and painfully sensitive to the slightest departures from the true standard of art in these things, you must employ upon your newspapers critics capable of discriminating between merit and demerit, and alike fearless in praising the one and condemning the other. Such a person—although it may be in some degree immodest in me to say so—I claim to be. You will not be surprised, then, to know that I read your bosky criticisms on the opera with the most exquisite anguish—and not only yours, but those which I find in every paper in San Francisco.

You do nothing but sing one everlasting song of praise; when an artist, by diligence and talent, makes an effort of transcendent excellence, behold, instead of receiving marked and cordial attention, both artist and effort sink from sight, and are lost in the general slough of slimy praise in which it is your pleasure to cause the whole company, good, bad and indifferent, to wallow once a week. With this brief but very liberal and hearty expression of sentiment, I will drop the subject and leave you alone for the present, for it behooves me now to set you a model in criticism.

The opera of the *Crown Diamonds* was put upon the stage in creditable shape on Monday evening, although I noticed that the curtains of the "Queen of Portugal's" drawing-room were not as gorgeous as they might have been, and that the furniture had a second-hand air about it, of having seen service in the preceding reign. The acting and the vocalization, however, were, in the main, good. I was particularly charmed by the able manner in which Signor Bellindo Alphonso Cellini, the accomplished basso-relievo furniture-scout and sofa-shifter performed his part. I have before observed that this rising young artist gave evidence of the rarest genius in his peculiar department of operatic business, and have been annoyed at noticing with what studied care a venomous and profligate press have suppressed his name and suffered his sublimest efforts to pass unnoticed and unglorified. Shame upon such grovelling envy and malice! But, with all your neglect, you have failed to crush the spirit of the gifted furniture-scout, or seduce from him the affectionate encouragement and appreciation of the people. The moment he stepped upon the stage on Monday evening, to carry out the bandit chieftan's valise, the upper circles, with one accord, shouted, "Supe! supe!" and greeted him with warm and generous applause. It was a princely triumph for Bellindo; he told me afterwards it was the proudest moment of his life.

I watched Alphonso during the entire performance and was never so well pleased with him before, although I have admired him from the first. In the second act, when the eyes of the whole audience were upon him—when his every movement was the subject of anxiety and suspense—when everything depended upon his nerve and self-possession, and the slightest symptom of hesitation or lack of confidence would have been fatal—he stood erect in front of the cave, looking calmly and unflinchingly down upon the camp-stool for several moments, as one who has made up his mind to do his great work or perish in the attempt, and then seized it and bore it in triumph to the foot-lights! It was a sublime spectacle. There was not a dry eye in the house. In that moment, not even the most envious and uncharitable among the noble youth's detractors would have had the hardihood to say he was not endowed with a lofty genius.

Again, in the scene where the Prime Minister's nephew is imploring the female bandit to fly to the carriage and escape impending wrath, and when dismay and confusion ruled the hour, how quiet, how unmoved, how grandly indifferent was Bellindo in the midst of it all!—what solidity of expression lay upon his countenance! While all save himself were unnerved by despair, he serenely put forth his finger and mashed to a shapeless pulp a mosquito that loitered upon the wall, yet betrayed no sign of agitation the while. Was there nothing in this lofty contempt for the dangers which surrounded him that marked the actor destined hereafter to imperishable renown?

Possibly upon that occasion when it was necessary for Alphonso to remove two chairs and a table during the shifting of the scenes, he performed his part with undue precipitation; with the table upside down upon his head, and grasping the corners with hands burdened with the chairs, he appeared to some extent undignified when he galloped across the stage. Generally his conception of his part is excellent, but in this case I am satisfied he threw into it an enthusiasm not required and also not warranted by the circumstances. I think that careful study and reflection will convince him that I am right, and that the author of the opera intended that in this particular instance the furniture should be carried out with impressive solemnity. That he had this in view is evidenced by the slow and stately measure of the music played by the orchestra at that juncture.

But the crowning glory of Cellini's performance that evening was the placing of a chair for the Queen of Portugal to sit down in after she had become fatigued by earnestly and elaborately abusing the Prime Minister for losing the Crown Diamonds. He did not grab the chair by the hind leg and shove it awkwardly at her Majesty; he did not seize it by the seat and thrust it ungracefully toward her; he did not handle it as though he was undecided about the strict line of his duty or ignorant of the proper manner of performing it. He did none of these things. With a coolness and confidence that evinced the most perfect conception and the most consummate knowledge of his part, he came gently forward and laid hold of that chair from behind, set it in its proper place with a movement replete with grace, and then leaned upon the back of it, resting his chin upon his hand, and in this position smiled a smile of transfigured sweetness upon the audience over the Queen of Portugal's head. There shone the inspired actor! and the people saw and acknowledged him; they waited respectfully for Miss Richings to finish her song, and then with one impulse they poured forth upon him a sweeping tempest of applause.

At the end of the piece the idolized furniture-scout and sofa-skirmisher was called before the curtain by an enthusiastic shouting and clapping of hands, but he was thrust aside, as usual, and other artists, (who chose to consider the compliment as intended for themselves,) swept bowing and smirking along the footlights and received it. I swelled with indignation, but I summoned my fortitude and resisted the pressure successfully. I am still intact.

Take it altogether, the *Crown Diamonds* was really a creditable performance. I feel that I would not be doing my whole duty if I closed this critique without speaking of Miss Caroline Richings, Miss Jenny Kempton, Mr. Hill, Mr. Seguin and Mr. Peakes, all of whom did fair justice to their several parts, and deserve a passing notice. With study, perseverance and attention, I have no doubt these vocalists will in time achieve a gratifying success in their profession.

I believe I have nothing further to say. I will call around, to-morrow, after you have had time to read, digest and pass your judgment upon my criticism, and, if agreeable, I will hire out to you for some years in that line.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—No answer to that conundrum this week. On account of over-exertion on it the old woman has got to having fits here lately. However, it will be forthcoming yet, when she runs out of them, if she don't die in the meantime, and I trust she will not. We may as well prepare ourselves for the worst, though, for it is not to be disguised that they are shaking her up mighty lively.

THE BEKTASH, OR PHILOSOPHER, OF THE EAST.—"I am," said Mossa Effendi, "a *bektash*, what you Franks call a *philosopher*. The bektashes love wisdom rather than religion. Indeed, we regard all religions as much alike, and pay more attention to morality; we are a large body in this empire." "And does your Government allow you to exist without interference?" "What had Government to do with men's consciences? We pay our taxes, we serve the State, we even call ourselves Mussulmans—what more can we do? The Government is too wise to stir up mischief, and make us dangerous martyrs; besides, some of the greatest men in the empire are bektashes, and they are the best men, too." Have you, then, no religion? Do you not believe in Mahomet? Do you not believe in God?" "We do not disbelieve in God. But what is poor finite man that he should impiously try to comprehend the incomprehensible—that he should, like the Greek Athanasius, babble incoherent nonsense about the person and persons of the infinite, intangible great cause and centre of the universe? We confine ourselves to the comprehensible; and as for Mahomet, we regard him as a great man, and so far the apostle of God that he waged war on the worshippers of idols, and brought his sword amongst a depraved race. Wallah! we want another Mahomet. As for our religion, I tell you it is philosophy, and whoever speaks the words of truth and morality, he is one of our priests, be he Mussulman, Christian, or Pagan. Can you find fault with that, Hekim Bashi?"

GALENA has been artificially made in the following manner, by M. Margny, and received by the French Academy of Sciences with marked approval: A mixture is made of 300 grammes of litharge, 60 grammes of pyrites, and 5 or 6 grammes of starch, and is then put in an earthen crucible, covered with borax, and exposed for half an hour to a very high temperature. When the crucible is withdrawn from the fire, and allowed to cool slowly, large and brilliant crystals of galena are produced.

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks);
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks';
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

"Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace;
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!

ALBUM.

His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!

PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * *

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport.

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Banyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labor's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * *

Go back, my pretty little tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us wheusoe'er we come.

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter at an end,
Wheue'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it: joys will end and tears will dry . . . .
Album! my master bids me wish good-by;
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

[*W. M. Thackeray.*

"LAMBERT."—A cant word has lately pervaded Paris and literally been in everybody's mouth. It is "Lambert." A few days ago it assailed the ear at every turn, and on the occasion of the late *fetes* was shouted in the Camp de Mars by fifty or sixty thousand people. It is said to have originated innocently enough, to have been, in fact, simply a pleasantry of some *farceurs* in an excursion train—the travellers by *trains de plaisur* being notoriously noisy. However, the variations on the word, and their more or less pointed application, on the night of the 15th in the Champ de Mars, has given offence in high quarters, and drawn the attention of the police to the matter. The latter have been instructed to put down the obnoxious word in all its varieties. Political allusions were becoming frequent under the mask of the unmeaning "Lambert." "Lambert has a granite phiz, but a naptha flame burns below." "Gare a Lambert; He is treacherous—a petroleum lamp." "Lambert wears a harlequin's coat—a patch of everybody's color is tagged on it, for Lambert went to prison once upon a time." "Lambert *est un digne apotre.* He is a fisher of men is Lambert. He nets fishes of all sorts and sizes." "*Il est gourmand ce Lambert; sa digestion est bonne quoique ses medecins disent que non.*" Other allusions, more or less pointed, may have assailed the ears of the Emperor and Empress during their nocturnal drive through Paris on the 15th. So obnoxious to the authorities has the cant term become that a thousand copies of a meaningless ballad, the refrain of which was "Lambert," have been seized in the Ternes market. The Prefect of Police has issued an ukase that "MM. les Voyageurs," per rail, must not relieve the monotony of their trip by boisterous inquiries after "Lambert" or any one else, or they will be prosecuted for "impeding the traffic." An unfortunate little snob who joined the crowd on the 15th, in shouting "Lambert," "*Voila Lambert,*" after a foreigner, and who demurred to being taken into custody, and even pushed away a *sergeant de ville*, has been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for "assaulting a public functionary in performance of his duty." Two or three hundred of these ejaculators of "Lambert" were arrested on the 15th. They were, however, released after the *fete.*

TEN MINUTES.

LOUNGING on my sofa just now, I took out my watch to see what time it was. It told me four o'clock. With the watch still in my hand, I fell into a reverie; and when my eyes again fell on the still open face, I found that it was ten minutes after four. Consequently, ten minutes had slipped away without my knowing or being at all conscious of the flight of time. This again led me into another reverie. How have those ten minutes passed with the rest of my fellow-beings? thought I. No doubt, with most of them it has been a dull, unnoticed ten minutes in the dull twenty-four hours. But with many how full of importance has it been!

Let me fancy myself gifted with wings for half an hour, and we will find out how those ten minutes have passed with a few of our fellow-beings: We are in a fine, large bedroom. In the spacious bedstead is a noble-looking, grey-haired old man, reclining, his head propped up with a pillow. On one side of the bed, with the old man's right hand in both of hers, kneels a young and beautiful girl, weeping bitterly. On the other side stands a young man, still handsome, though bearing the marks of great and excessive dissipation. As he bends over the old man, his face wears a troubled and remorseful expression. The clock strikes four. "Kiss me, my darling Harrie," faintly speaks the old man to his daughter; "and say good-by. Nay, you must not weep so. God will guard and take care of you, my child. And you, my son! Oh, I beg with my latest breath that you will give up all those companions who have been drawing you into evil. Lead a good and honorable life, and take my place with your sister. Guard and cherish her, and, obeying these my last wishes, God will bless you." The head falls back, the eyes close, and the old man breathes slowly. Daughter and son both bend anxiously over him. The breathing become less distinct; in a moment it ceases altogether. He has passed quietly away. It is ten minutes past four!

We are standing on the platform of a railway station. The engine stands snorting out its impatience to be off, and passengers are hurrying hither and thither to find their baggage, or wishing their friends good-by. The first bell rings. It is four o'clock. In ten minutes the train will start. A young man stands on the platform near an open carriage, clasped in his mother's embrace. He is going to seek his fortune in Australia, and his poor old mother may never see him again. "Oh! my dear, dear son, may God bless and protect you forever! Write to me often, and never forget your poor mother." In a passion of grief she again embraces him. The bell rings again. The engine whistles. It is ten minutes after four. After one long kiss, the son jumps into the car, brushing his coat-sleeve across his eyes. As the train moves slowly out of the station the poor mother waves her handkerchief, and the last words she says to her son are: "Don't catch cold, dear John. You will find the sandwiches in the carpet-bag."

This time we find ourselves in a small, poorly-furnished sitting-room. A careworn-looking man is sitting at a little table with his head resting on his hands. He is evidently poor, as his coat is threadbare, though clean and brushed, and his socks show in two or three places through his boots, notwithstanding his efforts to hide them by putting ink on. The clock on a neighboring church-steeple strikes four. The man gets up and commences to walk up and down the room. He talks to himself: "No, there is absolutely nothing to live for! Poor, unknown, and starving—shut up in a great city, in the midst of riches, and still unable to obtain a meal. Nobody will miss me and nobody will mourn me. Next world! Pah! I don't believe in one! Mother! She is gone. So thus let me end the miserable dream!" He takes a pistol from a drawer, places it to his ear and fires. His brains are splashed about the room just as the church clock chimes ten minutes after four.

It is a gorgeously furnished drawing-room. A charming girl sits at a piano, inadvertently running her fingers over the keys. She is evidently not thinking of what she is doing. Her thoughts are away. Suddenly she starts and a bright color comes into her cheeks. The door opens and a tall, handsome young man enters the room, as the brilliant French clock on the mantel-piece tinkles out four. He goes straight up to her, and taking both her hands in his, he looks into her eyes. She turns her face away, blushing. "Dearest Mary, I have come to ask you to be mine. I love you passionately and cannot be happy without you. Speak, my dearest one, and tell me if you love me." As he says this, the young man falls on his knees before the girl. For a moment, with her head bowed, she says nothing. Then suddenly turning round, she flings her arms around his neck and hides her face on his shoulder. He is happy, and it is ten minutes after four.

Again, we enter a magnificently furnished room, but although it is only just striking four, all the blinds are down and the room is lighted with wax candles. At a table in the middle of the room four gentlemen are playing at cards. At the side of each stands a little supporter with glasses, wines and cigars upon them. They seem deeply interested in their game, and, from their slightly haggard looks, have evidently been playing for many hours—probably all the previous night. One of them, in particular, is very pale, and although he calmly smokes his cigar, you can tell, from the slight nervous twitching of his mouth now and then, that he is very much excited. No wonder! He has staked his last five thousand in the world, and, if he loses, his young wife, only six months married, will be brought to beggary. Already, no doubt, she is dreadfully alarmed at his absence for so many hours. He has made a vow to himself that if he wins this once he will never gamble again. This trick will decide. Yes, he wins! He has the ace. His hand trembles as he takes up the cash and the clock points to ten minutes past four. He rises and says he must go. Let us hope he will keep his vow.

Thus goes the world. We little think of ten minutes now, although some day we may be willing to give the world for ten minutes. "*Apres moi le déluge,*" is always our cry.

E. H. L. P.

"JUDY CALLAGHAN" IN A NEW DRESS.

THE following clever translation of "Judy Callaghan" originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as "The Sabine Farmer's Serenade," and purported to be an authentic classical fragment. It actually deceived many scholars, until accident traced its authorship to Dr. Maginn:

'Twas on a windy night,
About two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this in part his wailings:
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh! list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed a-snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for ladies:
I've got the ring to wed,
Whiskey to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed,
And a handsome new shillelagh.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife till death,
I am willing to take ye
But, och, I waste my breath,
The devil sure can't wake ye,
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

ERAT turbida nox,
Hora secunda mane,
Quando pronit vox
Carmen in hoc mane;
Viri miseri mens
Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
Stabat obsidens limen.
Semel tantum die
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

Planctibus aurem fer,
Venere tu formosior;
Die hos muros per,
Tuo favor potior!
Voce beatum hac;
En, dum dormis, vigilo,
Nocte obambulans hac
Domum plancis stridulo.
Semel tantum die
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis hic et mella, cum
Bacchi succo, sugere?
Vis aquæ vitæ vim?
Plumoso sommum sacculo?
Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel haculo?
Semel tantum die
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

Conjux utinam tu
Fierce, lepidum cor, mi!
Habitum perdimus, heu,
Te sopor urget. Dormi
Ingruit imber trux—
Jam sub tecto pellitur
Is quem erastina lux
Referet hinc fideliter,
Semel tantum die
Eris nostra Lalage;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Calage.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONGS.—A curious question here arises, whether and in what degree Shakspeare can be fittingly associated with such music as that with which the English public is familiar. In this time (as we have seen in foregoing paragraphs) the old mystic and miracle plays had nearly disappeared, while the modern oratorio had not yet arisen. Church music, of a kind superior to any previously known, was produced in Italy; and in England there were many fine compositions for the organ and the singing-men in cathedrals. The more prevalent music, however, was of the madrigal class, composition in three or four-part harmony, either with a very simple instrumental accompaniment or none at all. Composition on the grand choral scale were almost unknown. Scattered throughout Shakspeare's plays are many beautiful songs, some of which are sung on the stage, some omitted, according to the degree of completeness with which the dramas are produced. "Ye Spotted Snakes," in *The Midsummer Night's Dream;* "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," "What Shall He have that killed the Deer?" "It was a Lover and His Lass," in *As You Like It;* "Come Unto these Yellow Sands," "Full Fathom Five," "Where the Bee Sucks," in *The Tempest;* the Witches' songs in *Macbeth;* and other songs scattered through these wonderful plays, have been set to music at some time or other, and some of them more than once, as is the case with "As it fell upon a day" and "I know a Bank." If these songs, or any of them, are fitted for choral singing by many hundred persons, it would probably depend more on the music than the words; seeing that Shakspeare certainly did not contemplate such musical gatherings as we are now accustomed to. Something of this kind has already been tried. The London Division of the Handel Festival Choir, numbering sixteen hundred singers, sang five of Shakspeare's songs, ("Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," "As it Fell upon a Day," "Sea-Nymphs Hourly Sing His Knell," "Orpheus with His Lute," and "Ye Spotted Snakes," together with the fine lines beginning "The Cloud-Capt Towers,") at Exeter Hall on the 18th of March last, to music by Purcell, Stevens, Mornington and Macfarren. It was a wonderful body of musical sound, as all the meetings of that choir present. As to the musical performances at St. James' Hall, the Agricultural Hall, the Crystal Palace, the theatres, the new Rotunda at Stratford-on-Avon, and elsewhere, during the last ten days in April, they were of three kinds—Shakspeare's songs, sung as solos, duets, glees, or in choral harmony; music composed for special portions of Shakspeare's works, such as Locke's music to *Macbeth*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Sullivan's *Tempest*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the like; and great choral performances, such as Handel's *Messiah*, bearing no relation to Shakspeare either in the words or the music. There appears to be no help for a certain degree of incongruity in this matter; if we want grand music at our festivals, and if Shakspeare wrote no words expressly for such music, some sort of cutting and contriving become necessary.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

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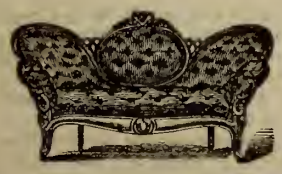

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AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

PRECIPITATE WRED "SEES THE ELEPHANT."

"PRECIPITATE, my son, the infernal Mexicans have crossed to our side of the Rio Grande and threaten to annihilate our brave troops. Now, I'll stay home and look after the old woman and the girls, and do you go right away and help to drive the rascals back. Remember, my boy, your grandfather served his country in the Revolution, and I kept up the game in the last war with the British: and if you are a son of mine——"

"Stop, stop, old gentleman! I am already mustered into service and under marching orders. Give me some tobacco and your blessiug, and take my love to the old lady and the girls. In half an hour I must report at the Barracks."

"God bless you, my boy — here's a whole plug! I'll go at once and fit you out with everything uecessary for your comfort during the campaign."

This hurried dialogue between the venerable Mr. Wred and his son Precipitate, occurred shortly after the reception of the intelligence at New Orleans, in the spring of '46, that Gen. Taylor and his little band of heroes had been cut off from Fort Brown by the Mexican General, Ampudia, with a force of seven thousand men. The people of that city were thrown into the wildest state of excitement, and the Governor's proclamation, calling for six regiments of volunteers, was almost immediately complied with by the patriotic citizens of all classes. Mechanics and merchants, lawyers and literary men, speculators and sportsmen, mingled with remarkable unanimity in the desire to wipe out the insult to our nationality of a foreign invasion.

Precipitate Wred, (or "Precip.," as he was familiarly called,) although youug in years, had about "finished" the lively Crescent City by a series of extraordinary explorations into the mysteries of Life in the Southwest, and was rapidly losing his appetite for a sublunary existence wheu the War Spirit dawned upon his horizou, and he hailed its crimsou glow as a godsend. Partaking freely of the prevailing mania, he followed a drum and fife around three or four blocks, until a procession of about a hundred men were collected, when they filed into a vacant hall, elected their captain and lieutenants, marched theuce to the Governor, and were duly received as volunteers.

Within a week the advance had landed at Point Isabel, just in time to hear the thuuder of Old Zach's artillery saluting the Stars and Stripes as they were hoisted in triumph over the Government Plaza of Matamoros. The Mexicans had been whipped and their army thoroughly routed in two eugagemeuts, three days before—"Palo Alto" and "Resacca de la Palma"—and already our victorious army had commenced the invasion of Mexico without a formal declaratiou of war by our Government.

The brave fellows who had volunteered so promptly were sadly disappointed on finding they were too late for the "fandango," and that under the militia laws then existing their term of service would expire in three months, which would preclude their sharing in the glorious campaign they had anticipated. Doomed to the dull routiue of camp life—daily drills and guard duty—in a hot, unhealthy climate, and coarser fare than they had been accustomed to, many resorted to rather questionable expedients, in a moral point of view, to while away the time; among which were huntiug "slow deer"—of course, taking the *cattle* of the euemy was prohibited—playing "draw poker," "old sledge," and "euchre;" and drinking bad whisky as an antidote to "the stings and arrows of outrageous" mosquitoes, centipedes and tarantulas. Consequently, when their three-months term expired, the greater portion of them had acquired a lively disgust for the "gay life" of a soldier.

Not so, however, with the ardent Precipitate Wred. On his return home his old chums were shocked at his metamorphosed appearance, and endeavored to convince him that he had beeu badly sold. They would indulge in ironical debates on his eligibility as a candidate for the Legislature, and as to whether he would be entitled, in the event of his death, to a military funeral and a monument, and such like provoking innuendos that worked up the Wred blood in his veins to something like desperation.

His old friend "Jack" D——u had just been commissioned a Captain of Dragoons, as a reward for some daring service he had rendered the Government, and was gathering about him some of the choice boys of the city for service on Scott's line, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. It was a safe bet that if there was any fighting to be done, Captain "Jack" would take a hand in it, for he was kuown throughout the Southwest as one of the most daring adventurers of his day, and had fought more successful duels thau any man above ground. "Precip." enrolled himself in this company for "during the war," and thereby convinced his friends that he meant to "see the elephant—tusk, trunk and tail."

The elder Mr. Wred approved and applauded the resolution of his hopeful son, in whom he fancied there dwelt the germ of a regular adobe; and, in truth, his face did "give outward indications of an inward" brick. Originally a blonde, (in very early youth, however,) it had now assumed a color which might be termed the *pink* of perfectiou in manly beauty. A jolly red nose occupied a large portion of his face, and bushy red whiskers, moustaches and eyebrows took up the balance; under his hat he wore a huge shock of "solferino" hair, that, since his volunteer life had commenced, defied Macassar, and shot out to all points of the compass, presenting an almost impregnable barrier to brickbats and shilelghs.

Precipitate Wred soon found himself in Vera Cruz, and an occasion shortly after occurred to gratify his ambition to "see service." The Quartermaster of the Department had purchased a large drove of horses and mules from the natives, which were to be delivered at Alvarado, some twenty miles south of Vera Cruz, and a squad of twenty-five dragoons were detailed from the several companies stationed there, to go after them. The command of the detachment was entrusted to an old Indiana captain, and our friend "Precip." was "lanced" as a corporal for this occasion, and ordered to accompany the expedition.

A corporal-by-brevet is not a highly distinguished position, truly, but Mr. Wred assumed it with dignity and composure, regarding it as the first rouud in the ladder which led to the yellow sash of a General.

The whole detachment was composed of raw recruits, (it only required a few days service, however, to do them brown,) who had never faced the music of an enemy's fire, and the announcement that they would probably have a brush with the guerrillas before their return made them exceedingly suspicious of every puff of wind that rustled the branches of the chaparral.

A ride of a dozen miles along the beach brought the party to the mouth of a cañon or gap in the hill-side, through which they had to pass to reach their destination. This cañon had a forbidding look, for it was evident that here a very few men could stampede a drove of horses and make frightful havoc with their escort, with comparatively little danger to themselves, and the party would be compelled to return by this route with their cavalcade. The corporal-by-brevet was so impressed with the importance of his reflections, and feeling that some responsibility rested on his shoulders, ventured to ride to the front and communicate with the commanding officer, and suggested the propriety of leaving a portion of the command to hold the place. The captain gruffly informed Mr. Wred that his suggestion was a piece of impertinence, and threatened him, if he again meddled in matters beyond his legitimate jurisdiction, to reduce him to the ranks.

Precipitate felt the rebuke keenly. He had been educated to believe himself a sovereign citizen of the greatest nation on earth, and on an equality with any king, prince, potentate, or any other man. He restrained his indignation, however, and reflected that military discipline required every man to mind his own business, and determined to adopt the *mode militaire*, and get even on the first insolent private who would dare to have an opinion of his own.

A few hundred yards of travel through the cañon brought the party into a beautiful valley, down which they proceeded two or three miles when they met a swarthy son of the soil, mounted on a spirited mustang, who seemed impatient to communicate important information to the commanding officer. He proved to be a member of a guerrilla band, but in the secret service of Uncle Sam, who had stolen away from his comrades to expose their designs against our party. He stated that a band of 200 guerrillas had left Alvarado a few minutes before, by another route, to take possession of the cañon, and that it was their intention, so soon as the horses were delivered to the Yankees and receipted for, to stampede the cavalcade and murder the escort. A halt was ordered, and a council of war called, in which our friend Precipitate was blandly invited by the captain to lend the light of his countenance. "Precip." loosed the girths of his horse's saddle and turned him out to grass, took a fresh quid of tobacco, and boldly marched into the council. The captain, lieutenant, sergeant and corporal-by-brevet composed the junta, and the three latter were each in turn invited to suggest a plan of operations. The lieutenant advised to carry out the order and return with the horses, or die in the attempt. The sergeant proposed to enter and burn the town, and hang the authorities; and Mr. Wred was of the opinion that they could reach the cañon before the guerrillas and hold it against the odds, while messengers could be despatched to Vera Cruz for reinforcements. The captain did not like any of the proposed plans, and ordered the men immediately to mount and retrace their steps to Vera Cruz as quick as their horses would carry them—an order that was obeyed with the alacrity of veterans. In two minutes the command were mounted and moving off at a trot towards the cañon, and just as they ascended the sandy hill the guerrillas hove in sight, on the margin of the valley, about half a mile distant. The captain would have liked a fight above all things, perhaps; but he feared if he were captured he would be compelled to sign a receipt for the horses he was sent after, which would be a serious pecuniary loss to his venerable Uncle Samuel; and as but very little glory could possibly result from the affair, he put spurs to his horse and headed him for Vera Cruz in a gallop. The rest of the command were too devoted to the captain to remain without him, and they, too, pricked their horses into a lively gait. Precipitate, whose position was in the rear of the party, also made up his mind to abandon his favorite project of holding the cañon, and ventured to feel his horse with his sharp-pointed rowels, when, as bad-luck would have it, his saddle turned completely under the horse's belly, and landed the rider head-foremost in the soft sand. He had neglected to tighten his girths in the hurry of the order to retreat, and in consequence here he was, in about as disagreeable a predicament as an inexperienced trooper would desire to be placed. The reflection that the enemy were rapidly approaching, combined with the shock he received by diving into the sand, had the effect of reviving scenes of his early childhood, and he mentally ejaculated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—

But it suddenly occurring to him that he was not sleepy at all; that this prayer was not suitable to the occasion, and not being familiar with any other, he arose and betook himself to resaddling his horse as rapidly as the circumstances would allow. The task was most irksome, but he finally accomplished it, and remounted his horse with the determination to overtake his party if it lay in the power of horse-flesh. Turning to look in the direction of the Mexicans, he discovered them filing into the cañon not a hundred yards from him, and they simultaneously discovered him. With admirable forethought for a novice, he fired his pistol and immediately put spurs to his horse. Half a dozen escopeta balls whistled past his head; but the guerrillas came to a halt, evidently mistaking him for a picket-guard, and supposing the rest of his party ambuscaded in the chaparral. Their halt enabled him to get through the cañon to the beach with safety, and the tide being out afforded him a hard, sandy bottom for his horse-race.

Mr. Wred wasn't naturally of a poetic temperament, but the magnificent prospect which here disclosed itself aroused in him a feeling of gratitude and admiration. The setting sun poured out a flood of golden light upon the placid surface of the gulf, and shed a halo about the emerald tops of the compact chaparral which stretched along the shore as far as the eye could reach. A gentle breeze sprang up to cool his fevered brow, and revive his jaded horse, who also seemed to partake of the spirit of thankfulness that now inspired his rider. Far along the beach he descried his comrades, still progressing at the lively pace with which they left him.

The reader must not suppose that Precipitate had *stopped* to admire the beauties which surrounded him. He had reined in from a gallop to a trot, but he kept an eye on the mouth of the cañon, while he reloaded his pistol and capped his carbine preparatory to selling out at as high a price as possible. Presently the guerrillas emerged from the cañon, and, espying the body of dragoons in the distance, immediately gave chase.

Wred had gained some six hundred yards on them by their cautious delay, and inwardly determined to gain as much more in as short time as possible. He overtook his comrades in about half an hour. They had to make a detour of a quarter of a mile to ford a small stream, and had just returned to the beach when Wred came up to the mouth of the river.

Plunging in, he swam his horse to the opposite side of the stream and related his mishap to the captain, informing him that the guerrillas were pursuing him in force, though not visible owing to the gathering darkness. The captain decided there was nothing to gain and everything to lose by making a stand, and determined to continue on to Vera Cruz. But Wred's horse now gave unmistakable signs of breaking down, resulting from his recent cold bath and previous race, and the captain proposed that Precipitate should remain concealed in the house of a native a short distance ahead, while his horse would be left for him at a given place until opportunity offered for his escape. Arrived at the house, the captain told the proprietor that he intended leaving one of his men there till his return the next day, and if anything befell him, the lives and property of the household should pay the penalty. The frightened landlord made all sorts of pledges of good faith, and escorted "Precip." through the bar-room to a closet beneath a flight of stairs. The furniture of this apartment comprised a lot of greasy gunny sacks, a cheese-box, a lot of empty bottles, and a variety of rubbish "of no use to any one but the owner." The top and sides were gracefully festooned with pendant strings of jerked beef and dried fruits, intertwined with cobwebs of tropical spiders, filled with the carcases of defunct flies, victims of their rapacity; and an odor of decayed meat, old cheese, and vile aguardiente pervaded the place to an overpowering degree.

Wred entered this delectable spot, which he had reason to believe was to be his tomb, with the stoicism of a martyr, and rolling himself up in a blanket supplied him by the landlord, spread the gunny sacks negligently over himself, and, leaving the door ajar to ventilate the hole as much as possible, he patiently awaited the course of events.

His comrades had been gone scarcely ten minutes when the tramp of horses and clattering of sabres and loud "*carrajos*" of the natives gave token that the guerrillas had arrived. Peering through the door of his hiding-place, "Precip." ascertained that only the advance of the band had arrived there, and it soon became evident they had abandoned the pursuit, and intended quartering there for the night. They were a motley crowd, and although all were dressed in the garb of Mexicans, the most of this party were French, German, Irish and English sailors, who had probably deserted their ships and started in the sailor-hotel business before the war, and now deemed it a duty they owed their adopted country to defend it against the Yankees, on the guerrilla mode of warfare.

After demolishing a meal of jerked beef and *tortillas* thickly spread with *Chile colorados*, a party of them gathered round a table and engaged in a game of cards, while the others conversed in mixed languages about their failure to capture the cavalcade of horses and the Yankee dragoons. Their animosity to the Americans knew no bounds, and they indulged their hatred of the absent Yankees with expressions worthy of the occasion and the party. They smoked cigaritos, drank aguardiente, and finally fell to quarrelling with each other. As the excitement increased, "Precip.," anticipating a lively fight, could not resist the temptation to see it, and arose from his recumbent position. In doing so he clumsily overturned the cheese-box, bottles, and everything else about him, raising a clatter that for a moment arrested the attention of the whole party. The landlord's presence of mind, however, prevented an investigation by some allusion to his dog, and the "muss" went on as though nothing had happened. Soon the victim who had been accused of treachery, disengaged himself from the crowd and rushed frantically towards the door of the closet to seek a shelter from their fury, and would certainly have exposed its occupant, had not the proprietor seized the man by the collar just as he was in the act of pulling open the

door, and dragging him to the back-door of the apartment, "let him out" with a kick in the nether extremities. The card party, who were officers of the band, now sprang up from the table, and, drawing their knives, cleared the room. After the crowd were turned out of the house the confusion gradually subsided, until it was evident that all the party were wrapt in slumber, save the four men at the card-table, and they were getting "blind drunk" as fast as aguardiente and the fumes of tobacco could accomplish it.

Precipitate now began to regard his situation as unbearable. He was worked up to such a state of frenzy that he would have wrenched the linch-pin out of the globe had he known then where to lay his hand upon it. He raised himself up in his hiding place and reconnoitred the premises—seanned the features of the party well, and calculated the chances of despatching them without alarming the remainder on the outside. Just then a big, sailor-looking Irishman entered, leaned his escopeta against the wall, and informed the party that it was just 3 o'clock and everything quiet, and complained of being tired and sleepy. He had been doing sentry duty, and, as daylight was near at hand, thought it unnecessary to put on another guard. The whole party then took a drink of aguardiente, and began to lay themselves out for a nap. The captain of the gang put a six-shooter and a knife in his sombrero, and placed them on the table; then rising to remove his serapé from his shoulders, he fell sprawling on the floor, and was too drunk to rise again. In a few moments the whole party were "sounding their bugles" in a maudlin stupor.

"Precip." now cautiously emerged from his hiding-place, appropriated the captain's sombrero, weapons, and serape to disguise himself with, and started for the door. The guerrillas lay around promiscuously, wrapped in their blankets. About fifty yards from the door two or three of them lay on the ground awake and talking to each other. Precip. feigned drunkenness, and staggered off in a different direction toward the chaparral. He heard the words "capitan" and "boracchio," and, as they did not rise, he felt assured they were deceived by his disguise.

Repairing to the spot where his horse had been left for him, he found it staked out in a grass plot and refreshed by a good night's rest. Tightening up the girths of his saddle, this time, and adjusting his weapons, he mounted his horse, boldly pushed for the beach, and headed for Vera Cruz, where he arrived in about an hour and a half, and related his adventures to his comrades.

At the "tattoo" roll-call that evening, the orderly sergeant called through the alphabetical list of members, and dwelt with marked emphasis on the name of—

"Wred—Precipitate!"

"Here I am, sir—safe and sound!"

"Mr. Wred," continued the O. S., "it is Capt. D——u's order that you wear the chevrons of a corporal from this date. To-morrow you will select your own squad of a dozen men to assist you in ferreting out the leaders of the band of guerrillas, and if you succeed I am authorized to promise you further promotion."

The boys joined their voices in three hearty cheers for the corporal, whose urbanity had made him a general favorite with his comrades.

Within ten days thereafter he was rated on the muster-roll as "Sergeant Precipitate Wred." . . . But I have encroached too much on your space this week to relate how he attained to that distinction. A. M. K.

A Perilous Position.—The Buffalo *Courier*, of the 9th ultimo, says: It has been known that Farini, the funambulist, who several years ago was Blondin's rival on the tight-rope at Niagara Falls, was making preparations to ford the rapids above the American Fall on a pair of iron stilts contrived for the purpose. The exhibition was to have come off on the 15th. Early yesterday morning, we learn, the foolhardy man went out to rehearse the dangerous feat. He succeeded in getting more than half across, at a point between the Falls and the Great Island bridge, when one of his stilts broke or gave way, and he was instantly in the rapids. Fortunately, the place of his accident was directly above Robinson's Island, a small piece of wooded land which lies to the right of Lunn Island, and very near the brink of the American Fall. He succeeded in struggling to the shore of this island, and dragged himself from the water. He had apparently sustained a painful injury in one of his limbs. The poor man was soon discovered sitting very composedly on a log at the edge of the island. A large and not very sympathizing crowd collected on the Goat Island bridge and elsewhere, but up to yesterday afternoon not an effort had been made to rescue the unfortunate man. In fact, our informant tells us that in a few hours public curiosity seemed to have sated itself, and scarcely any excitement was visible. Farini's frightful perch is about 800 or 1,000 feet below the bridge spoken of, and undoubtedly a rope could be floated to him, and thereby a cable perhaps be swung, by which, if the man be not too much exhausted or injured, he might be able to effect an escape. It is feared, however, that before anything is done he will be incapable, from lack of food and nervous excitement, to help himself. At present he can be distinctly descried, cool enough, apparently, but making not the slightest effort to attract attention or signal for relief. He is in his tights and bareheaded, and is seen frequently to rub and press his wounded limb. A more frightful predicament than that he is in could not easily be conceived. We understand that some persons suppose Farini to be playing a practical joke, or to be practicing an advertising dodge. It is scarcely possible that this can be the case, or that any such felicitous results can come from such a desperate-looking state of things. From the latest reports it appears that Farini was still a prisoner on Robinson's Island, about 2,000 feet above the American Falls, and where the rapids have a tremendous velocity. His partner had succeeded in effecting a line of refreshment communication with the forlorn stilt-walker, who had been in his uncomfortable position over forty hours. What steps are being taken to rescue him, if any, were not known. A large crowd was expected down from Buffalo and Rochester to see the sad spectacle. The condition of this poor fellow was really heartrending. He was within speaking distance of the shore, but the throngs who had assembled to witness his critical situation were powerless to help him.

THE WHITE WOLF.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.)

Chapter II.—The Iron Coffer.

When Nicolas Tremi reached home, it was quite night. He threw the bridle to his servant without speaking, mounted the steps with a pre-occupied air, and sought the apartment of his grandson. Georges was sleeping. He was a pretty child, fair and rosy, and his light curls fell gracefully over his embroidered pillow. Apparently, a sweet dream visited him in his sleep, for his mouth was half-opened in a charming smile; and when a child smiles in his sleep the good people of Rennes say he is "laughing with the angels." This is a beautiful and poetic thought, but in Brittany all that is poetical and charming soons turns to melancholy; they regard this joy in sleep as a presage of death, and think that the child "laughs with the angels" because they are around his bed and ready to carry his soul to God.

Nicolas Tremi leaned over the couch of his grandson, and his bearded lip touched the satin cheek of the child, who still slept on. "Arthur of Brittany!" murmured the old nobleman, who could not forget the words of Jean Blanc. "If the last scion of my race should be sacrificed! . . . But, no; this man is an idiot—this Jean Blanc; and my cousin de Vaunoy does not at all resemble the Englishman, John Lackland!

He sat down near the bed, and was soon lost in deep thought.

M. de Tremlays had lost his only son two years before. This son, who was named Jacques, was the father of Georges, and had been a brave man. Nicolas Tremi had early inculcated in him his hatred for France and his love for Brittany, two sentiments which in his opinion affected the whole character. The death of Jacques was a cruel blow. He was not only his son but the heir to his belief. He felt himself growing old. Would there be time to instil into the breast of Georges this hatred and this love?

There lived somewhere in the province of Brittany a family, poor and of doubtful nobility, who claimed to be a branch of the house of Tremi, and added this name to their own. Before the death of his son Jacques, M. de la Tremlays had commenced an action against this family of Vaunoy to force them to desist from all pretension to the name of Tremi. The action was pending at the time of Jacques' death, and the Parliament of Rennes seemed about to decide against the family of Vaunoy. The death of his son appeared to change suddenly the designs of M. de la Tremlays. He stopped the action in the Parliament of Rennes and invited Hervé de Vaunoy, the eldest of the family to visit him, and Hervé knew better than to refuse the invitation.

He traversed the forest mounted on a sorry-looking horse, and as he passed through the woods of Bouexis, he took off his felt hat and respectfully saluted all these riches, while a smile of triumph played around the corners of his thin lips.

Hervé de Vaunoy was about forty years of age. He was a little, stout man with exuberant, reddish looks which surrounded a smiling face. His grey eyes almost disappeared under their long lashes, but what was seen of them was very pleasing, and accorded well with the fresh vermillion of his cheeks. One would say, on seeing him the first time, "There is an excellent little man!" The second time one would say nothing; and the third, one would think, "Perhaps that little man is not quite as good as he desires to appear!" He inspected the manor of Bouexis, and found it much to his liking—also the famous manufactories, etc., and during this inspection he smiled, and one would have said that the little man already saw himself as future proprietor and lord of all these fine possessions. But what delighted him the most was the Castle of Tremlays. "Great Heavens!" murmured he, "it will go hard but M. Nicolas Tremi, my cousin, will give me some little corner here, and when one has a footing and a good strong will, the devil will do the rest." He raised the heavy knocker of the door and changed his satisfied smile for a more humble and reserved expression.

M. de la Tremlays was seated in the large dining hall, while at his side a large, fine dog was indolently sleeping; little Georges, then four years old, was playing on his nurse's knee.

Hervé de Vaunoy was announced.

The old lord turned slowly toward the new-comer, while the dog gave a heavy growl.

"Peace, *Job!*" said M. de la Tremlays.

The dog lay down again without removing his eyes from the spot where Hervé stood with uncovered head, and respectfully bowing.

After two or three moments of silence, M. de la Tremlays appeared to take a sudden resolution and rose.

"Approach, my cousin," said he, with hurried courtesy; "you are welcome to the castle of our common ancestors."

Hervé could scarcely restrain an exclamation of joy on seeing his relation, whom he supposed to be so unfavorably disposed, so soon and easily reconciled.

The interview was short and decisive.

"I hope, M. de Vaunoy, that you are a true Breton?"

"Yes, by Heaven! my cousin—a true Breton," replied Hervé; "determined to give his life for the good of the dukedom—his life and his blood, M. de la Tremlays! his flesh and his bones! detesting France! abhorring France! my worthy relative."

"Well said!" cried Nicolas Tremi, delighted; "give me your hand, Vaunoy, my friend. We will understand each other wonderfully well, and in case of misfortune, my little grandson Georges will have a father."

Hervé was installed, that same evening, in the Castle of Tremlays, and from that time did not leave it. Georges was especially confided to his care, and we must remember that on all occasions he affected an extraordinary tenderness for the child.

Matters remained thus for eighteen months. M. de la Tremlays took Hervé into his confidence. He looked upon him as an excellent, loyal relation. The subordinates of the castle took their tone from their master, and Vaunoy had the esteem of every one. There were but two individuals with whom he had no favor. The first and most important was *Job*, the favorite dog of Nicolas Tremi; the second was Jean Blanc, the albino. Vannoy did his best to conciliate the dog, but could not succeed. *Job*, good Breton that he was, was obstinate and headstrong. M. de la Tremlays often reflected upon the aversion manifested by the dog for M. de Vaunoy, for he thought *Job* a very discriminating dog, and possessed of good sense and judgment.

But Vaunoy was so good, so humble, so useful and devoted—and then he hated France so cordially. As to Jean Blanc, his hatred was less to be dreaded. He occupied in the social circle a much humbler scale than *Job*. He was by trade a maker of barrel hoops; he passed for an idiot, and could not have maintained his old father without the charitable help of M. de la Tremlays. He was received into the kitchens of the castle, because Breton hospitality was open to all; but still it was with difficulty he could gain a place by the fire, and he was obliged to execute many of his capers in order to gain the good will of the distributor of provisions. "Keep back, White Rabbit!" would say this chief of the valets of Tremi "Are you not ashamed, you miserable outcast, to ask charity of a Christian?"

Jean, according to the humor he was in, would burst out into a laugh, or sometimes lower his eyes, full of tears. Sometimes a flash of reason would seem to visit his brain; then the inflamed border of his eyelids would turn livid, while a scarlet spot would appear on each cheek. It lasted but an instant.

NOTES OF MINES AND MINERALOGY.

The most remarkable slate quarries in the world are found in England. Some idea of the extent of these workings can be formed from the fact that in two quarries alone 6,000 men are employed, and that the slate trade has outrun all possibility of supply—orders being 18 months ahead of time, and the price of slate doubled in the last two years.

Of all the slate districts the Carnarvon is probably the richest, from the extent of the formation, the beauty of the colors the finess of the texture, and the durability of the produce.

There is no uniform color, the slates being blue, red, purple and all the intermediate shades of these colors.

The quarry of Col. Pennant last year yielded a net profit of £250,000 and gave employment to 3,500 men—that of Lord Palmerston £40,000 with 400 men at work.

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The supply of black-lead, or plumbago, used in the arts for the manufacture of lead pencils and crucibles, came largely, if not exclusively from the celebrated mine of Borrowdale, in Cumberland, England. The pure ores, which alone, were of any value in the arts, and which in this mine were the purest known, have been exhausted, and the mine is no longer worked. Unsuccessful attempts have been repeatedly made to produce it artificially, being a carburet of iron whose composition is simple, and supposed to be capable of easy imitation. These all failed, and resort is now had to a mechanical preparation of the impure ores found abundantly in many places, whereby an article of absolute purity is obtained for commerce, in any quantity required. The ores are placed in a furnace of simple construction and subjected to a moderate red heat for a few hours. By this treatment the iron is converted into a *magnetic* carburet of iron, and by the use of the ordinary or electro-magnet, this carburet is taken up, and removed from the mass, chemically and mechanically pure—the deleterious substances remaining behind in the mass.

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A furnace for roasting ores was recently exhibited and explained at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, which possesses one point of considerable merit and novelty. The ore is contained in a central chamber, across which the products of combustion are caused to pass regularly in one direction. By a device for discharging the ore the rate of descent can be regulated at pleasure, so that each particle of ore can be submitted to the action of the fire for any length of time desired. By the constant and regular course given to the draught across the chamber, the sulphurous and other pernicious vapors are taken direct to the chimney, and the ore undergoing roasting is thereby freed from contact by these vapors.

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Many disastrous accidents have come from the use of the iron rod used in tamping the blast-holes in mining. Heavy oak bars have been tried, but were found to be too light to be effective, and a substitute has been suggested by fixing a copper head to the iron rod, thus combining the weight and strength of iron with the softness and malleability of the copper. This may seem a small matter, but those who incur the danger and know the effects of a dreadful and premature explosion will readily recognize its merit.

MATERNITY.

HEIGH HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair ye low daffodils, stately and tall,
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small:
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups:
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;
Sing, "Heart thou art wide though the house be but narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand on her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall,
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure—
God that is over us all.—*Jean Ingelow.*

DOWN-STREAM.

IT is late autumn, and all London is out of town save myself. I am detained in that hateful brick-kiln, while my friends and acquaintances are upon the breezy moors, or climbing snowy mountain-tops, or lying listless by the calm cool seas. I shall have no autumn holiday this year; nothing remains for me but iced beverages and the memory of vanished pleasure-trips. Let me recall one of these latter, and set it down; for while I do so a panorama of exquisite landscape pictures passes through my brain, and, for the time, obscures the desolate, dusty road, the white and blinding street. My mind, thank Heaven, is stored with many such recollections. Which of them shall I summon up to comfort me? Already I feel myself a willing captive, taken in a net of sunny thoughts. I draw at random from the rainbow skein.

It is a record of last spring-time, a gossamer-memory, with the dew and sun-ray on it still.

In the early summer, not when "the spring is setting in with its usual severity," but a little later, when the streets are filled with light, white-awning carts, full of blooming flowers, and when women, bearing baskets of charming posies, make sweet the London air: then it is, even more than in the autumn, that one longs to flee from bricks and mortar into the country. Moreover, (which is surely a charm,) one should not do it. Business demands one's presence in the metropolis; there is no legitimate vacation at that period for people of our quality. Hence it is the very time for a holiday. Nor can we properly enjoy it alone. I don't say that one should take one's wife and family; far from it; they will go to the sea-side, doubtless, in due time; but the epoch of which we speak is essentially masculine and, (if I may say so,) bachelory. It is necessary to take three friends—all of whom are also doing wrong in leaving their business at such a season—for, notwithstanding the lavish promises of the barometer, it may be wet: and the country under rain, and without the raw material of a rubber at whist, is well known to be unbearable. Also, these friends must be judiciously chosen. A morose man, a stingy man, a fool, or one incapable of laughter, would shipwreck the whole clandestine scheme. Many a man who is a very decent companion at the club in Pall Mall, would be hateful in a village inn. Finally, let everybody have to be back in town again by a certain day and hour, upon business of the most serious importance, and let nobody get back when he intended, and let that business be postponed. A certain recklessness of consequences is indispensable.

Upon the occasion I have in my mind, we were four chosen souls. Each, if not at the very summit of his profession, deserved to be there, and may be designated as if he was. There was the Merchant Prince, a man truly gorgeous in his ideas, and magnificent in the execution of them; there was the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who audited our accounts, and exhorted us to stand upon our rights whenever men oppressed us; there was Professor Beeswing, of the Entomological Society, with the most varied information, perhaps, that ever existed in a single human store-house; and there was the Deathless Author, a gentleman whose powers of fiction are by no means confined to the construction of books. It was this last individual who had organized the expedition and settled its destination—Willow Bridge, beautifully situate upon the river Thames, and not a thousand miles from Marlow. "We will fish for gudgeon—creatures that you catch in myriads as you sit in an arm-chair in your punt. Then we will drop down to Cliefden Spring, and stroll in those glorious woods. I know every inch of the river. It will be divine."

Something like this he said to all, but exhibiting some especial bait to each. To the M. P. he spoke of the cookery of river-fish, which he portrayed as unique and perfect; to the L. C. B. he held out a solemn promise that we should be warned off a certain island, which the public had nevertheless an indefeasible right to land upon and occupy; while to the Professor he painted a particular species of butterfly to be found in the vicinity of Marlow only, in the lively colors of his own imagination. Thus it was that he seduced the party to Willow Bridge, where they put up at the Swan-on-Horseback, a "famous inn." In an hour or so we had left London behind us at an infinite distance, with all its wicked works. It was a holiday in itself to mark the landlord "seeing what he could do" in the way of sleeping apartments and a private sitting-room; to hear the landlady express her opinion that "it might be done"; to behold the waiter, unconcerned in these arrangements, taking the air at the front door and shading his eyes from the fiery sun with a napkin; to watch the people leaning over the bridge, with their heads close together, and chewing straws or pieces of stick, which presently they dropped into the fleeting stream and set to work anew. Nobody was in a Cheapside hurry; nobody was possessed by the devil of Competition to toot for custom. When the Deathless Author led us down to the river-side, and bade us choose our fishing-punt, we were not torn to pieces by the skinny fingers of opposition Ancient Mariners.

"Did you want to go on the water, gentlemen?" inquired a comfortable boatman, lazily removing his pipe from his mouth with one hand, and scratching his head with the other.

"Certainly, my good man," replied the D. A. cheerfully; "we are come to fish for gudgeon. Big punt—arm chairs—lots of luncheon—worms and ground-bait—floats and rods. Come, look alive!"

But the mariner only shook his head.

"There ain't no ground-fishing yet awhile, bless ye. You may get a trout mayhap; but it's like to be a long business. How many days are you going to stay?"

"Oh, this is so like the Deathless Author," cried the Merchant Prince with a scornful smile. "I wonder there's a river here, for my part."

"My dear sir—my very dear sir," cried the D. A., "there must be some frightful mistake. Now leave this man to me. Do you really mean to say that we can't go gudgeon-fishing?"

"Why, in course you can't. It's a fenced month."

"A what? a what?" exclaimed the L. C. B., speaking very fast. "That's a very nice question; I should be inclined to dispute the fact. Now, here is my name and address, my worthy man. O yes, we'll try this question. What do *you* say, Beeswing?"

"Hush! be quiet; don't move—don't stir," returned the Professor earnestly. "You've got the most splendid specimen of the stinging dragon-fly on the nape of your neck. Only wait till I get my net."

"The river is charming," remarked the Deathless Author, with galvanic enthusiasm—"perfectly charming. It would have been almost too hot for fishing; let us row to Cliefden Spring. It is the most beautiful stream scenery in the world, and the duchess permits everybody to enjoy it. I am quite sure that will please you. Yes, let us row up there. You call it 'up' to Cliefden, don't you, my man?"

"Well, sir, it's down-*stream*, anyway," replied the mariner, regarding the D. A. as if he were a little better than a born idiot.

"And this is the man who has brought us to Willow Bridge, under pretence of knowing the country!" ejaculated the M. P. "He pretends to have been born in the district. He assured me only last night that the Swan-on-horseback made up a hundred beds."

"Never mind," said the Professor good-naturedly; "let us forgive him. There are beds enough, and the genus *Cimicidæ* is doubtless unknown to them."

"I am appeased," quoth the Merchant Prince sententiously. "Let us take the boat, and be off." And there being no gilded barge in waiting, manned with slaves in crimson, pulling silver oars, or other vessel suitable to his quality, we stepped into a painted pleasure-boat, and set off for Cliefden Springs.

I do not describe that voyage, since the same water was afterwards rowed over by the same goodly company; enough to say that it was charming as a siren's song; the Lord Chief Baron's brow grew smoother with every dip of the oar; Professor Beeswing sat with half-closed eyes watching the insect creatures skimming the stream, like a happy cat dreaming of *entrées* of fish and mice. The Merchant Prince was pleased to acknowledge the attention that was shown him by the setting sun, and to express his satisfaction with the general arrangements of nature for his reception on the river. The Deathless Author kept a divine silence, partly because he wished the scene to sink into the souls of his companions, whose indignation still might smoulder, and partly because speech was frozen within him, with the apprehension of that very misfortune which subsequently occurred.

When they came in sight of Cliefden's hanging woods, a murmur of admiration broke from two of those who had not seen that leafy paradise before. "We forgive you—we thank you—we applaud you," exclaimed they with a single voice, and grateful looks towards him who had organized the expedition. "How charming it will be to plunge into the green coolness of those woods!"

The Merchant Prince, without lifting himself down to vulgar jubilation, regarded the white palace glinting from the full-foliaged hill above us, as though he would like to buy it.

"Can one go up to the house, and see the place?" inquired he of one of the boatmen.

"No, sir, nor *hood at all*, if the duchess is at Cliefden."

"What!" cried the three strangers, turning like one man—and not a good-tempered one either—upon the Deathless Author. "Can this be true?"

The unhappy fictionist smiled in a ghastly manner, and gave them to understand that the boatman was a well-meaning dullard, whom it would be idle to cross-examine. "*And besides*," said he, "the duchess is sure not to be there."

"I don't like that," observed the M. P. sharply, who, though so wealthy, was not deficient in intelligence.

The Lord Chief Baron cast a withering glance upon the deceiver, as upon some prevaricating witness, whom he should like to turn inside out by cunning questions.

The Professor regarded him with that calm contempt which he bestows upon mayflies, and the less common *Neuroptera*, of of which he has already specimens in his collection.

The Deathless Author offered not a syllable in defence. He already perceived an official person of forbidding exterior standing at the head of the landing stairs. He knew what he was put there to say.

"Nobody can come ashore to-day, gentlemen; the duchess is at Cliefden."

"I suppose it *is* her private property," observed the L. C. B. reflectively; "one couldn't prove right of way."

At this audacious observation the ancestral retainer glared at us as at a ship-load of blasphemers and river pirates, and waved us off with a majestic motion of the hand.

The boatmen grinned in their sleeves, or would have done so if they had not been bare-armed, and turned the head of our little craft towards Willow Bridge.

In half an hour or so—such is the blessed influence of stream-scenery—all disappointment had faded from the memory, and even confidence in the Deathless Author was almost restored.

Of our stay at that admirable river-inn I shall say nothing. The chief charm of life in such a place is that nothing happens worthy of being recorded. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to saunter on the sloping lawn, and smoke the dream-compelling weed; to lie at length within the rocking skiff, and hear the whisper of the river-nymphs, and feel their cool breath through the tender plank; to bask beneath the willow, lulled to sleep by the thunder of the roaring weir—these things, distinct enough in the clear depths of Memory, have not a substance that the pen can picture. Man, being made for action and material matters, tires in time of all such pleasant shadows. There was a bridegroom staying at Willow Bridge, who, it was plain, for his part, had had more than enough of them. How he did gape, and yawn, and sigh for very weariness! The obsequious manner in which he strove to make himself agreeable to us, and thereby win conversation and relief from inexpressible *tedium vitæ* was touching to behold.

But four is company, and five is none, so we cast the poor wretch from us. We froze him with our icy speech as he strove to climb into our pleasure-gallery out of the ocean of *ennui*; we jested among each other at his drowning agonies, and threw champagne bottles, as it were, at his head as he went down. We chopped his fingers, figuratively speaking, with sharp epigrams, and so made him loose his hold. He must have looked upon us like a second crew of the *Flowery Land*.

The L. C. B., who is a determined bachelor, remorselessly bade him cleave to his lawful wife. Indeed, we had no sort of pity for him. We had not been shut up for three weeks at Willow Bridge with a feeble young female, who objected to smoking. We did not hear a still small voice—but getting perceptibly louder—crying: "*Charles, love, the tea has been brought up!* THE TEA IS READY, CHARLES, DEAREST! THE TEA IS GETTING COLD, CHARLES!"

At which last sentence, or *ultimatum*, Charles surrendered at discretion, and went in wearily through the French window. No, for our part, we welcomed such lotus-eating (which included two courses of excellent fresh-water fish) very gladly, and were truly grieved when the time came for us to part. When it became absolutely essential that the M. P. should preside at the meeting of the Golconda Mine Company; then it was a *sine qua non* that the L. C. B. should state his views upon a matter of trespass before a high legal tribunal; when the Professor must needs read his exhaustive paper upon the emanation of the *Silphidæ* before the Society for the Encouragement of Insect Knowledge; when the Deathless Author, whose word was his bond—and quite equal in pecuniary value—and solemnly promised to personally superintend the production of one of his own volumes in Paternoster Row; it was on that very morning. I say, when Duty, with her customary scowl, was bidding us resume hateful Toil within city walls, and leave the rare spring sunshine, and the gleaming river, and the emerald fields, that the Merchant Prince astonished the company, as the fatal railway omnibus drove to the door, by observing with audacious calmness: "I have a great idea, my friends; we won't go by the train at all."

"Our luggage is packed," sighed the Professor, pointing mournfully to his large tin butterfly case and little carpet-bag awaiting removal in the passage.

"Let the luggage go, then," returned the M. P. authoritatively. "But as for us, let us drop down the river to London."

So immeasurably distant did Willow Bridge, and especially its winding river, appear to us to be from the great Babylon, that this suggestion struck us all aghast.

"Drop down the river!" repeated the L. C. B. doubtfully, and as though he saw several flaws in the proposition already. "Down to Windsor, you mean."

"Down to London Bridge!" quoth the M. P., resolutely. "Land short of that—say at Blackfriars—and the whole scheme would be a failure."

The Deathless Author already perceived himself in a strange skiff, amid the whirling eddies of Westminster, rocked by express steamers, and coming to grief against the piers of bridges. His countenance was unmistakably negative.

The Professor murmured that it was impossible to observe the *Phryganeæ* beyond Hammersmith.

"Very good," observed the Merchant Prince, with the air of a man who has given up a point to oblige his fellow-creatures. "Let us say Hamptou Court. We shall then have only fifty miles or so to row."

"Row!" exclaimed the L. C. B. "I would not row ten miles for"——

"My friends," interrupted the Merchant Prince majestically "the matter is in my hands. When I say 'we shall row,' I mean it in the same sense as 'we shall sail.' No physical exertion will be necessary. I engage a crew of two. We take turns in the arduous duties of steering. I invite you to dine with me at Hamptou Court."

In half an hour, we were dropping down the river, in the good skiff *Cygnet*, between the level meadows down to Camelot—no, to Cookham. The boat was green and gold, the cushions a brilliant scarlet, and the even dip of the four oars had a silver sound. All else was silent, save for the hiss of the angry swan, as we came too near her throne among the osiers, or infringed upon her royal progress through the river; and save for the monotone of the cuckoo in the far distant woods. Only, ever and anon, our stroke would rest upon his oars, and raise his voice in a wild melody of 'Lok, Lok, Lok,' and the lockman would come forth from his cottage, and open wide the barriers of the flood, and shut us in. Then slowly sank the boat, and the water with it, till the trim bright garden sloping gently to the brink could be seen no more, and the black gates loomed larger and larger momently, and the dark sides of our water prison deepened. Then, upon ransom being counted out, sometimes into a little cup at the end of a pole, with which, for convenience of payment, our warder favored us—as a child feeds Bruins in a bear-pit—he let the sunlight once more in upon us, and set us on the broad and shining river-road. I am afraid to say how many of these aquatic turnpikes we passed through, but we never tired of them, though each was as like to each as are sweet-peas. We concocted of them a sensation novel for the Deathless Author, entitled the *Lock-keeper's Daughter*, of which, since he was not grateful for it, I am almost induced to publish the plot. Suffice it to say, however, that our heroine fled from her amphibious home in an evil hour, and returned only to perish there by her own act: when her father opened the gates to the first-comer in the summer morning, her golden hair was mingled with the weeds that clung to them; and ever afterwards there was a ghastly cry of "Lok, Lok, Lok" oft heard at night. If the plot of the Lock story should be too involved, suggested the L. C. B., (whose nature is cynical,) Chubb of which there was plenty in the neighborhood, would doubtless supply it with a Key.

We composed the most thrilling part of this original narrative in the various boat-houses into which we were driven by the passing spring showers; and a general curdling of the blood, known to novel-readers as "creepiness" (a little assisted, perhaps, by the change of temperature,) was inwardly experienced on such occasions. The steering into these havens of refuge was by no means an easy matter; the entrances were always narrow, though they afforded a wide field for discussion as to how they should be approached; and often-times the passengers of the *Cygnet* found themselves, along with their unskilful coxswain, exposed to the whole fury of the elements, while the rowers, in the more favored half of the boat, were under cover. Everybody thinks that he can poke a fire and steer a boat. I dare not record how many times we grounded on the golden shallows under the haughty guidance of the Merchant Prince; how often we stuck upon sand-banks, over which the L. C. B. insisted upon trying his favorite question of right of way; how often the spectacled Professor, bent on dragon flies, took us slap into the osiers. Once the Deathless Author, (besides minor errors,) seeking to win renown by taking the boat through a narrow arch without unshipping, came full butt against the buttress, and nearly brought both voyage and voyagers to their end. There were lively discussions upon our individual merits as navigators, ingenious theories as to why swans tip themselves topsy turvy, and remain with the other end of them (if I may say so) growing perpendicularly out of the water like a white cabbage; and learned explanations from the Professor of the phenomenon of the legs of the cattle upon the bank being only reflected in the stream *half-way*, and of what became of the other half.

The cattle, whether they so stood in the cool meadow grass, or descended to the cooler wave, were always a charming sight, as likewise were the swans, whichever end was uppermost. From stately Windsor, crowned with its royal abode, down to the smallest hamlet, every dwelling-place of man looked bright and beauteous. A hundred gray church towers greeted us through stately trees; a thousand villages smiled upon us from their flowery gardens.

"Nice," said the Merchant Prince, with semi-approval "from June to August; from August to June, nice also doubtless, for frogs, toads, newts, and water-rats.

But the M. P. had been put out of bliss by some cow-beef of which we had imprudently partaken at a river-inn; we are also made a little despondent by certain memoranda in a literary work—*The Oarsman's Companion*, I think it was called—found in the pocket of our stroke. Nobody, it is said, should ever step into a pleasure-boat without knowing how to behave towards the apparently drowned.

Avoid all rough usage, was the first canon.

"Why, what a set of ruffians aquatic folks must be," exclaimed the M. P., "to need such an admonition! Would these boatmen proceed to kick us, if we fell overboard?"

Never hold the body up by the feet!

"Did you ever hear of anything so barbarous!"

Nor roll the body on casks!

"Really, this is too horrible! Casks!"

Nor rub the body with salt or spirits!

"These men must be cannibals, my friends."

Nor inject tobacco-smoke or its infusion into the nostrils.

"I don't like this," quoth the Merchant Prince, closing the horrid little volume, and wiping his brow with his pocket-handkerchief; "let us go out and take a walk."

"Ay, let us walk," cried the L. C. B., who is a member of the Alpine Club; "'we have had enough of sitting and steering, we.'"

"We have had more than enough of *your* steering," replied the Deathless Author viciously; "but let me beg that there may be no pedestrianism. Walking means no pleasant talking, no leisure, no merry laughter; it just means perspiration, dust; and the malignant joy of seeing others more tired than ourselves."

But the words of the wise were disregarded. It was finally arranged that the boat should go on to Hampton in advance of us, while we disembarked, and made our way thither by the duty roads. Those whom the gods wish to ruin, they first cause to take to take to pedestrianism. Before he left the galley, however, the M. P. had a lucid interval. "Let us write down," said he, "our orders for dinner, so that our boatmen may leave them with the landlord, and we may find the banquet prepared on our arrival. Which is the best inn?"

"The Toy, the Toy," returned the Deathless Author gloomily, averse to leave the silvery stream, the frequent splash of happy bathers, the scarlet cushions, and the motion without toil.

"To the landlord of 'the Toy,' then, greeting: *Whitebait indispensable*," quoth the Merchant Prince, holding a turquoise pencil in his jewelled fingers; "asparagus unlimited; Moselle-cup iced. Let us leave the rest of the repast to his own genius!"

I forbear to speak of that walk to Hampton along the hot white roads; after the first ten minutes all sank into the usual sulky silence. The L. C. B. alone, knowing what his legs could do, smiled grimly. All of a sudden, as we drew near our bourne, after hours of painful exertion, we beheld vast crowds of people coming forth to meet us.

The Deathless Author, well convinced that all would be laid to him in the way of misadventure, hung back a little, and addressed his silent friends, all walking for their lives."

"Look here," said he; "you'll say it's me, of course; but I never advised your coming to dine at Hampton Court on a Whit-Monday."

At these hideous words, the three stopped suddenly, and gazed reproachfully at the speaker.

"So like him," said the M. P., pointing with a scornful finger—"so very like him!"

"There will be nothing to eat at all," groaned the L. C. B.

"Little or nothing," sighed the Professor, looking into his case of entomological specimens as into a larder.

We trudged on in dust and gloom. There were forty thousand persons under the chestnuts in Bushy Park. There would be a good many more in the inns. Still, man is prone to hope. We inquired at the first house we came to, which was the way to "the Toy."

"'The Toy,'" was the reply, "does not exist; "it has been turned these three years into a row of private houses."

All groaned.

"So very, very like him," quoth the Merchant Prince, with majestic pity. "Here is a fly—jump in. To the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond."

"But the boatmen?" murmured the L. C. B; "we are clearly liable."

"They have my name and address," responded the M. P. loftily. "I am as fixed to go to Richmond as was ever Gen. Grant."

So, in the glorious eventide, it happened that, sitting after a royal banquet over goodly wine, we once more saw the winding river which had borne us so far upon its quiet bosom, smelt once more the cool, soft river-airs, made odorous on their way by lilac flower and chestnut bloom, and all the sweetness of the land in spring. Then, pledging each the other, did we vow we never should forget that glorious holiday, but, marked with white in our life's kalends, would keep it sweet and fair within our memory for evermore.

THREE ASIATIC SKETCHES.

A TARTAR BEAUTY.

We saw here a native girl, whose appearance struck us with admiration and astonishment. She was from 16 to 18 years old, and was exceedingly beautiful. As we entered the house, she was standing in the shade of rather a dark room, which was only lighted by the open door, and we only got to see her in a more favorable light as she passed out of the door and across the yard, to an outbuilding on the opposite side of the enclosure. We were endeavoring to procure fresh caviar, but failed to make the man understand. When the girl returned into the house, she seemed at once to comprehend the word "*rebah*"—Russian for fish. She led us across the open space in front of the house to the storehouse, or magazine. Her arms were bare to the shoulders, and beautifully formed, and she wore only a very light single chemise or kalat, tucked up on one side under a girdle, which gave her limbs free motion; her head thrown back, with a light, elastic step that would grace Diana, she hastened towards the storeroom. When in the room she stood with one hand clasping a beam overhead, and occasionally showed a pearly set of teeth, in trying to make us understand the names and uses of the various articles stored within.

These were dried fish, caviar, sturgeons' entrails, dried herbs, meat, skins of various kinds, seeds and grain, with an indescribable medley of half-savage, half-Tartar gear, with implements of the chase, nets and fishing spears, mixed in great confusion. But we were now less interested concerning the caviar, and more than interested in our Goldee belle, who was indeed a jewel for which barbaric princes would have given thousands, or have shared a throne to possess, and which made the civilized wanderer from far-distant lands wish that she could have been transplanted to a more genial soil, where cultivation and art could have developed, perhaps, a mind more than equal to the charms and graces of her person. Our memories will often go back to that wild green shore, where dwells the Tartar maiden on the banks of the Sakhah-lin.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

A company of wrestlers were exhibiting in a square kind of rough enclosure back of the town; the sides were enclosed with boards and cloth, and the top with bushes and cloth; a range of boxes ran around the sides raised a few feet from the ground, which were occupied by the aristocracy, while the people were squatted on the ground around a platform of earth raised some three feet from the ground in the centre. The wrestlers entered from the rear and ranged themselves by nines on opposite sides of the platform or ring, in a sitting posture; they were naked except a girdle about the loins; they awaited the master of ceremonies, who now ascended the platform and announced in a loud singing tone and with many flourishes of his elegant fan the order of performance and the manner of the entertainment; he then descended, making his bow to the audience; soon another attendant, who appeared to be the property-man of the establishment, came upon the ring, and in a loud voice, with a peculiar flourish of his fan, announced the names of the wrestlers by pairs, who immediately, one from each side, stepped upon the arena; the last attendant remained to direct the exercises and regulate the contest. The wrestlers walked back and forth, took a sup of water from a small wooden vessel, squatted upon their haunches, smoothed the sand upon the arena with their hands, rubbed their bodies and armpits with the sanded hand, scattered pinches of salt or some other charm from a little bag hanging to the corner post of the arena, faced one another half squatting, half standing, and at the word agreed upon between themselves or given by the master, sprang like tigers at each other's throats, with the guttural growling of bears. Now they tug and strain, bending every muscle to the combat, first at arms' length, then at under hold, again at back and side hold—they are all well matched, and are blowing and puffing, and reeking with perspiration. The attendant arrests them as they stand, unlocking their muscular and brawny arms from close embrace to give them a few minutes respite—they take a sup of water, spit it out, stretch their limbs, squat upon their hocks, spread the sand with their hands, wipe their faces with sheets of paper handkerchiefs hanging to the corner posts of the arena, throw the soiled paper upon the ground, spit, blow the nose, and wipe their faces again with paper. The attendant now places them exactly in the position they held at first, and the combat is renewed with fierce and excited zeal; a feint, a forward bend of the body, one knee upon the sand, head thrust against the chest, and the victim is flying over the head of the victor, and in an instant his brawny body is rolling upon the sand or hurled from the arena, amid an approving murmur from the audience; the attendant elevates his fan, the victor bows with his hands on his knees and leaves the ring.

This is repeated not only by the nine pair, but by a second nine pair, who make their appearance after a short interval and who go through quite a similar performance. During the play a variety of refreshments were hawked round within the "*Smo*," as it is called by the Japanese; tea and fruits were served in private boxes, and families partook of their meals during the performance. Our party had tea served with some rice cakes and fruit; and all smoked who chose. Two-sworded soldiers served as policemen during the entertainment, which was conducted with decorum. Children played, laughed, and occasionally imitated the wrestlers; old people smoked, drank their tea and gossiped, while black-eyed, betel-chewing, red-lipped girls looked a little curious out of the corners of their eyes.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN IN HAKODADI.

While we lay at Hakodadi the bark *Messenger Bird* came into the bay and anchored. The captain's wife was on board with her two children, one a fat little cherub, a baby of only a few months old, born on the passage since leaving the Sandwich Islands.

I shall never forget the day on which the first American woman and her baby appeared on the streets of Hakodadi.

The population, men, women and children, priests, soldiers, barbers, merchants, all seem to have deserted with one accord their various callings to gaze upon Mrs. Homer and her infant. The baby excited the most intense curiosity among the women and children; with gaping mouths, outstretched necks and piercing eyes they followed it through the streets; every turn, every movement, was watched; police officers would occasionally drive them off, but it was only to give place to more eager faces; at the turn of every street troops would dash off and seek to get a better view by appearing through other streets to intercept her at the next corner. As we turned the corner of the street leading to the temple, on one side of which the foreign bazaar was held, the crowd, men, women and children, made a rush for the inner court to gain the temple. There was a perfect stampede; the clattering of wooden-shod feet over the rocky pavement with the hum of a thousand voices filled the air; they piled upon the steps, rushed pell-mell into the temple and crowded the court, hoping to get a better view. In this they were doomed to disappointment, except a favored few who reached a back balcony, from whence they had a full view of the lady and baby as they sat within the bazaar.

Upon her return the streets were again filled with curious people following her to the gate of the custom-house which led to the boat, in which she reached the ship, eyed as she passed through a labyrinth of junks by the curious Japanese sailors, who beheld for the first time a white woman.—*Overland Explorations, by P. McD. Collins.*

NEW RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Mr. Justice Punch has now much pleasure in submitting to the public a set of entirely New Rules and Regulations which are drawn up for the future guidance of the officials connected with the New Railway Line, which, when opened, will be entitled, "The N. S. E. W. Colwell Hatchney Railway":

I. GENERAL SIGNALS.

Blowing a Whistle.
Blowing a Nose.
Playing the Trombone.
Waving your Hand gracefully.
Waving an Objection politely.
Stirring the Fire with the Sugar-tongs.
Imitating Herr Von Joel on a Walking Stick.
Winding up a Watch (Anybody's) the wrong way.
(*With Power to Add to their Number.*)

As these general signals have no arbitrary signification, they may mean anything, everything, or something, which it will be the duty of the stoker, the engine-driver, the signal man, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, sitting in Committee on the top of a first-class compartment, in an express train, to decide upon, and see carried out, even if accompanied with personal violence.

2. The persons employed on the Line shall be a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, ploughboy, apothecary, thief. This will ensure due attention being paid to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. Each one of these shall be empowered to give signals to any one else.

3. Waving a black flag on a black dark night far away from any light, means danger.

4. Standing on a Line on which the express train is just coming, means danger to one person. Two in the same position, means danger to more, and so on.

TIME.

1. The Trains on the New Line shall run every *seven minutes*, and in order to prevent confusion, *fifteen minutes* at least shall be allowed between the starting and departure of each Train.

2. Every ten minutes, a plate-layer shall cross the line as a signal to the fireman that his dinner is ready.

3. There shall be five minutes' difference between all the clocks at the several stations on the Line, so as to ensure the quickest train reaching its destination *in no time*, and to suit the requirements of Bradshaw's *Railway Guide*.

4. The Company intend to run Trains just whenever they like, without reference to any stated times, which are only a source of nuisance, and unnecessary excitement to the travelling public.

DUTIES OF SIGNALMAN.

The *Red Flag*. The Signalman may wave the Red Flag, whenever he feels elated or excited, as a signal of his jollity and happiness.

Red and Blue Flags. To be waved as a signal that it is a Director's birthday.

Waving a White Flag Violently. Means "Hooray!" "Three cheers," etc., or anything of that sort.

The *Red Light* shall mean "Stop!" except when it means "Go on!"

The *Blue, vice versa*.

The *Green* shall mean nothing.

The *Yellow* anything.

General Rules.—Blue on yellow, Red's your prayer in hand. As at Pool, so here, the aim of the Company is to fill the Pockets, and "lives" are lost at this game.

THE GUARDS.

Every Guard shall carry a Red light, a Blue light, a Bengal light and a box of Child's Night Lights. He shall also be light-headed. He will also be provided with as many flags as Mr. Robin used to produce out of an ordinary hat; besides the Standards of all Nations. He shall also carry all the Acts of Parliament affecting Railways, and a book containing Lines from different Poets, and a short history of the Seven Sleepers. He must know the current number of Bradshaw by heart.

NOTICE.

The Company will hold themselves responsible for nothing.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

THE DEMONSTRATION TO-NIGHT.

OPPONENTS of our Government and sympathisers with traitors have, thus far, had the advantage of loyal citizens in the matter of ostentatious display and theatrical demonstration. Steadfast Union men have deemed it unnecessary to take such methods to proclaim their strength and fealty, have tacitly conceded to Broom Rangers and Copperheads the use of highways, torchlights and flaming symbols, and have been content to retain their strength for the ballot-box. They have been willing to yield to their antagonists the inalienable right of making up by vociferation and clamor what they lacked in numbers and principle, and have not cared to answer the rhetoric of ungrammatical transparencies. But they have committed the error which a good many Union men fell into early in the rebellion. Numbers must be met by numbers, display by counter-display. There are hundreds of timid, vacillating men in this city who are affected by the show of the enemy, who require renewed confidence in the strength of their own party. For such the demonstration to-night is offered, as well as to ocularly convince the Democratic party, that loyal men are not so much pre-occupied by the cares of business that they cannot spare one night to the service of their country. And to make this expression the more thorough and convincing it must be complete and overwhelming. No truly loyal citizen has the right to let his tastes or prejudices interfere with his duty to the Government at such a moment.

If we are to have a demonstration, then let all participate. Let bankers, merchants, professional men, clerks, artisans and mechanics march together in the same ranks. Let dwellings, stores and public buildings along the route be illuminated. Let there be such an exhibition to-night as will forever silence the doubts of the timid and weak-hearted, and disarm the taunts of Copperheads in regard to the loyalty of San Francisco. Let them witness enthusiasm without frenzy, power without brutality, conviction in place of prejudice, and let the marching host remember that, in their peaceful way, they but emulate the armed tramp of those devoted men who even now, with faces to the foe, are braving death for the same principles and the one blessed country!

SUGGESTIONS TO THE IDLE.

THERE are at the present writing some thousands of idle men in San Francisco who have nothing better to do than to stand about the street corners with their hands in their pockets, or polishing the door-posts of saloons and public places, waiting for something to "turn up." The chances for improvement in the financial condition of these "Micawbers" are not flattering. The rainy season is nearly upon us, and our dull season at hand. A long winter presents no very encouraging propects for these idle persons. Many of them are of a class superior to the laboring man, and some are men of education and ability, in their own particular way. Many are well born and well brought up, but have no special talent or *forte* for anything, and have never "succeeded" in anything they have undertaken. Their friends are tired of trying to aid them, when failure is the result of every attempt to put them in the way of taking care of themselves. California at the present time presents very few openings for men of this class; there seems to be no way for them to benefit their condition by any lucky "strikes" in the mines, or in stock speculations: First, because they are unaccustomed to labor, and cannot swing the pick and shovel, with the energy and strength which that species of labor demands; secondly, because they have no capital to speculate with, and stock operations are, at best, but a lottery, with scarce one chance in a hundred of winning, and only those of great experience and shrewdness are successful; yet even they get many a "set-back."

The next class are those who are able and willing to work, but can get no employment. The state of business affairs makes it necessary for the community to retrench expenses, and those that own property, do not feel able at this time to make improvements; consequently there is but a narrow field for labor. The limited number of persons employed are principally mechanics, and there are more of those than the demand requires. The public works employ but few men, and the sphere for labor is diminishing rather than improving. In the mining districts labor is in less demand, owing to the hard times, the want of capital for improvements and the development of claims; and we hear of hundreds being out of employment at Virginia City, Reese River, etc. The chances are, therefore, very poor, in that way, and yet every steamer arriving brings large numbers of persons seeking employment, lured hither by visions of "rich strikes" in El Dorado. They find that mining here has now become a question of capital, and presents but few openings for individual labor, and that all the minor positions are filled by men of experience, who have the preference over green hands. Under all these circumstances, the question arises, how can all these idle persons be provided for, and earn their daily bread?—for it is a fixed fact, that the human system requires a certain quantity of nourishment, and that certain quantity becomes very uncertain when their small means are exhausted, and they can find no way of replenishing them.

There remains, however, one, and only one, way of insuring a comfortable existence, without hard labor or any great amount of physical exertion—and that is to *enlist* in the service of their country. There are now several new regiments being raised, and consequently there is a demand for able-bodied men, and also to fill the companies in the old regiments depleted by expiration of service. The service on this coast is easy, compared with that in the East, and the casualties are few, as there is no actual war and not likely to be. The soldier is well-clothed, well-fed and cared for. If he is sick, he has the best of medical attendance, and he has only to perform his duties in a proper manner to insure good treatment; and, if he has ability and zeal, promotion is within his reach. A few months of service may see him promoted to the rank of a non-commissioned officer, and, step by step, he may win by his good conduct and strict attention to his duties a commission. There are dozens of officers in the Volunteer regiments who have, by their own diligence and abilities, raised themselves from the ranks to commissions, and are now commanding the companies they entered as privates. The romances of the French stage are more than realized in the history of this war: men who entered the service as privates have achieved by gallantry and distinguished services the yellow sash of a Brigadier, and the honors so won command the respect of the public and those in power who confer them.

Independent of those considerations which every loyal heart will suggest, how much better it is, therefore, for these idle and unemployed men to enlist, than eke out a precarious existence, not knowing where the next meal is to come from, or how soon they may not have a crust to keep body and soul together. The pay of a soldier is not great, it is true, when the difference between gold and paper is considered; but it is quite sufficient for his few wants that are not supplied by the Government; and the State offers a liberal bounty, which is paid in coin. A dog-fight in our streets will in two minutes collect a crowd sufficient to fill the ranks of two or three companies. It is well for them they are not in Richmond, for they would be conscripted in a body; and if a dog-fight in any Southern city could collect a fraction of the number we see assemble on such occasions here, it would become a public institution. Again, we say, let those who are out of money and out of work enlist. The service is honorable and respectable; men of all classes can be found in the ranks; and they have the consciousness that they are serving their country and earning an honest livelihood, relieving themselves from all care of the present, their friends from the burthen of supporting them, and they can live comfortably in the hope of better days to come.

ON A VULGAR LITTLE BOY.

THE subject of this article is at present leaning against a tree, directly opposite to my window. He wears his cap with the wrong side before, apparently for no other object than that which seems the most obvious—of showing more than the average quantity of very dirty face. His clothes, which are worn with a certain buttonless ease and freedom, display, in the different quality of their fruit-stains, a pleasing indication of the progress of the seasons. The nose of this vulgar little boy turns up at the end. I have noticed this in several other vulgar little boys, although it is by no means improbable that youthful vulgarity may be present without this facial peculiarity. Indeed, I am inclined to the belief that it is rather the result of early inquisitiveness—of furtive pressures against window panes, and of looking over fences, or of the habit of biting large apples hastily—than an indication of scorn or juvenile superciliousness. The vulgar little boy is more remarkable for his obtrusive familiarity. It is my experience of his predisposition to this quality which has induced me to write this article.

My acquaintance with him began in a moment of weakness. I have an unfortunate predilection to cultivate originality in people, even when accompanied by objectionable character. But, as I lack the firmness and skilfulness which usually accompanies this taste in others, and enables them to drop acquaintances when troublesome, I have surrounded myself with divers unprofitable friends, among whom I count the vulgar little boy. The manner in which he first attracted my attention was purely accidental. He was playing in the street, and the driver of a passing vehicle cut at him, sportively, with his whip. The vulgar little boy rose to his feet and hurled after his tormentor a single sentence of invective. I refrain from repeating it, for I feel that I could not do justice to it here. If I remember rightly, it conveyed, in a very few words, a reflection on the legitimacy of the driver's birth; it hinted a suspicion of his father's integrity, and impugned the fair fame of his mother; it suggested incompetency in his present position, personal uncleanliness, and evinced a skeptical doubt of his future salvation. As his youthful lips closed over the last syllable, the eyes of the vulgar little boy met mine. Something in my look emboldened him to wink. I did not repel the action nor the complicity it implied. From that moment I fell into the power of the vulgar little boy, and he has never left me since.

He haunts me in the streets and by-ways. He accosts me, when in the company of friends, with repulsive freedom. He lingers about the gate of my dwelling to waylay me as I issue forth to business. Distance he overcomes by main strength of lungs and he hails me from the next street. He met me at the theatre the other evening, and demanded my check with the air of a young footpad. I foolishly gave it to him, but re-entering sometime after, and comfortably seating myself in the parquet, I was electrified by hearing my name called from the gallery with the addition of a playful adjective. It was the vulgar little boy. During the performance he projected spirally-twisted playbills in my direction, and indulged in a running commentary on the supernumeraries as they entered.

To-day has evidently been a dull one with him. I observe he whistles the popular airs of the period with less shrillness and intensity. Providence, however, looks not unkindly on him, and delivers into his hands as it were two nice little boys who have at this moment innocently strayed into our street. They are pink and white children, and are dressed alike, and exhibit a certain air of neatness and refinement which is alone sufficient to awaken the antagonism of the vulgar little boy. A sigh of satisfaction breaks from his breast. What does he do? Any other boy would content himself with simply knocking the hats off their respective heads, and so vent his superfluous vitality in a single act, besides precipitating the flight of the enemy. But there are æsthetic considerations not to be overlooked; insult is to be added to the injury inflicted, and in the struggles of the victim some justification is to be sought for extreme measures. The two nice little boys perceive their danger and draw closer to each other. The vulgar little boy begins by irony. He affects to be overpowered by the magnificence of their costume. He addresses me, (across the street and through the closed window,) and requests information if there haply be a circus in the vicinity. He makes affectionate inquiries after the health of their parents. He expresses a fear of maternal anxiety in regard to their welfare. He offers to conduct them home. One nice little boy feebly retorts; but alas! his correct pronunciation, his grammatical exactitude and his moderate epithets only provoke a scream of derision from the vulgar little boy, who now rapidly changes his tactics. Staggering under the weight of his vituperation, they fall easy victims to his dexter mawley. A wail of lamentation goes up from our street. But as the subject of this article seems to require a more vigorous handling than I had purposed to give it, I find it necessary to abandon my present dignified position, seize my hat, open the front door, and try a stronger method.

BRET.

AT THE SEPULCHRE.—T. S. K.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9TH, 1864.

HERE in God's sunshine, peaceful lie,
Though not beneath yon arches' swell;
One springing roof alone—the sky—
Can hold the flock that loved thee well.

Yon sacred gates are free to all,
Who join in Sabbath praise and prayer;
Thy pulpit grave, beside, shall call
A week-day fold from street and square.

Though o'er thy tomb no anthems rise,
The world its labor-hymn shall sing,
And sliding footsteps drown the sighs
Of small-tongued grasses, whispering.

And greener yet that spot shall grow,
For thy dear dust within it laid,
And brighter yet the sunlight glow—
And dim and grateful seem the shade.

For when the sun slopes down the west,
The shadow of yon sacred wall,
Like God's right arm across thy breast
Near and protectingly shall fall.

And all night long above thy urn
The patient stars shall pierce the gloom,
Like those eternal lamps that burn
And circle round a royal tomb.

And those who deemed they knew thee best
Shall find how foolish was their claim—
And fear thy liberal bounty, lest
It clip their dividend of fame.

And some of humbler faith shall stand
Before thy tomb, and watch its door,
Expectant that some angel's hand
May roll the stone that lies before.

H.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee report the following further receipts since our last issue: From the *Camanche*, $380 80; Healdsburg, $1,479 55 in coin and $25 in Legal Tender Notes; North Bloomfield, $25; San Leandro, $10 in Legal Tender Notes; You Bet, $53; Placerville, $60; Bay View Park Horse Fair, $173 50; Bolinas Bay, $114; San Francisco, $125. Total, $2,410 90 in coin and $35 in Legal Tender Notes.

By the steamer *Constitution*, October 13th, the Committee made remittance to the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission, New York, of $10,000 in coin and $4,000 in Legal Tender Notes.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

LIBERTY—not License. "An unseen hand makes all the moves," says Cowley in his "Ode to Destiny," describing a game of chess in which all the pieces are managed, combinations made and feints planned by some invisible power. What a fine subject for a picture expressive of Nature's mode of operation! Mysterious, but not on that account to be twisted by the acutest ingenuity into support of infidelity. On the contrary, the secret, inexplicable character of many things in science legitimately leads, not to scepticism, to a licentious use of reason, but justly and logically to the conclusion that these are yet to be brought to light by further development of facts in the physical sciences, and by a keener, more acute cultivation of the mental faculties, whereby what is now obscure and dark will be made to throw off the veil of mystery, in turn unfolding to view new points ahead of us in the path of progress of whose existence before—even dim existence—we were ignorant.

It is as unreasonable to think of science without secrets as a religion without mystery. Because of this truth, will you deny the existence of science, its power and achievements? As well might you deny the mighty stream because at times lost to the eye down some sharp, sudden fall, or the gentle slope of even surface whose uniformity is broken on some line by gorge and ravine, or disturbed at some point by massive upheaval or loose debris.

In her moments of liberal mood Nature strews with a lavish hand, both in the heavens and on earth, her rich stores of simple beauties and awful mysteries, defying the keenest scrutiny of the human intellect; to the ordinary mind a thing of wonder—may be, at times, of indifference; to the man of thought, provoking thought, yet setting a limit and a lesson to his ambition and pride of reason; to the religionist a source or comfort, hope, even belief, for to this the mind ever tends, leaning on mysterious power, indulging in hero-worships throughout all ages and among all people, from the savage to the civilized. The ancients gave it the form of mythology, with its deities, half god, half-man, its Sibylline verses and oracles—a *miraculous* testimony to the Christian in the first days of his faith—and, now, in the day of a gross materialism, not satisfied with its triumph, almost god-like power over matter, the longing for things spiritual, the love of mystery and sure reliance upon it for religious belief, is one of the distinguishing marks of the age we live in. Else whence comes the renewed strength and growth of the various forms of mystical belief so prevalent on the one side, on the other the present languid tone and weak condition of the evangelical creed? Undoubtedly from one cause—and that very evident—the combined feeling of love for the mysterious, and belief in the adequacy of the intellect to solve all questions human, even divine. The right use of reason, freely exercised—*the liberty of reason*, so to speak—recognizes the limits of its own power, subject to established law and even forms, and halting short of the threshold, dares not tread the realm of the mysterious infinite. But watch the steps of license in its nature-worship, its intellectual idolatry! See, it rushes into the very presence of revelation itself, seeks to discuss even Divinity and reduce to laws of formal force, by the rules of a cold, rigid, mathematical expression, the existence and attributes of an essence, ardently intent to show that x ⋈ y= to the scheme of salvation, and utterly, restlessly discontent to find how meaningless, how barren is the expression, and but little caring to know that the effort is as stolidly, heartlessly impious as its result is intellectually stupid.

We can vividly remember while at sea the first impressions made upon us by the mirage—of all the wonderful phenomena of nature, perhaps, the most strange, ay, mysterious in its effect. More than a mere illusion, deceptive utterly, but more—instantly suggestive of established laws at work, may-be beyond the poor powers of man to fathom to their depth, but not beyond some reasonable solution, we hope. Let us try: the view is somewhat broken seaward by islands of lofty height, precipitous sides and rugged outline, openings between giving sight of the horizon, and behind which the sun is sinking into a sea made gorgeous by reflection from clouds of brilliant hue. Everything is distorted, magnified and inverted, momentarily changing without perceptible cause of change, into every conceivable and inconceivable shape and form. The sun, enlarged seemingly to bursting by some expansive force within, lingers for a time in balloon-shape just above the line of sky and water, still falling, in the moment of contact assumes the unearthly figure of a flattened sphere, and, disappearing, leaves on the western sky, from sea to zenith, a glowing pencil of light. "How is this?" is the earnest, instant question; "If *this* be reasonable, what is truth?"

The answer came as readily from an able, natural philosopher, who, travelling in company, stood near at hand; point after point followed in the chain of sequence, till the few simple laws in operation were set out in light, clear beyond question. But is this all: do you stop? An unequal refraction of the sun's rays in the lower strata of a rarified atmosphere—true; but whence comes refraction? Why the *deflection* of a ray of light because passing into a medium of different density?

Again the answer came, but in different spirit. Our daily life is a miracle; as surely as there is infinity, so surely has reason its limits like all other faculties of mind and body. Seek no more—to know but this, that reason, however great, however god-like, has not yet become on earth a goddess.

TRISMEGISTUS.

FRED'S RETRIEVER.

HAPPENING up at Napa during the sporting season, and observing that the ducks and geese were abundant, I borrowed a gun and a pair of long boots for the purpose of making a "raid"—Early next morning. But I had no dog, and could not hear of a good one that could be borrowed. On putting the question to my brother Fred, he answered, "Dog? why, what do you want better than my dog?"

"Your dog!" said I, "I have not seen any around the house."

"Come along," said he; "I'll show you the best dog in Napa;" and he took me out to a kennel at the back of the house, and there, chained up, was a regular stub-tailed, crop-eared, bow-legged bull-terrier—not quite a full-grown dog, but yet "a little more nor a pup."

"Why," said I, "that's a bull-dog. What the deuce do I want with a bull dog, for retrieving!"

"Never mind," said he; "you will be pleased with *Pat;* he is a splendid retriever; will bring anything from a bullock to a chipping bird."

I looked at *Pat*, with his red eyes and projecting lower jaw, and, as he observed my scrutiny, evidently considered it his duty to look as handsome as possible; he winked, twisted himself around, and vibrated his brief "narrative;" smiled, showed his teeth, and made himself otherwise fascinating. "Well," said I, "*Pat*, you *don't* 'handsome' much, and if you *are* a Retriever, you have strayed a long way from your original calling;" to which compliment *Pat* again vibrated his tail vigorously, sneezed, rubbed his nose and made frantic efforts to leap to my shoulder, evidently well satisfied that he had made an impression.

Next morning I got an early start, and with *Pat*, at my heels, walked down the bank of the creek for two or three miles, then struck back for some small fresh-water lakes surrounded by tules.

As I cautiously approached, I heard the quacking of mallards, and, creeping noislessly as possible towards the lake, I prepared for a shot. During this proceeding *Pat* eyed me very closely, and evidently was somewhat puzzled. He did not see any sense in so much mystery, and scorned anything like creeping on a foe, in that surreptitious manner, and so would dash forward occasionally on his own account, probably with visions of a stray pig in his eye, to be done for; but by grabbing him by the collar and administering a few hearty cuffs he would subside behind me. The trail to the lake was very narrow through the tules, and I was thus able to keep him in the rear; but now and then he would hear something, or fancy he was being imposed upon and defrauded of his right to be "in," and would make a dash to go over my head as I crept along in a stooping position, or else would make a plunge to go between my legs; he nearly capsized me three or four times. Finally, taking my gun in one hand and his collar in the other, I dragged him along, as I had got too near to let him get away, fearing he would cut up some caper and spoil my "shot." The collar was rather tight, and he would every now and then give a little cough, to prevent which I jammed his nose in the mud. Finally, having reached within easy shooting distance, I carefully parted the tules with my gun, and, peeping through, saw a flock of two or three dozen splendid mallards, all within a circle of ten feet, clustered together beautifully for a raking shot. I crept a few steps further to a little round "bog," just large enough to stand upon fairly, and, dragging *Pat* along, stowed him away between my feet, and giving him two or three cuffs by way of warning, I rose gradually to get a good view through the tops of the tules. Raising my gun slowly to my shoulder, I was reckoning about six on the shot, when *Pat*, who had watched my proceedings with evident suspicion gleaming from his upturned eye, gave a little bark and a struggle which I nipped in the bud by again jamming his nose in the mud. I cuffed him and tried it a second time; but just as I got ready to shoot he would make a struggle to get up. At last, getting his head down, and putting my foot on the back of his neck, I held him long enough to get the gun to my shoulder and fire both barrels. The next thing I knew I was going upward, and then I was going downward, and did not stop until I was up to my waist-buttons in water and black mud, my gun about three feet under, also. I grabbed the tules and struggled out. As I did so I glanced into the lake, and there lay five or six splendid ducks. I looked around for *Pat*, but he was not visible. Getting out of the tule, I whistled and called, but he was not there. Extending my range of vision, however, I caught sight of an object making tall time through the grass, and could see a pair of crop-ears rise, then disappear, and a short stub-tail come up as the head went down. It was my retriever, making the most frantic plunges through the grass and a straight wake for home. I won't say I was *mad* at having to come away and leave those mallards after a three-mile tramp before breakfast; but it was useless to try to get them. I was already wet, it is true; but it was too cold for a swim, and as the pond was ten feet deep I could only do that. I turned away with a regret that my gun was not loaded, and that that infernal dog was not within shootable distance.

I trudged home with bitterness in my heart, and water in my boots, which I did not dare remove, fearing I could not get them on again. I tried lying down and elevating my heels to let the water run out; but, with strange perverseness, it insisted on running up my pantaloons legs.

I reached the house tired and hungry, but the first thing I did was to look for *Pat*. I found him with his head and body jammed in his rather tight-fit of a kennel, and that stub-tail of his sticking out. Getting hold of that, I dragged him forth. Rolling up his eye and recognizing me, he made for the hole again, scratching and digging so that I feared if I did not let go his tail it would come out. I staid at Napa two days, and up to the hour of my leaving, *Pat* had not been enticed out of his box. Tempting bones had been swung before his door without effect, and I learn since that it was only when well satisfied I had left the place, that *Pat* ventured forth. It is only necessary now to show him a gun to see him make tall jumps for the kennel. As near as I could calculate, from the moment I fired and he upset me, in his astonishment and fright at the explosion over his head, until he plunged through the garden fence and head-foremost into his kennel, the time did not exceed six minutes. He had made the three miles in the briefest time on record.

It is my private opinion that a bull-terrier may possess qualifications of a high order in his particular line of business, but as a sporting dog I cannot conscientiously recommend the breed. However, if you have lost a bone, or have found a rat's nest, I *can* recommend Fred's Retriever, who may be able to retrieve a pig or a bullock, but not ducks or his character.

PODGERS.

SMOKY.

DROPPING in at Jones' sample-rooms the other day we observed through the bottom of a tumbler that we had elevated to a line of vision a case of pipes which are beyond comparison the handsomest collection we ever saw. They were exhibited in the Fair by H. Schumann, and for beauty of design, finish and elegance, exceed anything we have ever met with, and we pretend to be *au fait* on these articles—have a weakness, in fact, for a fine pipe. In these days of expensive habits, cigar smoking is a serious matter, and it costs almost as much to smoke good cigars as to support a family. Pipes have therefore come into use freely, and with good tobacco, a fine pipe is a luxury few can resist. Unfortunately, a good article is scarce and high; yet it is no comparison in expense to cigars. A pound of tobacco costing a dollar will last as long as a box of cigars costing eight, and it is easier to get good smoking tobacco than good cigars.

It is all folly for the housewives to cry out against pipes in the house; they are no more objectionable than cigars, and the curtains will not suffer, nor retain the odor from a pipe as long as from a "weed." When we are talking about pipes we don't mean a stumpy, vulgar, black, strong thing, but a beautiful transparent piece of meerschaum, with solid silver mountings, a fragrant cherry stem and amber mouth-piece. With such a pipe, slippers, an easy chair, a newspaper, (THE CALIFORNIAN, of course,) a man ought to feel amiable towards "all the world and the balance of mankind."

Meerschaum is sometimes termed "foam of the sea;" but it is composed of a hydrate of magnesia and silica, with a trace of decomposed carbonate of magnesia, and is found in veins of serpentine, in Greece, in Spain near Madrid, in Sweden, in Monrovia; but the commercial supply comes chiefly from the peninsula of Naton, Asia Minor, where the vein is six feet in width. When first exposed to the air, it is soft and plastic, and will make lather like soap; when carved and moulded into pipes it is boiled in wax and oil, which fill the pores and in turn give place to the oil of the tobacco that turns the pipe to a rich dark mahogany color. The Germans have recently discovered a method of coloring pipes artificially, and only a good judge can detect the difference until the pipe is smoked, when it proclaims itself a bogus; and there is the same difference that there is between the artificial color on a lady's cheek and the real damask that Nature put there. The old Turks know what comfort and luxury are, and smoking is one of their principal ones. They probably seek relief from the affliction of a dozen or two wives in this soul-soothing pastime, and it does them good. They thrive on it, and let the world wag as it pleases. There are a great many men who have but one wife, who would take to meerschaum if they could find the peace and comfort in it that poor henpecked human nature seeks in vain; but if there is any comfort to be found in this vale of tears, that is the source. Try it, and all your cares will end in smoke.

General Orders of the War Department for 1861, '62 and '63. Chronologically arranged, and with an Alphabetical Index to Contents, etc.

This work is almost indispensable to military men, and more especially disbursing officers, who will find there laid down all orders up to the end of December, 1863, bearing upon their duties; and, in these days, when the "Regulations" are no longer a guide on account of the constant changes going on, seriously affecting the old system governing disbursements, it is a necessity. It will be found invaluable for reference, being complete, and embracing every general order issued up to that date.

REMOVAL.—Lawrence & Houseworth have removed to 317 Montgomery street, nearly opposite the office of THE CALIFORNIAN, and are furnishing their store with the most extensive stock of fine cutlery, optical and mathematical instruments and stereoscopic goods ever displayed in California. Their windows are also graced with some magnificently executed photographs of California scenery that win homage from thousands who travel Montgomery street.

NEWSPAPERS.—Major Stratman has our acknowledgments for favors in the way of choice readable European and Atlantic papers. We have not space to enumerate them, but will merely add that Stratman keeps all the papers, from the *Pacific Appeal* to *Punch*.

STEVE LIDYARD'S ADVENTURE;

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.

I GIVE the following as I heard it from Steve's own lips, as I and half a dozen of us sat in a garden one sunny afternoon, a fine cedar lifting up its stately and spreading branches between us and the ardent sun above, and forming a very welcome shade. Cigars and sherry were within easy reach, and among our listeners, besides the city "fogies," there were their matrons and one or two very pretty girls: admirable listeners these last, when they did not, with their own pleasant prattle and musical laughter, break upon the more serious progress of the conversation.

"So it's my turn, is it?" said Steve, in reply to a challenge. "Very well, here goes."

Steve Lidyard, I may say, *par parenthése*, was a fine athletic fellow, much on the *sunny* side of thirty, bearded, bronzed, and bearing about him evident tokens of having seen hard work and done good service, and, as he had been "out with Garibaldi" up to the last catastrophe at Aspromonte—as he wore a medal or two, and could sport a decoration, though only a "civilian," —it was evident, and well known, in fact, that Steve Lidyard was one of that gallant band of Englishmen who had volunteered to fight in a cause not their own, save that "Liberty" is a watchword which rings across the world, and has therefore a significance to every Englishman's sense to which his heart responds in an instant, and in no passive manner either. Steve Lidyard, it is seen from my exordium, is therefore a man of some mark; and I shall now proceed with his narrative, which, according to a phrase now in vogue, is "always to relate."

"So it is my turn, is it?" said Steve. "Well, I'll astonish your weak nerves, if you have any, which I assume at once—'nerves' being quite a fashionable disease; so I'll give you an episode of one of my adventures when 'out with Garibaldi.'

"I pass over our entrance into Palermo," continued Steve, after some little introductory matter, "over excursions into the wild country towards the mountains, sometimes in pursuit of the flying enemy, sometimes in small detachments, being driven back and pursued in return; and as you may recollect that 'Bombina,' son of 'Bomba,' had put the place under martial law, all the nameless atrocities peculiar to the soldiery of Ferdinand were committed; but all this is beside the subject of my relation, so we will pull up at once, and try back.

"I had some curiosity to see a little of the country inland, of which not much appeared to be known, and before long the opportunity was offered me. I had under me a party of a dozen men, plucky fellows every one, and crack shots into the bargain. With these I had some very ticklish business to perform.

"Some brigands, miscreant cut-throats imported from Calabria, mixed up with others of Ferdinand's broken and half-disorganised troops, were scattered hither and thither, making now as they best could for any Sicilian port favorable to the Bourbons, where they might again unite their shattered and scattered forces; these, in broken bands, were straggling to and fro, and several companies of Garibaldians were deputed to decimate these gentry, if they objected to be taken prisoners, and so put up with the casualties of fair and open war.

"Some considerable distance from the city of Palermo there lies a region of wild and sterile mountains for the most part, the *interior* of which is traversed by a valley almost parallel to one much better known as the Valley of Ispica, the former being shunned by the dwellers of the region from superstitious of a most formidable character, and which, in fact, are its especial property, thus rendering its precincts unapproachable; and even those who have by hap strayed into its recesses have brought back such a catalogue of its horrors as was always calculated, from immemorial time, to curdle the very blood! Ugh!"

Steve Lidyard shuddered as he spoke, and sent a "sensational" thrill through his listeners.

"In fact, the Harz Mountains, the Black Forest, with their charcoal-burners, their Erl kings and grisly hunters, the witch-haunted 'Broeken,' the impish Blocksberg, scarcely rival in *diablerie* the traditions of this eldrich valley, and certainly do not outvie them."

"But, goodness gracious me, Mr. Lidyard," cried Lucy Parker, "what was there in these—these stories, after all?"

Steve turned on the fair speaker one of those looks peculiar to him, shaking his head as in mild reproach, and affecting surprise at the interruption; to which, Lucy Parker being strong-minded, she paid little heed, and, reassured by the encouraging laughter of the rest, came to charge once more.

"Come don't be silly, sir; let us know at once," she exclaimed, with startling well-affected severity.

Steve sighed, and shook his head, still reproachfully, as though he would plainly say, "This is really too bad."

"Do you mean to speak, Mr. Lidyard—do you intend to answer my question?" demands the imperious young beauty, to which, *entrenous*, Steve is a slave.

Steve nods assent.

"Did you ever hear of ghouls?" asks Steve, in a deep tragedy whisper.

"O!" ejaculated the ladies.

"Of vampires?" proceeds Steve, improving his opportunity.

"Gracious! Goodness!"

This time the ejaculations go as in a horror skilfully moved.

"Of anthropophagi?" proceeds the bearded narrator.

"Of what, sir?"

This question imperiously, fiercely put, in fact.

"Of an-thro-po-pha-gi," pronouncing it slowly.

Under any circumstances it is not a nice word, and perhaps the slower the better.

Lucy Parker, resuming the narrative form, nodded her head at each syllable, as though she meant to master it thoroughly.

"An-thro-pop-poff—pooh! what?"

"Men who eat one another, whose heads do grow beneath their snoulders, who——"

"Whatever can he be talking about?" said Rosey Parker, Lucy's pretty giggling sister.

"Hadn't you better let me proceed?" put in Steve.

"We-ll—hem—yes; move on."

"With all my heart. Well, one morning with my party—we had bivouacked for the night under the shelter of some crags—I found myself and comrades waking up in the chill morning air; but we were soon astir and warm with motion once more, and I really admired the place of our retreat: some overhanging rocks completely sheltering us from the dews, which are very copious, and in other respects the spot was very eligible—well, we awoke——"

"Famished, no doubt."

"Hungry, if you please, not famished! No, we had in our haversacks some cold fowl, bread and so on, and each one had his flask of wine or brandy, as the case might be: in fact, we had provided for a couple of days at least; leaving it to chance to renew our supplies, when necessity should urge us to forage for them.

"I must tell you that we had travelled, with our revolvers, ammunition, haversacks, and so on, through a country which, the more we ascended, seemed to consist of nothing but huge boulders, all presenting an aspect of grim and sterile desolation inexpressibly dismal to contemplate. Vast masses of fractured rocks, a very Arabia Petrea of a region; rugged ravines, and as difficult as dangerous to clamber through and over; while below us, far away now, we could distinctly behold the fair 'greeneries' fringing the lower slopes of the mountain, or, rather, mountains; for the chain seemed to run on in endless links—colossal, rugged, with a touch of the horribly sublime about it.

"We beheld then—what, as clearly we had not remarked on the preceding evening—that this was the way (entrance it could scarcely be called) into the shunned valley I have just mentioned, and, looking downward now, on the opposite side found all 'beautiful exceeding' to the eye; for green and purple blended formed a mirage round the vast stems of great old trees; the rich-green leafage, the yellow oranges and citrons, the ruddy grapes, a wandering, intertwining under and overgrowth; and, oh, didn't we wish we had found that inviting pass before!"

There now occurred a slight pause, which gave the narrator the opportunity of moistening his throat with a glass of sherry. He then resumed.

"Turning the eye from the valley, as we sat, pipe in mouth—we had halted to look about us—I may say that a lovelier panorama than that which now erected our eager gaze would be difficult to meet with, save alone in those golden climes which border the Mediterranean on its European side.

"The morning sun," continued Steve, rising now from a poet into a colorist, "flashing across the Ægean, tinting with myriad miraculous hues what soon became a waving sea of molten splendor, fell on a gaunt spur of rock which overlooked the mysterious valley—the *Val di Dimone*, forming, in the midst of this fervid glare, a wondrous association, as real as unreal, of mountain ridges and darkling gloom, enshrouded valleys—fathomless gulfs, rather—rugged grim rivers, which ran, but irregularly, east and west across the length of this half-enchanted island.

"What, in fact, did we not see within the limits of the horizon of blending gold and purple which faded between sea and air, and was crossed by pearly lines, these again tinted rosily here and there! What an enchanting prospect—so boundless, so indescribably lovely! Islands, continents, seas, bays, cities, shifting and changing everlastingly! I believe now in Turner's painting of *Ulysses and Polyphemus*, all vague, wandering, dreamy, as it is; but here we had it in its actual reality, from the mountain peaks to the cities far below: the latter, marble white, dotting the distance; the blue level of the calm sea beyond, over which we could see stately ships glide along, the huge steam-frigate forging ahead, the smoke coming out of her vast funnel and curling into a thin vapor as it does now from the tip of my cigar.

"The sound of a bugle waking up the sleeping echoes in the mountains put every ear on the stretch. I knew by the call," continued Steve, "that it didn't belong to our side, as, for obvious reasons, there's a difference in notation, so to speak. We were at once on the *qui vive;* and by Jove, I can tell you, not before it was necessary.

"All eyes were turned in one direction—that, of course, from whence the sound came; and across the peaks of the mountain ridge—a singular conglomeration of limestone and lava—there appeared a dozen military caps with beards peeping beneath their fronts—caps which we knew but too well; and presently more appeared, making in all about twenty men, including rifles—a trifle not to be forgotten.

"They crossed the ridge, evidently having a suspicion that we were somewhere about—crossed the ridge, as I have said—descended into a ravine, and watching for about an hour, I began to understand that they were seeking to circumvent and trap us, intending by the detour they took, to ascend and surprise us on the plateau we occupied.

"'Keep your fire, lads,' said I, 'while I clamber up in this direction.' I saw a pathway bearing upward, looking very much like a fissure or enormous rent. 'I will fire as a signal if they are likely to outflank us;' and, rifle in hand, I ascended, soon attaining a height where, at a turn, a perpendicular wall of rock barred farther progress.

"Nevertheless, I could look down from my 'bad eminence.' Heavens! what a hideous gorge descended sheer below into fathomless deeps, as if it were the black and cindery crater of some volcano, which, having 'shut up shop' there, had transferred its business elsewhere; but joking apart, anything more appalling than that measureless depth, its indescribable and lonely aggregate of all that is hideous, its black, cindery, and rifled interior, exceeded in the aggregate of what is stupendously terrible all I had ever read of.

"Well and fitly was that awful region below called the *Val di Dimone.*

"Stretching forward to have a fuller view of this Tartarean region, and leaning against some loose conglomerate to look into the Hades where the ancient fires had burnt out, I found the small rampart yield, and—horror of horrors!—I felt myself sliding hopelessly towards the verge of this awful gulf!"

At this juncture of the narrative, and naturally so—for during a short pause over so many minor events may occur, such as a glass of wine, a fresh cigar, etc.—the lady listeners gave utterance to a suppressed scream, and the gentlemen turned pale, each one shifting uneasily in his seat.

"Where I was descending to," went on the young man, "or how I was stayed in my way into the depths of an abyss that would have fitted one of the dismalest books of Dante's *Inferno*, I know not. I found myself seated on a ledge, where I was safe for the present, though a little scratched and bruised; and I had clung with instinctive tenacity to my rifle: this indispensable adjunct to my further safety, and very likely what for a time I might have to depend on for sustenance, was still in my possession.

"I now heard the faint sound of dropping shot coming from the other side of the riven shell I now occupied, and believing that my lads were hotly engaged, I sought for a way back; but, following the course of the ledge, found that it descended and wound round, in and out, in a most curious manner, until, at last losing sight of the accursed place, I found myself sole occupant of a spot, a glance around which made my heart beat; for if the other was but a simple and unpicturesque horror, this was calculated to inspire one with a more than nameless awe.

"I stood in the midst of an excavated city—a city as old, probably, as the mythic ages themselves; and, since all I saw suggested mythic types, this must have been one that may have assisted Hesiod in his *Genesis.*

"I stood," continued Steve—descending a little from the ladder Lempriere had lent him—"I stood in the midst of a street, wide, smooth, level, clean, as if newly swept; subterranean pathways, hewn streets, stretched out on either hand, and, looking upward along the solid walls—or rather, exterior of houses, palaces, I know not what they may have been—all hewn, pillared, carved, some exquisitely, others on a more colossal scale of rudeness—all having a wild fantastic sort of life-in-death in their aspect. A strip of sky clipping sharply over the extreme edge of these singular cuttings, allowed the red sun to pour his rays downward, where they lighted up this enormous 'trench'—I can call it nothing else, street as it may have been, and stupendously beautiful too—lighted it up and filled it with a stream of meandering, but unreal and shadowy gold.

"Everything," he continued, "as I looked upward in bewilderment, took an almost Alpine attitude, and row after row, the habitations, cut, carved, hollowed from the bottom to the very top, gave indications of an enormous humanity which must have existed here at one time.

"These streets, these chambers, these weird, solemn, silent receptacles of the mighty dead, now dust—for I began to gather into my conjecture catacombs as adjuncts of a once mighty city, a city of that far, far off infinite past, which may be in the dreamland of mythology or the earliest cradles of fable, if you like—made me dumb with astonishment, with awe; and I was traversing those awful silent spaces where the foot of man had trod—when——"

"The last time, of course," broke in Lucy saucily, as though by way of relief; "but I beg your pardon, Steve; it is growing interesting, so please to go on."

"A turning to which I came at last—there always is a turning in the very longest lane, you know—a turning indeed invited me to pass into a wide, a spacious, a noble street; pillars, pilasters, pediment, frieze—I know not what adornment it had or had not—were there, and which would have challenged admiration for their rare beauty and finish had not the towering scale been so colossal as to be absolutely crushing in its vastness.

"As I strolled on, my astonishment, my awe, hovering on the confines of terror, increased; for while I admitted the singular harmony of proportion carried out on either side, I could not but think of Polyphemus of the Titans, of some one-eyed Cyclop, some bruising Lestrigonian, who might be thrusting his huge arm forth and snatching me up as a mere mouthful, after which morsel he would scarcely deign to pick his teeth.

"The unearthly sense of life, of existence suspended, and so remaining petrified, was almost overwhelming. As I still rambled on, I came to portcoes again leading to openings where there were no doors. 'Were there ever any doors to these wondrous edifices?' I asked myself. Towering pillars outlived windows, where windows there were none. 'Were there ever any?' As I walked now almost breathlessly along, having totally forgotten my pursuers in the novelty of my position, I could not but expect to see some one or other of the old dwellers come to the doorway and salute me. Taking courage now, I entered into a dwelling that might perhaps be statelier than the rest, its chambers and stone staircases lighted up by means I cared not to account for, though the light was rather a softened gloom than a clear bright daylight such as I had left without.

"Without!—but where?

"To my surprise, to my dismay rather, I soon found that what I had taken for a dwelling was only the section of a vast catacomb, and the real ancient city, whose (once) living had peopled the grand and gloomy receptacle of the dead, must be contiguous to this spot, but which, as yet, I had not fallen upon; or, that it might have been subject to the influence of earthquake or volcanic fires, and so blended itself and become lost in the formless chaos of the surrounding mountain region.

"Retracing my steps and again passing on, the light began to stream along the floor, so to call it, ruddier, brighter, until, as I arrived at the extremity of the passage, it became a perfect blaze of sunshine. Before quitting the said broad and commodious passage I took the opportunity to look back.

"Well, at the extreme end where I had entered a few minutes ago, a diminished orifice giving entrance to a circle of light showed the opening, while on either hand, to the right and to the left, were darker and gloomier passages leading farther and into recesses more mysterious, and which, I promise you, I did not care to explore.

"Nothing had impeded my footsteps hitherto—no mounds, no fallen rocks, no crumbling bit of ruin lay in my path; no evil odors had assaulted the sense. Where, then, had they placed their dead, after all?

"With my own life in peril, which might meet me at any moment for aught I knew, I could not forbear asking myself two or three curious questions, arising naturally from all that was at hand, but principally, Where did the *dead* of this 'dead' city repose?

"Evidently," he continued thoughtfully, "the dead I was so curious about must have been sepultured and walled-in in the living rock, for I could now distinctly trace the outlines of slabs, mural tablets, covered with inscriptions and characters of quite an unknown form, and quite beyond my comprehension.

"So, concluding my thinking, and following my way, I crossed the last granite threshold, and stood in the very heart and burst of the sunshine. But what a place, what a scene

what horror mingled with a startling sublimity, met my bewildered gaze now!

"I stood in a great square, the four sides of which, in pillar and cornice, in frieze, pediment, and every imaginable form of architectural splendor, all rose upon a scale of dimensions which quite baffled the powers of calculation; and there clomb up, hundreds of feet above me, a superb square into which the sun poured down its rays as into a well, so that for a moment I was half blinded, and indeed, half stupefied.

"But this was not all. Looking around me on every side, I certainly uttered a cry of irrepressible fear; but the fear chained my feet to the ground, and I could not move a step.

"What I could take in, in my bewildered glance, were countless enormous pillars, sixty or eighty feet high, supported by pediments equally colossal. Each pillar was a caryatide, which, to simplify the matter, means that it was carved in the shape of a woman; and they were multiplied by scores, by hundreds, by myriads, I verily believe. But the distortion of these monstrous figures, the insufferable horror of their vast distorted countenances, the demoniac expression stamped on their varying faces—faces!—the glaring of their cold, fiendish eyes, all so living, as it were, in the very force of expression—froze me. The ample tide and flow of descending hair, flying, too, in every direction, had, under the skill of the workman, become a petrifaction quite as wonderful; for, the highest, if distorted, form of art was evident. It was as fantastic in design as it seemed to be revelling in a fantasy of Gorgonian horrors, and which it may be the province of a particular age and clime to introduce, but which really seems to belong to insanity alone to invent.

"This, and such as this, formed the frontage facing where I stood. The ghostly towering frontage to my right might have represented a 'Macabre' dance—a Dance of Death, but after an antique fashion far more appalling than Holbein's, and utterly destitute of his sinister humor.

"The frontage to the left consisted of one vast human face, its dimensions being only to be guessed at. It was so calm, terrible, appalling, even in its awful quietude, that I scarcely knew whether that or its magnitude overwhelmed me most.

"I could look no more, bear no more, endure nothing further. I turned and fled, regaining the streets of the catacombs, where, at least, I had no sufficiency of fresh terrors to feast upon. Hurrying on, almost deliriously, I emerged at last by a narrow way leading to a ravine, and presently stood panting in the open air, inhaling gratefully the refreshing coolness of the passing breeze. I then sat down to think—to try to think, rather; but I could not. All seemed like a dream, a nightmare; all surely must be a dream, but a dream out of which I found it impossible to awaken; and which therefore must, with all its fantasy, partake of reality.

"By degrees I began to recall certain vague mythic traditions found in wonderful old books, to the effect that in some part of the island there was a 'Palace of Monsters;' that this place, in very ancient times, was haunted and infested by a race of evil creatures, who, under the forms of women, and denominated 'Lamiæ,' 'Striges,' 'Phorkyas,' and other hard names, worked out all sorts of hideous mischiefs among men; and the colossal pile I had quitted—so gorgeous, yet so hideous—this monstrous monument hewn and carved by a might allied to the supernatural, in order to perpetuate a creed of darkness, was ocular and demonstrative proof that fables are not so remote from fact as men are willing to suppose.

"While musing thus, I again heard gunshots ringing in a valley beyond.

"I had quite enough of this, and was not sorry to be in motion again. Grasping my rifle, after seeing that the charges were right, I strode out by an aperture so narrow that I could scarcely discern a faint glimmer of light at the extremity, and went on, slowly feeling my way, for I knew not what awful pit-fall might yawn before me till in the blessed sunshine once more. So, having taken a pull at my flask, I toiled on, and, after about an hour, found myself descending a mountain slope, not a vestige of the astounding vision I had seen being within sight; all lay hidden behind me, buried in silence and solitude, a vast and cavernous tomb, never again to be wended, perhaps, by the foot of man.

"Suddenly, however, I was brought up with a start, a cry of suppressed terror escaping my lips; for all of a moment I pulled up on the verge of a chasm some seven or eight feet wide, while it descended down, down below, as into a bottomless pit, lost in a darkness which the sun never lighted up.

"I had blindly, at sudden sight of this horrible chasm, cast my rifle across; and lo! a moment after, a mocking laugh greeted me; an olive-tinted scoundrel I had come into collision with before, and had no reason to love, stood on the opposite side, on a space somewhat lower than the one I occupied. By this he had caught up my rifle, and then put it butt down, leaning against the rock, and within reach of his hand.

"His laugh absolutely chilled me; but, besides his own rifle, he had also mine, and was doubly armed, and had a command of my life any moment he chose. I had no way of escape. Deliberately I saw him lift up his weapon, take aim at me, and I closed my eyes, feeling my knees double under me as I murmured a brief prayer.

"He fired. Why the bullet missed me, as it did, I know not, and attributed it to his having aimed at my head, which my momentary collapse removed out of his line. A moment, and I nerved myself to the worst.

"I sprang across the chasm like a panther, and found myself in his grasp, but my sword-shaped bayonet, which I had instinctively drawn, was driven through his breast, the force of the leap having given me this advantage, and we fell together on the platform."

"The impetus of my desperate leap cast us both at the moment from the extreme verge more upon the platform. I was faint with reaction, but this was speedily dissipated by feeling myself being drawn, by the last efforts of a dying, determined man, to the edge of the cursed chasm. He intended, no doubt, that we should both go down together.

"His body was hanging over the ledge, and by an effort I managed to release myself from his relaxing grasp, and then I heard—"

Here Steve slightly changed color.

"I heard that horrid crash which succeeds the fall of a human being from some great height—a sound that, I venture to say, has not its equivalent in nature; it carries a horror beyond words; and I fainted. . . .

"How I got back to Palermo safe and sound needs further details; but as I am here in good trim to tell you my story, why my service to you. Lucy, my love, a glass of wine, and if there's another cigar about, I'll thank you to hand it over."

HUMORS OF THE LAW.

OF MASTER AND SERVANT.

HAVING commented on the people in their public relations, we now come to private relations, including Master and Servant, Husband and Wife—which, by-the-by, is a relation something like that of master and servant, for the wife is often a slave to the husband—Parent and Child, and Guardian and Ward—the latter being a sort of relationship which is seen upon the stage, where a choleric old man with a stick is always thwarting the affections of a young lady in white muslin.

We shall begin with Master and Servant—showing how such relationship is created and destroyed. There is now no such thing as pure and proper slavery in England; so that a servant of all-work who says, "Hang that door-bell—I am a perfect slave to it," has recourse to a fiction.

England is so repugnant to slavery, that directly a negro sets his foot on English ground he is free; but if he has lost both his legs, he cannot of course put his foot on British soil, and would remain a slave to circumstances. A menial servant is so called from the word *mœnia*, which signifies walls, and arises probably from the practice of brushing down cobwebs from the *mœnia*, or walls, with a Turk's-head, or hair broom. The old doctrine of a month's wages or a month's warning is always acted on in London, except when a servant refuses to obey his master's orders, when it seems the master may give the servant kicks—and kick him out—instead of halfpence.

Another species of servants are called Apprentices, from the word *apprendre*, to learn; and thus a barber's apprentice learns to shave on the faces of poor people, who, in consideration of their paying nothing, allow themselves to be practised on by beginners who have never handled the razor.

Next come the Laborers, whose wages were formerly settled by justices of the peace at session, or the sheriff; but now the master settles the wages, or if he does not settle, he is a very shabby fellow for failing in doing so.

Stewards, Porters, and Bailiffs come next; but no one would think of having a bailiff as his servant, unless there were an execution in the house, and the bailiff were thrust into livery to save appearances.

A master may correct his apprentice for negligence; and if a grocer's apprentice neglects to sand the sugar, the master may give him the cane for neglecting his business.

A master may maintain or assist his servant in an action at law; and if one's footman happens to be a rightful heir in disguise, the master may lend him the money to go to law against the wrongful heir, for the purpose of recovering the property.

A master may assault a man for assaulting his servant, on the principle, probably, that in a row, as in everything else, the more the merrier.

"If any person do hire my servant," says F. N. B. 167, 168—but whether F. N. B. is a policeman or what, it is impossible to say, for we only find him alluded to in the books as F. N. B. 167, 168—"if any person do hire my servant," says he, "I may have an action for damages against both the new master and the servant, or either of them." This glorious old privilege is rather obsolete, for we do not find the courts much occupied in trying actions between ladies and gentlemen and their late menials.

The master is amenable, to a certain extent, for the act of his servant; and, therefore, if a servant commit a trespass by order of his master—such as if a gentleman riding by a field were to order his groom to jump over into it and pull up a turnip—the master, though he did not eat the whole of the turnip, or any of it, would be liable for the trespass. If an innkeeper's servant rob a guest, the innkeeper is liable, on the principle of like master like man; for the law very reasonably thinks that, if the servant is a thief, the master very likely may be.

If I usually pay my tradesman ready money, I am not liable if he trusts my servant; but if I do not usually pay him any money at all, then I am liable to pay the money—when he can get it out of me. This is on the authority of Noy's Maxims—and a maxim is always supposed to contain the maximum of wisdom.

By an old statute, called "An Act for the better and more careful use of the Frying-pan," it is provided that any servant who sets the house on fire by carelessness shall forfeit 100*l.*, or go to the workhouse, where the servant would forfeit so many pounds of flesh by the spareness of the diet; but this act, savoring too much of the spirit of Shylock, is now seldom acted on. A master is liable if anything is thrown from the window of a house; but it has been decided that if a house should be on fire, and a servant should throw himself on the indulgence of the public, by jumping amongst the crowd and should hurt any one, the master would not be liable, for this would not be wilful damage.

If a pea-shooter be discharged from the garret, and the pea enter the eye of a passenger, the *pater-familias*, or master of the house, is, in the eye of law, answerable for the pea in the eye of the stranger; for it is a common-law right, inherent in every one, to protect his own pupil.

Such are the leading features of the law of master and servant. The modern tiger has not been regarded by the ancient Constitution; but we find in Petersdoff's Abridgment a quaint allusion to the legs of footmen, some of whom, he says, appear to be regularly calved out for the prominent situations they occupy.—*Gilbert Abbot a Beckett in "The Comic Blackstone."*

A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that "the State-house yard should be surrounded by a brick wall and remain an open enclosure forever." "But," replied a Pennsylvanian who was present, "I put it down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

Voltaire once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very sorange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Foltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

DON QUIXOTE DRAMATIZED.

A MELO-DRAMA, founded upon the renowned history of "Don Quixote," is the latest sensation in Paris. The play-wright was M. Sardou, and the theatre where the play is performed is the Gymnase. The London *Times'* correspondent thus describes the effect: The incidents in *Don Quixote* that have been dramatized by M. Sardou for the Gymnase are among the most familiar. The knight stalks upon the stage holding in his left hand an old volume bound in parchment, completely absorbed in its perusal. He wants to turn the leaf that clings to the next page, and he does it with a sword of immense length which he carries under his arm. He soon after makes his arrangements with "Sancho," and soon they both set out on their adventures. One of the first they meet with is that of the gang of galley slaves who are set free by the valiant arm of the knight. The scene of the wind-mill is exceedingly well got up. While "Don Quixote" looks at it, it suddenly, by the skill of the machinist, assumes the form of a giant, who grinds his teeth, brandishes a sword, and defies the knight, who in turn calls upon "Sancho" to look at the monster, while he himself proceeds to mount. When Sancho turns his head in that direction, lo and behold! the giant vanishes, and the wind-mill only is in motion. The knight bestrides *Rosinante*, and Sancho, with *Dapple*, keeps at a safe distance. He rushes at the sails, disappears, and the next moment you see a form on a white horse hurled through the air. After various pleasant incidents in the interior of the inn, we have the watching of the arms and the knighting of Don Quixote by the burly and good-natured landlord, who reads from a large volume some outlandish gibberish, and who lays in due form the sword on his shoulders. The full moon is shining, and gradually assumes the features of "Dulcinea," sheds tears, and then laughs as she disappears under a thick cloud. The feast of Gamacho is very well done. We see the ox roasted whole, festoons of fowl and game dangling from the trees, cheeses and loaves of bread piled to a great height, skins bursting with wine, and fifty cooks clean, bustling and joyous, preparing the banquet. Bands of dancers, boys and girls, fill up the intervals. The best *tableau* of the whole nine into which the piece is divided is that which represents, and with much fidelity, a square in Toledo on the day of a bull fight. The antiquated houses with their red tiles, their over-hanging balconies, and their drapery; guitars and castanettes sounding at every corner; the lamps burning before the image of the Virgin; the squabbles between the suspicious duennas and the gay señorita, the affray between the bull fighters and the students, all for the black eyes and sweet smiles that beam upon them from above. Amid the din and uproar is heard the bell of the *Angelus*. Instantly the multitude, men and women, young and old, high and low, fall down upon their knees, and repeat the prayer in the deepest silence. The *Ave Maria* over, the song, laugh and sport begin again. The piece is interlarded with episodes of his own by the dramatizer of 'Don Quixote;' they are common-place and tedious, and the audience seem anxious to get over them as quickly as possible to return to the knight and his squire. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a better representative for Don Quixote than M. Lesueur; or than M. Pradeau, who takes Sancho. Lesueur is tall, and one of the thinnest of men; and Pradeau, so long known as a favorite at the Bouffes, is, I am tempted to think, more like Sancho in face, figure and obesity than Sancho himself. *Dapple* is perfect, but *Rosinante* is in too good condition for the *Rosinante* of history. I must admit that both the steed and the ass go through their work with much credit. In truth, Lesueur seems to take his part in right earnest, and I would not affirm that in certain passages he does not persuade himself that he is the very Knight of La Mancha himself; Anne Chery (Mme. Lesueur) is the very picture of "Maritornes." The other characters—there are not less than thirty-six in the piece, exclusive of dancers—are creditably sustained. "Cardenio" is well got up by Berton; and Mme. Fremontin looks interesting as "Dorothea," whether in her woman's dress or disguised as a shepherd. The parts of "Lucinda" and "Juniata," are filled by Mlles. Pearson and Montaland, which is saying enough. On the whole, *Don Quixote* has been very successful, and would, perhaps, be more so if it were curtailed to similar proportions.

Uncomfortable Literature.—The literature of this day—so far, at least, as novels, serials, sketches, etc., go—might be classed under the head of "uncomfortable." No one ever rises from a work of fiction, written by a living popular author, feeling placid and content. Only now and then are any of the purer emotions awakened. As a general thing, to do them justice, sensation writers keep up a certain feverish interest, and wield the pen in a manner which makes one wonder why they do not do better things. But, nevertheless, the perusal of a modern novel has generally the same effect that might be supposed to arise from six months' residence in a jail, and confidential conversation with its worst inmates. Bigamy is always introduced with plausible excuses. Mothers commit such strange crimes as the murder of their infants and the concealment of their eldest sons, to spite their husbands. To assassinate is as common as to breakfast; delicate maidens have furious conflicts with ferocious bandits to whom they have been previously wedded, and fling them over precipices. Revenge is a prime virtue, and the best character in the book has always placed himself in the power of the worst one by the commission of some terrible crime. When one rises from the literary feast it is with a mental indigestion, owing to the consumption of too many horrors, heavy as lead, and unrelieved by any such light food as a pure woman, a man of principle, or an ordinarily honest person who would not murder his dearest friend for the sake of fortune, title, or revenge. We say again, the literature of this day is uncomfortable, and calculated to inspire the rising generation with the belief that theft (not of spoons, perhaps, but certainly of wills) is commendable, murder excusable, revenge a virtue, and an unfaithful wife a highly praiseworthy person, providing she has the excuse of being jealous without reason, and that all faults, lesser or greater, may be expiated by suicide.

NEW BOOKS.

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's Plan in the Atmosphere and its Elements. Ten Lectures by Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. Roman & Co.

This work is printed on fine paper, in large, clear type, making it easy to the eye, and is of convenient size and form to handle. Its illustrations and diagrams to explain the text are distinct and intelligible to the most inexperienced in matters of science—a book admirably arranged in natural order and sequence, and written in the simple style always characteristic of the thorough student, earnest thinker and practiced author.

While claiming for science great power in elucidating the truth of religion on natural grounds, it is still eminently orthodox, and ably fixes the limit to scientific investigation, which, unrestrained, too often tends to scepticism in its form of pantheistic rationalism. It draws from the atmosphere and its elements, by a discussion of its composition and laws, the most absolute and conclusive proof, short of revelation, of the existence of a Divine Creator from *the design* seen in his works, and beautifully unfolds to the scientific mind as well as the popular understanding *the unity* that pervades all the works of creation. What the labors of Dugald Stewart and others are to moral, this is to physical science. It is a most readable book—fit to be closely studied or lightly perused, as may suit the reader's quality.

—

Theory and Practice of the Movement Cure. Roman & Co.

This book by Charles Fayette Taylor, M. D., treats of the method of curing disease of the spine, paralysis, indigestion, angular curvatures and other deformities and diseases of both sexes, and gives cuts and directions for following the course laid down in its system. It is a work of 300 pages, and seems to apply a system of gymnastic exercises to the cure of diseases, and describes clearly the action of particular exercises upon the diseased portion of the body. It is an useful book, and by its directions medicine can be dispensed with in the cure of many of the ills that flesh and bone are heir to.

—

Alcohol and Tobacco; a Work on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. Roman & Co.

A perusal of this work rather startles a smoker and chewer, and gives one an idea of the silent work going on in the system, while the absorber fancies he is enjoying himself hugely. It certainly shows that a man must sooner or later feel the pernicious influences of alcohol and tobacco, unless his stomach is made of leather. Let smokers and absorbers read it, and then make their calculations on the length of time they will last under a continuation of the evils, and whether it is not best to heed the facts there laid down and "moderate" a little.

—

Hall's Master and Masonic Monitor; a guide to Master of Lodges in the doctrines and work of Freemasonry, by John K. Hall. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

A snug little pamphlet beautifully got up with gilt edges, no larger than a pocket memorandum-book and useful to all masons.

—

Philosophy of Marriage in its Moral, Social and Physical Relations. By Michael Ryan, M. D. Roman & Co.

[BY THE "CALIFORNIAN'S" POETICAL REVIEWER.]

—

SPECTROPIA; or, Surprising Spectral Illusions, showing Ghosts Everywhere, and of any Color. With sixteen Illustrations. San Francisco: Roman.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair—
I know how a skeleton's made;
O come, we'll a spectre prepare,
When this little hook we've surveyed.
Nay, dearest, 'tis perfectly true:
Gaze hut at this small asterisk
One minute, and straightway you'll view
A gorgon or gay hasilisk!

The method I'll simply explain,
When I gaze on those fountains of blue,
My crystalline humors retain
A duplicate vision of you;
The retina often will hold
A trace of the object gone by—
So most of the ghost-stories told
Are apt to he "all in my eye."

—

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA AND SUMTER, from the Private Journals and other papers of Commander Semmes and other officers. San Francisco: Sold by Roman & Co.

SALT sea Guerrilla,
What is, I pray,
Thy share of siller,
Should this book pay?
Or, if some publisher
Stole it from thee,
Thou wast the victim—
The pirate is he!

O Alabama!
Likewise, O Semmes!
Some of thy grammar
Murray condemns;
And for the snatches
Thy lines reveal,
Prigging of watches
Isn't genteel!

Mustached dandy,
Confess that *animus furandi*
Governed thy plan.
Why turned thy tiller
At chance of fray—
Salt sea Guerrilla,
Whither away?

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

—

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.

OPENS beautifully and calmly as a pan of milk on a summer's morning. A general rush of the foreign element down to the briny element at the beach, to see the two whales, which now treat the visitors to two distinct odors—the one being an O dear! of greater antiquity than the other, which is—O heavens! A big lubber taking off the blubber a-crying shame, and as bad as the Jerseyites at Squam Beach, who outstrip any other people in their world. Trying out oil must be very trying to their constitutions; but if they can stand it in such close proximity to the monster of the beach, we certainly can at this distance, and distance assuredly lends freshness to the smell.

—

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10TH.

THE fish question still in a scaly condition. The anglers find the course of strikes rather angular and hard to travel; but they do not abait in their demands. They want the license reduced so that they can peddle, and have petitioned the Board of Supervisors to that effect, but they have not yet taken official action upon it.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean make their second appearance this evening. At the Academy of Music, *Crown Diamonds.*

Uncle Freddy Coombs indignantly repudiates the brooms; says he is no Ranger, and is to their principles a stranger; was not in the "procession" seen—may be yellow; but not so green.

Police force gains one recruit. A star baby born to one of the old guard.

The San Francisco and Alameda Railroad Company have ordered a new double-ender ferry boat, similar to those in use on the ferries at New York; and a good reason for adopting that rule will be that it will work both ways. It may puzzle gentlemen full of "lager" to decide which way they are going, but that don't matter as long as they pay their fare.

J. W. Tucker gets his receipt in full for all liabilities from Judge Cowles.

James H. Ballard also settles up.

Forty-eight voters made to-day—adding that number to the native population who will go for "Linkum" sure.

A lady of Irish extraction, who has fraternized with a gentleman from China, and finds it anything but a Celestial sphere, because John gives striking proof of his affection, applies at the station-house for protection from the tea-dium of domestic infelicities.

The Great Cheese is going East.

William Birch, Esq., seen in Montgomery street in good condition for the evening's performance at the Eureka.

Conclude to speak to Norris and Dick Jessup again, as the California Steam Navigation Company declares a dividend, which is "werry" acceptable.

William Tinder, a young gentleman who took fire at some remarks and fell to saying hard things of the Chief Magistrate, discharged for want of proof to convict him. What he said was probably not his honest convictions, but in a Pickwickian sense. William, you should not do so—it's no neither proper nor genteel.

Chief Burke converts the Mechanics' Fair Pavilion into a drill-room. A good idea. A fine place for light skirmishers—plenty of room. We saw during the Fair over a thousand infantry there.

—

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11TH.

Two hundred and fifty Celestial gentlemen, who are supposed to have made their piles, depart to-day for Hongkong, taking with them the latest fashions, Colt's pistols, *cartes de visite*, and last, not least, an idea that California is a pretty fast country, and sometimes rather hurrying to John.

A large fire on Goat Island destroys the city, consisting of one house. The boys did not get to the fire.

Ah Yu, will you kidnap a respectable lady from the Flowery Land and deprive her of that liberty so dear to every American citizen woman from China or any other country. Ah Yu did it anyhow, and special officer D. M. Lewis, for helping you, got permission to "travel" and consider himself permanently an outsider.

Stock looking up and people coming down quite handsomely for Gould and Curry, Chollar, etc. There's a good time coming.

A wide difference of opinion on the question of widening Kearny street.

The Richmond papers claim that Col. Witcher made a raid, capturing and destroying a million dollars worth of Yankee property, which-ar a whopper.

The Tiger engine boys house their new machine, and have a jolly time.

—

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH.

A CHINAMAN, Un Go by name, steals a pair of pants and runs away, but it was no go; and he must have been as crazy as a loon (pantaloon) to have expected to outrun some of these new long-legged policemen, who appear to have been selected for their length, which will go a long way towards bringing culprits within their reach.

The McClellan men were out gay last evening. It is right jolly to have these big processions and demonstrations, as the music is good and they enliven up things generally—furnish business to the painters. Of course, the object is perfectly transparent, and it is easy enough to see through the dodge; but if there were not two sides to politics there would be no fun.

A suspicion of rain; and sharp-eyed people begin to look round for umbrellas left in stray corners last spring. THE CALIFORNIAN has a good stock on hand, having "hagged" four on the first shower, a few days since.

—

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13TH.

THE great cheese gone.

Steamer *Constitution* sailed to-day, and so did Captain Chadwick, of the *Chrysopolis*, who goes East to see if he can't do something towards removing the political "Hog's Back," and to enjoy himself.

Paul Julien's concert last evening was a grand affair. The Metropolitan Theatre crowded, and more white bonnets, red cloaks, white cloaks and red gloves, than we have seen together for some time.

Capt. John C. Cremony, who has been serving for three years in the cavalry service down in that God-forsaken country, Arizona, has returned to San Francisco, to taste the pleasures of civilization and get a snuff of cool fresh air once more. Glad to see him!

—

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14TH.

WEATHER threatening and murky. If it intends to rain, why don't it and not be fooling the community into buying umbrellas and losing them in advance. (THE CALIFORNIAN makes one more, coming five now.) Sun came out finally, much to the disappointment of any number of ladies, who crowded Montgomery street in hopes of a rain, that they might get bedraggled, or illustrate the utility of the pucker-your-dress style.

Great race to-day between Real Del Monte and Chollar—*i. e.*—the pacing mare *Unknown* and the horse *Fillmore.* It is calculated that the latter will fill more pockets than he empties. Hope nobody's choler will rise thereat.

Wambold's benefit this evening. He goes to the race with a grey horse and comes back with a very pretty *brown* filly.

Inigo goes to the race also. Everybody goes.

The Foreman of THE CALIFORNIAN says nothing more must happen this week, as he has not room for another item.

P. S.—Peakes has a new hat, a real Pyrence, peaked-crowned feller. He looks gay in it, does "me baby Lahlaehe.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

AT Maguire's Opera House on Saturday evening, the Keans opened with *Henry VIII.* to a very large attendance. The applause which followed the entrance of these famous artists would have been more general, but the majority of a California audience are youthful, and there were few present who remembered and recognised at first the actors who, twenty years ago, created such a *furore* in the Atlantic cities. Charles Kean still displays that artistic education and polish which age cannot rob him of, and also some of those mannerisms which he could not well part with without losing his originality. His voice was at times uncertain and uneven, but in the trick of accent and emphasis, subdued action and subtile analysis, his original genius flashed bright as ever through the courtly and crafty lips of "Cardinal Wolsey." The "Queen Catherine" of Mrs. Kean was a most finished and elaborate conception; and, in her vital power and vigor of dramatic execution, excelled her husband, whose character gave but little scope for action. The *Jealous Wife* was perhaps a more satisfactory performance to the audience generally, and in *Louis XI.* on Wednesday evening, both artists appeared to better advantage. To-night the *Wife's Secret* and Monday the *Merchant of Venice.*

The Richings opera troupe began their new season of opera at the Academy of Music on Monday night with *Crown Diamonds.* The house was well attended in spite of out-door political excitement and rival attractions. The orchestra, reconstructed and much improved, did full justice to the instrumentation of Auber's beautiful opera. The first act passed off very smoothly, although the music seemed rather high for the tenor. There was some jarring in the second and third acts, in which Mr. Peakes ("Count Campo Mayor") was frequently at fault. A little more study of his part would have obviated the difficulty, and a little forethought have prevented such minor blunders as standing with his back to his Queen while she was addressing him. A duet between "Diana" (Miss Kempton) and "La Catarina" (Miss Richings) in the second act was very prettily sung. The opera was well set on the stage, and, as a whole, creditably performed. When we consider that in Europe, six months is given for the rehearsal of a new opera, we can the better appreciate the hasty efforts of our troupe. The house will be closed to-night, in deference to the great political demonstration. On Sunday the *Crown Diamonds* will be repeated. *Don Pasquale* on Monday, which should draw a full house. In rehearsal, *La Fiancée*, or the *National Guard;* also Boildieu's opera (in French) of *La Dame Blanche*, and Meyerbeer's opera of *Dinorah.*

THE Eureka continues to be well filled every night. D. S. Wambold had a well-deserved bumper of a benefit last evening. Manager Coes has announced on his posters the coming production of a "new comic Opera entitled *The Runaway Husband.*" Probably this husband has run away from the Academy of Music. Have they missed a new opera from their *repertoire* there?

GILBERT'S Museum has the Carolina Slave dwarf, and a "young Hercules" (who handles snakes with remarkable familiarity) for its new novelties. The Cosmoramic Views, the life-sized figures of President Lincoln, McClellan and others, and the numerous other attractions, not forgetting the mammoth African Lion, who receives all visitors with such majestic amiability, serve to add to its features and attractions.

THE Knickerbockers' (No. 5) Anniversary Festival will be given at Platt's Hall on Monday evening next. A fine concert will precede the ball, in which Signor and Signora Bianchi, and Mr. De. Haga, will appear, supported by an efficient orchestra. Mrs. Sophie Edwin will recite "Drake's address to the American Flag," and Charley Schultz has composed a new march, entitled the "Grand Knickerbocker March," dedicated to the company, with which he will open the ball. Besides this, nearly all the belles in town are expected to grace Number 5's Fourteenth Anniversary Festival. The "Knicks" have yielded a willing efficiency to the call of the bell for years past, and doubtless will be more willing than ever to attend to the call of the belles on the night in question.

JUST before his death, Meyerbeer authorised the representation and publication of *l'Africaine.* Conformably to the wish of the illustrious composer, Madame Meyerbeer, on the 12th of August, signed a contract with M. Perrin, director of the Imperial Opera. *L'Africaine* was to be put in rehearsal immediately after the above arrangement was effected, and will be brought out in February next. Already seats have been secured for the first representation.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Indian Valley Gold and Silver Mining Company will be held at my office, corner of California and Montgomery streets, on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the election of Officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may come before it.

R. L. OGDEN,
oc15-1t President Indian Valley G. & S. M. Co.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc15-tf STACY, Proprietor.

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Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have a gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

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Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,

Sporting Emporium!

418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,

AND

Importers of all Classes

OF

SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carbines on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

☞ *Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.*

☞ We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. oc8-3m

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W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
Engravers and Electrotypers,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay street.

oc8-3m

STERETT'S

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE,

533

CLAY STREET.

J. R. MEADE & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Canton Tea Store, Established 1858.

GEO. S. HASKELL & CO.

IMPORTERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
— IN —
JAPAN AND CHINA TEAS,
AND
GROCERIES.

Store fronting on

514 Market & 15 Sutter St.

☞ THREE DOORS ☜

BELOW THE MARKET HOUSE,

San Francisco.

Our Motto, ☞ "Large Sales at Small Profits for Cash. ☜

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., 10:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8.10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Jose at 6 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
8o General Superintendent.

PIANOFORTES TO RENT—NO CHARGE FOR KEEPING them in tune. Leave orders at

A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
oc8 and 424 Sansome street.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

PACIFIC

Insurance Company,

436 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE

BY FIRE,

On Buildings, Merchandise, Wares, and other Personal Property.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - - - - $750,000

ALL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

All Losses payable in United States Gold Coin.

The Personal Liability of Stockholders, under the Law of this State, recognized.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. oc8

RAILROAD HOUSE,

316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the

RAILROAD HOUSE

affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

oc8-3m C. L. ROSS.

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

BURDELL'S

Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by

H. P. WAKELEE,

Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

$300! $300!

NEW SEVEN-OCTAVE PIANOS,

OF THE BEST AMERICAN MAKERS,

For Three Hundred Dollars and upwards, at WALTER S. PIERCE & CO.'s Pianoforte Warerooms, No. 26 Montgomery street, Opposite the Lick House. oc8

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

THE MURDER AT THE INN.

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. Mr. Hays, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, put up at Bradford's, and there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped. In conversation he unguardedly mentioned that he had about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the two gentlemen to a double bedded room, leaving a candle burning in the chimney corner.

Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awakened his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of some one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans. The door being ajar, they saw light in the room: they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves; but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their landlord. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer: he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail: he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such apparent indication of guilt, that the magistrate hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing out his committal: "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole country. Bradford was tried and condemned, over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial, and pleaded "Not guilty." Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody; that on entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on the trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise: he suspected some villany transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak contrasting with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation—the jury brought in the prisoner "Guilty," even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions true! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes' footman, who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the apartment of the unfortunate gentleman. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here, but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hands and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

The wayside inn where the tragedy took place was long afterwards declared to be haunted, not only by the ghost of the murdered gentleman, but likewise by that of Jonathan Bradford, who was frequently seen, it was said, with the halter round his neck.

THE Paleontologist finds no trace in nature of the golden age of the world of which the poets delighted to sing, when all creatures lived together in unbroken peace, and war and bloodshed were unknown. Ever since animal life began upon our planet, there existed, in all the departments of being, carniverous classes, who could not live but by the death of their neighbors, and who were armed, in consequence, for their destruction, like the butcher with his axe and knife, and the angler with his hook and spear.—*Hugh Miller.*

LET us assert that in the Divine government the matter of fact always determines the question of right, and that whatever has been done by him who rendereth no account to man of his matters, he had in all ages and in all places an unchallengable right to do.—*Hugh Miller.*

SOUTHERN INSECTS.

IT is, however, impossible to enumerate one's entomological opportunities, whether when sitting within the southern mansion, or inhaling the perfume of trailing and festooned roses upon the piazza. While the microscope is revealing to delighted eyes the wonderful apparatus by which the handsome "yellow jacket" carves one's skin, other delights, large and small, will hover round, or settle on one's cuff, especially in the shape of lovely little gem-like creatures which are simply beautiful, and as innocent as beauty should be. Plenty of these will come, quiet, graceful, pellucid—elegant insects, of every color, whose entire organism is discernible through the transparent membrane which we call skin—a heart, or lungs, or some strange digestive apparatus of two simple longitudinal serrated valves, palpitating to and fro, seeming, after all, to be all it has inside it, and to leave nothing else to palpitate; so exquisitely delicate, so slight and tender is each little thing of life; so fragile, yet so perfect, that as one gazes from its wonderful body to the lovely wings, its lustrous eyes, and its articulated antennæ, then, moving aside the lens held over it, can scarcely discern the fairy marvel.

We need not permit attention to be distracted by those myriads of ephemera that dart under the hat or down the throat; they are not venomous, only numerous; they are harmless as the pretty green lizard that has lost its way among the folds of your skirt, and is now running up your sleeve, whence it is as glad to get away as you can be to part with it. I once had one upon my head. Its feet were, no doubt, entangled in my hair, for I felt a wonderful fuss and scuffling, and thought that some monstrous insect must be entertaining bad designs upon my scalp; when suddenly a lady, with a loud shriek, still more alarming than the fuss and scuffle I had felt, aimed a great blow at my head, and I turned in astonishment in time to catch sight of the terrified little creature in its coat of lovely green, as it was vanishing beneath the sofa. Not all the combined efforts—prompted by horrors—of the household could get me another peep; so lithe and rapid were its movements that it had glided away through some imperceptible chink long ago.

In his sylvan ramble the only difficulty of the entomologist will be to know which first to secure of all the dazzling creatures that flit round. The air is alive with them. The cicada, from every branch rings forth its incessant whizzing clicking buzz, *crescendo ad diminuendo*, responsively or in chorus. Suddenly a splendid fellow with wings of burnished gold and crimson will start up, and as suddenly sink again invisible upon a fallen stem. In vain I seek for it, till again like a flash of fire he rises, and then vanishes once more. He settled close before me, but he is also a cicada, though not of the noisy tribe above; and, when he alights, his lovely wings are so compactly folded that he cannot be distinguished from the dingy bark.

After the entomologist has filled his specimen-boxes, he seldom knows how much he carries home about him. The thermometer stands at one hundred degrees, and he throws himself into a chair at the well-supplied table for his evening meal. Sweet and savory dishes are attractive not to him alone. Not one flitting, hopping, crawling entomological specimen that has visited him during the day is now without its representative, from the great feathery lepidoptera that will come flopping into the lamp, and hurling itself among the glasses, or falling helplessly into the sugar-basin, or the huge coloptera, two or three inches long, with terrible mandibles and wonderful antennæ, too innumerable smaller beetles, black, brown and green: daddy-long-legs appears with a length of limb incredible; moths come, gnats and mosquitoes—flies, of course, and nondescripts innumerable. Such a buzzing and such a dashing, and such a flirting out of candles, such charges at your nose, such an entanglement of creatures among curls or whiskers, or the braids of hair; such mad plunges into the cream-jug or at preserves, and rash attacks upon soft butter-pats, whence there is no escape; such spinning and fizzing round your teacup, or under the knife and fork upon your plate; such incessant work for servants and children in the catching and despatching of these evening visitors, would be the death of a timid maiden lady of delicate Northern nerves: but the entomologist then dines in Paradise.

At length he beats a retreat to his chamber. The evening breeze comes gratefully through the open windows, but so also do the fresh specimens. In a few moments entangled legs and wings are struggling round the candle-wicks. The room is noisy with the monsters that dash against walls and ceiling, whence the concussion sends them whizzing to the floor. The candles are almost extinguished by their reckless assaults, and, in spite of the intolerable heat, even the sated entomologist is fain to close the windows in order that he may take his bath in peace. Then he finds that his skin, moist and sensitive from perspiration, is speckled all over. With what? Not only red spots and itching tumors, but with scores of little dark brown creatures, clinging and grappling so firmly that he cannot brush them off. With delight he recognizes in them divers species of "ticks," but he must detach each one quickly and carefully, and think himself lucky to have espied them soon enough. However, he must discard from his chamber every garment he wore in the woods, for only the laundress can effectually rid him of the foreign multitude which has established colonies thereon.

That strange excrescence growing out of one shoulder, and another in his side, a third on his ribs, and more elsewhere, puzzle him for a minute. He must go close to the candle, and will find these to be halves of ticks of a larger kind—half only of each, the rest of the specimen being buried deeply, head-foremost, in his own flesh. Our friend will be very careful how he pulls them out, for these shining, tough little suctoria may be cut in two sometimes before one can dislodge them. The entomologist will probably find himself the habitat of three varieties of these small crab-like ticks. What with ticks proper, and those locally called red bugs, answering to our English harvest bugs, but which in the South arrive with the fruits and flowers of May, jiggers, chiggers, or chegoes and chinches; piques, nigua or tingua: punez, betes-rouges, cirons des paupieres, brulots, and all other biting, stinging and penetrating creatures, one gets such a mottled result that it is impossible to decide which is the identical red bump or tumor that each insect has produced.

One other description of a minute tormentor can no more be evaded here than we can evade the ever-present specimen itself in that prolific sunny South. It is certainly not one of the acari, "whose motions are rather slow," or the "ricini, that live exclusively on the class aves," though it might even be the terrible sarcopata, that "were carried away to the sea in baskets-full." Its local name is chicken-mite, but whether it has eight legs, or whether it leaps or flies, I cannot declare. There is no escaping him. Like the chegoe, he attacks the freshly-landed European, which proves—as the illustrious Humboldt declared—that these little horrors "can distinguish what the most delicate chemical analysis has hitherto failed to do," namely, that "difference of blood, which forms so"—more than ever—"interesting a question" at the present day.

You are quietly seated within the house, reading, perhaps. Suddenly a sensation, as a single hair drawn over your hand, causes you to look down. At first you see nothing: yet there is certainly something moving quickly towards your wrist or your knuckles, and, upon looking intently, you discover a tiny globule sliding or rolling along with amazing rapidity. It is so minute that a touch will effectually check its career; but, if you are expert enough to catch it under your lens, you will see a creature so delicately formed and gracefully agile that you will recall its aspect with less unkindly feelings, though, withal, it is a very noxious insect, and you dare not spare its life. Its bite causes a very painful tumor, of which the poison may not be absorbed for many days. The effect is much the same as that produced by the almost invisible speck of life called red bug. Take care how you lean against the piazza upon which the pigeons are fond of alighting; be cautious how you handle even your pet birdlings; and avoid the hen-coop at all hazards. Unless the poultry-yard is very carefully tended the young chickens are destroyed by these acari. On a plantation near the Gulf of Mexico, where neglect had resulted in a terrible accumulation of chicken-mites, not a chicken, a young turkey, or a guinea-fowl could be reared during one entire season. The poor hens grew thin and sickly on their nests, and looked as if every drop of blood was drained from them; their combs and gills lost every vestige of color; and, as soon as the little chickens were hatched, they were smothered with the mites, which were literally heaped up in the nests. These mites are not confined to poultry. Birds in cages, and the nests of wild birds, are alike infested, though the instinct of the latter is a match for them. The neglected domestic fowl is the greatest sufferer.

THE FIRST AND THE SECOND INTERVIEW.—My first interview with my dear departed friend Sir William Napier was on the battle-field of Cazal Noval. I was then captain of the grenadier company of the Royal Scots. We were advancing towards the enemy, when I saw an officer at the distance of about eighty yards stretched on the ground beneath an olive-tree, to the right of my company. Believing him to be either dead or badly wounded, I ran towards him and said, "I hope you are not dangerously wounded," at which he shook his head. "Have you been attended to by a surgeon?" He nodded assent. "Can I be of service to you?" I said; and he again shook his head, but did not utter a word. He looked deadly pale, and I was deeply impressed with the classical outline and beautiful expression of his handsome countenance. I told him I had some cold tea and brandy in my flask, and asked him if I should give him a little of it; at which he raised his head, a sudden beam of pleasure sparkled in his eye—she stretched out his hand, and I gave him a tumblerful, which he drank with a most interesting expression of unexpected enjoyment—so much so, that I gave him a second dose; and when he had finished, he seized my hand and grasped it several times, as much as to say, "I don't know who you are, my good fellow, but I feel most gratefully thankful for your kindness." I then said, "Heaven protect you!" and ran off to join my company. I had not the slightest knowledge who he was, and amidst the firing and excitement of the moment I did not notice his uniform. In after life I often spoke of this wounded officer as the handsomest man I had ever beheld. I never met him again in my wanderings through the various thoroughfares of military life, until about sixteen years afterwards, when he resided at Freshford, near Bath. I was then on a visit to Lady Wilson's father, when dear "William" dined there, and after dinner, when we were just about to join the ladies, and while I was standing near the fireplace with my arm resting on the mantelpiece, the gentlemen were speaking about "handsome men," and I said, of all the handsome men I ever saw in the various parts of the world where I had been, there was none at all to be compared with *the one* whom I then described to them as above written. Napier sprang from his chair, put his arms round me, and exclaimed: "My dear Wilson, was that you? that glass of tea and brandy saved my life!" And a few tears trickled from his bright and animated eyes, expressive of his grateful recollection of the good service I had rendered him in that hour of his need and painful suffering.—*Bruce's "Life of Sir W. Napier."*

"THE RAVEN."—The London correspondent of the *Western Morning News* says:—"Speaking of poetry recalls a very singular circumstance that has recently been talked about, and which is probably new to most readers. Every one has read or heard that wonderful poem of Edgar Poe's—'The Raven'—and probably most of those who have read it know also of the very singular essay in which the poet explains the manner in which the poem was composed. He tells them how he came to make choice of the particular metre, how the burden suggested itself to his mind, how the last verse was written first and the others to lead gradually up to it, with a variety of minute and particular details, all tending to show its originality. The whole of this essay turns out to be as ingenious a fiction as any of the 'tales of mystery' with which it is usually bound up. Poe's sole accomplishment was a minute and accurate acquaintance with Oriental languages, and this he turned to account by translating almost literally the poem of 'The Raven' from the Persian. The translation is so minute and accurate that even the cadences are preserved throughout, while the curious repetition of rhymes by which it is distinguished is equally characteristic of the work of the Persian poet. As a singular specimen of a literary imposture such a matter as this deserves notice. The discovery is due to the well-known Eastern traveller, Mr. Lang, formerly of the Bombay service, and has since been corroborated, I hear, by some of the most celebrated Orientalists in England."

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF Roses And Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, rendering the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S

PATENT IMPROVED

Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by

H. P. WAKELEE,

se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing Stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing.

Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by

H. P. WAKELEE,

se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. jul1-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

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A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

jul1-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

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A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jul1 3m

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Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

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Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

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E. F. BUNNELL, D. D. S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

☞ All work warranted. Price low. ☜

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. au27-3m

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Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30-3m

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Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jul8

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THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

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CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

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WE have just received and are now opening

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF

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—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At 7 o'clock, A. M.

se24-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

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IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

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TO ALL THE LOYAL MEN

—OF THE—

County of San Francisco!

THE COPPERHEAD PARTY ASSERTS that San Francisco county will cast its vote for McClellan on the 8th proximo. So persistently has this been asserted, that in some places in the interior of the State it is nearly believed.

THIS SLANDER

Upon the Good Name of the City and County of San Francisco.

CAN BE REMOVED, !

AND FOREVER SILENCED,

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Draymen,
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Stevedores,
Wholesale Dealers,
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Merchants,

WILL SHOW THEIR STRENGTH,

On this (Saturday) Evening, October 15th,

—IN THE—

Grand Procession!

San Francisco is steadfast and immovable in her old love of Liberty and Union. Let us prove it on that occasion.

A. J. BRYANT,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.
CHAS. WESTMORELAND, Sec. oc15

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Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constaatly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated maanfactories of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

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$2,000 REWARD;

A REWARD OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS OFfered by the subscriber to any person who will discover or produce an article for dressing and preserving the HAIR equal to the

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known in California for many years for its wonderful effects on the HAIR.

THE TRICOMALICUM is composed of salutary and strengthening substances, and possesses the rare qualities of renewing and invigorating the Hair, of destroying dandruff, and of being an unequalled dressing for the Hair and keeping it in a perfectly healthy state.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT at the store of the Inventor,

CHRETIEN PFISTER,

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C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

The Play of

A LIFE'S REVENGE!

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

At HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

Second Week in San Francisco of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

Supported by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, also, Mr. J CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the London Theatres.

Together with

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Evening, October 15th, 1864,

First night of the

Wife's Secret!

An unpublished Play, written expressly for Mr and Mrs KEAN by George Lovell, Esq:

Sir Walter Amyott - - - - MR. CHAS. KEAN
Jabez Sneed, his steward, - - - Mr J. F. Cathcart
Lord Arden, a fugitive. - - - Mr. George Everett
Branillard, a French Smuggler - - - - W Barry
Harrington - - - - - - Louis Aldrich
Lady Eveline - - - - - Mrs. CHAS. KEAN
Neville, a page to Lady Eveline - - - Miss Chapman
Maud, - - - - - - Mrs H A Perry

To conclude with the successful local farce, entitled

ASSESSMENTS.

ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 16.

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in three characters.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Mr. and Mrs. KEAN will appear in the great play of

The Merchant of Venice!

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - - One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - Fifty cents

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IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Proprietor
PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - - Manager
GEO. EVANS, - - - - - - Musical Director

☞ The public is respectfully informed that, in deference to the great political demonstration this evening

☞ *This Establishment will be closed.* ☜

SECOND OPERA SEASON!

Sunday Evening, October 16th, 1864,

THE

Richings' Opera Troupe!

Nightly honored with the surest test of approbation, the applause of enthusiastic audiences, will present for the third time,

Auber's celebrated opera, entitled

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

Principal characters by
Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS,
Miss JENNY KEMPTON,
Mr. W. J. HILL,
Mr. EDWARD SEGUIN,
Mr. H. C. PEAKES,
Mr. CHARLES.

MONDAY.

Donizetti's opera of

DON PASQUALE.

In rehearsal:

Auber's opera of LA FIANCEE, or THE NATIONAL GUARD;

Boildieu's opera (in French) of LA DAME BLANCHE,

And Meyerbeer's opera of DINORAH;

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at 8 precisely. se17

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

—OF—

KNICKERBOCKER ENGINE CO., No. 5.

GRAND

Promenade Concert

AND BALL!

AT PLATT'S HALL,

On Monday Evening, October 17th, 1864,

On which occasion the following distinguished artistes will appear:

SIGNORA BIANCHI,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MR. J. DE HAGA,

And others who have volunteered.

Supported by a sufficient orchestra, conducted by Charles Schultz, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

1—Grand Overture by the orchestra.
2—Cavatina from I Lombardi - - - - - Verdi
Mr. JOHN DE HAGA.
3—Cavatina from Poliuto - - - - - Donizetti
Signor BIANCHI.
4—Romanza from Masaadieri - - - - - Verdi
Signora BIANCHI.
5—Waltz: Drops on the Sea (Orchestra) - Strauss
6—Duo from Robert Devereux - - - - Donizetti
Signor and Signora BIANCHI.
7—Cuckoo Polka, by request, Orchestra.
8—Drake's Address to the American Flag.
Mrs. SOPHIE EDWIN.
9—Trio from I Lombardi - - - - - - Verdi
Signor and Signora BIANCHI, and Mr. J. DE HAGA.
10—Song by a Lady Volunteer.

DANCING

Will commence with the Grand Knickerbocker March (new) composed by Charles Schultz, and dedicated to this Company. Quadrille Music by Wilson's celebrated band-Leader of the orchestra, Charles Schultz.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; concert to commence at 8.

TICKETS, - - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR, to be had of members of the Company, and at the box office on the evening of the performance. oc15

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor
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MONDAY EVENING - - - SEPT. 5TH.

THE EVER POPULAR

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Grob, and
MRS. FANNY SIMONSEN.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

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Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

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PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK,

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - - - OCTOBER 19TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit over the Isthmus is now in fine order. The coaches on the road, and the steamers on the Lake and River are all new, and built expressly for this route. Particular attention paid to the comfort of ladies and families by a Conductor, who will go through to New York with them.

☞ Note the change in the day of sailing. No Opposition until OCTOBER 19, 1864.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
oc1 Up stairs, San Francisco.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

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Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - Proprietor

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

HOME AGAIN!

THE SLAVE DWARF.

Who has just returned from the interior.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

THE GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1a1

QUINTESSENCE OF ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the United States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden Lavender Flowers. se24

The California

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 22. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 22, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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DEMON AMOR.—A Translation.

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Duty.
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DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHEREAS.

LOVE'S BAKERY! I am satisfied I have found the place now that I have been looking for all this time. I cannot describe to you the sensation of mingled astonishment, gladness, hope, doubt, anxiety, and balmy, blissful emotion that suffused my being and quivered in a succession of streaky thrills down my backbone, as I stood on the corner of Third and Minna streets, last Tuesday, and stared, spell-bound, at those extraordinary words, painted in large, plain letters on a neighboring window-curtain—"LOVE'S BAKERY." "God bless my soul!" said I, "will wonders never cease?—are there to be no limits to man's spirit of invention?—is he to invade the very realms of the immortal, and presume to guide and control the great passions, the impalpable essences, that have hitherto dwelt in the secret chambers of the soul, sacred from all save divine intrusion?"

I read and re-read that remarkable sign with constantly-increasing wonder and interest. There was nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the establishment, and even if it had possessed anything of a supernatural air, it must necessarily have been neutralized by the worldly and substantial look of a pyramid of excellent bread that stood in the window—a sign very inconsistent, it seemed to me, with the character of a place devoted to the high and holy employment of instilling the passion of love into the human heart, although it was certainly in keeping with the atrocious taste which was capable of conferring upon a vice-royalty of itself such an execrable name as "Love's Bakery." Why not Love's Bower, or the Temple of Love, or the Palace of Cupid?—anything—anything in the world would have been less repulsive than such hideous vulgarity of nomenclature as "Love's *Bakery*."

The place seemed very complete, and well supplied with every facility for carrying on the business of creating love successfully. In a window of the second story was a large tin cage with a parrot in it, and near it was a sign bearing the inscription, "Preparatory School for Young Ladies"—that is, of course, a school where they are taught certain things necessary to prepare them for the bakery down below. Not far off is also a "Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen," which is doubtless connected with Love's Bakery too. I saw none of the pupils of either of the schools, but my imagination dwelt upon them with a deep and friendly interest. How irksome, I thought, must this course of instruction be to these tender hearts, so impatient to be baked into a state of perfect love!

Greatly moved by the singular circumstances which surrounded me, I fell into a profound and pleasing reverie. Here, I thought, they take a couple of hopeful hearts in the rough, and work them up, with spices and shortening and sweetening enough to last for a lifetime, and turn them out well kneaded together, baked to a turn, and ready for matrimony, and without having been obliged to undergo a long and harrowing courtship, with the desperate chances attendant thereon, of persevering rivals, unwilling parents, inevitable love-quarrels, and all that sort of thing.

Here, I thought, they will bake you up a couple in moderate circumstances, at short notice and at a cheap rate, and turn them out in good enough shape for the money, perhaps, but nevertheless burnt with the fire of jealousy on one side, and flabby and "duffy" with lukewarmness and indifference on the other, and spotted all over with the salæratus stains of a predisposition to make the conjugal cake bitter and unpalatable for all time to come.

Or they will take an excessively patrician pair, charge them a dozen prices, and deliver them to order in a week, all plastered over with the ghostly vines and flowers of blighted fancies, hopes and yearnings, wrought in chilly ice-work.

Or, perhaps, they will take a brace of youthful, tender hearts, and dish them up in no time, into crisp, delicate "lady-fingers," tempting to contemplate, and suggestive of that serene after-dinner happiness and sociability that come when the gross substantials have been swept from the board and are forgotten in soft dalliance with pastry and ices and sparkling Moselle.

Or maybe they will take two flinty old hearts that have harbored selfishness, envy and all uncharitableness in solitude for half a century, and after a fortnight's roasting, turn them out the hardest kind of hard-tack, invulnerable to all softening influences for evermore.

Here was a revolution far more extended, and destined to be attended by more momentous consequences to the nations of the earth, than any ever projected or accomplished by the greatest of the world's military heroes! Love, the master passion of the human heart, which, since the morning of the creation had shaped the destinies of emperors and beggars alike, and had ruled all men as with a rod of iron, was to be hurled from the seat of power in a single instant, as it were, and brought into subjection to the will of an inspired, a sublimely-gifted baker! By some mysterious magic, by some strange and awful invention, the divine emotion was to be confined within set bounds and limits, controlled, weighed, measured, and doled out to God's creatures in quantities and qualities to suit the purchaser, like vulgar beer and candles!

And in times to come, I thought, the afflicted lover, instead of reading Heuston & Hastings' omnipresent sign and gathering no comfort from it, will read "GO TO LOVE'S BAKERY!" on the dead-walls and telegraph poles, and be saved.

Now I might never have published to the world my discovery of this manufactory of the human affections in a populous thoroughfare of San Francisco, if it had not occurred to me that some account of it would serve as a peculiarly fitting introductory to a story of love and misfortune, which it falls to my lot to relate. And yet even Love's Bakery could afford no help to the sufferers of whom I shall speak, for they do not lack affection for each other, but are the victims of an accumulation of distressing circumstances against which the efforts of that august agent would be powerless.

The facts in the case come to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is personally unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved with all the devotion of a passionate nature a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a waffle-mould and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial. The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform. And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer. Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame. So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg. It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal. Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first, but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MARK TWAIN.

DUTY.

WHEN Treason lifts its murderous hand,
And strikes against a Nation's life,
A higher law than of the land
Enliste the Nation for the strife,
The fireside of the peaceful cot,
The hivouac within the breach,
Are camps hut more or less remote,
With nohle parts assigned to each.

To save the Nation's life it needs
The aid of every hand and heart—
If not hy martial thonghts and deeds,
Yet in some manner act your part.
So, when the roll shall he revealed,
Each answers to his name with pride:
"Thongh not a hero in the field,
A patriot at the fire-side."

Some breasts may only feel a thrill
At thoughts for which another hleeds.
Some souls may only nurse the will
Which in another grows to deeds;
By chance, they dare instead of us—
By chance, we scatter praise and flowers
On others' graves; Fate rules it thus,
Or they might scatter them on ours.

The will is noble as the deed;
'Tis doomed that some stand idly by;
With hreasts as brave as those that hleed,
And hearts as trne as those that die.
Bnt eqnal fame has death or life
For thoee who share a common lot—
Who tills the fields or braves the strife,
Be each, pray God, a patriot!

[*J. T. Goodman, in Territorial Enterprise.*

TRIFLES FROM CEYLON.

IN this moist showery isle of verdure, if it happen not to rain for six weeks, people begin to write and declaim about the fearful drought. One man from the Ambegamo district describes the terrible state of things there; it has actually not rained for three whole weeks! Now, in the north of Ceylon, the climate of which resembles in some degree that of India, and on the Coromaudel coast, rain falls at one season of the year, that is, between October and January, and for the rest of the year very little indeed falls—certainly when it does come dowu, it makes up for lost time.

Just at present we have a season of drought, and the wild animals consequently draw towards the rivers; and cheetahs, or panthers rather—for, according to Sir E. Tennent, the cheetah is unknown in Ceylon—have approached the outskirts of Colombo, the capital of the island. A very large one was observed swimming across the Kalany Ganga a few days ago, and was shot.

Later still, while a strongly-built Singhalese man was bathing in the same river, a panther sprang into the water and seized him by the right arm; the man, who was unarmed, grasped his assailant by the throat; and a companion ran up with a knife, and dealt the panther sueh a blow on the head that he quitted his hold on the man's arm, but again seized him by the thigh. The man who had the knife, eut the panther across the throat and rescued his companion—an act of daring for which he ought to receive a medal. The wounded man was conveyed to the hospital, where he lies dangerously ill.

A friend of mine was lately riding in eompany with three others, in single file along the narrow strip of land which connects Jaffna with the rest of the island, when suddenly his horse sprang to one side in a manner so unexpected as nearly to unseat him. It appeared that an alligator which had been lying by the side of the lagoon, had made a spring at the horse's legs as he passed. One of the gentlemen who was riding behind my friend, and who had seen the whole proceeding, was so strongly impressed with the idea that the horse had been touched by the alligator, that he was not satisfied until he had dismounted and examined the horse's legs. This is unquestionably one of the coolest pieces of impertinence I have ever heard of on the part of a tank alligator; and having heard of it I shall certainly be more eautious about going into tanks where alligators are, up to my waist, for a half an hour at a time. I remember onee watching the proeeedings of alligators in a tank in this neighborhood. I espied on the opposite side of a tank two black curlew, birds of most delicate flavor, but very shy. My gun carrier was a good way in the rear, and as the curlew were moving quietly along, I rode into the tank to watch them. There were several alligators about me, and the way they went to work was this: A fellow wonld rise to the surface and look at my pony and me to see where we were. Then he would sink and come np again a little nearer and go down again, and come up and have another look to see where we were. At last my gun was brought and I had my shot at the curlew, and saw no more of the alligators, who always take alarm at the sound of a gun.

I omitted to mention that on his return a day or to after, my friend kept a look-ont for his enemy, and discovered him onee more on the bauk—he gave him a two-ounee rifle ball, which made a long white scar along his back; however, a wound like that does not usually prove fatal at once, and the alligator succeeded in getting away.

The magistrate at Mullativoe one morning found that an alligator had sought the hospitable shelter of his court-house during the night, and a gentleman at Batticaton found another in his stable.

An old sportsman in Jaffna, who had an endless stoek of tales, used to tell how he had once shot several alligators with grains of rice instead of ball! After he had tested the credulity of his hearers to a moderate degree, he would add that the alligators were about ninc inches long. They were young ones which he had killed as specimens.

However loathsome-looking an animal an old alligator may be, the young alligators are uot so very disgusting. In fact, the bright yellow bars which alternate with the black ones, are rather pretty than otherwise. I had one in a vivarium, and the vicious little beast used to nip my fingers when I tried to feed it. It got out one night, and I don't know what became of it.

A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Matura River, and I went to see it. It was alive, and to all appearanees there was no reason why, if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate—its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the Island about the remarkable effect of lime npon the alligator, I asked a man to bring me some, on which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunamb or lime prepared from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the arcca-palm, and the leaves of the betel-creeper. The lime had previcusly been moistened with water. Having opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim; an operation to which it submitted with exemplary resignation (when it found it could not prevent it,) we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunamb about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its side and then on its back, and appeared paralyzed; soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been experimented on, when I found that it was dead, and learnt that it had died within two hours of my leaving. Ou examining its mouth, I found that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remember to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy of the alligator to lime; and it still remains to be explained how it is that a substance of that nature, especially prepared for the use of man, and by him daily chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an effect upon an animal otherwise so tenacious of life, when merely placed in the mouth, without being swallowed. The experiment may appear to have been a eruel one, aud yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and easiest mode of killing the alligator. I may now venture to state that the Tamuls have an idea that if a bullet be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound that will prove mortal. I have, since making the experiment related above, been told that it is not uucommon for the Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, aud to place it near an alligator's haunts; knowing that if he swallowed the lime, death would ensue.

Mullativoe (mentioned just now) is an isolated station, where the magistrate is the only European, and administers justice in a patriarchal way. Close to the court is a tank full of alligators, and as the magistrate sat on his beneh he could see them crawl out and bask in the sunshine. So he used to take his rifle with him to court, and keep it ready loaded beside him. In the middle of the examination of a witness, the clerk of the court would turn round and say, "Sir! sir! there's an alligator." Down would go the pen, up would go the rifle—Bang! and out would rush the clerk and interpreter to see what damage had been done. After a few minutes they would come in again to report, and then business would proceed as before.

A week or two ago, a Tamul man and woman were travelling together all night, when they met an elephant in the road. They tried to avoid it, but in vain. The animal charged them both, killed the woman, and very severely injured the man. Most probably it was a rogue.

Buffaloes are very formidable enstomers. They charge with great fury, and it is not easy to get a good shot when they are coming at one with their hard heads, from which a ball is apt to glance. The best way to shoot a buffalo when there are two sportsmen, is for the two to keep a hnndred yards apart. One should then fire. If the buffalo does not drop, he will probably charge the man who fired, and in so doing will give the other sportsman the chance of a flank shot.

The natives catch the wild buffaloes, and tame them. At certain seasons they are employed in ploughing the paddy-fields; at other times they are allowed to roam about, when they often regather with the wild herds. A half-tamed buffalo, though he yields a sullen obedience to his master, will often prove a dangerous customer to a stranger; in fact, almost more so than a wild one. I was travelling one day with a lady, on the sea road between Trincomalie and Jaffna. I was riding a small pony, when, in crossing a plain, a buffalo charged me. I was unarmed, and as he eame at me with a will, I had no alternative but to dash on as fast as I could, my assailant charging from one side; but with a tired pony escape was not easy, and I was getting the worst of it, when, to my great satisfaction and amusement, my friend went head over heels in a mud-hole which lay between us. This cooled his ardor, aud he gave up the pursuit.

There is a place called Kokalai, in the northern province, where wild buffaloes were almost always to be seen. One of them was exceedingly fierce, and killed several persons. The magistrate went to the spot, and in the capacity of coroner held an iuquest. He had just concluded, when the buffalo emerged from the neighboring forest, and charged down upon his party. Fortunately he had with him a single-barrelled rifle. He dropped on one knee, waited till the buffalo was elose on him, and fired. The ball took effect in the buffalo's forehead, and ran far into his body, and the brute dropped dead at the gentleman's feet.

Bears often attack people, and are seemingly the aggressors; but in all probability it is rather the fear of being attacked themselves that induces them to injure man. I have a friend who had a most terrific tussle with a bear which he had wounded with shot. The bear elosed with him, and he fought the bear with his knife, giving and receiving terrible wounds. At length my friend got away, and crawled for some distance till he obtained assistance But he will bear to his grave the marks of his enemy's teeth and claws.

There is a certain gentlemau in Ceylon who is a great sportsman. I do not know him myself, and therefore do not make more particular allusion to him: but he had the following adventure, and it was related to me by a mutual friend, who authorized me to repeat it: This gentleman was one day erossing some water on foot, to get a shot at an elephant; his gun was in the hands of a man who was going round the shore. As he walked along, something lay in his way which he imagined to be a log of wood, so he stepped over it. No sooner had he placed one leg over it than the log appeared suddenly to beeome imbued with life, and he found himself across the back of an alligator—probably more alarmed even than himself at being thus mounted. The alligator immediately rushed off. The rider, as soon as he recovered his presence of mind, took a header into the water, and escaped.

I alluded in a former paper to an alligator whieh had killed two persous not far from where I write, and who was constantly on the wateh for bathers. I am happy to say he has beeu shot. The particulars of the manner in which he killed the two men have been communicated to me. A gentleman in the public service was bathing within au enclosure. A Singhalese gentleman of rank was also bathing without the euelosure; a native attendant filled a vessel with water and handed it to him; suddenly the man who had brought the water was goue; and the two bathers saw him with half his body in the water, at some distauce, throwing up his arms and apparently articulating something. All at once he sunk. They imagined at first that he had been earried off by the current, but subsequently the body was found in a mutilated state. A few days afterwards, seven pilgrims were standing knee-deep in the same river; the alligator passed six of them, seized the last, and dragged him away from among his eompanions.

At Batticaloa a girl was bathing on her bridal morning, when an alligator seized and carried her off. A friend of mine succeeded in shooting the brute, and found within him parts of the girl, and her bangles, or arm-rings.

Sharks are occasionally caught with the remains of human beings within them. Not long sinee one was exposed for sale in the bazaar at Colombo, in which was found a white hand; a poor soldier had been buried at sea the previous day, and it is believed it had belonged to him. I remember rather a pretty little discussiou arising between two Singhalese men, the one the buyer of a shark, the other the seller. The price paid for it was twenty rix dollars, (one pound ten.) When the purchaser was cntting it up for sale, he found inside the stomach the leg of a man; upon which the people declined purchasing any pieces, and the shark remained on the man's hands. So he demanded that the seller should refund the one pound ten. "No, no," said he: "had you found in the fish a bag full of money, you wonld have claimed it as yours and given me none." He (the purchaser) had to make the best of his bargain, as the bystanders gave a verdict against him. *Travels in Ceylon.*

ORATORIOS IN ENGLAND.—In *Judas Maccabeus* occurs the world-renowned "See the Conquering Hero comes," and other grand compositions. This was the most successful of all Handel's oratorios during his lifetime; it was adopted as a glorification of the military conquerors in 1745–6; and it was much patronized also by the wealthy Jewish inhabitants of the metropolis, for the speciality of the story to which it relates. In *Joshua* there is one of the choruses of Israelites, concerning which Haydn said to Shield that "only one composer ever did, or ever could, produce so sublime a composition." The "Occasional Oratorio" is a mixture of invotion, hymns, and thanks for victory; but the circuuistances under which Handel composed it do not seem now to be well known; it is chiefly noted for its fine overture. *Theodora* was Handel's favorite oratorio; a taste in which he has not been followed either by the critics or by the world generally. He composed it when over sixty years of age, and when composing was no longer easy to him; he possibly valued it for the labor it had cost him. It is narrated that on one occasion two musical professors asked him for tickets for a performauce of the *Messiah*, to which he pettishly replied, "Oh, you are tainty! You would not go to *Teodora*; dere was room enough to tance dere ven dat was perform!" Nevertheless, *Theodora* contains an air ("Angels ever bright and fair") which is characterized by Dean Ramsay ("Lectures on the Genius of Haudel") as "the most seraphic air that Handel ever wrote, or that auy man ever wrote." The grand old composer declined after his sixtieth birthday; yet his last oratorio, *Jephtha*, produced in 1753, contains three of his loveliest airs ("Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," and "Farewell ye limpid streams.") Handel was blind in later years, and in 1759 was taken from a world which he had so often delighted with the productions of his genius. Although there have been mauy other composers of oratorios besides Handel, they occupy, collectively, a comparatively small space in public attention. Haydn takes a place in the list for his *Creation*. He was employed two whole years upon it, and brought out in 1798, to words written by the Baron von Swieten. The *Creation* has never been regarded as equal to Handel's greatest oratorios: but it is nevertheless highly appreciated in England, partly on account of the beautiful melodies given to the solo singers ("With verdure clad," "In native worth," "Oh, star the fairest," etc.,) for two or three splendid choruses, and partly for the remarkable instrumental musie deseriptive of the various aspeets and sounds of newly-created nature. Musical theorists dispute with each other touchiug the æsthetic propriety of those descriptive imitations; meanwhile the public admire what Haydn has done, and thank him for doiug it. Beethoven's one oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*, is very difficult for band and chorus, and has not yet become a favorite work in England. Nearly the same thing may be said of three or four oratorios by Spohr, of which the best known is the *Last Judgment*. Mendelssohu is the only composer who, in the present century, has produced oratorios striking alike to the musical critic and to the general audience. They are, unfortunately, only two in number—*St. Paul*, brought out in 1837, and *Elijah* in 1846. Mendelssohn himself was present at Exeter Hall to hear the first performauce of his *Elijah* there. The Queen and the late Prince Consort were present on the second performance; and the Prince sent to the great composer, on the following day, the programme which the Queen had used, with a few graceful lines of recognition.—*Churchman's Family Magazine.*

IT is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in the forest, or in a snow-storm, manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent even of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found probably in the fact that the limbs and museles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Shoemakers say that, as a general thing, the right foot is somewhat larger than the left, and that the right boot wears out first. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and in the absenee of any guiding-line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly round on the left. It may also be remarked that in the ancient religious eeremonies of every country eircular or choric dances were a prevalent custom.

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jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

DEMON AMOR.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR "THE CALIFORNIAN."]

BEFORE the northern deluge destroyed the southern portion of Rugen, (A. D. 1309,) a young prince named Udo reigned over this fertile island, and resided in Arcon, now buried in the depths of the sea. He married Edda, the daughter of one of his vassals, and lived in happy independence, a sovereign in his sea-girt kingdom; he loved his subjects, did what seemed right to him, and cared nought for the department of foreign affairs. Little burdened with government cares, he enjoyed in the bosom of repose the happiness of domestic life, now and then interrupted by hunting and fishing.

Once he was following the hunt on the north coast of his domain, near a promontory which stretched far into the sea. In the shade of an oak tree he rested with his retinue from the fatigue of the day, enjoying the cooling aspect of the smooth and softly-moving waters.

Suddenly the storm arose on rushing wings, the even surface became wrinkled as an angry brow; the high waves splashed and dashed against the rocky crag. And there was a ship battling against the waves, a plaything of the winds, mocking the labor of the anxious pilot, and pushing it to the shore, where on a hidden rock it split.

As long as the struggle lasted Prince Udo had enjoyed, in rest and security, the heart-stirring spectacle of human daring and boldness, bidding defiance to the raging elements. But no sooner was the weaker party in need than he hastened with his retinue to the rescue of the shipwrecked. He promised heavy rewards to the most daring fisherman who should save the few survivors. But the sea had already swallowed its prey when the boat had not yet passed the surge.

One single man floated on the waves as a cork, bestriding a barrel, which, like a well-trained horse, obeyed his slightest motion. A high rolling wave brought him on shore at the very feet of the compassionate prince, who received him kindly, had him provided with dry clothes, and refreshed him with food and drink. Then he offered him his own goblet as a sign that he should be received as a guest, and not be reduced into slavery, according to the law.

The stranger accepted with thanks the boon of liberty, emptied the goblet to the health of the prince, was gay and jovial, and seemed to have entirely forgotten his misfortune. This philosophical equanimity pleased Udo, and excited his curiosity to know more about the navigator. He asked, therefore: "Stranger, who art thou? Whence comest thou? What is thy occupation?"

The rescued answered: "My name is Waidemuth, the Unknown; I am a swimmer; came from the Amber coast of Bruzzia, [the ancient name of Prussia,] and was bound for England."

Udo found in the physiognomy, the surname and the swimming of the stranger something which excited his curiosity more and more. But the Unknown turned his answers in such a manner that the prince could not "find him out." Hoping that a nearer acquaintance would lift the mystery, he abstained from further questions.

The prince continued the hunt, inviting the stranger to partake of the pleasure. He did so with zest, and without the slightest show of fatigue. But just before vaulting into the saddle, he broke the barrel on which he had swam ashore, and took a stave as a memento, it would seem, of his truly memorable escape.

During the hunt he proved to be as good a marksman as he was a swimmer. At last the prince left the wood and trotted home. On the road he saw some partridges flying up, and was sorry not to have his bird at hand to bring them too. The Unknown, as if guessing the prince's wish, threw the stave of the barrel up in the air; a sparrow immediately arose above the head of the prince, brought the partridges too, and obeyed the call of none but the swimmer, on whose hand he returned.

The Prince and his retinue were amazed. Each had his own notion about the stranger. Some said he was a sea-god; others, that he was an enchanter. Udo kept his judgment, but thought him somebody extraordinary. He received him as a guest at the palace, showed him all possible attention, presented him to his wife, the sweet Edda, and recommended him as a friend.

The Unknown justified fully his good opinion. He was an accomplished courtier, possessed knowledge of many things, and amused the ladies with sundry pretty jugglerics. But neither the kindness and friendship of the prince, nor the cup of joy, which he often emptied with his noble entertainer, could loosen his tongue. The sharp-seeing prince perceived sometimes a secret melancholy, more so when Udo made him a witness of his domestic happiness—a thing so rare in the palaces of the great. The prince became suspicious on account of this very thing. He thought him surely in love with his wife, and attributed his gloom to an inward struggle between passion and honesty.

One day he rode out hunting with the suspected favorite. They had left the retinue behind, and the Unknown spoke thus: "My good prince, you have had pity with an unfortunate man who escaped shipwreck; he is not ungrateful. The strand law made me your property; you gave me liberty. I wish to use it and to return to my home, if you give me leave."

The Prince answered "Friend, thou hast freedom to do as thou likest; but thy departure is sudden—tell me what drives thee away?"

"The painful suspicion, which you foster against me," replied the Unknown, "though my heart absolves me from such guilt. You misconstrue my melancholy which has a cause, whereof you suspect nothing, but which you ought not to know, should you desire to make the experience."

Udo was perplexed. How could human penetration discover the most hidden thoughts of his heart? He made the best of it, and said:

"Thoughts are free, my friend. If I have made a mistake, very well! thou hast not suffered; the best defence is, I think, to tell me the cause of thy silent gloom."

"Be it so," replied Waidemuth. "I understand astrology, and in your behalf have studied the aspects of your fate. I found that there is a change forthcoming which gives me uneasiness. That is the cause of my gloom. If you wish to know more, listen —"

"Stop!" interrupted Prince Udo, "the aspects of thy face show nothing good. I thank thee for thy interest in my fate, but abstain from telling me lest I suffer beforehand."

The astrologer kept silence. Udo dismissed him with feelings of true friendship, loaded him with gifts, and he disappeared no one knew where.

—

A few months passed, and a terrible clamor of war arose from the continent. Cruco, the King of the Obotrites, who ruled over Mecklenburg, prepared an expedition against all the tribes of the Obotrites who had left the allegiance of the King, with a view of uniting them again under the same dominion.

Udo was for once obliged to take notice of "foreign affairs" and sent reliable agents to inform. The rumors were but too true. The storm was yet far off, but the wind blew towards his island, and would soon bring it over the sea. He prepared as well as he could, and relied on the protection of the sea, which girded his possessions. But the fickle element turned to the stronger party, and carried on its broad back the hostile fleet to the very shores of Rugen.

The prince, unable to cope with the powerful host in open field, was besieged in his capital of Arcon, assaulted during forty days, until at last the city was taken. In the turmoil of slaughter, a band of faithful followers surrounded the prince, burst the gate, and rushed under cover of night through the hostile camp. They reached the shore, and put to a sea in a small vessel, uncertain where to direct their course. The hills of their native country disappeared, whilst the unfortunate prince gazed with tearful eye at the passing outline of what was once his possession. Yet he regretted not so much his lost dominions as the violent separation from his beloved wife and her sweet little daughter, the image of the mother and the joy of the father. The uncertainty concerning their fate increased his despair. He scarcely thanked his faithful guard for having saved him from the sword, and praised the blessing of the dead, who were freed from sorrow and anguish.

Fate itself seemed to pity the unfortunate prince, and was willing to grant him relief by ending his existence. A raging storm swept suddenly over the Baltic, seized the vessel, tossed it as a feather ball, tore the sail, split the mast, and broke the rudder. The miserable wreck was thrown up to the clouds, then plunged into the abyss, until on a hidden rock it broke to pieces. Udo was the first who at the helmsman's cry, "Each one look out for himself!" sprang with secret joy into the waves to hasten his end.

But an irresistible power drew him, against his will, from the depth, and a rolling wave left him senseless on the shore. When coming to himself he was surrounded by many people, who were busily engaged in restoring him to life; Waidemuth the Unknown was the first whom he beheld, anxiously watching his return to life. But instead of thanking him, Udo spoke with feeble voice and dejected countenance:

"Cruel man, have I deserved that thou shouldst bring me with violence from the blessing of rest to the whirlpool of new sufferings? Have mercy upon me, and let me find in the waves the grave which I so anxiously wish for. Let me glide from thy hand into the angry sea; I shall then recognize the hand of a benefactor!"

Waidemuth the Unknown gave him kindly his hand, and spoke with sadness in his voice:

"Your misfortune, noble prince, has crushed you with its heavy weight. But it becomes a steadfast man not to yield; no! but to exert the remaining strength in order to remove the weight, and to strive anew on high. Before you resolve to die, open at least your heart to a man whom once you esteemed worthy of your friendship, nor despise the comfort of sympathy."

"Ah," said the unhappy prince, "why dost thou wish me to repeat the misfortune of which the mere remembrance causes my heart to bleed: A powerful enemy has robbed me of my kingdom; I have lost my wife and her nurseling, the pledge of our love. Now thou knowest enough to justify my resolve to quit a life which seems bitterer to me than the grimness of death itself."

The Unknown answered: "All that the stars foretold me, when Is aked them your fate, and that caused my sadness when I departed. But the signs may become favorable to you. Therefore do not despair. It is in the power of fate to make you ample restitution for your losses. You are young and active; shall you grieve to death for a woman? Does it not depend upon yourself to find the housewife who will give you children to take care of you in old age? And does not fortune dispense crowns and kingdoms to whom it will? A good husbandman tries to gain back the penny he has lost; the lazy one complains and groans, sits down and gets poor."

Prince Udo sat in deepest grief, looked towards the sea, yet found in this philosophy but little strength for heart and mind. But Waidemuth did not cease to console and encourage him; and at last the prince consented to follow him into a shipper's hut not far from the shore, where he received the care of his host, consisting of ship's provisions.

And therewith Udo lost all the romance which he had imagined, when he had received as his guest the marvellous stranger on the Rugen shore. Now he saw that this adventurer was neither a magician nor a sea-god, but a common skipper, in nothing different from his equals, except by a certain gift of prophecy, which was, as usual, of no account in his own country. Therefore he expected but little consolation from his friendship; although his zeal to render him service for the received kindness naturally pleased him. After a frugal repast, where, however, the cup of welcome filled with sparkling wine was not forgotten, the obliging host showed the wearied guest a resting-place, with the wish that the golden sleep might make him forgetful, for a time at least, of grief and sorrow.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A HORSE.

CHAPTER I.

"Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung."
[*Locksley Hall.*

"THERE is nothing like exercise, my dear madam, in a case of this sort; you may depend upon me when I tell you so; and as exercise upon *four* legs will be even more advantageous than exercise upon two, you must get a horse for your daughter, and let her ride as much as she can: provided always that she is not afraid Eh, my dear?"

This last query was directed by Sir Erasmus Globule, the fashionable physician of the day, to his youthful patient Miss Gloriana Applegarde, who had been brought to him for advice, in one of those difficult cases in which general decline of bodily health takes place, without any ostensible or tangible cause. It had baffled the attempts of the country practitioner utterly to arrest, or even understand it; and it was indeed at his recommendation that the shrewd and affable doctor (who had won a world-wide fame more from quickness and penetration than from any deep learning and research) had been at last consulted by the anxious mother on her daughter's account.

Under his sunshiny influence the most desponding patient would become cheerful and reassured; and in the case in question it was evident that he had hit upon a remedy acceptable to the invalid, for her pale cheek flushed, and her slender frame trembled with eagerness, as she replied, "Afraid! oh no, indeed, Sir Erasmus: I have always had a passion for horses, although I have never had an opportunity of riding. I should like it better than anything in the world."

It was, indeed, just as she said. As a child she had read of horses, and loved horses in that reckless, impassioned sort of way in which little girls are supposed to love only dolls or kittens; as she had grown older, she had never formed in imagination a tale or a romance in which a horse was not a principal hero, the biped being on every occasion entirely subordinate to the glorified quadruped. She had never found any difficulty in learning by heart any piece, prose or poetical, which treated of the all-engrossing subject; she had wept with James Fitz-James over the fate of the gallant horse that lay a-dying in the Highland glen, and believed that nothing in poetry equalled the pathos of the lines—

Then touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse:
"I little thought when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed.
Woe worth the chase! woe worth the day!
That cost thy life, my gallant grey;"

or the majesty of those in "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," describing the noble grief of him who was "the fleetest steed from Aufidus to Po":

But like a graven image
Black *Auster* kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily
With puts and fond caresses,
The young *Herminia* washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with colored ribbons,
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse,
In carnage and in mire;

or the graphic force of those in the Spanish ballad, when the Cid displays his peerless charger, in the sight of the king and the courtiers, saying—

"But that your Majesty may see him,
And know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont
When his nostrils smelt the Moor."

After which gallant display of horsemanship, the science of the Cid is put to the last test, by the breaking of the bridle

when, equal to the occasion, in sight of the wondering crowd, he is seen "proudly ruling" the fiery steed, "with the fragment of his rein."

Although the penetrating eye of Sir Erasmus Globule, aided by his wide experience, could hardly have enabled him to ascertain all this at a glance, it had enabled him, metaphorically speaking, to put his finger at once upon the seat of disease. Some employment, or amusement, which would act as a counterbalance to the mind subject to a brooding and overwhelming thought; some healthful exercise calculated to restore energy and buoyancy to the drooping frame: this was what experience told him was necessary for the recovery of his patient; and such employment and such amusement, experience had also told him, were more often productive of good results, when obtained through the agency of the "four legs" (whose good offices we heard him bespeak in his facetious and amiably patronizing way, in the beginning of this chapter) than by the unassisted efforts of only two. Miss Applegarde's passion for horses, which had never before been in the way of being indulged, made the simple prescription of the great man, in this particular instance, one of his luckiest hits.

Had he not been the most reserved, as well as the most acute of men, he would naturally have questioned so tender a mother as Mrs. Applegarde, as to her daughter's tone of mind, and the circumstances into which she had been thrown; but he trusted to his own instinctive perception; and in that instance, as in most of those which came under his observation, he did not trust in vain. Never was guinea fee more easily, and at the same time more deservedly earned; and before the sound of the wheels of his brougham had died away, and mingled with the rumble of the distant streets, Mrs. Applegarde exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "I am so glad, really, that we came to town; we never *should* have thought of your riding, should we, my dear?"

"I dare say not, mamma," said Gloriana; "but," she added, with a spark of the old animation in look and voice, "I like the idea very much, now that it is put into my head for me, as a thing that *can* be done. I have no doubt that I should have thought of it long ago, if it had only seemed to be in the least practicable. As it is, I cannot exactly see how it is to be managed."

"I confess that I foresee a difficulty in the matter of procuring the animal," Mrs Applegarde remarked, deliberately, while a smile, tender, but rallying, played about her daughter's lips, as she answered—

"It is indeed that first difficulty of "catching your horse" which appears to me almost insurmountable: there will be no difficulty about the riding part of it, for that has been my daydream all my life. We have no one to take into our council but Wells; and I do not suppose that he is much of a judge of horses, even should he be willing to help us, which I think more than doubtful."

Gloriana had not uttered so many consecutive sentences, or appeared so much interested upon any subject, since her insidious illness had been gradually but surely gaining ground upon her life, which circumstance Mrs. Applegarde noted with delighted surprise, as she replied, "I had no idea, my dear child, that you would have cared so much about it, or I would have procured you a horse long ago. But, to tell you the truth, such an event as your taking to riding never entered my head; and, with no gentleman to manage anything for us, there must always have been some little difficulty in the matter. Now that riding is ordered for you, however, by Sir Erasmus, for your health, it is a very different thing; and in spite of difficulties, in whatever shape or form they present themselves, the thing must be done."

It will be necessary here to explain, how it came to pass that so lovely a girl as Gloriana herself, and so elegant and attractive a woman as her widowed mother, should have to appear upon the list of "unprotected females," whose difficulties and dilemmas in the great battle of life have afforded a rich vein of amusement for those lovers of the grotesque and the incongruous, who are still chivalric enough to feel that there is a reproach to the male public, conveyed in the words themselves—that it should be possible for a "female" to be made conscious of her unprotected state, when thrown upon the mercy of society in an advanced stage of civilization, is, we presume, the incongruity which excites the risible muscles of the stronger sex.

Hoping that it is so, we hasten to acquit the men of Mrs. Applegarde's acquaintance, and those honored also by relationship to the fair widow and her daughters, from the reproach of want of taste, or want of feeling, which any backwardness on their part might well seem to imply. Mrs. Applegarde's isolated position in the world, had been entirely the result of her own self-chosen line of action. Naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, the great grief into which she had been plunged by the early loss of her husband, had given her an absolute distaste to society of any kind, with the exception of that of her two orphan children, Gloriana and her sister Katherine (commouly called Kate), in whom every thought of her heart was centred. She had withdrawn herself so entirely from the world that the process of forgetting—never a difficult one in that busy quarter—had been very quietly accomplished on either side, and very near male relatives, or friends, Mrs. Applegarde, since her last brother-in-law's death, in the prime of his life, had none.

She had brought up her two young daughters in their cottage home, where they lived like three white doves in a cot, and in the enjoyment of a competence of about twelve hundred a year, which, with their small establishment, and moderate expenditure, might almost have come under the head of wealth.

Although, however, Park Side Cottage was, as we have shown, innocent of any male element whatsoever, in the higher grade of life, that small *ménage* was ruled with a rod of iron, by a domestic tyrant, in the shape of "the old servant," the *treasure* of the family, who had lived with Mr. Applegarde from his boyhood, and who while he secretly worshipped every member of the family, manifested his inward affection, principally by the undesirable outward sign of general and indiscriminate intimidation.

Mr. Wells, the faithful and time-honored butler, was, it must be owned, the head of the House of Applegarde. Since Gloriana's spirits and health had failed, indeed, no one had ventured to contradict or to thwart him in any one single particular. She had always been, as he expressed it, the most "spirity" of the three; and, often and sorely as she had tried his domineering and irritable temperament, he would have given the famous receipt for plate-powder, which had gone down an heirloom from father to son in his family for some generations, to have welcomed once again from her lips the bold defiance or the saucy repartee. It was Wells, indeed, who had first suggested to Mrs. Applegarde, that his young lady's lassitude and general debility was assuming an alarming shape, and that, "as far as he saw, Mr. Kempe"—the family apothecary, who had attended at Park Side Cottage on all occasions when juvenile epidemics had awoke the anxious fears of the mother for her little girls—"was no better than an old woman, for anything more out of the common than measles or whooping-cough. It's easy to see," he continued, "that he doesn't understand the case. It's all very well to say, 'I ood, miss,' if my young lady wishes to walk on the downs, with an east wind cutting like a razor, because she thinks it bracing; or 'oodn't, miss,' if she takes it into her head not to go out in mild weather, because she considers it damp. But, without being able to see into a millstone, it's easy enough to see that he is a better judge of port wine, than he is of what's ailing Miss Gloriana—and has been for these weeks past."

But one half, or one quarter of this harangue would have been sufficient to raise in Mrs. Applegarde's anxious breast, a thousand apprehensions for her daughter's health. Her husband, and several members of his family, had died of consumption; and the idea that her eldest child might be already drooping from the effects of that insidious and fatal disease, filled her with horror and dread.

The heart of Wells, indeed, bled inwardly as he saw the thin, transparent cheek of his beloved mistress grow white under the probe of his awakening words; but he steeled it with the reflection, which greater philosophers than he have made before him, there is nothing so blind as the blindness of love. It is one of the most painful things in life to witness that fatal blindness of affection for the danger which threatens its object—to hear a husband, or a parent, or a wife talk calmly of those "to-morrows," which, it is evident fact to the eye of the most indifferent stranger, will never come—to see the eye of the foe in ambush glaring upon the unconscious victim, and know that in a few moments that the terrible spring will be made.

Cruel as the words might have appeared at first sight to be, they were dictated by the honest affection of the old servant for his late master's widow and child; and they did good service in the result, which was the well-timed advice of a sagacious doctor, who saw at a glance the best means of arresting the progress of the morbid and melancholy tone of mind, which was laying its withering finger day by day upon the health of the body. Such cases had doubtless come under the doctor's searching eye before; and the same remedy been prescribed perhaps in the same words; for the idea of "exercise upon four legs being better than exercise upon two" was quite a joke in Sir Erasmus' estimation, and he was fond of a joke, that dapper, affable little man, the idol of the fashionable world.

It certainly sounded like a simple remedy enough; but how about the four legs in question? how about the blemishes, the spavins, the spliuts, ring-bones, the string-halts, the corns, the unsoundnesses, and all the subtle and incurable evils that those four legs in horseflesh are heir to? How was it likely that three lovely and innocent women, and one aristocratic butler—to whom the "noble animal," as we were taught from our infancy to call the horse, was a quadruped unknown—could procure four sound and intact specimens of the article required, against, as it were, a world in arms? How indeed? The experienced in such matters will scarcely be inclined to agree with Mrs. Applegarde on the subject, who, in the exuberance of her maternal solicitude, declared that the matter "would be easy enough, if they only set about it the right way." An easy solution to all the problems which life offers for our consideration, if in that "right way" itself did not lie the pith and the centre of our bewilderment.

"Don't be volatile, Kate," she added, addressing her youngest daughter, a mischievous sprite, who was ready enough to make fun of the council of sages assembled, in congress, to discuss the momentous question; "don't be foolish, my dear, but help us to think what is best to be done under the circumstances. What do you think now of an advertisment in the Greyminster *Herald?* I can write one out at once;" and taking a sheet of note-paper, and seating herself at the elegantly appointed writing-table, she began to write with much appearance of determination—quoting herself, as she concluded, the first word of the sentence, which was the comprehensive word seen in such endless repetition in the columns of the *Times*—the word "Wanted."

"There," she said with an air of innocent triumph, in her progress so far in the *right* road to achievement, "I have written that; and now Mr. Wells," (Mrs. Applegarde thus addressed her *butler*, in the dignity of office, although the *man* to her was, for the sake of old associations, sometimes "Wells," but oftener than all simple "James,") now we must consider what it is that we *do* want."

And at this stage of the proceedings it must be confessed that the right way became less clear, and that Mrs. Applegarde became painfully conscious of an incapacity, which is common to many, of saying lucidly, or even grammatically, what she did want, when that was to assume the dignity of a "local habitation and a name" in the advertising sheet of a newspaper. What terrible confusion of the cases of nouns proper and substantive, and what a reckless disregard of the situation of corresponding adjectives, do not such columns daily present, for the mystification of mankind? Why, for instance, should a respectable divine, of average dimensions, and the usual bulk of well-grown humanity, hold out his own diminutive stature as a recommendation to the tenement which he is anxious to let? Why should he take a sort of imbecile and morbid satisfaction, in appearing in the public chronicles of the day, under the depreciating, and, as it appears to us, "Heep"-ishly "umble" title of "a small clergyman?"

Why did Mrs. Applegarde, who was diffident and retiring to a fault, write down three sentences, each calculated to convey—by implication at least—an unseemly exultation in the charms of her eldest daughter to a supercilious and gainsaying world? "*A pretty lady's* horse; *A quiet lady's* hack; *A handsome lady's* pony;" she read aloud, with unblushing cheek and unfaltering voice, quietly appealing to the daughter so described as to "which she should leave?" "Or shall I say," she continued, warming to her work, and getting vaguely glib upon the subject, "Wanted a horse, for a lady in delicate health, pretty to look at, and not too tall, with a long mane and tail, and must be quiet and well recommended. Price not such an object as a suitable animal. Apply at Park Side Cottage, Ambledown."

"Oh no, mamma, that really won't do at all," said Gloriana, now thoroughly roused from the languor which had taken such a hold upon her, and awakened such anxious fears on her account. "If you send that, we shall have all the screws in the country sent in for our inspection. I don't care, either, about having a regular cantering lady's horse; I should like to have one that I could make myself." Here I must mention that, owing to circumstances, (which I do not feel called upon at this stage of the "Adventures" to explain,) Gloriana had heard more about horses than any of the party assembled. That she had read more about them, too, I mentioned before; but the hero horses, the *Austers*, the *Bevises*, and the *Bavicas* of romance, resembled no more the every-day horses that she was likely to meet in real life, than did their shadowy warrior riders the sporting youths in knickerbockers, with their hands in their pockets, and cigars in their mouths, whom she he had met with "up at the park."

Book knowledge, however, and knowledge confined to mere hearsay, upon any subject, is soon fathomed and exhausted; and in personal experience with regard to them, she was as innocent and as ignorant as the rest of the party. "We need not mention the height," she went on to say; "I have heard people say that a lady always looks better on a horse that is rather high." The reader will observe that the young lady forbore the word *tall* in describing a horse, which her mother had made use of.

"I would not have a helephant, either, miss," remarked Wells, sententiously, who entertained a well-founded horror of anything too much exalted in the shape of a horse, always taking into consideration the probability of a "fall."

"The Duke has been thrown, I hear," remarked one of the field, to the huntsman of a celebrated pack, and in reference to an enthusiastic sportsman, who could not ride. "His grace fell off," was the short and pointed reply; and it was no doubt with reference to such a contingency, that Mr. Wells delivered his oracular sentence, on the occasion in question. His young mistress had never ridden before. It was more than probable that in the first days of her initiation, she would meet with the catastrophe which befel the unlucky nobleman; and without any particular co-operation on the part of the horse, find it incumbent upon her inexperience to "fall off." "I should say that a good-sized pony would answer all purposes, and would be easier to get on and off."

"So it would, James," said his mistress, who in this case recognized and approved the feelings of the *man*. "I should not be so nervous about a pony, when Gloriana takes her first rides."

"But is Glorry to ride by herself?" observed Kate, suggesting thereby a new difficulty; for it had not entered into the calculations of this family council that somebody would be required to "ride after" Miss Applegarde, or that somebody must, of necessity, come under the head of a class held in the utmost abhorrence by Mr. Wells, belonging to the *genus* groom. A respectable full-blown coachman, who had nothing to do but to handle the reins of his equally fat carriage-horses, was the nearest approach to the region of the stable, which that stately official could tolerate between the wind and his nobility.

At Kate's remark, therefore, Mr. Wells experienced that sort of mental revulsion described by the sensation novelist under the type of an earthquake—"if an earthquake had opened under his feet he could not have been more staggered, or his senses been merged into such utter or irremediable confusion," et cetera, et cetera. The effect of this curious mental phenomenon, in this instance, was that it presented to the imagination of the individual most concerned a series of dissolving views, each one more unwelcome and more clearly defined than the last.

The vision of an intruder at all into the precincts of that refined and aristocratic establishment was cruel enough; but when another rapidly took its place, of a saucy upstart, looking upon the lovely housemaid, or the good-natured cook, with the aspiring glance of love; of a low wretch, strengthening by open rebellion, or secret strategy, the scarcely stifled faction existing between the kitchen and the housekeeper's room: of an earthworm who, as reigning monarch of the stable, would beard and defy the autocrat of the pantry—the feelings of the victim are more easily imagined than described. The countenance of the great man, generally so immovable, must have betrayed the contending emotions that were at war in his soul; for the contemplation of it provoked Gloriana into remarking, with one of her old smiles, "You see in what an undertaking we are embarked. 'Exercise upon four legs' is an easy thing to talk about; but in our singularly *unhorsey* establishment we are involved in a difficulty every way we turn. Fortunately, there *are* stables; but where shall we find a respectable, trustworthy groom?"

"Where indeed?" said Mrs. Applegarde, nervously, for she had seen the cloud gathering on the brow of the faithful Welles, as the objectionable word had passed her daughter's lips: "this is indeed an unforeseen difficulty."

"And what is he to ride? You must advertise for two horses, whilst you are about it, mother dear," put in Kato suggestively. "Sir Erasmus might have made more of his prescription, and of his joke, for there must be eight legs in it after all, to say nothing of the additional biped."

"Oh Kate! Kate! you are incorrigible. I really do not see through what is to be done, unless you could find some riding companions, my dear."

"What a pity the young Squire and Miss Levision are away," remarked Mr. Welles; and at this speech a crimson flush rushed painfully into Gloriana's pale cheek; to divert attention from which circumstance it was, I have no doubt, that she said so hastily: "Why can't I have a pony, and then surely there could be no harm in my riding about the park, the commons, and these quiet lanes by myself? Let me write the advertisement, mamma, please, and we will see first what comes of that;" and taking the pen from her mother's hand, she sat down, and, after a little meditation, wrote as follows: "Wanted, immediately, a good-sized pony, strong, handsome, temperate; warranted sound; that will carry a lady. Apply to Mr. Wells, Park Side Cottage, Ambletown."

"It is better to imply that there is a man in the case," the young lady added; "we are less likely to be done."

"Certainly, miss," said the now gratified Wells, with a condescending air of lofty superiority; "it is by far the better plan. And smiling the bland smile, which proclaimed that the irascible temperament had accepted and swallowed the sop artfully prepared for its sensitive palate, he condescended himself to be the bearer of the important missive to the post-office in the village, hard by.

(*Continued in our next.*)

A PROUD man and a cobra di capello hold their heads erect.

THE HAY-MAKERS.

THE sun laughs through, piercing the blue,
And cleaving the red clouds' heart:
Up from the corn, in the sweet June morn
The larks by twenties start.

The wheat's green sea rolls wide and free
For many a pleasant mile,
As row by row the mowers go,
On every face a smile.

Each corn-flower blue wears a jewel of dew,
And over the bright green sea,
The poppies on high their red flags fly,
All fluttering in their glee.

The stalks between, bright-flashing, keen,
Sweeps on each glittering scythe;
Of the sorrel red, and the thistle-head,
They take a royal tithe.

But when the noon, no whit too soon,
Comes with its lessening shadow,
They sit and laugh, and joke and quaff,
Under the oak in the meadow.

Then when sun sets, and cool dew wets
The tawny hills of hay,
Homeward they go, and the after glow
Greets them upon their way.

THE * * * * IN THE CLOSET.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE BARON DELAUNAY.

JUNE 3D, 1770: *Paris.*—The Vicomte de Grandchamps called this morning—splendid as usual, with buttons of Roman mosaic on his velvet coat, and his point-lace *jabot* the true coffee-color now in vogue. What an age of pretension it is! The dandy conceals his own fine hair beneath a hideous crop of the barber's invention. The ladies cover their fair skins with rouge and little patches of black; the graceful play of their limbs is thwarted by some artificial device to swell out their petticoats and nip in their waists—even the pearly whiteness of their lace must be dyed in coffee to give it a look of age! How preposterous shall we appear to future ages, when a more enlightened education and a higher tone of morality shall enable society to return to nature, consequently to beauty! I can fancy how the students of the next century will contrast their costume of our ladies—their petticoats tucked up to display their legs, attractively set off by colored and embroidered stockings; their little feet distorted by high-heeled shoes; their painted cheeks, their false hair, their little shadeless hats—with the long flowing robes indicating the graceful limbs without displaying them, the chaste wimple, the modest veil of the middle ages. I can fancy what lesson they will deduct from these outward signs, and how they will understand only from pictures the reverential devotion of the knights of St. Louis's time for their noble ladies, and the familiar lewd gallantry of the reign of Louis XV. To return to the vicomte, who suggested this digression. He entered, and threw himself indolently down on the easiest of my arm-chairs, stretching out his legs the better to admire their exquisite proportions.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you are on the eve of giving up your liberty?"

"My liberty! what is that?"

"Ah!" he replied, with a little laugh, stroking his calves the while, "very good; what is his liberty?—cynical as usual. Do not we bachelors come and go at will, order our own dinner, pursue our own pleasure, form our own little acquaintances, not to shock you with tender names, invite our own banquets? Once married, *mon cher*, some one else rules all that; you may pay the cost—that will be your share of the fun. It is true you may have separate establishments, but that is expensive, and no particular good."

"All that may be the case in your menage, vicomte," I replied; "but I assure you it will not be so in mine. Time only can prove how much marriage may increase or diminish my happiness; but decidedly, I shall remain master of my own house."

"Then you will live in perpetual warfare, and we shall soon see the marks of nails on your grave, sober face. That is a worse condition than the other."

"Neither one nor the other is necessary, I assure you."

"Ah, poor Delaunay, what an infatuation! I had hoped it might not be true, when the fellows at the fencing court told me you had asked the hand of Gabrielle de Vigny of her parents."

"It is true that I have made proposals to the parents of Mlle. de Vigny," I replied, with a stress on the *mademoiselle* he had so rudely omitted; "but I am not so sure of obtaining it."

"You don't mean to say De Viguy hesitated?—the hypocrite!"

"Not at all, but the young lady herself has not seen me; she is still in her convent."

"And you think she will be consulted?"

"I am sure she will; I will not force myself upon any one."

"Ah, well, girls are all alike! she will say yes, glad enough to leave school and be Mme. la Baronne Delaunay, with a handsome husband, a handsome house, and a handsome fortune. And then she will amuse herself. Poor things, they are so caged up!—they know nothing but restraint, whereas we men, by marrying, either lose our liberty, or——"

"Valuable liberty, truly! We do as we like, because no one cares what we do; stop out late because no one at home is longing for us; form silly friendships because there is no one to fill up the blank in our heart."

"Our *heart!* Really, Delaunay, conversation with you is like reposing in a shady arbor! Fancy a man of the court of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XV. talking about our hearts! Ah, here is François with chocolate; I drink in that most innocent beverage to the success of your Arcadian dream. May your choice be as sweet as your chocolate."

And so he ran on, and I reasoned with him no longer. *A quoin bon?* It was not worth the trouble. But am I so sure of the wisdom of my plans? I have seen her portrait; it is charming. Her parents are worthy people, and she is only fifteen; surely, at that age, she can have acquired no taint of the vices of the day, no taste for its artificial pleasures. She will yield to my superior experience. I will be so gentle with her; I will so truly make her feel the identity of our interests—but softly, she is not yet mine, she may never bear my name, for her wishes shall never be forced for me.

5th June.—Waited betimes on Mme. de Vigny, for she had, I know, fixed on the 4th for her daughter's arrival in Paris, and I could not rest till I had seen her and learnt my fate. There is a certain air of poverty about the apartments, in spite of the gentility of the lady's manners, which makes me fear that my fortune may be an acceptable prospect to the De Vignys, and I more than ever determine to ascertain for myself if the parents dictate to the poor girl her choice. After a brief apology for presenting so early in the day, "Is she arrived?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed."

"And she was quite willing to come?"

"What a question! Gabrielle has never disobeyed her parents."

"But was she glad, happy, or did she weep?"

"Nay, I must admit she shed many tears; but what would you expect? She has been with the good nuns seven years, and she loves them dearly. She is so young she had never thought of changing her condition; and she is so timid, too. There were girls there no older than herself who cast such looks of envy upon her as she bade them farewell. 'Ah, how happy you will be!' they exclaimed. 'Come and see us when you are a great lady, and tell us all about court when you are presented.' But my poor Gabrielle only kissed them, and wept without speaking. They were all standing behind the *grille* when we drove away. But she is quite happy this morning; listen, is not that a merry song?"

"Ah, madame, let me go down to the garden to her. I must see her. I can wait no longer now I have heard her voice."

"What are you thinking of, baron? She has no proper attire; she yet wears her little convent frock! I have already sent for a mantua-maker. In a few days she shall be presented to you; but to see her alone before marriage, at any rate before signing the contract—impossible: that is never done. Monsieur le Baron must be aware of it?"

"I am, dear madame; but I am not bound by any of our absurd formalities myself, and I entreat you to set them aside in my favor. Good heavens, madame! what idea have you formed of your future son, that you are afraid to trust him to speak to your daughter?"

As I grew warm the lady was obviously embarrassed between her strong sense of the proprieties and her desire not to offend me. "I wish my husband were at home," she sighed.

"Listen, dear madame; you must allow me to see mademoiselle, for I have vowed never to marry a girl who cannot assure me that she voluntarily becomes my wife."

The lady looked still more uncomfortable. "She is so timid, she would not dare tell you so much."

"Well, at any rate, you must let me try. Do you not see that I am only consulting her interest. You consent. I go then; I shall be almost in your presence in that arbor."

The lady fairly cried as she again muttered something about her poor attire, but I hastily left the room. The more she desired the match, the more determined I became to ascertain if the daughter was averse to it; and a few seconds brought me into the garden. Gabrielle was standing under a lilac-tree—the sun glancing in chequered rays through the boughs upon her brilliant hair, her white throat, her simple dress. And I see that dear little frock now—a white chintz strewed with rosebuds; her face was bent over a lilly-of-the valley she was smelling, but the profile was exquisite; the little hands which held the flower were so delicate! My haste received a sudden check; it was for me to feel timid, uncertain. What if that lovely flower were not for me; what if that sweet face were to turn away from me with aversion. All my thoughts were confused, words failed me. Now that I had seen her, how could I bear to risk a refusal? I had almost resolved to return to her mother, and beg her to plead my cause; but I could not stir—that girlish figure, that elegant *pose*, that beautiful head, enthralled me quite. Suddenly she turned round and perceived me; a crimson blush overspread her face and neck, and she was bounding away like a startled fawn, when I boldly caught her hand, and, gently detaining her, explained who I was, and that her mother had allowed me to visit her in the arbor.

Poor little thing—how frightened—how agitated she looked! For seven years she had seen no man but the old priest: and her dress fluttered visibly with the beating of her heart. My own taught me how to reassure her. I had determined to be as correct, as respectfully ceremonious as her mother's scruples could have desired; but with that darling, trembling child by my side, how could I? I seated her on a little bench, on which there was barely room for us two, and still retaining her hand, I said, simply, "Gabrielle, your parents have allowed me to ask you to become my wife—did they speak to you on the subject?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the thought grieves you?"

There was a pause: I could see that she dared not answer openly.

"Do not be afraid, you are entirely your own mistress—no one will control your inclinations—no one will even persuade you in the matter. I will never see you again, if you tell me to go. If it does not make you unhappy, I will remain with you a little while: may I?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Then don't tremble so; have confidence in me, for I seek only to make you happy. Look at me and tell me if I am so very formidable?"

She raised her eyes as if from a habit of obedience, and dropped them again; then looked up again voluntarily and steadily. The truthful, beautiful eyes! how I dived into their lustrous depths! That look sealed my fate. Gabrielle ceased to tremble. She said little—but she listened willingly; and before I quitted her side she had given me the lily-of-the-valley she had been smelling when I first saw her, (I have it still.) Ah! what a change had taken place in my sensations when I rejoined the mother! I actually embraced the good lady.

"Well?" she said.

"She is an angel. I have not deserved such happiness; and she will love me soon—I know she will. Ah, madame, how can I thank you enough for such a treasure. And her dress is charming. Pray, do not alter it; do not spoil her lovely simplicity; do not make her look ever so little like the ladies of the court."

The good mother was immensely relieved by my enthusiastic admiration, but she said her daughter must have the trousseau of a lady; and so I came home to my solitary house in a state of elysium.

8th June.—My suit prospers; each day my Gabrielle (mine!) grows more familiar, more charming; but I feel a sort of panic when I consider her extreme youth and inexperience. She has seen nothing, known nothing—she does not dislike me, but with whom could she compare me? Her mother takes her from house to house to pay the customary calls to her relatives before marriage: but I know too well how such visits are endured. A kiss on the forehead, with kind congratulations from the elders, a bow from the young cousins, the distribution of a little box of bonbons, which old and young chump with the same relish, and the ceremony is ended, without my little Gabrielle having raised her eyes.

I shudder sometimes as I think of the wretched marriages I have known, and fancy that perhaps the poor young bride was taken from her convent to the altar, ignorant and innocent as my betrothed, and that, when it was too late, her eyes were opened, and her affections engaged when her duty bound her to another, a stranger!

It was my wish to retire to my chateau of St. Vermout, and there to lead with her such a life as cannot exist in this corrupt capital; but her mother, I see, expects her to be presented at court, and I myself feel scruples as to the kindness of selecting her lot for her ere she has experience to judge of it for herself.

"Yes, she must first see a little more of life, and here *apropos*, arrives an invitation from the vicomte's father, the Marquis de Grandchamps, to a *fete champetre* at his superb house at St. Maur. He tells me I am to meet Mme. de Vigny and her lovely daughter, in whose honor the *fete* is given. Ah! I have hardly patience to think of the old libertine carrying her about, and introducing her to his friends—male and female. Inconsistent that I am, is it not what I was just resolving was the juster course of the two?"

11th June.—The most lovely day favored the Marquis's *fete*, which was certainly a grand success. Mme. de Viguy offered me a place in her coach; it is a most antiquated vehicle, and so heavy that her four fat Norman horses could barely drag it along at the rate of four miles an hour. But what mattered the slowness of their pace to me—with Gabrielle seated opposite to me, with her bright young face, listening to my account of everything the journey suggested, particularly the donjon of Vincennes? Ah! I could not resist the temptation of making those large eyes dilate with terror, as I related to her, as graphically as I could, some of the horrible adventures of prisoners immured forever within those walls.

"And are there prisoners there now?" she asked, looking sadly at the fortified walls.

"Yes, many."

"So you said when we passed the Bastile," she answered "Two prisons in one drive, and on such a brilliant summer's day. The good God comfort the poor captives!"

I repented of the picturesqueness of my descriptions—alas! in no way exaggerated—when I found that I could not win another smile from her till we came suddenly at a turn of the road upon the Marne, winding here silvery bright in the sunshine, there blue and cool beneath the willows which overhang it. The grounds of the marquis slope down to the water's edge, brilliant with gaily-painted kiosques and Chinese summer-houses. Poles supporting wreaths of flowers, festooned, marked the approach to the house; and almost ere we had passed the gates a group of would-be shepherdesses, attired in white and blue brocade, all looped up with roses, and with blue ribbons floating from their crooks, advanced to welcome us and conduct us to the master of the revels. They were his daughters. Three years ago they were as fresh and as girlish as my Gabrielle. Now their beauty is entirely obscured by artificial adornments; not a look is unsophisticated, not a gesture is natural.

The fete, as might be expected, was splendid, and very much Gabrielle seemed to enjoy it, except when her modesty suffered as she was brought too prominently forward to public notice. I think what pleased her most was a delightful concert, in which the vicomte had performed to great perfection a selection from Piccini's *Dido*.

"Ah!" said the old marquis, observing her delight, "you young people find pleasure in all that wandering up and down, which, to me, is little better than tuning the instruments. If you had heard Lulli play the violin, so tender, so simple, yet so wonderful! It is my son who is wild after Piccini; he ordered the concert. He takes his part with such vehemence, that he has written at least twenty satires against Gluck: and at the famous battle at the Palais Royal he is believed to have knocked down about a dozen Gluckites with the feather out of his hat, which was the only weapon he had at command.

"All which," I observed, "does not hinder Gluck from being the greatest composer we have ever had, as I hope to prove to Mademoiselle de Vigny to-morrow, at the representation of his *Orfeo*."

The old marquis smiled. "I should have guessed you were a Gluckite, always of the severe school. Ah! mademoiselle, you must enliven your future husband; make him one of us. Do not allow him to frown down upon our innocent frivolity, like a Parisian Cato. Time is so short; why not improve it by gilding its wings, since we cannot clip them, and crowning it with flowers, since we cannot conceal its old bald head."

The marquis then begged me to lead out Mademoiselle de Vigny for a minuet; but though her mother nodded approvingly at the proposal, Gabrielle herself grew pale with timidity. She dared neither refuse nor accept; and most gratefully she thanked me when I assured her that she was there only for her own pleasure, and need do nothing that was painful or disagreeable to herself.

On our return home, as the moon was at the full, Madame de Vigny had caused no footman to attend us with torches—the way, too, being so long; but the moon was often obscured by clouds, or concealed by the tops of the trees. In passing along the Bois de Vincennes we were for nearly half an hour in darkness. Madame slept profoundly. Never before had I had my betrothed so entirely to myself; and from low whispers of affection we sank into a silence more eloquent still of love. I took her hand, and it returned the pressure of mine; I could not see her face, but I drew her nearer—nearer to me—and on her forehead I imprinted the first kiss I had ever dared to take, half-fearing the while lest she should resent it; but my lips still

lingered on her brow when I felt her dear arms cast arouud me —her heart was beating against mine, her mouth sought mine. O joy! all that I felt for her she felt for me; it was no quiet acquiescence in an inevitable doom; her being had bounded forth to meet mine. Not a word was said, but from that moment I felt she was my wife. All scruples ceased; it mattered not where she went, or whom she saw, she was mine as voluntarily as I was hers.

12*th June*.—Conducted Gabrielle and mother to the representation of *Orfeo*. Ah, poor Gabrielle, how deeply she was moved—it was all real to her—her dear eyes never wandered for a single moment from the stage, aud flashed with hope or filled with tears as the story changed; but when at last she saw Orpheus about to turn round, unable to bear the importunities of Eurydice, she clasped her hands passionately, and exclaimed aloud, "Why do you not trust him when he loves you so much!" Involuntarily Eurydice looked up to our box, and so did many others. Poor Gabrielle, covered with confusion, sat as far back as she could, and the crimson had not faded from her neck when De Grandchamps entered.

"I have come to felicitate you," he exclaimed. "What would I not give to believe once more in a play! I can only just remember the sensation, but it was very delightful. Now, you see, I'm only wondering whether Orpheus's G sharp will be true. Gluck never before received such praise as yours. I had intended to ask you if you did not think it dreadfully heavy stuff; but when I saw your face I knew it was useless to try and get auy censure from you. You have espoused Delaunay's tastes before himself."

He spoke in a bantering way, as usual, but I could see that he was unusually charmed by the modest grace aud beauty of Gabrielle; he looked at her continually, and chatted to her with so much fun, and such a candid confession of all badness that she was soon very much entertained with him, aud gave him some of those silvery peals of girlish laughter which he told me were as melodious agaiu as any air of Gluck's. Returning home, I asked her how she liked De Grandchamps. "I thiuk him very amusing; of course, I do not believe iu all the wickedness he pretends to boast of. I suppose, ou the contrary, he is very good."

"And why so?"

"He could not be so gay if he were guilty—remorse would poison his life. He could not make a jest of his sins."

Poor innocent Gabrielle! I thought. Is that all thy penetration? then art thou safer with a protector less guileless thau thyself.

* * * * * * *

I have confided to Gabrielle my first design of living with her at St. Vermont, far from the gaieties aud dissipatious of Paris, devoting ourselves to the welfare of our poor neighbors and trying to ameliorate their fate, which is lamentable enough when their lord resides in the capital, and all they know of him are his exactions. God will not always suffer this state of things; there are already signs of coming vengeance, and this war in America will kindle such a love of liberty here as will not be readily extinguished. Pray God it become not anarchy and brutal liceuse!

Gabrielle received my proposal with au enthusiasm I had never before noticed in her. Her convent education seems to have fitted her specially for the life I had most at heart. Yes, she will move like a good augel amongst the poor, healing their bodily sickuesses with medicines and restoratives, aud pouring into their moral wounds the wiue and oil of her pure faith and touching sympathy. I told her I feared her mother would not be satisfied—her dreams for the future had been more ambitious.

"Nay," she answered, with her usual frankness, "mamma is too well pleased with our engagement to feel disappointed at auythiug you propose, aud papa would quite agree with your views of happiness."

Three days more, and she is mine! Ah, how can I ever make her sufficiently happy? the darling who has so willingly confided her young life to my care. Only three days!

St. Vermont, 24th June.—Midsummer in all its bloom; aud we here in the beautiful country to enjoy it. What peace, what serenity, after the excitement of our marriage! The chequered emotion of separation from Gabrielle's parents—the journey here—the enthusiastic reception of our good people! Gabrielle is delighted; she says it is a new world, much larger and grander than the Paris world of fashiou, of which she merely took a peep!

She thanks God her lot is placed here. Sweet child! she came to me this morning early, her hauds and dress laden with roses still gemmed with dew. "Come with me," she said: "I have gathered these for the altar of our kiud Lord; it is the day of St. John: we will go to church together and thank him—oh, for so much happiuess!" aud tears purer than the dew on the roses stood in her dark eyes, and a flush of joy more brilliant than their lovely color heighteued the beauty of her girlish face. I could only look at her, my heart was too full for words; surely my cup of contentment runs over.

30*th*.—Our sweet retirement ends to-day. De Grandchamps joins us. He has not been well, he says, aud begs us to give him a change of air and a little quiet. He is welcome, and we will nurse him well; but we are so happy I cannot look upon any change with pleasure.

1*st July*.—Certainly the vicomte is much altered, aud my wife sees it as much as I do. I questioned him as to his dejection, but cannot find that he has been playing deeper than usual, and I can think of no other loss that would affect him. A good dose of fresh air, he says, will set him up again. "Yes," I added, "if you do not die of *ennui* during the process."

3*d*.—Gabrielle looked sad to-day—perhaps I should rather say very serious—for the time since our marriage. When we were alone at night, "Gabrielle," I said, "there is not to be the faintest cloud between us two; tell me what saddens you."

Her old timidity returned, and her color, which varies so perpetually, went and came. I saw she was struggling with her natural shyness, and I waited patiently, holding her hands in mine to encourage her with my love and tenderness.

"M. de Grandchamps tells me you are so very learued, and I am so ignorant. He said—no, he did not say so, but he—— at least I understood him to mean that you would soon be tired of me, that you cared for nothing but science, literature, and—and—all that I don't understand. I saw that he was much surprised that you should ever have thought of me, and so am I now I reflect upon it."

"Dear Gabrielle! thank you for telling me. But I had imagined De Grandchamps far too much of a flatterer for such

"Oh, he interlarded it with compliments, and said he preferred me as I am, but I did not heed all that, because I was struck with the truth of what he first said—that you were so learned, and I so ignorant."

"I am twelve years older than you, Gabrielle, and certainly not twelve years wiser. But I own to a great respect for learning, though not learned myself. Shall we study together? Here, in this quiet place, we shall have leisure for reading."

"Anything with you."

4*th*.—Study with Gabrielle is not a brilliant success as yet; it is difficult to manage. Those stupid old nuns have left untaught the very first laws of everything but embroidery and confectionery, and it is really puzzling to kuow where to begin, so that Gabrielle may understand me. But if I am obliged to own that my wife has no book-learning, I must say that every fresh test proves her more and more intelligent and really wise. She has always done the right thing with the most perfect grace, whilst I have been considering what was expected of me; but as for books, the poor child yawns; it cannot be dissembled, she positively yawns.

I shall be glad when De Grandchamps returns to Paris. He seems quite well now, and is enjoying himself immensely. Strange that he should, so quiet as is our life. . . .

A box from Paris has quite restored my wife's gay smiles. I suppose because it was a remembrance of her mother, for the box seemed to contain nothing but old school-books, working material, etc.

12*th*.—De Grandchamps gone to a friend a few leagues off. I am afraid I am wanting in hospitality, but I really was not sorry to see him ride off, though he may return a day heuce.

14*th*.—What is the meaniug of this? When I went to my wife's boudoir this morniug—always as much mine as her's—I found the door locked; aud when, after some delay, it was opened, her mauner was confused, her face averted from mine. What does it mean? I had vowed to hear of, to practice, no concealment, and yet somehow I could not explain myself—could ask nothiug about the hurried manner, the locked door.

15*th*.—I fancied, after our little discomfort of yesterday, that Gabrielle might be embarrassed, colder, perhaps, but she is not. I never saw her more gay, more playfully kind. And yet she has nothing satisfactory; she has not even reproached me with not demanding the explanation we had agreed to have on every subject of difference, be it ever so slight. And yet she hides——Nonsense, her face is candor itself; she hides nothing. It was a chance, and she has attached uo importauce to it, has not thought of it again. But why lock the door wheu she heard me?

16*th*.—O misery! she conceals something. I saw her to-day hastily snatch some article from her work-basket aud thrust it into her pocket. And yet she carries it off bravely! she is gay, and I—I am wretched—tormented with doubts. To-morrow I will know all—at auy price I will—I know not why I am silent so long; is it fear?

17*th*.—I feigned to go out fishiug this morning and returned almost immediately. I went straight up to Gabrielle's room, but as I approached the door I heard her step within fly across the room and hastily draw the bolt. All calm forsook me—

"Open the door, Gabrielle!"

"Yes, dear, in one moment."

"Instantly, madame!"

The bolt was withdrawu immediately, and Gabrielle stood there with such a look of fearful perplexity in her large eyes; I had called her madame!

"Why did you lock your door?" No answer. "Why did you lock your door?" I repeated, more angrily. Still uo answer.

Gabrielle could uot prevaricate, but I saw that her frighteued looks turned ever to the door of a large closet near the window.

"Give me the key of that closet."

She obeyed tremblingly, but as I put the key iu the lock she rushed forward, and, with a look of most miserable confusion, put her little hands against the door.

"I pray you not to opeu it!"

For all answer, I took both her hands iu one of mine, (they were such baby hands!) and with a jerk of successful rage burst opeu the door. As I did so, there came tumbliug against me the figure of a large waxen doll!! My rival—my skeleton in the closet! It had been sent in that box which had given her so much pleasure—her old convent doll—her playmate for many years! And I had been jealous of that doll, with which my poor little wife of fifteen played on the sly! As I beheld her round, vacant, rosy face, her staring glass eyes, my first impulse was a burst of laughter, quenched almost immediately in a feeliug of such remorseful shame as I hope never to feel again. I had so erred against my most innocent wife that I was ashamed to ask her forgiveuess; every attempt. even, at apology, would be an insult to a spirit so pure—so incapable of a thought, even, of evil. What was I to do? A stifled sob from Gabrielle met my ear. I knelt down and asked her pardon with most sincere humiliation.

"Forgive you," she sobbed, "for what? Will *you* not despise *me* forever?"

Her guileless mind had not even understood my insane suspicions; she thought only of her detected childishuess. Glad was I to avail myself of her innocence.

"I have been so rude to you, dearest; I have giveu you pain," I stammered out.

Ah! how much more ashamed was I of my jealousy than she could be of her doll, and how much more ridiculous was I! Dear, dear little Gabrielle!

* * * * * * *

1*st December*.—Gabrielle called me this morning to show me the waxen dolly carefully packed up in a box.

"Do you know for whom I am saving dear old waxy?" she asked, with a smile; a smile which has much, much more in it than the old sunbeam of the childish face six months back.

"And yet, Gabrielle," I auswered, poiuting to some Liliputian needle-work, "yet you are still making doll's clothes."

"For all your learning, you are only a goose!" was the reply.

Fancy Gabrielle laughing at me in the presence of that doll of which she had been so dreadfully ashamed. Certainly something or other has greatly raised her sense of self-importance.

King James, once listening to a Presbyterian preacher who was inveighing furiously against him and his policy, cried out, "For my sake, come down, man, or else speak sense." "I tell thee, O king!"

PICTURES OF NOBODY.

BUT pictures of somebody are, after all, but nothing as compared to pictures of nobody. These are the true criterion by which to gauge comparative success and merit in the world of art. Landseer paints dogs and horses, with what effect a child can see. Painting horses is not nearly so high or remunerative a brauch as painting mayors. Anybody who is a man of genius can paint a horse; but it takes a thoroughly successful aud prosperous mau to paint an ass. So long as Smudge, R. A., confiues himself to Moses receiving the law on Sinai, or to Judith and Holofernes, or some other classical tableaux, his friends admire his wonderful powers, but are well aware that he is not makiug much money. It is quite another thing when they see that he has beeu engaged upon the portly figure of a British tradesman, who has just completed his fiftieth anniversary in the Fishmongers' Company. In the first place, the work is very likely to be presented to the company, and will hang on high, side by side with other illustrious and equally portly figures, iu their banquet-hall. Secondly, it will occupy in the Royal Academy as much space as three living heroes, and attract nearly as much observation. The next company in want of a presentation portrait cannot hesitate to repair to an artist so highly favored, and Mr. Herbert, at work patiently upou his admirable fresco, is not likely to reap so much from a grateful country as Smudge, R. A., may reap auy day by paiutting a Bottom for a successful guild. There is, indeed, every reason why asses' heads should be a lucrative line upon which to enter. It must be unspeakably difficult to keep them all distinct and natural. As a rule, one civic diguitary, to any eye but that of genius, is only too like another. The artist's skill gives them all an individuality that they often fail to secure iu common life, and shows us which is which in flattering and pleasing colors. In the secoud place, the artist's genius not only keeps them distinct, but furnishes each with a look of undisputed majesty. They seem to survey us from the canvas with the solid and serene air of men who have drunk deep of life's honors. To be able to go on sittiug opposite a middle-aged alderman time after time, and drawing him in oils with his expression ou his face shows a command of uerves that is not altogether common. The artist who can do it displays a *savoir-faire* and a taleut for rising in the world, that is in itself as valuable as artistic talent. It would, however, be a mistake to consider pictures of nobody as exclusively taken from commercial and civic life. Every social circle furuishes them in luxuriant abundance. *Omnes eodem cogimur*. The Royal Academy catches—all at last. There may be viewed yearly the Hou. Adolphus FitzPlantagenet, as he is seen by the partridges upon the 1st of Septcmber, resplendent with manliness and knickerbockers. Thither arrive yearly the Master Plantagenets with their favorite pouy. There, too, is the Earl (presented by his tenantry to the family,) sitting at his writing-table to compose his pamphlet upon the Coru Laws, with open, intellectual forehead and highly-polished boots. Here youug ladies, about whom everything is commonplace except their scarlet stockings, trip across the snow towards us, smiling as they come. There matrons, fluttering with flounces and with lace, hurl large bouquets of flowers dowu upon us into space. Curates, bland and elegant—a kid glove on one hand, a Bible in the other—summon us to prayers. Bishops bless us gratuitously in lawn. Ladies at the piano sings to us songs of other days. All, with one accord, are bent on showing the public every attention, and seem determined to smile a stranger into good humor. These are the pictures of Nobody, by Smudge, R. A. He hangs them up as his trophies, and as proofs that he has spoiled the Egyptiaus. The Royal Academy has a right to be proud of them—they are the tribute of acknowledgmeut which the unartistic world pays to art. "Nobody" never pays a great artist a higher compliment than when he says to him "Name your price and paint me." The desire to be perpetuated in one shape or another is, probably, common to the species, but it seems to take different forms. The mayors and sheriffs and recorders who figure on our walls may be pardoned if they are over-anxious to hand down to posterity the portraits of obscurity in office. Providence, to save the world much weariness of spirit, almost uniformly blesses the unimportaut with a sense of their own importance. Many a man who never is destined to make a mark on the world around him believes that he has made somethiug of a mark wheu he has sat for his picture to au artist of reputation.

Comical Dogs.—In the life of that remarkable man, Samuel Drew of Cornwall, au amusing account is given of two dogs belonging to his family. He states: Our dairy was uuder a room which was used as a barn, into which the fowls found their way, and, iu scratching among the chaff, scattered dust ou the pans below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this a favorite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went iuto the dairy, followed by our little dog; and, finding dust again on the milk-paus, she exclaimed: "I wish that cock was dead!" Not long after, she being with us in the harvest field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily-uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the dog a beating. The dog, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he evidently expected marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off—she brandishing the stick, aud sayiug in a loud and angry tone, "I'll pay thee for this, by-and-by!" In the eveuing she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large dog standing over it. Endeavoring to fulfil her intentiou, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was uot at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the suall dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one apparently proclaimed, "Touch him if you dare," and sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned the design.—"*Our Dumb Companions*," *by the Rev. T. Jackson, M. A.*

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

PROGRESSING.

THE telegraph, which is apt to develop a human tendency to beeome unreliable and ineoherent at the moment when the greatest reliability and coherency is required, has done little else, sinee the election, than unravel at night the fine spun web of the day before. The election in Pennsylvania may be set down at the latest accounts as giving a small Union majority on the home vote, which the returns from the soldiers, scattered through different departments, will probably inerease to ten or fifteen thousand. As these figures seem to lie between the two telegraphic extremes, they are probably nearest the truth. Of more importance than the Pennsylvania contest, however, is the confirmation of the good news from Maryland. There can be now no doubt that she has adopted a new Constitution, whieh, in looseuing the shaekles from her slaves, also dislinks the chain that held her to the Slave oligarehy. Every true patriot will see an abiding promise in this triumph—a victory that is not merely loeal and transitory. The Slave State, whose eapital was dyed with the first Northern blood spilt in the struggle, and who now of her own choiee ranges herself beneath the Free-soil banner, opposes unanswerable rhetoric to the arguments of the Conservative Peace party. There is no "Federal usurpation" in this; no "Abolitionizing," no "Puritan element," except it be the blood of the murdered Massachusetts soldiers striving in the soil. "My Maryland" has made her choice. She had tasted the advantages of slavery. Year after year she had traffieked in flesh under her Constitution; the ægis of her law had protected the master in his barbarities; the statute had provided for the disseveranee of family ties at the will of the master. All this of her own free will she has rejected. We have not yet heard the Democratic explanation of her defeetion; she has offered as yet no apology. To borrow one of the favorite formulas of the Demoeratic party, we might traee this singular chauge to "miseegenation"—not of flesh, but ideas—the eontact and intermarriage of Northern and Southern thought giving truth and legitimaey to the New Constitution.

A PUBLIC PARK.

AT last the principal public square of San Franeiseo—the butt of strangers and the eye-sore of citizens—is to be made decent and respectable. The Supervisors have consented to a reconstruction of the Plaza, and that vagrant municipal fouudling is to have its hair combed and its face washed, and is to be let out for a year to a charitable master. The provision for its support is not exactly munificent nor extravagant; but let us be thankful for what the gods provide. At all events, people will no longer have cause to shun that unlovely waste and its central moustrosity, and Mr. Sanford's economical project—if it be as successfully carried out as his other plans—will at least afford an excuse for further improvement. Any change in the Plaza's present condition would be for the better. Nature has worn such an unpleasant and forbidding exterior within its iron rails that even the brick walls and stone pavements of the city without have grown refreshing by the contrast. It will be some time, of eourse, before the principal features of Mr. Sanford's improvements will become appreciable. Trees do not grow in a day, and the worthy contractor, like all public benefactors, must work, in a measure, for posterity. The young shrubs must be shielded from the vigorous zephyrs and summer austerities of our fine climate; and severe policemen will have to staud between nature and her ardent aud youthful worshippers. But while the subjeet is fresh ou the public lips, and the municipal mind graeiously unbent, it would be well to suggest the propriety of taking some timely aetion in regard to a large and more central park for our growing metropolis. In a few years available ground, which could be purchased cheaply now, will be held at greatly advanced prices. It is ridiculous to suppose that San Franeiseo can do without those breathing-places, which experience demonstrates to be a sanitary as well as an ornamental requirement of every metropolis. It is true that the peculiar soil and location of this city offers very little in the way of natural advantages, and that skilful art and persevering labor must be invoked to produce an oasis in the sandy desert; but for this very reason steps should be taken at once to prepare what must inevitably become a necessity.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the following further receipts since our last issue: *Camanche*, $350; Hayward's, $165; St. Ann's Valley, $28 50; Forbestown, $20; Eureka North, $27 50; Forest City, $63 50; Lake City, $101; Santa Rosa, $50 in Legal Tender Notes; San Franeiseo, $795 50 in coin and $32 in Legal Tender Notes. Total, $1,551 in coin and $82 in Legal Tender Notes.

UNBIASED ENGLISH THOUGHT.

THERE has been some talk of reproducing a cheap edition of *Punch* and other English periodicals in New York simultaneously with their publication in England, and one of the London journals grows quite patronizing and complaeent, over this opportunity by whieh the "North Americans are to profit by the influence of fair aud unbiased English thought"; the same journal contains, by the way, a malignant diatribe on the "Yankee Government," a very studied puff of Gen. Lee, and in another column casually speaking of Hawthorne's book as "abusive." We have had already some experieneo of fair and uubiased English thought. Our whole literature was for a long time drawn directly from England, so that we took in uot only their learning but their prejudices, and indeed a mental Stamp Aet was in full force until steamships sent our question-asking and statistic-searching countrymen into every nook and corner of the continent. In this way many time-honored English beliefs that we had imbibed came to an end; we did not find all Frenchman making a perpetual elaborate dancing-school bow, hat high in air, and French ladies sinking into a responsive courtesy. The frog and fiddle, which was our British brother's formula for gross caricature of his neighbor, we also missed. Our time, however, has come, and we are now the subject of "fair and unbiased English thought," with its due proportion of fair and unbiased English prejudice. Haply we are no longer influenced by either; the nation that cannot yet understaud the distinction between the Democratic *party* and democratic *form* of government is hardly the one to whieh we should look for a politieal gospel. Nevertheless, that peculiarly square, healthy and heavy style of English thought, which seems to emulate the English physique, and has a national character, will bo of some service in modifying our peculiarities—our attachment to short cuts—shown by our invention of machinery to save time and do away with distance, our persistent aim at immediate return for every moment of time given to whatever objeet—all these which have become exaggerated into national defects may be benefieally influenced by English essayists and English literature.

A GRAND CARNIVAL OF THE GRAND COMMANDERY.

THE Grand Commandery were out in their grandeur on Tuesday evening, the occasion being the presentation of a sword to the Grand Commander. It was a nice sword, the scabbard made of solid silver and the blade and hilt inlaid with jewels aud gold—just such a carving knife, in fact, as the Grand Commander could "spout" if ever he chanced to get "hard up." And this worshipful individual not being a sword swallower, they gave him a diuner as well—a dinner at the Occidental—such a diuner as only Leland can furnish and "Augnste" eook. The pleasaut and plump gentleman who offieiates in the saloon below was busy from an early hour in the morning until a late hour in the evening opening oysters and clams for the occasion—not common shellfish, understand, but rarities—perfect pearls of oysters—imported from the foreign coast of Oakland espeeially for the Grand Commandery. And "Tom," the gentlemanly and expert concoctor of "cocktails" and other things, nearly shook his elbows out of joint in mixing "appetizers" to prepare the way and make the path straight for dinner. The table was set for sixty, therefore to say that the guests ate "like sixty" would be simply to pronounce a double verity. But to say what they drank like would require the aid of a column of figures—not a solid column, either, but a hollow one, capable of indefinite extension. It was a marvel of good victuals and table ornamentation—flags, flowers, fruit, flutes and trombones. Varying the usual programme somewhat, they had trom-boned turkey; there was also another variation from the common order of things—neither General McDowell nor Frank Pixley "spoke a piece." But for their silence Dr. Woodward fully atoned by a few brief and appropriate remarks about the solar plexus and sciatic nerve. The steward of the dining-room was in his element—if a dress coat may be called an element—and marshalled his boys, terrible as an army with bannisters. The graeeful "James" glided in and out among the guests, his hair trimmed down to the consisteney of good plush, and his lace shining with the consciousness that none but his friends would get much to eat, furtively nipping some favorite Pat or *paté* when the Grand Commander's back was turned. Several speeches were made, but these not being laid down on the bill of fare, no one paid much attention to them, and the speakers themselves the next morning were wandering around in a vain attempt to learn what they had said. Among the gay and festive faces aronnd the board one recognized the countenances of a few who never got a good square meal before—but that one atoned for all former deficiencies. The cost was a mere trifle—$1,350 42. One of the most pleasant features of the dining room, however, was the face of the host, looking sunbeams upon his guests, and remarking to each in turn that it was a "lovely morning"—adding, to those who showed an idea of "turning in" under the table, that he trusted they would "turn off the gas on retiring." "Jerome" was dimly seen in the back-ground, his head looking out from a meal bag in which he had enveloped it for the occasion. He remarked that the Grand Commander's sword would be a capital thing to spit turkeys on or to have turkeys spit on, and instantly retired to escape a pyramid of jelly that was aimed at him by an indignant mason. All the masons were there in town—*i.e.*, all the free and aecepted masons, exclusive, of eourse, of the married and rejected ones. General Mason occupied an adjoining room, where a free lunch was set for a number of distinguished people who get their regular meals at the hotel, and had an opportunity of seeing how nobly and well the beauties of the coast can perform their part at table.—"Dear mother, I've come home to eat!" The entertainment closed at an early hour in the morning—not at all strange when it is remembered that all went out with the intention of making a night—or at least a Knight Templar—of it. And all found themselves in the morning with their heads level and their shoulders square, as became the prineiples and legends of the Order; and all went home with the firm conviction that Leland and "Auguste" are the representative men of the coast, and the only ones who should be returned to the country in the coming campaign as Presidential electors.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THERE has been but a slim attendance at the Academy of Music during the past week, which even the new opera of *La Fiancée* failed to bring up to a paying level. Under these circumstances, Mr. Peter Richings has determined to withdraw his troupe, and on Thursday Mr. Maguire announced the closing of the Academy until after the election, excepting the benefit nights, to be indicated hereafter. A good many valid reasons probably impelled Mr. Richings to this aetion, among them a natural indisposition to run the Academy of Music as a personal and private luxury. Keeping a fast horse, a yacht, or newspaper, are trifling and economical amusements compared to that of providing entertainment for the public and paying the bills. The season was unpropitious; the politieal fever was at its height, and would not culminate till after the election; tar-barrels blazing at the corners of the streets kept the galleries empty, and ward and mass meetings demanded the undivided attention of those swains who usually take ladies to the opera. Then there were the Keans, and the sublimities of Shakspearean tragedy—fulfilling the public requirements for both novelty and exeellence, since good tragedy is rarer in San Franeisco than good opera, aud Donizetti, Bellini, Auber and Meyerbeer less frequently murdered than Shakspeare. Against theso difficulties Mr. Richings very wisely ceased to contend, after a short trial and considerable peeuniary loss. We understand it is his intention to leave San Franeisco with his daughter and a majority of the troupe ou the 3d inst. It is believed that a new season could be got up by subscription, if he should see fit to alter his present determination. If not, we lose with regret a troupe that have yielded so much sincere pleasure to all lovers of music, and have been uneqnalled for their arduous labors and unceasing efforts to please. In parting with Miss Richings the public will miss a most charming artiste and accomplished gentlewoman, and lose in Mr. Richings an excellent actor and a liberal, enterprising and gentlemanly manager.

Since writing the abovo, we learn that Mr. Richings will take a farewell benefit at the Academy on Tuesday evening next. The bill will be unusually attractive. The Druidical seene from *Norma*, the very popular *Doctor of Alcantara*, and the allegorical tableau of *Washington*, in which Mr. Richings will personate the Great Patriot, assisted by his daughter as the "Goddess of Liberty," offer a combination of musical and scenic effects. On Wednesday, the basso, Mr. Peakes, will take a benefit.

THE Keans are steadily drawing crowded audienees to the Opera House. *The Merchant of Venice* was given on Monday night, with Charles Kean as "Shylock," and Mrs. Kean as "Portia." Mr. Kean has achieved nothing more clever and artistic than this personation of Shylock since his engagement. His aeting was original, and stamped his individuality so firmly on the character that few of his audieuce could hereafter read the play without recalling his look and gesture. He interpreted the finer and more subtle delineations of the great dramatist; he was truly "the Jew that Shakspeare drew." Although Mrs. Kean looked somewhat *passée* for the youthful bride, she speedily made the audience forget her years in the vivacity of her acting; and when she assumed the habiliments of the learned young doctor, by her admirable affectation of jauntiuess and effrontery, really *looked* the character. Mr. Catheart's "Bassanio" was judicious and correct. Mayo's "Antonio" was very elever and full of promise. Mr. Everett as "Gratiano" was too mechanical and monotonous in his delivery. Barry, barring his continual Barryisms, was a very funny "Gobbo." The *Merchant of Venice* will be repeated this eveuing, and on Monday *King John* will be performed for the first time.

TOO MUCH WATER.—A correspondent asks if San Franciseans do not abuse their water privileges—or, to slightly change the figure, ride a free hose to death. Whether the day be hot or cold, dusty or foggy, every morning and evening those peaceful eity swains perform outside their homes on Bensley or Spriug Valley water pipes, often to the discomfort and detriment of passers-by, who may not fancy their liquid strains. He wants to know whether gardens are profited by such an excess of moisture, and asks in what climate vegetation is subjected to half hour showers twice a day. All of which is respeetfully submitted.

THE FIRST BROOM RANGER.

AN OLD STORY WITH A NEW MORAL.

ONCE upon the Cornish strand
Rose a tide so vast and brimming,
That it overflowed the land,
And the hamlet sat a-swimming.

Every cellar was submerged,
Yet the tide kept slowly swelling
Till the waters broke and surged
O'er the threshold of each dwelling.

Then it was an ancient crone,
(True to what tradition taught her,)
Seized her Broom, and, all alone,
Set to sweeping out the water.

Through that ancient female's room
Rolled the mighty ocean past her—
Still the old girl with her broom
Only worked and swept the faster.

When the people gathered round
And in fear and terror sought her,
All of that poor dame they found
Was her BROOM upon the water.

Only with her latest breath
Had she ceased her work gigantic:
Fairly, squarely met her death,
Sweeping out the vast Atlantic.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

THE ILLUSIONS OF SCIENCE.

THE whole course of nature is a play upon the senses, sounds sights and tastes, dancing upon their respective organs in the most delightful, often deceptive way, not, on this account, at all obnoxious to our sentiment, but quite the reverse; for never did Hudibras' line, "doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat," have a truer application than to the evidences of the senses. The force of this kind of evidence is usually expressed in the sentence, "Seeing is believing;" yet who believes what he sees without analysis or further investigation into its truth? To accept unsuspectingly such evidence argues a childlike credulity, and reduces the man to the boy, by a process which may be very ingenuous and simple, but not very creditable to the understanding. Not that we underrate the pleasures of the imagination, to which these deceptions of nature are much akin and greatly more tangible and intense to us in their effect. Imagine a scene of soft picturesque character with its misty twilight lingering over the place, its landscape passing into sombre shade, at times relieved by straggling rays of light, exposing to most uncertain view all objects within its limits—such a scene as Thomson in his "Seasons," in sweet descriptive humor, could and did often paint:

> Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

Or take one of Hugh Miller's pictures in prose, yet most *poetic* of them all, in which the vast and rugged prospect, rugged even to abruptness, is made to glow with the fire of a splendid and versatile fancy with much of the mysterious, the supernatural in it: huge heaps of mountains, high rocks, and precipices checkered with shifting tints of light and shade mostly of the subdued gloomy kind, and closely overhanging, in still deeper gloom, the shadowy shore-line:

> "The dusky coasts
> Peopled by shoals of visionary ghosts."

These are the true efforts of imagination springing from things palpable to the senses, not conjured up by mere force of will in the sane mind, or existing in the brain of the madman, by reason of diseased state in the nervous structure.

No enthusiasm ever kindles over the purely intellectual story, however wild, brilliant, even flaming may be the description; but give it a name and place, locate it after the manner of Walter Scott and Miller, and see how the picture throbs with the emotions of surprise, pity, love, pain and pleasure, the vital elements of imagination, the sole parent of an ardent enthusiasm. We mean not the cold, dull feeling of an abstract admiration — this can be seen in all the old mythologies and modern mysticisms—but the warm, generous, ay, enthusiastic glow which distinguishes the picture, for instance, in which God was made Man, and man thereby identified with the scene. Yet the imagination, even in such case and instance, has its part to play, and no unimportant part, throwing a pleasant halo over the whole—maybe not absolutely correct and founded in strict fact—an illusion somewhat, still of use to the intellect, most surely of value to the heart by its charms and attractions for the emotional part of our nature.

We never fail to recall, while in this mood, a scene that once fell upon our sight in the mountains of our own California. Early in the evening, with a friend, we sat facing a mountain range of steep acclivity and broken surface, densely covered with timber and shrubbery, and shrouded in the darkest gloom of a starless night. The inclined surface and slopes had lost their form and rose stiffly before us—a vertical plane or wall of rock, in hue of the deepest black. Everything was obscure, repulsive here—nothing noticeable even on the dim outline of the summit ridge—but with magic suddenness the whole scene is changed; the moon, then at the full, had overcome the barriers beyond, and falling first upon the higher parts, and, in order, upon the lower, as it rose, brought us *en rapport* again with the scene—restoring to our sight the lost curves and slopes and gorges and trees, but, above all, lending to every point and line of rock, and every branch and fringe and leaf of tree and shrub, a *silver* film and edging, especially beauteous—strikingly so, because of the accidental grouping into forms of turrets, spires, pyramids and other shapes, unique but of most artistic design.

We started at the sight, and—after a time of silent admiration—sought the reason in the science of optics for this *silvery* illumination, which, though perfect as an illusion, was real to our senses, and must have some solution.

No philosophy now! Very well; but we will give, in confirmation of our illusion, our pleasure of imagination, if you please, from a letter of Prof. Necker to Sir David Brewster, an account of a similar appearance observed by him in the Swiss Alps. "I now come to the point," writes Mr. Necker, "which you particularly wished me to describe to you; I mean the luminous appearance of trees, shrubs and birds, when seen from the foot of a mountain a little before sunrise. You must conceive the observer placed at the foot of a hill interposed between him and the place where the sun is rising, and thus entirely in the shade; the upper margin of the mountain is covered with woods or detached trees and shrubs, which are projected as dark objects on a very bright and clear sky, except at the place where the sun is just going to rise; for there all the trees and shrubs bordering the margin are entirely—branches, leaves, stem and all—of a pure and brilliant white, appearing extremely bright and luminous. All the minutest details, leaves, twigs, etc., are most delicately preserved, and you would fancy you saw these trees and forests made of the purest silver, with all the skill of the most expert workman. The swallows and other birds flying in those particular spots appear like sparks of the most brilliant white. Now that you are acquainted with the circumstances of the fact I have no doubt you will easily observe it in some part or other of your Scotch hills; it may be, some long heather or furze will play the part of our Alpine forests; and I would advise you to try and place a bee-hive in the required position, and it would perfectly represent our swallows, sparks and stars."

To this beautiful illusion and fine description we will seek to add nothing. TRISMEGISTUS.

NOTES OF MINES AND MINERALOGY.

AQUEOUS VS. IGNEOUS THEORY.—The battle between the partisans of the aqueous and igneous theories, to account for the formation of rocks and minerals, has recently waged more warmly than usual, especially in England, where some lusty blows have been given and taken, and strange to say, the aqueous advocates have become the hotter and, more fiery of the two, indulging much in epithet instead of fact and argument, while the igneous people have remained comparatively cool, though repeatedly and disastrously driven from many a well-fortified point. On the *formation of granite*, ground of their own selection, they had concentrated their greatest strength in the hope of a successful *defence* at least, but thus far the result has gone decisively against them. The "argument by questions"—*argumentum ad questionem*, it might be called— is often very suggestive, and can be employed in skillful hands with great effect.

A Fellow of the Geological Society, after stating the fact that the igneous theory is all but exploded there, uses this style of argument in addressing one of his opponents, in the following manner:

1. What where the conditions of the constituents of the granite masses *prior* to the melting process?
2. What was the fuel employed?
3. How were the constituent minerals *moulded* into prisms, rhombs and flakes?
4. How was the silica of the feldspars and the micas kept separate from the quartz?
5. How were the alumina, iron, soda, potash and lime of the micas kept separate, in definite proportions, from those constituting the feldspars?
6. How came the feldspars to contain upwards of 5 per cent., and the micas more than 3 per cent. of *water*, mineralogically or chemically combined?
7. Will our adversaries inform us where a *melted* granite can be seen *in situ*, so that we may go and see such an extraordinary phenomenon?

No answer has yet been attempted to our Fellow's questions.

GOLD IN ENGLAND.—It was for a long time supposed that gold did not exist in the rocks or earth of England's soil in sufficient quantity to pay for its extraction even in that country of cheap labor and materials. But in the last two years the metal Gold has been added to the long list of her products, and in a striking way, for it was found that the old Castle of Carn Dochan, in Wales, was built of quartz blocks containing gold in very considerable quantity. These blocks were traced to their original site, and many mines have since been opened and developed. The skill and energy of the English coal and iron miners, so proverbial to the world, have, under able management and the large capital at hand, been made to tell upon these mines with extraordinary results. What by the Californian miner would be deemed worthless waste, has yielded most profitably by close economy and thorough treatment. Of all the metals, gold was the only one of whose working the English at home knew little or nothing, but not so long, for they rapidly borrowed and tried all improved machinery, wherever found in California and Australia, and sent an able superintendent of one of their largest establishments, a gentleman of note and reputation as an author, into Hungary and other parts of Europe where gold machinery could be seen at work, to report on the best system for their purpose. These measures have been eminently successful, and several of the mines are now giving from 1 to 5 ozs. of gold to the ton of rock.

NEW PROCESS OF AMALGAMATION.—Letters patent have been issued to Messrs. Adams & Worthington, of New York, for a process of amalgamation by which the finely pulverized gold and silver ores are discharged in a shower into an atmosphere of hot vapor of mercury.

This is accomplished in a close chamber or passage-way in which the two substances mingle together in such a manner as to produce a more perfect and a much quicker amalgamation than has been otherwise obtained in practice. The novelty of this process consists in the peculiar manner in which the metal and mercury are brought into contact—by sublimation and condensation—and the merit, in the fact that the contact and therefore amalgamation is not *accidental* but *necessary* and inevitable. The principle of this process is not new, but was tested four years ago in California in the presence of the writer and several others, and found to be correct and practicable.

GOTHITE FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.—This mineral, but lately made known to mineralogy, is found, associated with trematite, at the Jackson Iron Mountain, near Marquette, Lake Superior. Some of the specimens have the hyacinth-red color which characterises the variety of gothite called by the Germans "rubing-glimmer." It also occurs in acicular crystals of an almost velvet-black color and lustre, and is occasionally found in distinct trimetric crystals.

NEW BOOKS.—We acknowledge the receipt of the following new books from ROMAN & Co.:

General Orders of the War Department for 1861, '62 and '63. Chronologically arranged, and with an Alphabetical Index to Contents, etc.

This work is almost indispensable to military men, and more especially disbursing officers, who will find there laid down all orders up to the end of December, 1863, bearing upon their duties; and, in these days, when the "Regulations" are no longer a guide on account of the constant changes going on, seriously affecting the old system governing disbursements, it is a necessity. It will be found invaluable for reference, being complete, and embracing every general order issued up to that date.

The Temple of Solomon, embracing the History of its location, building, use and typical signification as understood by Masons and Christians. By Orceneth Fisher, K. J.

The character of this pamphlet is expressed in its title.

In addition to the above we have received from Roman & Co., Hilliard's *Life and Campaigns of General McClellan;* Boker's *Poems of the War;* Browning's *Dramatis Personæ;* Capt. Mayne Reid's *Cliff Climbers;* and some sketches by Lowell. As these volumes arrived at a late hour, and their merits deserve a more extended notice and extract than our present space will permit, we are obliged to defer them until next week.

POE'S "RAVEN" AGAIN.—An English paper comes to the rescue of Poe, and refutes the charge of plagiarism generally copied in the public press, and reprinted in THE CALIFORNIAN last week. To borrow an ancient witticism, the journal alluded to thus denies the fowl-as-Persian:

Many paragraphs have recently been going the rounds of the newspapers confuting or affirming the statement originally made in the *Western Morning News*, that Poe was not the author but simply the translator from the Persian of the celebrated poem of "The Raven." We believe that evidences of a very convincing character will shortly arrive from the United States proving that poor Edgar Poe wrote every line of the poem in question. It is acknowledged by the poet's friends that he was smitten with the wild and strange beauty of some of the old Eastern poems, and that he was never tired of perusing them; but he most certainly never copied what he had thus read. His imagination was too fertile to render this at all necessary. The only difficulty with him was the effort, apparently, of fixing his attention for a short time upon a definite task or labor. A morning paper now publishes a fantastic poem, "THE FIRE FIEND, a Nightmare," written by the poet whilst experimenting towards the production of his more famous "Raven." The poem extends to ten verses of six lines each, and has something of the metre and weird thought observable in the disputed production. It is said that Poe considered "The Fire Fiend" incomplete, and that he threw it aside in disgust. Mr. McCready, who forwards the poem, adds further, that the poet, some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers, sent it in a letter to a friend labelled facetiously, "To be read by firelight at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum." Poe's mother-in-law assured a friend respecting "The Raven" that he had the idea in his mind for some years, and used frequently to repeat verses of it to her and ask her opinion of them, frequently making alterations and improvements, according to the mood he chanced to be in at the time.

THE Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* says there are a couple of spinsters in Green—monomaniacs in their way—who have been trying to see how many cats could be multiplied from one pair. They began with one pair when the rebellion broke out, and as the kittens have grown and multiplied, their number now reaches to the alarming sum of 440 cats and kittens.

CALLING THE CHILDREN.

CALLING them "Freddy," and "John," and "Paul!"
As only a mother her children can call;
Musical cadences all through her speech,
That a love so tender alone can teach,
Something so loving, and lingering too,
In the "John," and "Freddy," and "Paul, come, do."
As bidding to her for dinner or rest,
Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls,
Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls,
Taking the brown, softed hands in her own,
A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone.
Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth,
With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth,
Potatoes for pop-guns—a bottle of flies—
Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt-pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew
Clothed in fresh aprons, and trowsers too;
Tangles brushed out of the silken floss,
That rings and ripples in golden gloss;
Striving with eager and innocent heed
For mother's approving "Well done, indeed!"
Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John,
Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

AN ODD SHAVER.

SOME persous have an unpleasaut way of scenting slang in any expression which seems to have a vulgar savor, and it will therefore be as well to assert at once, that "shaver" in the above title is used in its proper literal sense, and is intended to signify "one who shaves." It was Mr. Halcyon Day who was particularly struck with the oddness of the shaver. Day was a law-student, who lived at number eleventeen Mountain Court, Temple. His rooms were right at the top of the staircase, as high as ever you could go without crashing through the skylight; in fact, you mounted, before you arrived at his door, exactly ninety-five steps, which, as a sardonic person once observed, the architect might just as well have made a hundred while he was about it, if it were only out of compliment to rouud numbers. Day's social positiou was peculiar. He was a law-student, as I have said, and he was a member of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers, aud was therefore entitled to call himself a gentleman; for it is the boast of that gallant corps that they are all gentlemen, though a story is told of a certain sergeant or corporal, who, having had the honor of drilling, or helping to drill, that distinguished body of men, and having been accosted by an euvious comrade iu these terms: "I say, Tom, youv'e got a nice corps; they're all gen'l'men in your corps, aiu't they?" is reported to have replied with the characteristic caution of a veteran: "Well, I should say not above 'alf on 'em." The veteran was no doubt influeuced in his reply by recollections of half-crowns giveu or withheld, and therefore his opinion must not be considered unassailable. Even the half-crown test, however, had been enthusiastically responded to by Day; and yet Day was by no means well off; indeed, notwithstanding the assiduity with which he was supposed to be studying the law (in the dining-hall of his Inn,) he was spending all his leisure hours (by which I mean the hours he had to spare from his amusements) in doing that which should procure him the wherewithal to satisfy the demands of hunger, of thirst, of the treasurer or steward of his Inn, of his laundress, of the prevailing fashion in dress, of his idle and expensive inclinations.

Now, the hours at which one is usually at leisure from amusement are from about nine or ten o'clock A. M. to about four or five P. M. During these hours, then, Day was nearly always absent from his chambers; in fact, he was down in the city. What he did there, does not much signify, so long as it was nothing dishonest; he may have swept a crossing, he may have been an accountant, he may have been an actuary, he may have been a secretary; but whatever he was, he was away in the city every day from half-past 9 A.M. until half-past four, five, or half-past five P.M.; and there was his El Dorado whence he obtained every quarter a moderate supply, not of unsightly nuggets, but of likenesses of Her Majesty. Exactly, therefore, as that Temple clock, which, so far as Day was concerned, acted just as little boys we are told should not act—for it was heard, and not seen—struck half-past nine, Day issued forth from his chambers, clean-collared, clean-booted, clean-shaveu; for Day was very particular about his shaving. You see, his hair was red, or, at anyrate, reddish, and a chin upon which the beard has a tendency to be red or reddish, requires more than any other kind of chin the daily visitation of the razor. Leave that kind of chin for but one morning unscraped, and the consequences are ghastly. The particularly white skin which usually accompanies red hair, assumes a sickly appearance in connection with pale red bristles, and an idea is suggested of unwholesome and imperfectly-trimmed pork. Day was sensitively alive to this fact and generally plied his razor every morning, spring and autumn, aummer and winter, with unwearied assiduity. But he was mortal; aud man, being mortal, will sit up too late overuight, will sleep too long in the morning, will neglect even the duty of shaving, and will argue himself into the desired conviction that he doesn't want it. He is especially open to thia conviction iu the winter, when he is short of time, sleepy of head, and cold of hand. Thus it happened that one winter's morning, Day convinced himself, without any difficulty, that he didn't want ahaving that morning. The position of his windows favored the delusion; for they were so constructed and so placed as to admit the smallest possible amount of light; a glance, therefore, iuto his looking-glass was sufficient to assure him, being anxious to believe it, that he didn't want shaving that moruing. There was no particular difference between that morning and another which should make shaving less necessary than at other times; but men are blinded by their own conceit. Day, then, for the first time almost since the young carrots had pushed their heads out through his skin, went out clean-collared, clean-booted, but unshaven. His step was unsteady, his mind uneasy, and his look uncollected, for his conscience smote him; he felt he had consciousness that he looked a guy. He took one hasty glance in a sheet of plate-glass, as he turned to the right down Fleet street, and everythiug was plain to him at ouce; the looking-glass in his dim chambers had beguiled him; his hand had been the truer witness; his chin *was* stubbly; it *did* resemble unwholesome, improperly-trimmed pork; he *did* look a guy. Now, Day had friends of an indolent sort—men who, though always well shaven, never shaved themselves. He had heard them talk in terms of high approval of the barber they employed: he would have shaved you, they said, as the native barbers iu Bengal or Bombay, or any other parts of her Majesty's Indian empire, shave you, iu any attitude you pleased to assume: he would even have shaved you, as those Indian experts are said to shave one, in your sleep. He didn't wring your uose; he didn't place a great greasy palm across your mouth; he didn't push your head back, whilst he removed the hair upon your throat, till you gurgled and gasped for breath. His hand was as light as a woman's; and what is more, he never cut anybody. The only objection—if it were an objectiou—was, that he was very eccentric. He liked to talk, whistle, or sing over his employment; and his employers encouraged him. He used to wait upon his patrons at their own rooms; but his place of business was in Shackle Lane. The red and white ensign jutted from his door to attract public attention, and a large placard, leaning against the door-post, informed passers-by, in white letters upon a black ground, that there was such a thing to be had inside as "clean and easy shaving for 2d." Whether any reduction would be made to any gentleman who would be contented with "uuclean and uneasy shaving," did not appear, nor was Day a mau to bargain upon the subject, so he turned down Shackle Lane, eutered Dobbs's shop, and remarked briefly: "I want just my chin shaved, please.

A little uian, with a pasty face and two eyes like a couple of carbuucles, who was engaged in strapping razors and singing popular songs in a stentorian voice, at once turned towards him, bowed profouudly, and said: "If you'll allow me to finish 'The Captain with the Whiskers,' sir, I'll attend to you immediately: there's ouly one verse left."

"Oh, certainly," replied Day. "I suppose you're Mr. Dobbs."

"Yes, sir, I am, sir," rejoined the other; "your very obedient, sir."

Whereupon Dobbs cleared his throat, finished his song, arranged the shaving cloth upon Day's right shoulder; and as he prepared his lather, commenced a conversation with Day after this fashion:

"Shaved fourteen gentlemeu this morning a'ready, sir, aud they all weut out satisfied; didn't cut one on 'em—not a single scratch."

"Mr. Masou tells me," said Day, "you uever do cut auybody."

"What! Mr. Mason of Spring Court, Temple, sir?"

"Yes, he's a friend of mine."

"Ah, Mr. Mason's a gentleman, sir, a perfect gentleman—compared to some, you know, compared to some," he added, for fear, apparently, of committing himself too far. "I would not cut Mr. Mason's throat, sir, the least bit—not for a gross o' the best razors goin'. He's been very kind to me."

"I should hope," said Day, who began to feel slightly uncomfortable, "you wouldn't cut anybody's."

"Well, I don't know, sir," rejoined the little barber, as he ferociously stirred up the lather to the accompaniment of a roaring sea-song; "some throats looks very temptin'. You see, I set my razors to that edge they'd ruu along from ear to ear without a gentleman's knowin' I was doin' more than taking a pimple off. Theu the attitude's temptin', when a gentleman throws his head back over the top o' the chair (it aint necessary, but some gentlemen *will* do it,) and shews his Adam's apple drawed quite tight. The position is just opposite to that required for the guilliontine, (as they call it,) and always makes me think o' cuttin' heads off."

"Well, I don't do that," said Day curtly, aud iu a tone which shewed he didn't like the turn of the conversation.

"No, sir," observed the barber with a sinister look, and a curious flash of the carbuncle eyes; "I should say you was too sensible a gentleman for that. But don't you think, sir, we barbers have great power over the gentlemen we shave? If the devil was to come over us (and the devil comes over people wonderful) only just for a second, we might cut a gentleman's head off in a moment."

"Oh, come, that'a all stuff," said Day, feeling nervous and rather alarmed. "Don't talk such infernal nonsense. Shave me, will you?"

"Cert'nly, air," remarked the little barber, and began to apply the lather in so singular a manner that Day became quite scared. He had heard of Dobbs' peculiarities, but he was not quite prepared for what he saw, heard and felt. Dobbs plunged the shaving-brush into the lather, and then advancing to his patient with a cry of "Rule—Bri—tannia," (Day was not aware that the barber liked to sing so uproariously during his work,) "Bri—tannia—rules—the—waves," lathered his upper lip aud the sides of his mouth. He theu took another good dip of the lather, rushed at Day with the brush held out like a weapou, and with a loud shout of "Bri—tons—never, never, never, never—shall be—slaves!" dabbed the soap-suds over his chin and throat, rubbing the brush at the "never, never, never, never," round and round and round and round, in unison with his song, and then looked about him for the razor which would best suit Day's skin. Day in the meanwhile felt very uneasy, and watched the little barber's motious with great anxiety. Dobbs, after trying half a dozen razors upon a hair, appeared dissatisfied with them all, and turning to Day, observed: "You've a very peculiar skin, sir; aud I don't think any of these razors will suit. If you'll excuse me a moment, I think I've one up-stairs which will exactly do your business."

Day assented cheerfully; bnt whether it was the extraordinary leer with which the little barber regarded him, or whether it was the ominous expression he made use of—"do your business"—Day is not himself quite sure. He only knows that for some reason, so soon as the little barber had disappeared up the stairs, a panic seized him, a cold perspiration broke out all over him; he rose from his chair, wiped the soap-suds hurriedly from his face, struck a Vesuvian to light his cigar, bolted ignominiously into Shackle Lane, jumped into the first Hansom he could find, and drove unshaven to the city. He had a faint glimpse of the little barber peering for a moment round the door-post of his shop with a razor of gigantic proportions in his hand, then tearing along in the direction taken by the Hansom, and evidently screaming something at the top morning Day's couscience smote him; he thought he ought at least to call upon Dobbs, inveut some excuse for his sudden exit, and pay the price of "a shave." He thought, however, he would wait until the evening, and approach the shop with caution, for somehow hia heart was full of misgivings and fears of—he hardly knew what. Stealthily, therefore, he approached the barber's, and saw that, though it was quite dark, there was not a single vestige of light in the window. He drew nearer, and observed that the house was entirely closed; the shutters were up at the shop-window, the blinds were down at the other windows, and the whole appearance was that of a dwelling whence the inmates have retired to the prison, the work-house or the grave. Woudering, he turned into the next shop, and inquired of a motherly-looking woman if she knew the reason why Mr. Dobbs' was shut up. The womau, with a face upon which amusement and couceru struggled for predominance, replied: "Mr. Dobbs has gone away."

"Oh, indeed! Cau you tell me where he has gone?"

"Why do you ask, sir?" said she demurely.

"Well," replied Day, "something so odd occurred to me yesterday at his shop that I felt quite anxious about him. Has anything happened to him?"

"Yes, sir; the fact is he has been very queer for a long while, and yesterday he went on so he was obliged to be put away."

"Put away? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, he kep' on telling everybody that yesterday the devil came to him in the shape of a gentleman with carroty hair," (here she smiled and glauced slily at Day's hair aud whiskers,) "a-wanting to be shaved; and he went up-stairs to get a particular razor which had a charm about it meaning, (as he said, sir,) to do for the Evil One altogether; and when he came down again, the visitor had vanished, leaving a smell of sulphur behind him. And he took on so, running after every one who had red hair with his biggest razor, that they were obliged to take him to the lunatic asylum."

"Thank you," said Day. "I'm very sorry for poor Dobbs." But he departed, muttering: "What a narrow escape!" aud his blood ran cold at the bare recollectiou.

NELSON DRAWN BY DUMAS.—Nelson was at that epoch (1793) 34 years of age, short of stature, pale face, blue eyes, spare hair, and with that aquiliue nose which is peculiar to warriors, and which makes Cæsar aud Conde resemble birds of prey. There is nothing to indicate that at this period Emma Lyonna, as Dumas always calls her, entertained any different opinion to that of her husband as to the "physique" of Nelson; but he, on his side, we are told, left Naples under that thraldom which few appear to have escaped who came within the meshes of the syreu. Nay, our historical romancer would have us believe that it was to cure himself of this hopeless passion that Nelson so exposed himself at Calvi and Tenerifle as to lose an eye at the one and an arm at the other. One thing is certaiu, that the hero was not embellished in person when he appeared in the presence of Lady Hamiltou iu June, 1798. It was really a critical moment with the brave admiral. He had not only allowed the French fleet to slip through his fingers, but he had also left Malta at the mercy of the enemy, and permitted thirty thousand men to be disembarked at Alexandria. He was, further, without provisions or water to continue the pursuit, and some of his ships had beeu damaged in a storiu. Caroliue of Naples was sister to Marie Autoinette, and it is not to be wondered at that she detested the persecutors of the latter; her husband, Ferdinaud, fully shared in her horror of Jacobin license, and, in face of treaties of neutrality, Nelson was allowed to revictual and repair in the States of the two Sicilies. Nelson, who "knew that a great victory could alone save him," quitted Naples, we are also told, more deeply enamoured than ever, and "never, since the invention of powder and the use of great guns, had any naval combat terrified the ocean by so great a disaster." Out of thirteen ships of the line, which constituted the French fleet, two only succeeded in making their escape. Nelson as usual, who fought like a lion, did not come off scatheless. He had been struck on the forehead by a falling yard, and the integumenta, borne down over his only remaining eye, had to be replaced iuto their proper position, and then duly retained there by plasters and bandages. It was in such a plight that the triumphant hero made his reappearance at Naples, but then he was also the victor of the Nile—the conqueror of Aboukir (Abu kir, father of pitch.) Yet we are told, and asked to believe, that so unbounded was the joy experienced at Naples at this victory over the aggressive Republicans that the daughter of Maria Theresa, the haughty sister of the equally haughty Maria Antoinette, spoke to Lady Hamilton in the following terms: "My beloved Emma, in order that I may remain King, and, iu consequence, in order that you shall remain Queen, and that this man shall belong to us, you must belong to him."

A NEW SHAKSPEAREAN EMENDATION.—Burton, iu *The Book-Hunter*, says: "Without venturing too near to this very turbulent arena, (Shakspearean criticism,) where hard words have lately beeu cast about with much reckless ferocity, I shall just offer one amended reading, because there is something in it quite peculiar and characteristic of its literary birth-place beyoud the Atlantic. The passage commented upon is the wild soliloquy, where Hamlet resolves to try the test of the play, and says:

> 'The devil hath power
> T' assume a pleasant shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
> As he is very potent with such spirits
> Abuses me to damn me.'

The amended reading stands:

> "As he is very potent with such spirits,
> Abusee me too—damme!"

A WIT once said, iu answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew, that they had nothing else to do.

PRESERVING the health by too strict a regimen is the most

NAPOLEON'S HABITATIONS.

AFTER the high-perched cell at the military school, came the garret occupied by Bonaparte in the house No. 5 Quai Conti, at a right angle with the Rue de Nevers. This apartment, which received light from a jutting-out window on the roof, is now occupied by a painter; while a marble slab, fixed up at the street-door entrance to the house, chronicles the fact that the great emperor had once lived there. In 1792, Bonaparte lodged at the Hotel de Metz, where he occupied one room, No. 14, on the third floor. He was at that time a captain of artillery, and took his meals at a modest eating-house in the Rue des Petits-Peres, kept by citizen Justat, who supplied his customers with a variety of fish, flesh, and vegetable dishes at six sous or three pence per dish; so that a *client* who spent one franc for his dinner, was considered a good customer. Now-a-days, a franc would go but little way in procuring a good dinner in Paris. Low as the price of each dish was, Bonaparte generally took but two. One day, in order to pay for his humble meal, he was obliged to pledge his watch at Fauvelet's. This man was the eldest brother of Bourrienne, and he kept a sort of pawnbroker's shop under the name of "National Auction Mart," at Longueville House, on the Place du Carrousel.

In 1794, Bonaparte had risen to be a general of artillery, and then he took up his abode in an ancient house, with four windows abreast in the front, on the left hand when entering the Rue du Mail from the Rue Montmartre. He went to look at the apartments, accompanied by Louis Bonaparte, the future King of Holland, and by Junot, the future Duke d'Abrantes. The name or sign of that house was "Hotel des Droits de l'Homme." Here he took a duodecimo apartment on the fourth floor; and immediately over it, two small rooms, one for his brother Louis, and the other for Junot—the cost for the whole being only seven-and-twenty francs a month, *chambres faites*, that is, including room-cleaning, bed-making, and boot-cleaning.

It was at this rising period of his military career that Bonaparte declined exchanging his rank of general of artillery for that of general of infantry, with which latter rank the then existing government was desirous of sending him into La Vendée to quell the royalists, who were at that time in full insurrection; and as he promptly refused, he was cancelled from the list of general officers, and deprived of all pay. His savings were soon swallowed up, and then it was for the first time that he bethought of and decided upon leaving Paris, and becoming either an agriculturist or a manufacturer! But Paris had still its charms for him, and thither he returned in 1795, and there he took a small, very cheap furnished lodging, (twenty francs a month,) at No. 19 Rue de la Michodiere, five or six doors from the Boulevard des Italiens. He afterwards removed to the Hotel Mirabeau, in the *impasse*, or blind alley, du Dauphin, hard by the Tuileries. It was a rickety old smoky house, three stories high, the shops on each side of it being occupied, one by a cook, the other by a perruquier and barber. The rent of the rooms varied from twelve to eighteen francs a month; but the closets, without fireplaces, were let at from six to eight francs a month. Gen. Bonaparte engaged room No. 5, in the fore-part of the house, so that it may be supposed he had to pay the highest price—that is, eighteen francs, or fifteen British shillings per month, for his blind-alley apartment. But it was near the Tuileries, and what did not his "star" hold in store for him? Here, the youthful general made, it is said, and unwittingly, a deep impression on the heart of the *citoyenne*, Miss Fanchette, the only daughter of old Rouget, the proprietor of the hotel. Citoyen or Citizen Rouget, seeing how the matter stood, resolved upon having the general for his son-in-law, but on the stipulated condition that the latter should give up the army and soldiering, and take the management of the establishment into his own hands. But, alas, how mutable is the course of human affairs! Paris was up in arms; hard fighting was going on in all quarters, and poor Demoiselle Fauchette had her leg broken by an iron ball in the passage St. Roch, close to her father's residence, and amputation was obliged to be performed in the very Hotel Mirabeau, which had been turned into an *ambulance*, or impromptu hospital. Adieu to Papa Rouget's golden dream of marriage; the dashing young general, wisely thought and reasoned he could not with propriety marry an innkeeper's daughter with a wooden leg. What a misfortune! And the poor man soon found a purchaser for his business, and retired to his native town in Gascony, where he ended his days in quietness, but not till he had heard of *his young general*, the desired son-in-law of his heart, proclaimed Emperor! But history tells us that Mlle. Fanchette did find a husband at last, and an excellent one, too—a rising young tradesman of the town, who, despite her wooden leg, made her a contented wife and happy mother, while he himself was unto her an exemplary husband. Junot having by chance heard of Fanchette's marriage communicated it to the Emperor, who quickly despatched one of his aides-de-camp to compliment the married couple in his name, and to present them with a magnificent cradle, which concealed a splendid casket, containing twenty bank-notes of one thousand francs each; so that Papa Rouget, who had lived to see his daughter well married and settled for life, exclaimed with heartfelt joy, on seeing the aide-de-camp with the imperial prescuts, and on hearing the imperial message: "Dieu soit loué! Malheur est bon à quelque chose!" (God be praised! Misfortune is good for something!)

To the humble Hotel Mirabeau, in the blind alley, succeeded the splendid Hotel de la Colonnade, in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, *still near the Tuileries*. Here it was that General Bonaparte, on his appointment of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, took up his quarters, with his full staff; here it was that he received the visit of Eugene Beauharnais, accompanied by his mother; and here it was that General Bonaparte for the first time in his life saw Josephine.

After his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon took up his residence at the simple but elegant house in the Rue Chantereine, No. 52, which street, after the grand campaign in Italy was over, was rebaptised in his honor Rue de la Victoire, and which name it bears to this day.

The next Napoleon habitations in Paris were palaces, beginning with the Luxembourg, in the Faubourg St. Germain, which Bonaparte, as First Consul, seemed only to walk through on his passage to the long-desired Tuileries; and afterwards, when his mightiness as Emperor began to decline—when his "star" shot lower down, vacillating and bedimmed somewhat on the political horizon—the Elysée; and finally, out of Paris, and away, far away from his beloved France, *sa France chérie*, Longwood, on the rock of St. Helena.

It was on the 12th December, 1840, at mid-day, that a grand military and civil funeral cortege proceeded from Courbevoie, headed by the Prince de Joinville, to Paris—passed under the Triumphal Arch through the Champs Elysées, over the Place and Bridge Louis XV., before the Chamber of Deputies, round the Champ de Mars, up to the Hotel des Invalides, where the mortal remains of the foremost man of his age, and of many preceding ages, are now forever laid.

It was a bitterly cold and clear frosty day; but thousands and thousands from all parts of France had flocked to see the ceremony—the accomplishment of almost the last testamentary wish of Napoleon I.—that his remains should repose on the banks of the Seine—*sur les rives de la Seine*.

POMPEII IN 1864.

AFTER having prepared one's mind for a proper contemplation of a city buried eighteen hundred years ago, it is calculated to throw it back to the days of railways and other modern contrivances, to find, at the foot of the descent by which we have to enter the said city, a turn-table, at which we are called upon to pay a sum of rather less than a florin. But once fairly through this obstacle, the sense of the past comes back, and, to an Englishman at least who has only just arrived at Naples, life seems to return into the ancient city of Pompeii; he would feel it quite a natural occurrence if a helmeted, sandal-footed, scantily-dressed individual were to turn the corner of one of the streets at any moment. No longer does a guide lay hold of the disenchanted visitor, and drag him remorselessly from one object to another, but he is left to wander hither or thither at his own will, stopping when he sees fit to watch the careful operations of the workmen, and only asking questions when it pleases him.

The improved system on which the excavations are conducted, too, has corrected at least one erroneous idea with respect to the manner in which the houses of Pompeii were constructed. Instead of being confined to a ground-floor, some of them were built with a floor above, with a verandah looking towards the street. This was the case with the house of Proculus; and in order to give something like a clear idea of what must have happened in a large number of households on that dreadful day when the city was entombed, I will take this man as an example, because we happen to know more about him than about any other Pompeiian.

Proculus was in all probability a rich, certainly an influential, citizen. His name occurs in connection with election matters in more than one place. On the right of the entrance to his house is the inscription *Popidium ced, Proculus rogat*, which may be freely translated by the inscription on a wall opposite to the room in which I am now writing, "Cox for Finsbury;" not far distant, a partisan of one Sabinus had scrawled, "*Sabinum ædilem Procule fac et ille te faciet*," an equally free translation of which would be: "O Jones, support Robinson as alderman for Bishopsgate-without, and he will propose thee for Bishopsgate-within."

His house was undergoing repairs when the catastrophe occurred; the painters' pots and the workmen's tools were left scattered about, and a part of the pavement had been taken up. A number of cooking utensils were heaped up in one corner, shewing that the operations of the workmen prevented them from being put in their proper place. Others, containing various articles of food, were simmering on the little stoves. On a bronze dish, in readiness to put in the oven, was a sucking pig; the oven itself being for the present engaged in baking bread; more than seventy loaves in all—the greater part of them weighing about two pounds—have been taken out of one oven. But the pig never entered the oven, nor were the loaves withdrawn until after a sojourn there of nearly eighteen hundred years. They still retain their form, though not their color. The porous cavities in the interior are still distinguishable. Their chemical constitution, however, has undergone a change: if we take a little of the crumb, and rub it between the finger and thumb, it crumbles to powder, and has very much the appearance of coal, the proportion of carbon in the centre being less than in the crust; and the proportion of water, which is 23 per cent. in the crumb, somewhat greater.

They were early risers in the house of Proculus, and the cook had begun his operations by lamplight, in the expectation, that as day had followed night, and night day hitherto, this order of things was eternal. But daylight did not come; the flames poured forth from Vesuvius, and showers of ashes rained down on the city, making it so intensely dark, that fathers cried aloud for their wives, and their wives for their children, from whom they were but a few yards distant, yet could not see, by reason of the darkness—as dense as that which fell on Egypt, and which Moses describes as a darkness that could be felt. Hand in hand, as many as could grope their way towards each other quitted the house, passing on their way a sentinel, who sternly kept his post in his sentry-box, striving as well as he could to keep himself from being choked by the ashes, by holding his hand before his mouth, striving, but in vain, for the ashes continued to fall incessantly, until they filled the box and buried him alive, still holding his weapon in one hand, and with the other covering his mouth and nostrils. There were two persons, however, who were left behind by Proculus and his family: one of these, a woman who stayed to fill her apron with jewels, and who fell in the open court, never to rise again, scattering as she did so the baubles for which she had sacrificed her chances of escape; and the other, a wounded gladiator, who probably occupied a room on the first floor, where he perished, with his arms by his side.

There is, it seems, hardly any risk a woman will not incur to save what she most loves from peril, whether it happens to be her child, her trinkets, or her dog. Indeed, it is said that on the occasion of a long subsequent eruption of the same mountain, the nuns of a religious community nearly suffered themselves to be surrounded by lava, in order that they might save their jams and sweetmeats. It may have been the wife and daughter of Proculus whose bones were discovered lying near each other; the elder having to all appearance yielded up her breath with slight resistance; whereas the younger had evidently struggled convulsively before resigning her young life, as is shown by the models taken by pouring liquid plaster of paris into the moulds formed by the pressure of their bodies on the volcanic ashes. These two were found lying near each other; but in another place were found the skeletons of two young people who had laid down to die folded in each other's arms. Elsewhere were discovered a mother and three children, all buried together in a living grave. Seventeen others perished in a cellar in company. Though the excavations are far from complete, there have been, according to one writer, more than six hundred skeletons discovered already.

As to the objects excavated, they are exceedingly numerous. The most valuable are taken to the Museum in Naples, but a vast number remain in the collection in Pompeii, and every day adds to the number in both places. Of course, the greater part of these are of no intrinsic value whatever; they are interesting as relics of a people, some at least of whom were living at the very time when some of those momentous events were taking place in Palestine which have changed the face of the world. Articles of real worth have, however, been discovered; for example, a lamp made of gold weighing nearly three pounds troy. But Pompeii was not a city in which similar things are likely to be found frequently. The excavations that have been made have been so extensive as to establish that; and if we may judge of the future by the past, there is quite as little prospect of articles made of the precious metals being discovered, as there would be in the case of a place like Worthing, if it met with a similar catastrophe, and the inhabitants had had a few hours to carry away what they considered of most value. The articles most generally found are those used in the kitchens and the shops—bulky matters, of little worth, in the estimation of the terrified owners, but of inestimable value to us of the present generation. It is more likely, too, that these things are genuine, than that such things as rings, ear-rings, brooches, and other small articles of jewelry are, which are sold as such; indeed, the manufacture of these is or has been a regular traffic; and let not any man who has visited the buried city, and bought surreptitiously from one of the excavators a jewel or some other relic of antiquity which the man has turned out before his eyes, imagine that it must have been the property of a Pompeiian; those who plant, know where to dig, and those who sow, where the harvest is to be looked for; and we never saw a Neapolitan, nor, in fact, any other man, who seemed to think there was any harm in supplying a demand, by the substitution of a modern article for the presumed antique. Probably very many of these are manufactured in our own towns, since there are few things they do not make there. A translation from a price-current issued by an English house for (shall we say) facilitating idolatrous worship, describes the beauties of certain images which the aborigines were in the habit of worshipping, in the most glowing language, and at a price ridiculously low, considering the use to which they were to be put.

The excavations are now being made on a scale and with a care which will soon exhaust whatever objects still remain hidden by the ashes. A statuette of Silenus has been discovered quite recently, which is described as possessing great merit. It is about eight inches in height; in its left hand it holds a serpent, which supported a glass vase, incrusted with gold of exquisite workmanship; unfortunately, the vase was broken, and only two fragments have yet been found. Two large and elegant candelabra were also found in the same house, as well as two capacious silver vases. Among the recent discoveries, that which seems to have excited the most interest, is the accidental opening of a spring. The water immediately came bubbling up, clear and sparkling, and inviting everybody who came near to drink of it, which they did, some of them in their enthusiasm swallowing a sufficient quantity to cause them serious personal inconvenience. Several bottles were filled with it, which were sealed as carefully as if it were the very choicest of Lachryma Christi, some of which were despatched to the king of Italy, and others to the Pope and other favored individuals.

GEN. Wrangel recently received from the *Times'* correspondent in Schleswig-Holstein a letter of introduction from Herr von Bismarck, and professed himself delighted with the honor, etc., asking the correspondent to dinner. After dinner Wrangel took him by the arm, and said, "I shall be happy to present you to Prince Karl," and he did so to the astonishment of the gentleman presented, in these words, "Your Royal Highness, I have the honor to present to you the correspondent of the *Times*, the same who, for years, has written the infamous articles about Prussian politics." "We must treat him well," said Prince Karl, "and then he will treat us better." The correspondent, all astonishment at such an insult at the table he was invited to, withdrew deeply mortified but in silence.

THE late Sir Boyle Roche, in Ireland, was usually set down as the author of all description of bulls in his time; and he really used to make a great many. He, however, vented some tolerable witticisms, and, in fact, it was pretty generally suspected that the bulls were very often designedly made, to amuse his companions in the Irish House of Commons. One of his puns is worth preserving. It was argued in his presence whether Dante or Milton was the superior poet. "I think," said he, "Horace, a very competent judge of poetry, has decided against Dante long ago." "Horace!" said one of the disputants, expecting a new bull; "when could Horace say any thing about Dante?" "Don't you recollect," replied Sir Boyle, "that he asserts most roundly *Dante minor*. Ep. I. xvi. 22."

THE motto of the city of Cork arms is "Statio *benefida* carinis," altered from the *malefida* of Virgil; and most deservedly, with regard to the harbor of Cork. The city arms are of course commonly adopted for signs to houses of entertainment. But the ingenuity of a sign-painter has, by a happy blunder, made the motto quite appropriate for an eating house, over which his graphic pencil has displayed the arms. He has exhibited it, "Statio benefida *carnis*," (omitting the central i.) which may be translated "An excellent place for meat."

THE BIRDS.

"I," SANG the soaring lark,
"Carol at morn when sunbeams chase the dark;
The prayer of peasant and the praise of king
Go upward when I sing."

"I," trilled the nightingale,
"Warble when bright stars twinkle o'er the vale;
The smiling dreamer owes the ecstacy
Of sweetest dream to me."

"I," cried the mocking-bird,
"Mimic each song, and chatter the quaint word;
I am alone upon the tropic spray
A glorious orchestra."

"I," chirped the chickadee,
"Twitter when snows lie white upon the lea;
When flowers are dead, I still am on the wing,
Whispering of the spring."

"I," cooed the gentle dove,
"Breathe only songs of truest, fondest love;
No morn—nor night—no sun nor snow is mine:
My mission is divine.

"Ever and everywhere
Tender, impassioned messages I bear;
Some note—some little echo of my songs—
To every heart belongs.

"Each chord of joy and good
Is by the soul of gladness understood,
And woe hugs to its melancholy breast
The minors of unrest.

"Yet we all sing and die,
And none o'er our frail little lives will sigh;
Summer will hear the same, its scents and blooms,
Above our leafy tombs.

"The morn will still be bright,
The glittering stars will lose no ray of light,
White snows will fall, and green leaves flutter on,
The same, when we are gone.

"New songs will fill the groves;
New voices, whispering of other loves;
Young feet will sport upon the willing spray
When we are passed away."

O poet! poet, list!
So shalt thou cease to sing, and not be missed,
In the far future shall be sweeter words,
Warbled by brighter birds.

EMILIE LAWSON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENIUS OF HUMOR.

ONE of these still evenings that recently have thrown such a beautiful benediction over the departing days that, in hot fever, have gone down in the golden waters of the Pacific, I sat alone at the front door-step of my humble residence, that is built a few miles ont of town and close upon the waters of the bay, enjoying myself with a sweet pipe, and playfully summoning up, like Prospero, spirits, in the guise of imaginary topics, out of which to select one that might receive grace by being pleasantly enshrined in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN.

Pleasantly enshrined, I say in parenthesis, because even a hobgoblin of a paper would look well in the handsome dress of THE CALIFORNIAN's types, and a flibertigibbet of nonseuse would be half-way inclined to sparkle in the reflective light of THE CALIFORNIAN's broad and attractive halls.

Prescott went to a great expense to have his Ferdinand and Isabella printed in superb folio for the delight of himself and friends: aud once, at the Century Club in New York, I heard Washington Irving remark that if he were to attempt to read his own writings in an edition as poorly printed as a cheap edition of Thackeray that he held in his hand, he should begin to wonder whether he himself and the public had not been deceived as to the measure of his ability.

As, however, I was going on to relate, I sat at the front door-step of my little dwelling, quite comfortable after dinner, smoking my dear pipe and summoning up, through its fragrant fumes, shadowy topics on which to discourse, inadvertently I turned my head and, glancing over my left shoulder, beheld, for the first time this month, the new moon.

"That is said to be a sign of good luck," said I audibly, after puffing a volnminous whiff of smoke towards the bay that lay before me like a celestial mirror, as it was.

"So it is to the believer who has good luck," responded a cheerful voice uear me.

Somewhat startled, I blew the fragmentary wraths of smoke, that lingered list'essly in the still atmosphere, from before my face, and discovered sitting at my feet a diminutive object with two legs, two arms, a human head, a png nose, and a very short swallow-tail coat. He was laughing all over. Even his cap, a queer little indescribable thing, seemed inwardly to chuckle with mischief, and his body, if body he had, was enveloped, not in motly indeed, yet in the funniest varieties of whimsicality.

"Well, my little fellow, and who are you and what are you doing here?" I asked laughingly.

"Guess!" he replied with a peculiar twinkle of his merry eyes that seemed to dance in the delicate twilight.

"A Yankee, at all events," I returned.

"Not a bit of it," said he; "although I daily visit New England to inspire my playful *protegés*, Johu G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes."

I pinched myself that I was not in a dream, and took three or four puffs at my pipe.

"How old are you?" I then ventured to ask.

"Adam, when he ate of the apple, winked at me—I saw him do it," he replied.

"Humph!" I ejaculated, "you have, then, I presume, seen the interior of an insane asylum?"

"Oh, yes; Tasso would have died in one if it had not been for me," he returned. "I delivered him as he delivered Jerusalem—with myself—with a little genius."

"Well, I must say that, whatever else you are, you are a genius of a singular nature," said I.

"You have guessed me rightly," he responded: "I knew that, although you sometimes resist my influence, you would recognize me in a visible form, and give me welcome with suitable entertainment."

"Oh, that last as a matter of course," I replied, with an uncontrollable inclination to make him my entertainment. "Do I ask impertinently if I request you to stand up and let me see how tall you are?"

He rose deliberately, and gradually I felt myself shrinking and shrinking away, until, as my breath grew fainter and more faint, and myself grew smaller and more nearly infinitesimal, I gasped in a bewilderment of fear that I was actually passing away into an absolute nothing.

Meanwhile he was rising and spreading, pug nose, queer cap, swallow-tail coat and all, into an immensity that, as I shrivelled, still increased, until, finally, at the moment when it appeared that I was about to evaporate into nonentity, he appeared to be swelling, though not disappearing, beyond the ultimate of all that has limit.

One idea alone pervaded me at the final instant, as, apparently, I was passing out of existence, and that idea was that I was disappearing in the delightful influence of the Genius of Good Humor. An irresistible whisper escaped me:

"Dou't you think, sir, that you had better sit down again?"

All around me smiled. How I began to grow large once more! "Do mushrooms feel like this when they are growing?" I wondered. Up I loomed and out I expanded, taller, broader, seeing more definitely, inhaling more copious volumes of the sweet air, distinguishing the dim outlines of the landscape, then the landscape itself. the serene bay, the lights of the distant city, the setting moon, the incomprehensible genius who now again sat at my feet.

Hastily I made what examination I could of my physical formation with my hands, and ascertained that, during the somewhat singular process through which I had just passed. I had neither lost nor gained more than three or four pounds of flesh, at the outside, as they say. I still weighed not far from 160.

"Well, sir," said I, "I intended to invite you into the house; now I shall do nothing of the kind. All out-of-doors, I find, is uot capacious enough for you when you take it upon you to spread yourself."

"That," he returned, "is too often the case with mortal vanity. Humor delights in setting it off."

"True; you are not mortal. I see, and consequently are not, as I supposed, a subject for an insane asylum. Neither, I take it, are you the apparition of one who has been mortal. Well, too, I know, that I am not dreaming. I have already called you a genius with a little g; shall I now call you a Genius with a big one?"

His only response was:

"I it was who inspired Dean Swift to write his couplet concerning tweedledum and tweedledee."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed; "What, then, my good fellow, if you inspire me to write something for this week's CALIFORNIAN?"

"You have me even now in your mind," he replied.

As I saw him rising as though to depart. I was alarmed.

"Hold on," said I, arrestiug him with a motion of my hand. "Don't you think, old friend, that you could leave me without rising to your feet?"

"See!" said he.

And he was gone, but I couldn't see it.

A light whisper was at my ear:

"Tell Localitems of this 'Happening' of the week."

FLY-LEAF.

OUR "Happenings" man is on a "scyugle" this week, which means a fit of indisposition to do anything except stand on the corners these mild afternoons, with hat over one eye hands in pockets, viewing the girls, and giving way to a natural dispos'tion to do anything, except what he should—with a strong tendency to snipe-shooting, in which he is encouraged by Ephe Leonard, and one or two other nice young uen-about-town. who go around fooling people by offering lozenges that are only gun-wads, which they are always charged with. Their pockets contain percussion-caps, wire-cartridges and gun-wads; and they look up for rain, not for the good it will do the country, but the benefit it will be to snipe-shooters. To this pernicious example are the readers of the CALIFORNIAN indebted for no "Happenings" this week.

THE grand total of the amounts expended by Great Britain on her new iron-plated ships for the year ending March 31, 1864, was £4,744,324, which is equivalent in greenbacks to about fifty millions of dollars. This expense, incurred by England in a time of peace, is more than double the sum which our Government has expended on the Monitors in time of war.

MY LAST SERENADE.

I NE'ER had sung before, but still
I trusted Love could give
To weakness strength—e'en to the dead
The power once more to live.

How did I lift my untried voice
Beneath her lattice high!
How did I sing, as I could call
The stars down from the sky!

'T was like—I cannot tell to what,
I did not list to hear—
My soul was wafted in my tones
Unto the loved one near.

I felt the fires of love burn bright—
I cared not for the rest;
I thought that nought on earth could quench
The flame within my breast.

I heard a sound—"Be still my heart!"—
I only warbled on;
I heard the lattice gently raised—
"My dearest, thou art won!"

I upward turned my gaze, and sang
Those heartfelt praises o'er;
She—downward turned the chilling stream,
And on me did it pour.

I shudder while I think of it,
As I did shudder then;
Was ever love, so warmly nursed,
So coldly chilled as then?

It came—a splash upon my head,
Upon my beaver's crown;
It filtered through my Sunday clothes,
And coldly trickled down.

I sang no more—I went away—
I saw my silken vest
Soiled by the liquid that had quenched
The flame within my breast.

To my full heart what poor relief!
How had I changed my pain?
Alas! from fever in the blood
To "water on the brain."

One loves the nightingale; to one
The peacock is most dear;
I know my heart is now not pierced
Alone through eye or ear.

I could have borne her fickle whims
Had she but dropped a hint,
And not above my head let fall
A jug with water in't.

My life is changed. I do not love;
I do not try to sing;
The throbs of heart—youth's fondest hopes—
Have long since taken wing.

But Memory, like a juggler, brings
The past with all its blame,
And shuns the girl I loved, who threw
Cold water on my flame! M.

THE VICKSBURG TOWN CLOCK.—The confirmation of Gen. Smith as a Major-General of Volunteers, reminds me of a little incident in connection with the Vicksburg campaign, which, though perhaps unworthy the dignity of print, will do to fill a letter during a dearth of more interesting news. Smith commanded a division of McClernand's (13th) corps. His line was directly in the rear of the centre of the besieged city, and the court-house was in full view of his headquarters. An artillery officer entered the General's tent one morning after a very severe cannonading all along our lines, to request permission to go to Yazoo river, where our fleet of steamers was lying.

"What time is it?" asked the General, who had not left his cot.

"It's ten minutes to seven," said the artilleryman.

"How do you know it's that late?" inquired the General, a little vexed at the idea of having slumbered so long.

"I can see by the town-clock," replied the artilleryman, referring to the clock of the Vicksburg court-house, which, I may remark just here, furnished the time of day to both armies for more than six weeks.

"What!" exclaimed the General, jumping out of bed. "Have you been shooting all the morniug without hitting that old clock?"

"Yes. sir, couldn't hit it. Tried our best, but couldn't make the shot."

"All right, then. Men who can't hit such a good mark as that can't get any leave of absence from me. You can't go to the river to-day."

Thousands of shot were aimed at the clock. to my certain knowledge. It was the target for at least twenty batteries every day, but was never struck, and is keeping good time to this day, I believe. On entering Vicksburg, on the Fourth of July, my curiosity led me to the cupola of the court-house, to see how near the old ticker had come to annihilation. The pillars abont it, below it, and on each side, had beeu struck and shattered. A large hole had been made in a wall within a foot of it, and fragments of stone and mortar covered the box containing its works. Not less than one hundred shot had struck within ten feet—but it had survived them all; and while Pembertou wrote his lying bulletins in his subterranean headquarters everyday, it stood fearlessly at its post, telling the truth, and chiming out the hours from day to day, and from week to week.

No matter how beautiful the years spent in a stranger land may seem, they are but branches without roots.—*De Stael.*

LOVE'S REVENGE.—Some years ago a marriage was arranged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Bluhme. There was no disparity in their condition; Hans was a hunter, and Marguerite's father a laborer. Unhappily the latter, from imprudence or misfortune, became the debtor of a man named Dreihahu, who, being unable to get the money due to him, and having taken a great liking for Marguerite, proposed to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would break off the marriage with Hans, and give his daughter to him. The bargain was agreed to with the consent of the girl, who probably thought a rich husband was better than a poor one. On the wedding-day Hans forced his way into the house where the festivities were going forward, and invited the bride to dance with him. She was too frightened to consent or refuse, and looked to her husband to know what he wished her to do. He got up and appealed to the company to drive out the intruder, who thereupon raised his gun, and with the butt knocked him down, and then snatched the wreath from the bride's head, and walked away. The marriage, however, was far from being a happy one.

Dreihahn, from motives of jealousy, treated his wife very badly for upward of five years, when a catastrophe occurred which removed her from his power. One Sunday evening, as she was returning from Murzsteg, where she had been to hear mass, she was met by a man at the entrance of a road which wound round the mountain, who remarked to her that she must be very careful, as the rail which guarded the path had been broken away for several yards; this, so far as known, was the last time she was seen alive. Her husband, finding she did not return home, went to seek her, and, supposing that some accident must be the cause, he requested several of his neighbors to go with him. The search lasted two days, until, at last, her body was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, partly covered with plants, and on her head her wedding-wreath of rosemary, now all crushed and withered. Lying near her was the body of a man, who held the muzzle of a gun in his left hand, and in his right the end of a string, the other end being fastened to the trigger; he had been shot through the heart.

Though greatly changed by time, and more, probably, by mental anxiety, Dreihahu, who had never seen Hans since his wedding-day, had no difficulty in recognizing in the dead man, as he lay before him, weltering in his blood, his wife's young lover.

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.—*Fall In*—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

Right Face—popping the question, like a man, and she'll accept you.

Quick March—To her parents, and ask their consent

Right Turn—With her to the church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

Halt—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right About Face—From the haunts that you frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance Arms—to your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

Break Off—Billiard playing, betting and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

"I WISH you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

FASHION'S JUBILEE HAS COMMENCED.—Balls, banquets and sumptuous entertainments of every description will render the present season the most brilliant ever known in America, and as fragrance is an indispensable element of refined enjoyment, the Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS," the most delicious perfume ever distilled from a flower, is in universal request. Manufactured by PHALON & SON, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

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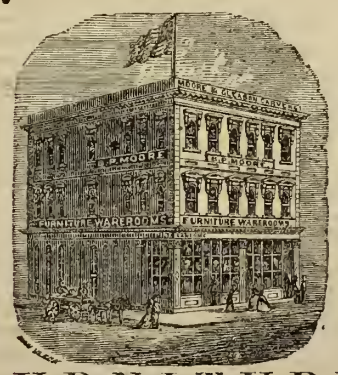

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QUIET WATERING-PLACES.

WINKLEBEACH.

HAVING been deputed to fill the office of Chief Travelling Explorer and Paid Official Adviser to the Committee of the D. U. Q. W. P. E. Company (Limited,) which initals mean, as you are by this time probably aware, the Discovery-of-Unquestionably-Quiet-Watering-Places-in-England Company (Limited,) I, on their behalf in particular, and in the interests of Society in general, have recently commenced my tour. The following is my report:

Winklebeach, Susex Coast.—Winklebeach, so called from the splendid specimens of the 'Winkle tribe found on its rocks, was recommended to me, as an out-of-the-way spot, by my young friend Shrymper, whose father, it appears, is the owner of some considerable property in the neighborhood.

The Railway has not yet reached Winklebeach. The nearest station is four miles distant. A message by telegraph is unknown. The *Times* is a luxury: an enterprising general shopkeeper procures an occasional copy of *Punch*, which he permits to be read in his shop at a half-penny a head, finally presenting it, munificently, to the Mayor and Corporation of the Town. The Mayor is the monopolising baker, the Corporation is represented by the aforesaid enterprising general shopman. The Civil Executive Force consists of one unintelligent policeman, who is under no sort of control, having refused to take any oaths on conscientious principles; he is on and off duty all day and night, taking turn and turn about with himself. The inhabitants chiefly get a livelihood either by lying on their backs on the beach, or walking out to the Downs, and then walking back again. The Elders of the people disappear usually at the early age of one hundred. There is a church, and an Independent chapel. The latter is remarkably Independent, and seldom opens its doors. There are only six houses in any way worthy of the name; numerous thatched cottages; and an ancient hostelrie called "The Old Inn." These particulars having been obtained from Shrymper, I decided that this, of all others, must be the shop for Quiet. Through my humble instrumentality, I foresaw the future Quiet greatness of Winklebeach.

OF THE MEANS OF CONVEYANCE TO WINKLEBEACH.

Monday, July. Extract from Note Book.—The only traveller alighting at the New Station of Swashborough. Nobody cared about taking my ticket. At length, after some trouble, a deaf old lady was summoned from her tea, by a small boy, who was digging potatoes. "Grandmother," cried the lad, "here's 'un wants to give tickuts." His aged relative received the pasteboard, and was returning to her placid meal, when I stopped her by asking, "if I could get a conveyance to Winklebeach."

"Sure," said she, and straightway gave directions to her grandson, who ran off somewhere or other, and in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour returned with something or other, which we will term a vehicle. Such a vehicle! it wasn't a hackney-coach, because it was a bathing-machine, and it wasn't a bathing-machine, because it was a hackney coach. In I got with my portmanteau, and an uneasy time I had of it over the rough half-made roads; for the hackney-bathing-coach-machine had not been fitted with patent springs, and was unprovided with a cushion. I cheered myself with the inspiring thought, that, at all events, the nuisances and annoyances of cockney civilization had not reached Winklebeach, and, despite the fact of my being unable to remain on the seat for more than two consecutive minutes at a time, I was happy, idealizing.

FIRST DAY AT WINKLEBEACH.

4.30 P. M.—Arrived at the Old Inn, Winklebeach, facing a beautiful green leading on to the beach. Clear view of the sea. Everything charming. Not a soul about. Boy wants six shillings for driving me. I appeal to landlady. It appears that he is entitled to ask what he likes, there being a monopoly of fancy bathing coaches in these parts. I pay him. Will I have a room? I will. Facing the sea? By all means. Dinner? Certainly. When? Now, or as quickly as possible. What will I have? What *can* I have? Oh, anything. Good. Then, let's say lamb. Oh! can't have lamb. No matter: a small leg of mutton. No mutton! No, not to-day, because it's Monday! What, not a chop? Oh yes, in twenty minutes. Chops be it. "Prawns and 'Winkles to follow, o! course?" Of course. Platefuls of these are brought in after dinner. Like Prawns, doat on 'Winkles.

5.30.—I have unpacked, made myself comfortable, and sat down to my chop. The sea-breeze fans me through the open window, and a peppering of sand sprinkles my plate. "The Sea! the Sea! the o-o-pen Sea!" and so forth. Here is quiet: real quiet. How very odd: I heard something like a cheer. Another. I am informed by the waiting-maid that a Cricket-match, *Trade* v. *Gentry*, is just being finished. Ah! a gala day, probably. Oh no, there's Cricket everyday about this time of year, and a match once a week. Ahem! Well, that's scarcely a drawback. I hear no more cheers. I will light a cigar and stroll.

7.30.—Not a soul on the beach, save a few fishermen mending their nets. So picturesque! they smoke while thus employed. *Pax vobiscum*, ye fishermen: go on mending your nets by all means. *Pax vo*—I can't help fancying that I heard an oath. Another. Another. Their conversation is limited; but seems to consist chiefly of oaths, and objection able terms of endearment. I shall quit the beach.

8 *o'clock*—In my room! Will have tea? What should I like? Oh, as usual. They bring two plates full of enormous prawns and 'winkles. Shall commence my report of this quiet place for my employers. "Winklebeach is the quietest place in——" Very strange, there must be a quarrel going on outside. In front of my window are assembled I should say, *all* the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, fisherboys, fisherwomen, of various ages and sizes; some sitting on the low sea-wall, some squatting, some standing—but all, as far as I can gather, talking simultaneously. I ring for the handmaid. I am informed that "there is nothing the matter, they are only talking over the Cricket-match. They always do that." Oh, do they! Then I will slightly modify my report and say, "Winklebeach is, except in one trifling particular, the quietest——" By the way, the Cricket-match was between the Trade and Gentry. By this light I cannot distinguish the Trade from the Gentry; nor does their language materially assist me to discriminate.

8.30.—A great clattering, a shuffling of feet, and a confusion of voices in the room under mine. I ring my bell. Not fire, I hope. Oh dear no, the Cricketers are sitting down to supper. Do they sit down in this manner *every* night? Oh no, not every night. Thank you. "Winklebeach is, except in one or two trifling particulars, the quietest——"

9.15.—The tinkling of a banjo! It is, there is no doubt about it, it *is* in the room below. Ha! the burden of a well-known song arises! Can I believe my ears! "Is the Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green." *Chorus*, everybody trying to mark time with their thick-soled, clumsy feet, each man according to his own idea. "She's as beautiful," etc. I ring my bell. Does this go on every night? No, this does *not*; man with banjo is a visitor. That's lucky; dropped in by accident, eh? Oh no, he generally comes on a Cricket-match evening. Oh, thank you. "Winklebeach is, except on Cricket-match evenings, when the man with the banjo comes, the quietest——"

10.—Somebody has taken to sing sentimental songs, with much chorus. As the night advances, the songs seem to be all chorus. Some rustic is trying *his* hand on the banjo. I shall go to bed. The wind has begun to howl.

10.30.—Cricketing Party breaking up. Rain. Cricketing party very noisy. Hail, I should say, judging from the pattering at my window. Stones, as I live! Small stones. Crash! I look out; and am jeered at, perhaps by the miscreant with banjo. Feet scuttling away in all directions. An Englishman's room is his castle. What a cold I shall have to-morrow. I light a candle to write this, and go to bed. How the wind has got up: that reminds me, so have I. To bed. One line more. "Winklebeach is, with the exception of cricketing, supper-parties, and banjos, the quietest——" Puff! Candle out. Bed.

TAKING AN OATH IN INDIA.—A friend of mine, who spent several years in India as an officer in the European and native forces, told me the following curious anecdote; and, as he vouches for its accuracy, I think it worth recording in a corner of "N. & Q." The transaction took place in Secundrabad in 1824, where my friend was stationed at the time with his regiment. An English sergeant-major, who was much respected by the officers and men of the regiment, happened by accident to wound, but not dangerously, by a random shot, a colored native, who was a person of some consequence in the locality. Although it was well known that the affair was purely accidental, the wounded man and his friends raised considerable discussion about it, and insisted on having the offender brought to trial for it, on a charge of having attempted to murder the native. The colonel who commanded the regiment at last consented, and the accused was brought to trial. A *padra*, (or native,) an individual who combined the character of lawyer, priest, and interpreter, undertook to have the prisoner acquitted, and he was gladly engaged for that purpose. The whole case rested on the single evidence of the injured man, and on the mode of swearing him the *padra* rested his defence. The manner in which the natives of India are sworn is as follows: A piece of *chunam* (lime) about the size of a pea, with a piece of leaf called a betel leaf, are given to the witness to chew and swallow, and he is then solemnly warned that if he speaks anything but the truth after swallowing the above, the first time he expectorates afterwards his heart's blood would come up. The *padra* knew that the natives were strongly impressed with this notion, in fact it is a dogma of their religious belief; but they are quite ignorant that the amalgamation by mastication of the leaf and the *chunam* with the gastric juice, produces a substance much resembling blood. In the case under notice, the oath was put or administered in the usual manner, and when the witness had swallowed the contents, the *padra* called on him to expectorate, which he did, when a loud cry was raised in the court that he was a false witness, as the substance resembled blood, and the witness himself became so alarmed that he refused to proceed further in the case, and the sergeant-major was acquitted. My friend at the time was rather startled, but on a subsequent interview with the *padra*, the latter explained the whole affair, which is, to say the least of it, very curious. I have ascertained since the above was written, that the mode of swearing alluded to is the common mode in India, another Indian officer having told me he saw it administered in all cases where the natives are sworn, in criminal or civil cases.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE WORD "SUZERAIN."—I regret to find that her Majesty's Ministers have permitted themselves to be led by the newspaper writers to use this word in a sense exactly opposite to its true meaning. Her Majesty is made to style the Sultan the "Snzerain" of the Hospodar; whereas the Hospodar is the Snzerain of the Sultan. Great men and great lawyers had their fingers in this speech. The Lord Chancellor, even, has approved it. There is no authority for whom that very learned lord would have greater respect on this point than the late Charles Butler, joint editor of *Coke-Littleton*. Mr. Butler, in his *Notes on the Germanic Revolution*, tells us that in the chain of subinfeudation the King was "Lord Paramount." The great vassals who held under him were "Princes Suzerains;" and those who held of these were the *arriere* vassals. Thus, the Duke of Normandy was Suzerain, the Duke of Bretagne *arriere* vassal; the King of France Lord Paramount. Butler is confirmed by Du Cange. Not having access to books at present, I cannot refer you to the page. On the Continent, the true meaning of "Suzerain" is well known. It is only within these few years that the word has been perverted here. Another vulgarism, too, has become general. The *Times*, an especial offender in the matter of Suzerainty, constantly speaks of a person's "whereabouts," forgetting the words in *Macbeth*: "Thy very stones prate of my whereabout." A line which a final s would render vulgar and offensive.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure he happened by some mischance to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars that day, if he had heard anything of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, "he was drowned last night, in his own medicine chest."

REASONING ANIMALS.

THE odd habits of animals are endless in their variety, and often highly amusing. I once knew a dog that would fly at any one who said "pork" to him. You had but simply to say "pork, Bob," to be immediately seized by the trowsers, and perhaps the leg, and worried. Dogs abominate music, as a rule, and a cornopean will usually set nine dogs out of ten howling fearfully. I have read somewhere of a dog that would rest quietly enough on the rug while its mistress played tune after tune, but the moment she glided into "Annie Laurie" up he would spring, and bark himself almost into a fit, flying up at the performer's arms incessantly, to induce her to cease; the tune changed, he would relapse into his former careless condition. Sporting dogs are often highly peculiar in their habits. I have known dogs that would not hunt for a bad shot; so that Leech's old caricature of the two dogs standing still in the turnip field and proposing to go home and not hunt any longer for such a muff as their master, is not so very wild a caricature. A friend of mine had an old setter who, if he got four or five points at the beginning of the day, and the shooter missed every shot, would sit down on his haunches and howl as though in mortal agony: if another shot was missed after this down would go his tail and away he would trot home, and nothing would induce him to stop. A friend, who had borrowed the dog, once came home in a great perturbation; he had "lost the dog." "Well," quoth my friend, "old *Rock* is not easily lost in this country. How did it happen?" The shooter explained. "Ah," said my friend, "you missed the first five or six shots, I expect, and the old dog will not stand that. He is safe enough in his kennel, I warrant." And sure enough when they went there was old *Rock*, who saluted the unlucky gunner with a low growl that caused him to make a speedy retreat. As regards parrots they often do know to some extent what they are saying. I will not quote at full length Simeon's famous story of the parrot-talking-match, where the last bird that was brought into the room, seeing so many cages of parrots, gravely exclaimed, "My G—, what a lot of parrots," and thereby won the prize; but will recount an instance of parrot-humor that happened to myself at Falmouth many years since. I was walking up the hill one day when I heard some one call out behind me, "Hoy." Thinking it was intended for me, I looked round, but, seeing no one behind me, I continued my walk, when "hoy" was repeated louder than before; again I stopped and looked round; not a soul was in sight, and again I continued. "Hoy." Thinking some one was poking fun at me from some secure hiding-place hard by, I did not look round this time, when "hoy, hoy, hoy" was repeated in the most urgent tones. Again I came to a full stop, and looked round completely puzzled, for I could not make out where the rascal was who was thus fooling me, when an uproarious shout of laughter, a downright peal of intense enjoyment, ensued, and, my gaze following the sound, I detected Master Polly hung up in and half hidden by a large shady vine. Seeing he was detected, the rogue cocked his head on one side, and looking at me with a most cunning expression, said, "Sold again! only Polly! sold! sold! sold!! Ha! ha! ha!" and quite disgusted at being chaffed in this way I walked on, followed by shouts of laughter and choice selections of nautical phrases. I have no doubt whatever that although the bird had been unquestionably taught this little amusement, and often practiced it, that he had sufficient sense to connect cause and effect, and to enjoy the embarrassment he created. *Correspondence London Paper.*

HIRING A COOK.—Mrs. Jones called at Madame Thompson's "Emporium for Female Domestic Household Assistants, and General Agency for Urban and Suburban Families of Gentility," and asked for a cook. Presently was ushered into the reception-room a gorgeously-dressed woman, of masculine proportions, who took a seat upon the sofa by the side of Mrs. Jones, and said:

"You wish a cook, do you?"

Mrs. Jones intimated that her wants were in that direction.

"Well, that's my line: I can do French, Italian or English cooking—anything but Yankee. I can make jellies, Charlotte Russe, pomme de terre, fricandeau, jibbletatu, oyster sauce, maitredotel, a la mode, picanti, and anything you like."

"What wages do you expect for all that?" meekly murmured Mrs. Jones.

"I have been having $18 a month, but things is riz now, so; why I had to give $3 50 a yard for this 'ere silk; and I should say I would have $25—Sundays to myself, and two evenings out of the week."

"Do you perform on the piano?" inquired the lady.

"No, I don't. I never heard that it was wanted in cooking."

"Can you extravasate the antepenultimate of a defunct fowl?"

"What d'ye say?"

"Do you speak Hebrew, so as to teach the children German if they speak French?"

"No."

"You will not do for me; you can go." And her cookship withdrew, with drooping colors.

MISS EDGEWORTH wrote a most witty essay on Irish bulls, in which she is very eager to defend her honest neighbors across the channel from bull-making. She herself, however, appears to have fallen into the practice, which is very contagious, in the following passage in the life of her father—we know not whether in jest or earnest. She tells us in her *Memoirs* that "The last letter poor Johnson ever wrote, or, I should rather say, dictated, was to my father; it was in his nephew's handwriting, and gives the following account of his death."

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A Maltese offered his services to a dragoman at Alexandria. "Know English well, sir!" said he; "have served many English gentlemen; I'm English subject, sir. I get drunk—get drunk, sir."

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395 Opera and Mariue Glasses.	20,500 Card Photographs,
75 Telescope and Spy Glasses,	Photographic Albums,
178 dozen Magnifying Glasses,	600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
80 doz. Pocket Compasses,	50 doz. Union Card Frames,
325 Hand Stereoscopes,	Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
74 Revolving Stereoscopes	100 doz. Table Knives,
1025 doz. Stereoscopic Views	260 doz. Pocket Knives,
Drawing Instruments in Gorman Silver and Brass,	120 doz. Razors,
Boxwood and Ivory Scales,	50 doz. Razor Strops,
Microscopes in every Style,	130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,	100 doz. Gyroscope Tops,
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This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.
LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors

REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger!

This valuable compound, which is now regarded as one of the most popular remedies in the domestic practice for various complaints of the digestive organs, such as Dyspepsia, Nausea, etc., is prepared solely from the WHITE JAMAICA GINGER, which is the best of all the varieties in use. In the preparation of

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

Great care is taken to have none but select Root, and to manufacture it in air-tight vessels, thus preventing the evaporation of its delicate essential oil, and preserving the true aroma of the Ginger. It thereby contains in its concentrated form all the valuable properties of the Jamaica Ginger, and is guaranteed to be free from any impurities whatever

It is a grateful stimulant and carminative, giving warmth and tone to the stomach equal to Brandy, without any of its injurious effects.

It will cure Nausea, caused by riding in railroad cars, or from sea-sickness, or other causes.

Miners and others who are exposed to the heat of the Sun often whilst working in cold water, should never be without

REDINGTON & CO.'S
ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER,

As by taking it as a tonic two or three times a day, it is almost a sure preventive to Chills and Fever; and to those who are farming the rich bottom lands of California it is likewise invaluable as a tonic, and should invariably be taken in the early morning before going to the fields, at the mid-day lunch, and before leaving off work at night.

Ask for REDINGTON & CO.'S ESSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER, and take no other, if you would always have a Pure and Reliable article.

An excellent external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c.

REDINGTON & CO., Proprietors,
416 and 418 Front street,
my28 San Francisco.

RAREY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THE MOST POWERFUL AND BENEFICIAL AGENT known on the Stomach, Blood, Lungs and Bowels of HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, AND STOCK of all descriptions.

GREAT BENEFIT TO HARD-WORKING HORSES.

All diseased Stock SPEEDILY and CERTAINLY CURED; healthy Stock will be brought into the very HIGHEST STATE of PERFECTION by giving them a SPOONFULL, once

NO LIVERY STABLE SHOULD BE WITHOUT

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

All FARMERS and RANCHMEN should use constantly

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS

TEAMSTERS and STAGE COMPANIES everywhere should keep constantly on hand and freely use

RAREY'S
CELEBRATED CONDITION POWDERS!

They are equal to a Life Insurance on all Stock, as will be fully appreciated on trial by all True Economists.

REDINGTON & CO., Sole Agents,
my28 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco.

DEATH'S DOINGS!

THE DEAD TELL NO TALES, 'TIS SAID. WHAT A pity 'tis 'tis true; for if they could, what a "skedaddling" there would be among the numerous quacks and impostors of the present time.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY

May differ in relation to the treatment of disease, but there is very little diversity of opinion among them as to its origin. The philanthropist does not contend that any man becomes at once a

DRUNKARD OR A THIEF.

Nor does the well informed physician maintain that any one becomes at once an invalid. He knows that almost all diseases are of slow growth; that the seeds of disease are often sown at a remote period, and only await some change of climate or condition of the individual to manifest themselves.

A COMMON COLD!

Is the forerunner of many a fatal disease; a leading symptom of Consumption; a general disturber of the human system, and

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP

Is the greatest barrier that can be thrown in the way of its progress. Its timely use will ward off Consumption, cure the Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and the thousand and one other ills so sure to follow in its wake when too long neglected or improperly treated.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.
And for sale everywhere. se10-tf

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

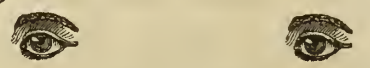
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED
Eye Salve!
AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CATARRH!

DR. H. GOODALE'S
Catarrh Remedy!

FOR CENTURIES CATARRH HAS DEFIED THE skill of physicians and surgeons. No medical work contains a prescription that will eradicate it. Nothing save DR. GOODALE'S REMEDY will break it up, radically destroying the principle of the disease, and precluding the possibility of a relapse. Medical men have attempted to explain what it is, but admit that they have not discovered its antidote. Dr. Goodale offers this simple definition of its character: It is a disorder which he DOES CURE and they DO NOT. This is the great fact which it imports the sufferer to know, and a single trial will establish it beyond a question. Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE!

THE GREAT
UNEQUALLED
PREPARATION
FOR
RESTORING, INVIGORATING, BEAUTIFYING
AND
DRESSING
THE
Hair!

IT IS A STIMULATING, OILY EXTRACT OF BARKS and Herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the Hair from falling out, or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all hair preparations, and may be relied on.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles—Price $1.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

OPPOSITION! OPPOSITION!

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK,

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY, Esq. - - - - - - Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

On or about November 13th.

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit over the Isthmus is now in fine order. The coaches on the road, and the steamers on the Lake and River are all new, and built expressly for this route. Particular attention paid to the comfort of ladies and families by a Conductor, who will go through to New York with them.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
oc22 Up stairs, San Francisco.

PROCLAMATION.

RESOLUTION No. 3,765.—RESOLVED, That notice of a GENERAL ELECTION for Presidential Electors and Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be holden on the EIGHTH (8th) DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1864, be given by posting up at each place of holding election in said city and county, a copy of the Election Proclamation of his Excellency the Governor of the State of California, dated the 26th day of September, 1864, and by inserting the same in the *Daily Alta California*, a newspaper printed in said city and county, and such other newspapers as may insert the same without charge, for at least ten days before the said eighth day of November, A. D. 1864, which said Proclamation is in the following words and figures, to wit:

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SACRAMENTO.

Notice is hereby given that a General Election will be held throughout the State of California, on TUESDAY, the EIGHTH DAY of NOVEMBER NEXT, when the following officers are to be elected:

Three Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be elected in the following manner, viz.:

One Representative in the First Congressional District, comprising the counties of San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Tulare, Monterey, Fresno, Merced, Mariposa, Stanislaus, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Mateo and San Francisco.

One Representative in the Second Congressional District, comprising the counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Mono, Calaveras, Amador, El Dorado, Sacramento, Placer, Nevada and Alpine.

One Representative in the Third Congressional District, comprising the counties of Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Lake, Solano, Yolo, Sutter, Yuba, Sierra, Butte, Plumas, Tehama, Colusa, Mendocino, Humboldt, Trinity, Shasta, Siskiyou, Klamath, Del Norte and Lassen.

There are also to be elected Five Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

The attention of the Boards of Supervisors in the various counties of this State is directed to Sec. 4 of an Act regulating elections, approved April 20, 1863. (See Statutes of 1863, page 353.)

The attention of all officers of election is directed to an Act regulating elections, approved April 4th, 1864. (See Statutes of 1863–4, page 467.)

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great Seal of the State of California to be affixed.
(L.S.)

Done at Sacramento this 26th day of September, A. D. 1864. FRED'K F. LOW, Governor of California.

Attest: B. B. REDDING, Secretary of State.
By F. W. REDDING, Dep. Sec.

In Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, October 10, 1864, adopted by the following vote;

Ayes—Supervisors Titcomb, Fay, Rowell, King, Ashbury, Torrey, Clayton, Shrader, Bell, Cummings, McCoppin.
Absent—Supervisor Cody.

JAS. W. BINGHAM, Clerk.

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

RAILROAD HOUSE,

316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the

RAILROAD HOUSE

affords an extra inducement to travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

se13-3m C. L. ROSS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

Third Week in San Francisco of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

Supported by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, also, Mr. J CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the London Theatres.

Together with

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Evening, October 22d, 1864,

Will be presented Shakspeare's play,

The Merchant of Venice!

Shylock - - - - - - - - - Mr. Charles Kean
Bassanio - - - - - - - - - Mr. Cathcart
Gratiano - - - - - - - - - Mr. Everett
Portia - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Chas Kean
Nerissa - - - - - - - - - Miss Chapman

ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 23D,

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in favorite characters.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Mr. and Mrs. KEAN will appear in the great play of

KING JOHN.

ON TUESDAY EVENING.

THE GAMESTER.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING,

HAMLET.

ON THURSDAY EVENING,

KING JOHN.

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - - One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - - Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - - Fifty cents

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M

A. H. HOUSTON,
oc22 General Superintendent.

IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearied experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S

Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have a gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-dressing yet offered to the public.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

IS WARRANTED!

to produce the results claimed for it, when used according to directions.

Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by

c8 H. P. WAKELEE.

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO:

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

au20

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Proprietor
PETER RICHINGS, - - - - - - - Manager
GEO. EVANS, - - - - - - Musical Director

THE FAREWELL BENEFIT

—OF—

MR. PETER RICHINGS,

Prior to his departure for the East on the steamer of the 31 proximo will take place

Tuesday Evening, October 25th, 1864.

In making this last appeal to the public of San Francisco, he begs leave to return his sincere thanks for the uniform kindness evinced towards both himself and Daughter, during their sojourn of five months in this city. The entertainment selected for the occasion, in which the

English Opera Troupe

Will lend their gratuitous services, being the last appearance but five of that combination, are the

THE GRAND DRUIDICAL SCENE

From Bellini's opera of

NORMA;

The very popular comic opera of

THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA,

and the allegorical Tableau of

WASHINGTON,

In which the Beneficiary will personate the IMMORTAL SAGE, HERO and PATRIOT, and Miss Richings as the Goddess of Liberty, will sing our National Anthem,

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

ON WEDNESDAY,

BENEFIT OF MR. H. C. PEAKES.

☞ Box plan will be opened on Monday.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at 8 precisely. sc17

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - Stage Manager

"THE FASHIONABLE RESORT."

ENGAGEMENT OF THE WONDERFUL ARTISTE

Little Jennie Worrell!

Who will appear nightly in conjunction with

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch,	Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold,	Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes,	Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina,	S. Washburg,
C. F. Shattuck,	Signor Pinto,
F. Harris,	E. Grob, and

M. LEWIS,

Making in all the MOST POWERFUL COMPANY, and the

CREME DE LA CREME

of the Ethiopian profession.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - Proprietor

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

HOME AGAIN!

THE SLAVE DWARF.

Who has just returned from the interior.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

THE GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF

LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

QUINTESSENCE OF

ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the United States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden Lavender Flowers. se24

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.

Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.

English Potted Meats.

Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.

Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.

Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.

English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.

English Soups, asserted.

Pate de Foie Gras.

French Truffles and Mushrooms.

Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.

Spiced Oysters.

Dutch Herrings and Sardella.

English and American Bloaters.

Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.

Mess Mackerel.

Cider Vinegar.

Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.

Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS,

JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

A. Roman & Co.'s.

THE TRIAL; or, New Links of the Daisy Chain. By the author of "the Heir of Redclyffe." 12mo.

The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington. By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes," etc. 12mo.

Victoire. A Novel. 1 vol. 12mo.

Centeola and other Tales. By the author of "Green Mountain Boys," etc. 12mo.

Down in Tennessee, and back by Way of Richmond. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc.

The Devoted Bride. By St. George Tucker. 12mo.

The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter. From the private Journals and other papers of Commander Semmes and other officers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mirror of Modern Democracy; a History of the Democratic Party from its organization in 1825 to its last great achievement, the Rebellion of 1861. By W. D. Jones. 12mo.

General orders of the War Department, embracing the Years 1861, 1862 and 1863. Chronologically arranged. With a full alphabetical Index. 2 vols. 8vo.

The New Internal Revenue Law, approved June 31, 1864. With a complete Analytical Index and Tables of Taxation. 8vo.

Man and His Relations. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. 8vo.

Golden Leaves from the British Poets. Collected by John W. Howes. 12mo.

Not Dead Yet; a Novel. By J. C. Jefferson. 8vo.

Tit-Bits; or, How to Prepare a nice dish at a Moderate Expense. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. 12mo.

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's plan in the Atmosphere and its elements. Ten lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. 8vo.

Together with an extensive and complete stock of

Choice and Standard Books,

In all the departments of

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

A fine collection of Standard authors in fine bindings, suitable for private Libraries.

☞ A full assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, etc, etc.

All for sale at the lowest Prices, wholesale and retail.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS,

416 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

oc15-1m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 23. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 29, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

A Touching Story of George Washington's Boyhood.—By "Mark Twain."
Things—By "Inigo."
Notes of Mines and Mineralogy.
Scientific Sketches—By "Trismegistus."
DEMON AMOR.—A Translation.—Concluded.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK:

POETRY—
Phantoms.—By "Emilie Lawson."

EDITORIALS:

The News.
Editorial Paragraphs.

NEW BOOKS:

A Review of New Publications.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Horse.—Continued.
Some Italian Sketches.
Nathaniel Hawthorne's Last Work.
Love in a Draper's Shop.

POETRY—

Sorrows of Werther.
Before Vicksburg.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A TOUCHING STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

IF it please your neighbor to break the sacred calm of night with the snorting of an unholy trombone, it is your duty to put up with his wretched music and your privilege to pity him for the unhappy instinct that moves him to delight in such discordant sounds. I did not always think thus; this consideration for musical amateurs was born of certain disagreeable personal experiences that once followed the development of a like instinct in myself. Now this infidel over the way, who is learning to play on the trombone, and the slowness of whose progress is almost miraculous, goes on with his harrowing work every night, uncursed by me, but tenderly pitied. Ten years ago, for the same offence, I would have set fire to his house. At that time I was a prey to an amateur violinist for two or three weeks, and the sufferings I endured at his hands are inconceivable. He played "Old Dan Tucker," and he never played anything else—but he performed that so badly that he could throw me into fits with it if I were awake, or into a nightmare if I were asleep. As long as he confined himself to "Dan Tucker," though, I bore with him and abstained from violence: but when he projected a fresh outrage, and tried to do "Sweet Home," I went over and burnt him out. My next assailant was a wretch who felt a call to play the clarionet. He only played the scale, however, with his distressing instrument, and I let him run the length of his tether, also; but finally, when he branched out into a ghastly tune, I felt my reason deserting me under the exquisite torture, and I sallied forth and burnt him out likewise. During the next two years I burned out an amateur cornet-player, a bugler, a bassoon-sharp, and a barbarian whose talents ran in the bass-drum line. I would certainly have scorched this trombone man if he had moved into my neighborhood in those days. But as I said before, I leave him to his own destruction now, because I have had experience as an amateur myself, and I feel nothing but compassion for that kind of people. Besides, I have learned that there lies dormant in the souls of all men a penchant for some particular musical instrument, and an unsuspected yearning to learn to play on it, that are bound to wake up and demand attention some day. Therefore, you who rail at such as disturb your slumbers with unsuccessful and demoralizing attempts to subjugate a fiddle, beware! for sooner or later your own time will come. It is customary and popular to curse these amateurs when they wrench you out of a pleasant dream at night with a peculiarly diabolical note, but seeing that we are all made alike, and must all develop a distorted talent for music in the fullness of time, it is not right. I am charitable to my trombone maniac; in a moment of inspiration he fetches a snort, sometimes, that brings me to a sitting posture in bed, broad awake and weltering in a cold perspiration. Perhaps my first thought is that there has been an earthquake; perhaps I hear the trombone, and my next thought is that suicide and the silence of the grave would be a happy release from this nightly agony; perhaps the old instinct comes strong upon me to go after my matches; but my first cool, collected thought is that the trombone man's destiny is upon him, and he is working it out in suffering and tribulation; and I banish from me the unworthy instinct that would prompt me to burn him out.

After a long immunity from the dreadful insanity that moves a man to become a musician in defiance of the will of God that he should confine himself to sawing wood, I finally fell a victim to the instrument they call the Accordeon. At this day I hate that contrivance as fervently as any man can, but at the time I speak of I suddenly acquired a disgusting and idolatrous affection for it. I got one of powerful capacity and learned to play "Auld Lang Syne" on it. It seems to me, now, that I must have been gifted with a sort of inspiration to be enabled, in the state of ignorance in which I then was, to select out of the whole range of musical composition the one solitary tune that sounds vilest and most distressing on the accordeon. I do not suppose there is another tune in the world with which I could have inflicted so much anguish upon my race as I did with that one during my short musical career.

After I had been playing "Lang Syne" about a week, I had the vanity to think I could improve the original melody, and I set about adding some little flourishes and variations to it, but with rather indifferent success, I suppose, as it brought my landlady into my presence with an expression about her of being opposed to such desperate enterprises. Said she, "Do you know any other tune but that, Mr. Twain?" I told her, meekly, that I did not. "Well, then," said she, "stick to it just as it is; don't put any variations to it, because it's rough enough on the boarders the way it is now."

The fact is, it was something more than simply "rough enough" on them; it was altogether too rough; half of them left, and the other half would have followed, but Mrs. Jones saved them by discharging me from the premises.

I only stayed one night at my next lodging-house. Mrs. Smith was after me early in the morning. She said, "You can go, sir; I don't want you here; I have had one of your kind before—a poor lunatic, that played the banjo and danced breakdowns, and jarred the glass all out of the windows; you kept me awake all night, and if you was to do it again I'd take and mash that thing over your head!" I could see that this woman took no delight in music, and I moved to Mrs. Brown's.

For three nights in succession I gave my new neighbors "Auld Lang Syne," plain and unadulterated, save by a few discords that rather improved the general effect than otherwise. But the very first time I tried the variations the boarders mutinied. I never did find anybody that would stand those variations. I was very well satisfied with my efforts in that house, however, and I left it without any regrets; I drove one boarder as mad as a March hare, and another one tried to scalp his mother. I reflected, though, that if I could only have been allowed to give this latter just one more touch of the variations, he would have finished the old woman.

I went to board at Mrs. Murphy's, an Italian lady of many excellent qualities. The very first time I struck up the variations, a haggard, care-worn, cadaverous old man walked into my room and stood beaming upon me a smile of ineffable happiness. Then he placed his hand upon my head, and looking devoutly aloft, he said with feeling unction, and in a voice trembling with emotion, "God bless you, young man! God bless you! for you have done that for me which is beyond all praise. For years I have suffered from an incurable disease, and knowing my doom was sealed and that I must die, I have striven with all my power to resign myself to my fate, but in vain—the love of life was too strong within me. But Heaven bless you, my benefactor! for since I heard you play that tune and those variations, I do not want to live any longer—I am entirely resigned—I am willing to die—I am anxious to die." And then the old man fell upon my neck and wept a flood of happy tears. I was surprised at these things, but I could not help feeling a little proud at what I had done, nor could I help giving the old gentleman a parting blast in the way of some peculiarly lacerating variations as he went out at the door. They doubled him up like a jack-knife, and the next time he left his bed of pain and suffering, he was all right, in a metallic coffin.

My passion for the accordeon finally spent itself and died out, and I was glad when I found myself free from its unwholesome influence. While the fever was upon me, I was a living, breathing calamity wherever I went, and desolation and disaster followed in my wake. I bred discord in families, I crushed the spirits of the light-hearted, I drove the melancholy to despair, I hurried invalids to premature dissolution, and I fear me I disturbed the very dead in their graves. I did incalculable harm and inflicted untold suffering upon my race with my execrable music, and yet to atone for it all, I did but one single blessed act, in making that weary old man willing to go to his long home.

Still, I derived some little benefit from that accordeon, for while I continued to practice on it, I never had to pay any board—landlords were always willing to compromise, on my leaving before the month was up.

Now, I had two objects in view, in writing the foregoing, one of which, was to try and reconcile people to those poor unfortunates who feel that they have a genius for music, and who drive their neighbors crazy every night in trying to develop and cultivate it, and the other was to introduce an admirable story about Little George Washington, who could Not Lie, and the Cherry Tree—or the Apple Tree, I have forgotten now, which, although it was told me only yesterday. And writing such a long and elaborate introductory has caused me to forget the story itself; but it was very touching.

MARK TWAIN.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the following for the receipts since our last issue: From *Camanche*, $295 55; Fiddletown, $57; Alleghany, $50; Healdsburg, $51; American Hill, $23; Nebraska, $11; Minnesota, $24 25; Wilmington, $196 in Legal Tender Notes; You Bet, $160 50; St. Helena, $200; Petaluma, $118 50; Pilgrim Landing School, $16 25; other San Francisco contributions, $1,020 67 in coin and $18 in Legal Tender Notes. Total, $2,027 72 in coin and $214 in Legal Tender Notes.

Most of the above contributions are the first results of the formation of the "Soldiers' Aid Societies," which the agents of the California Branch of the Sanitary Commission are actively organizing throughout the State. Over one hundred societies have been already formed, and from the generous patriotism which many of the newly formed organizations already display, San Francisco must soon look to her own activity, lest they be farther advanced in the qualities which are characteristic of loyal citizens and ready sympathizers with those who suffer that we may enjoy the blessings of liberty and good government.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BLASTING.—Much expense and labor are wasted in the ordinary mode of blasting rocks, as all miners know, by the plug being displaced and thrown out of the hole by the force of the explosion, and thereby the effect upon the rock itself greatly if not entirely lost. This accident often happens to the most careful miner in the usual way of working, and no caution seems to be able entirely to prevent it. Mr. D. S. Sutherland, of George street, Westminster, proposes a remedy for this trouble, which in practice has been found eminently successful. He introduces into the bore-hole a cone, either of wood or hollow metal, between the powder and the outer side of the hole. The apex of the cone is outward, and the whole is then filled up with sand, sufficient room only being left for the passage of the fuse. The effect of this cone is that the force of the explosion is much increased, the sand rendering the blowing out of the cone impossible.

Another evil attending blasting in mines is the quantity of smoke produced by the explosion of the gunpowder used, so great as to stop for the time all work till the smoke clears off, involving heavy loss of time in many deep mines, the men being often delayed for twenty minutes or more in underground workings. Trials were recently made in the Welsh slate quarries with the gun-cotton patented and manufactured by Messrs. Prentice & Co., of Stowmarket, England, and it is confidently expected that it will supersede gunpowder for this purpose in consequence of its almost smokeless explosion. The experiments were most interesting and successful.

SOME ITALIAN SKETCHES.

ON HORSEBACK IN ITALY.

THREE o'clock found us at the Villa of Hadrian. We had explored that incomparable ruin, and consecrated it, in the Homeric and Anglo-Saxon manner, by eating and drinking. Some of us sat in the shadow of one of the great walls, fitter for a city than a palace, over which a Nile of ivy, gushing from one narrow source, spread itself in widening inundations. A happy few listened to stories of Bagdad from Mrs. ——, whose silver hair gleamed, a palpable anachronism, like a snow-fall in May, over that ever-youthful face, where the few sadder lines seemed but the signature of Age to a deed of quit-claim and release. Dear Tito, that exemplary traveller who never lost a day, had come back from renewed explorations, convinced by the eloquent *custode* that Serapeion was the name of an officer in the Prætorian Guard. I was explaining, in addition, that Naumachia, in the Greek tongue, signified a place artificially drained, when the horses were announced.

This put me to reflection. I felt, perhaps, a little as Mazeppa must, when told that his steed was at the door. For several years I had not been on the back of a horse, and was it not more than likely that these mountains might produce a yet more refractory breed of these ferocious animals than common? Who could tell the effect of grazing on a volcanic soil like that hereabout? I had vague recollections that the saddle nullified the laws governing the impulsion of inert bodies, exacerbating the centrifugal forces into a virulent activity, and proportionably narcotizing the centripetal. The phrase *ratio proportioned to the squares of the distances* impressed me with an awe which explained to me how the laws of nature had been of old personified and worshipped. Meditating these things, I walked with a cheerful aspect to the gate, where my saddled and bridled martyrdom awaited me.

"*Eccommi qua!*" said Leopoldo, hilariously. "Gentlemen will be good enough to select from the three best beasts in Tivoli."

"Oh, this one will serve me as well any," said I, with an air of indifference, much as I have seen a gentleman help himself inadvertently to the best peach in the dish. I am not more selfish than becomes a Christian of the nineteenth century, but I looked on this as a clear case of *tabula in naufragio*, and had noticed that the animal in question had that tremulous droop of the lower lip which indicates senility, and the abdication of the wilder propensities Moreover, he was the only one provided with a curb bit, or rather with two huge iron levers which might almost have served Archimedes for his problem. Our saddles were flat cushions covered with leather, brought by years of friction to the highest state of polish. Instead of a pommel, a perpendicular stake, about ten inches high, rose in front, which, in case of a stumble, would save one's brains, at the risk of certain evisceration. Behind, a glary slope invited me constantly to slide over the horse's tail. The selfish prudence of my choice had well-nigh proved the death of me, for this poor old brute, with that anxiety to oblige a *forestiero* which characterizes everybody here, could never make up his mind which of his four paces, (and he had the rudiments of four—walk, trot, rack and gallop,) would be most agreeable to me. The period of transition is always unpleasant, and it was all transition. He treated me to a hodge-podge of all his several gaits at once. St. Vitus was the only patron saint I could think of. My head jerked one way, my body another, while each of my legs became a pendulum vibrating furiously, one always forward while the other was back, so that I had all the appearance and all the labor of going afoot, and at the same time was humped within an inch of my life. Waterton's alligator was nothing to it; it was like riding a hard-trotting armadillo bare-backed. There is a species of equitation peculiar to our native land, in which a rail from the nearest fence, with no preliminary incantation of *Horse and hattock!* is converted into a steed, and this alone may stand the comparison. Storg in the meanwhile was triumphantly taking the lead, his trowsers working up very pleasantly above his knees, an insurrectionary movement which I also was unable to suppress in my own. I could bear it no longer.

"Le-e-o-o-p-o-o-o-l-l-l-d-o-o-o!" jolted I.

"Command, lordship!" and we both came to a stop.

"It is necessary that we change horses immediately, or I shall be jelly."

"Certainly, lordship;" and I soon had the pathetic satisfaction of seeing him subjected to all the excruciating experiments that had been tried upon myself. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, thought his extempore lordship, Christopher Sly, to himself.

* * * * * * *

We dined at a little tavern, with a gilded ball hung out for a sign—a waif, I fancy, from some shipwreck. The landlady was a brisk, amusing little body, who soon informed us that her husband was own cousin to a Senator of the United States. A very elaborate sampler in the parlor, in which an obelisk was wept over by a somewhat costly willow in silver thread, recorded the virtues of the Senator's maternal grandfather and grandmother. After dinner, as we sat smoking our pipes on the piazza, our good hostess brought her little daughter, and made her repeat verses utterly unintelligible, but conjecturally moral, and certainly depressing. Once set a-going, she ran down like an alarm clock. We awaited her subsidence as that of a shower or other inevitable natural phenomenon. More refreshing was the talk of a tall returned Californian, who told us, among other things, that "he should not mind Panahmy's being sunk, ollers providin' there waru't none of *our* folks onto it when it went down!"

Our landlady's exhibition of her daughter puts me in mind of something similar, yet oddly different, which happened to Storg and me at Palestrina. We happened to praise the beauty of our stout *locandiera's* little girl. "Ah, she is nothing to her elder sister just married," said the mother. "If you could see *her!* She is bella, *bella*, BELLA!" We thought no more of it; but after dinner, the good creature, with no warning but a tap at the door and a humble *con permesso*, brought her up in all her bravery, and showed her off to us as simply and naturally as if she had been a picture. The girl who was both beautiful and modest, bore it with the dignified *aplomb* of a statue. She knew we admired her, and liked it, but with the indifference of a rose. There is something very charming, I think, in this wholly unsophisticated consciousness, with no alloy of vanity or coquetry.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC.

To me the noon silence and solitude of St. Peter's were most impressive, when the sunlight, made visible by the mist of the ever-burning lamps in which it was entangled, hovered under the dome like the holy dove goldenly descending. Very grand, also, is the twilight, when all outlines melt into mysterious vastness, and the arches expand and lose themselves in the deepening shadow. Then, standing in the desert transept, you hear the far-off vespers swell and die like low breathings of the sea on some conjectured shore.

As the sky is supposed to scatter its golden star-pollen once every year in meteoric showers, so the dome of St. Peter's has its annual efflorescence of fire. This illumination is the great show of Papal Rome. Just after sunset I stood upon the Trinita dei Monti and saw the little drops of pale light creeping downward from the cross and trickling over the dome. Then, as the sky darkened behind, it seemed as if the setting sun had lodged upon the horizon and there burned out, the fire still clinging to his massy ribs. And when the change from the silver to the golden illumination came, it was as if the breeze had fanned the embers into flame again.

Bitten with the Anglo-Saxon gad-fly that drives us all to disenchant artifice, and see the springs that fix it on, I walked down to get a nearer look. My next glimpse was from the bridge of Sant' Angelo; but there was no time nor space for pause. Foot-passengers crowding hither and thither, as they heard the shout of *Avanti!* from the mile of coachmen behind, dragoon-horses curtsying backward just where there were most women and children to be flattened, and the dome drawing all eyes and thoughts the wrong way, made a hubbub to be got out of at any desperate hazard. Besides, one could not help feeling nervously hurried; for it seemed quite plain to everybody that this starry apparition must be as momentary as it was wonderful, and that we should find it vanished when we reached the piazza. But suddenly you stand in front of it, and see the soft travertine of the front suffused with a tremulous, glooming glow, a mildened glory, as if the building breathed, and so transmuted its shadow into soft pulses of light.

After wondering long enough, I went back to the Pincio, and watched it for an hour longer. But I did not wish to see it go out. It seemed better to go home and leave it still trembling, so that I could fancy a kind of permanence in it, and half believe I should find it there again some lucky evening. Before leaving it altogether, I went away to cool my eyes with darkness, and came back several times; and every time it was a new miracle. the more so that it was a human piece of faery-work. Beautiful as fire is in itself, I suspect that part of the pleasure is metaphysical, and that the sense of playing with an element which can be so terrible adds to the zest of the spectacle. And then fire is not the least degraded by it, because it is not utilized. If beauty were in use, the factory would add a grace to the river, and we should turn from the fire-writing on the wall of heaven to look at a message printed by magnetic telegraph. There may be a beauty in the use itself; but utilization is always downward, and it is this feeling that makes Schiller's *Pegasus* in yoke so universally pleasing. So long as the curse of work clings to man, he will see beauty only in play. The capital of the most frugal commonwealth in the world burns up $5,000 a year in gunpowder, and nobody murmurs. Provident Judas wished to utilize the ointment, but the Teacher would rather that it should be wasted in poem.

The best lesson in æsthetics I ever got, (and, like most good lessons, it fell from the lips of no regular professor,) was from an Irishman on the day the Nymph Cochituate was formally introduced to the people of Boston. I made one with other rustics in the streets, admiring the dignitaries in coaches with as much Christian charity as is consistent with an elbow in the pit of your stomach and a heel on that toe which is your only inheritance from two excellent grandfathers. Among other allegorical phenomena, there came along what I should have called a hay-cart, if I had not known it was a triumphal car, filled with that fairest variety of mortal grass which with us is apt to spindle so soon into a somewhat sapless womanhood. Thirty-odd young maidens in white gowns, with blue sashes and pink wreaths of French crape, represented the United States. (How shall we limit our number, by the way, if ever Utah be admitted?) The ship, the printing press, even the wondrous train of express wagons, and other solid bits of civic fantasy, had left my Hibernian neighbor unmoved. But this brought him down. Turning to me, as the most appreciative public for the moment, with face of as much delight as if his head had been broken, he cried: "Now this is *raly* beautiful! Totally regardless av expinse!" Methought my shirt-sleeved lecturer on the Beautiful had hit at least one nail full on the head. Voltaire but epigrammatized the same thought when he said: "*Le superflu, chose tres-necessaru.*"

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It is impossible for a stranger to say who may *not* beg in Rome. It seems to be a sudden madness that may seize any one at the sight of a foreigner. You see a very respectable-looking person in the street, and it is odds but, as you pass him, his whole figure suddenly dilapidates itself, assuming a tremble of professional weakness, and you hear the everlasting "*Qualche cosa per carita?*" You are in doubt whether to drop a bajoccho into the next cardinal's hat which offers you its sacred cavity in answer to your salute. You begin to believe that the hat was invented for the sole purpose of engulfing coppers, and that its highest type is the great *Trireyno* itself, into which the pence of Peter rattle.

But you soon learn to distinguish the established beggars, and to the three professions elsewhere considered liberal you add a fourth for this latitude—mendicancy. Its professors look upon themselves as a kind of guild which ought to be protected by the Government. I fell into talk with a woman who begged of me in the Colosseum. Among other things she complained that the Government did not at all consider the poor.

"Where is the Government that does?" I said.

"*Eh gia!* Excellency; but this Government lets beggars from the country come into Rome, which is a great injury to the trade of us born Romans. There is Beppo, for example; he is a man of property in his own town, and has a dinner of three courses every day. He has portioned two daughters with three thousand scudi each, and left Rome during the time of the Republic with the rest of the nobility."

At first one is shocked and pained at the exhibition of deformities in the street. But by and by he comes to look upon them with little more emotion than is excited by seeing the tools of any other trade. The melancholy of the beggars is purely a matter of business; and they look upon their maims as Fortunatus purses, which will always give them money. A withered arm they present to you as a highwayman would his pistol; and a *goitre* is a life-annuity; a St. Vitus' dance is as good as an engagement as *prima ballerina* at the Apollo; and to have no legs at all is to stand on the best footing with fortune. They are a merry race, on the whole, and quick-witted, like the rest of their countrymen. I believe the regular fee for a beggar is a quattrino, about a quarter of a cent; but they expect more of foreigners. A friend of mine once gave one of these tiny coins to an old woman; she delicately expressed her resentment by exclaiming: "Thanks, *signoria*. God will reward *even* you!"

A begging friar came to me one day with a subscription for repairing his convent. "Ah, but I am a heretic," said I. "Undoubtedly," (with a shrug, implying a respectful acknowledgment of a foreigner's right to choose warm and dry lodgings in the other world as well as in this,) "but your money is perfectly orthodox."

Another favorite way of doing nothing is to excavate the Forum. I think the *Fanientes* like this all the better because it seems a kind of satire upon work, as the witches parody the Christian offices of devotion at their Sabbath. A score or so of old men in voluminous cloaks shift the earth from one side of a large pit to the other, in a manner so leisurely that it is positive repose to look at them. The most bigoted anti-Fourierist might acknowledge this to be attractive industry.

One conscript father trails a small barrow up to another, who stands leaning on a long spade. Arriving, he fumbles for his snuff-box, and offers it deliberately to his friend. Each takes an ample pinch, and both seat themselves to await the result. If one should sneeze he receives the "*Felicita*" of the other; and, after allowing the titillation to subside, he replies, "*Grazia!*" Then follows a little conversation, and then they prepare to load. But it occurs to the barrow-driver that this is a good opportunity to fill and light his pipe, and to do so conveniently he needs his barrow to sit upon. He draws a few whiffs, and a little more conversation takes place. The barrow is now ready; but first the wielder of the spade will fill *his* pipe also. This done, more whiffs and more conversation. Then a spoonful of earth is thrown into the barrow, and it starts on its return. But midway it meets an empty barrow, and both stop to go through the snuff-box ceremonial once more, and to discuss whatever new thing has occurred in the excavation since their last encounter. And so it goes on all day.—*Fireside Travels, by James Russell Lowell.*

PARISIAN WRETCHEDNESS.—Mr. Jerrold in his *Children of Lutetia* gives us a glimpse of the character of Parisian poverty in a graphic passage: "There are horrible dens, where the rabbit-skin buyers dry their odoriferous merchandise by their own bedside. Where does the careless visitor think these saltimbanques, these fantoccini directors, these merchants of the four seasons, these proprietors of estaminets for damp feet (curious establishments, to be described presently), these Savoyards, and rag-pickers, and licensed beggars, put a slate (to quote Chatterton) between themselves and the thunder-cloud? Whither will the dregs of the coffee, the broken victuals, the sweepings of splendid staircases—indeed, all the wrecks of to-day's luxury of the English quarter—be carried, before the lords of this English quarter are awake to-morrow? Stealthy men glide about the boulevard cafes late at night, picking up ends of cigars. If there were no abodes of misery in this great city, where would these men lie? The rag-pickers have their quarter, their drinking-shops, their balls, and their societies—not, the reader may be certain, near the splendors of the Rue de Rivoli. The organ-grinders and exhibitors of monkeys and other animals, have a roof in unknown Paris. The 70,000 people who are said to rise in Paris every morning not knowing how they will eat a crust of bread, rise from bed, or straw, or plank—somewhere! Paris includes pickpockets, of juvenile offenders, of lost women, of men steeped to the chin in misery and vice. These have their whereabouts and their habits. Mont St. Hilaire and the Montagne-Sainte-Genevieve have claims to rank with our Seven Dials or Minories—albeit boulevards have been driven past the drinking-cellars—where the rag-picker stupefies himself with a burning spirit he calls camphre, or pepper, or casse-poitrine. Behind the glittering boulevards are hordes of human creatures who live by the strangest industries. Necessity—the mother of invention—has been fertile in expedients in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. There is the maggot-breeder for the fishermen of the Seine; the money-lender who charges cent. per cent. by lending from sunrise to sunset; the poor reveilleuse, who goes from house to house, through the winter nights, to waken sleepers who must be at the markets; and there is the 'guardian angel,' whose business consists in seeing drunkards home from the wine-shops, at the rate of ten sous per drunkard! Behind all these quaint bread-winners, there are crowds of men and women, who depend on public or private charity."

A NEW VARIETY OF THE BRITISH LION.—A lady and gentleman were disturbed in their slumbers one night last week by the very unpleasant noise of a slight move under the bed. The lady expressed alarm, but her somewhat sleepy *caro sposo* said, "Oh, it's only one of the dogs;" and putting his hand down by the side of the bed, he called, "*Lion, Lion,*" and his hand being licked, after a moment the pair were satisfied, and they soon slumbered again peacefully. In the morning, however, they found that all their money and jewelry had disappeared, and it was clear that the lick had been a *dernier ressort* of an ingenious biped concealed under the bed.

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For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

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The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

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au19-3m

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Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

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SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

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Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

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THIS AGENCY

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We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

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Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, *via* San Mateo.

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San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

jn11-3m

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First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
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BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

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EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her marking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

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E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

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DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

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Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. jn18

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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au27-tf

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WE have just received and are now opening

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF

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—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

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Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.

se24

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At 7 o'clock, A. M.

se24-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

au20

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to Roman & Co. for the following recent publications. They were received last week, too late for any further notice than a mere repetition of their titles:

Poems of the War. By George H. Boker. 16mo., pp. 202. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

Most of the war lyrics in this volume are familiar to the general reader, having appeared originally in Eastern journals. With one or two exceptions, however, Mr. Boker's war poetry does not seem to come up to the standard he has himself erected in certain pieces that form a charming addenda to this volume under the title of "Miscellaneous Poems." The battle-songs show more enthusiasm than power—the poet's whole heart is in the struggle, but his intellectual faculties somehow are but imperfect auxiliaries, and he is often hysterical when he means to be simply emotional. There is a good deal of sparring in this volume, but very few straight hits from the shoulder; indeed the trouble with Mr. Boker seems to have arisen from his conscientious desire to be equal to all emergencies, and laureate of all heroic enterprise; but as we have been making History very rapidly during the last few years, and eventful deeds have trodden closely on each other, the poet had no opportunity for deliberation. Though a majority of these pieces are in the Ereles vein, here is a dashiug dragoon song, with a clean disc to its thought and a pleasant ring to its measure:

DRAGOON'S SONG.

Clash, clash goes the sabre against my steed's side,
Kling, kling go the rowels, as onward I ride;
And all my bright harness is living and speaks,
And under my horse-shoes the frosty ground creaks;
I wave my buff glove to the girl whom I love,
Then join my dark squadron, and forward I move.

The foe, all secure, has lain down by his gun;
I'll open his eyelids before the bright sun.
I burst on their pickets; they scatter, they fly;
Too late they awaken—'t is only to die.
Now the torch to their camp; I'll make it a lamp,
As back to my quarters so slowly I tramp.

Kiss, kiss me, my darling! your lover is here.
Nay, kiss off the smoke-stains; keep back that bright tear;
Keep back that bright tear till the day when I come,
To the low wailing fife and deep muffled drum,
With a bullet half through this bosom so true,
To die, as I ought, for my country and you.

But the finest poem in the volume is an Arabian Idyl, the story of "Prince Adeb," who having been in childhood wrongfully despoiled of his inheritance by a relative, and reduced to Bedouin vagabondage, nurses the fire of revenge iu his breast, and takes the first opportunity to gratify his peculiar instinets. Stealing into his enemy's palace at night he surprised him in a drunken slumber, watched over by a beautiful slave. The Prince, profoundly affected by the charms of this guardian angel, lowers his vengeful blade and hesitates to strike. The young girl, equally smitten by the manly beauty of the Prince, pleads for the life of his foe. The Prince compromises with his conscience by running away with the young beauty, who is not averse to his substituting elopement for murder. The description of their flight is very graphic and beautiful:

Shadows cast
From two high-sailing clouds upon the sand
Passed not more noiseless than we two, as one,
Glided beneath the moonlight, till I smelt
The fragrance of the stables. As I slid
The wide doors open, with a sudden bound
Uprose the startled horses; but they stood
Still as the man who in a foreign land
Hears his strange language, when my Desert call,
As low and plaintive as the nested dove's,
Fell on their listening ears. From stall to stall,
Feeling the horses with my groping hands,
I crept in darkness; and at length I came
Upon two sister mares whose rounded sides,
Fine muzzles, and small heads, and pointed ears,
And foreheads spreading 'twixt their eyelids wide,
Long slender tails, thin manes, and coats of silk,
Told me, that, of the hundred steeds there stalled,
My hand was on the treasures. O'er and o'er
I felt their bony joints and down their legs
To the cool hoofs;—no blemish anywhere:
These I led forth and saddled.

—

Dramatis Personæ. By Robert Browning. 16mo., pp. 362. Boston: Tieknor & Fields. 1864.

Every admirer of Robert Browning will admit the felicity of this title of his latest work, and find therein some definition of the faults and virtues of his peculiar genius. No other modern writer of verse can compare with him in dramatic vigor, intensity and force of condensatiou; yet his dispositiou to forget his own individuality in that of the character he depicts, and to thus lose that certain control over his creation which is necessary for perspicuity and clearness, will prevent him from ever rivalling Tennyson as a poet. Mr. Browning's faults are simply exaggeration of his excellences, which often render him obseure to the general reader; and we frankly confess, while owning sincere admiration for his genius, that we are unable to pass a criticism upon two-thirds of his present volume through sheer inability to understand it. "A Death in the Desert," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Abt Vogler," "Rabbi Beu Ezra," and "James Lee," are of the complexion of *Sordello*, and remind us of the old story of Jerrold, and his perturbation on perusing that unintelligible poem. Exiled to a quiet country village, and forbidden all books and literary occupation in consequence of alarming symptoms of brain disease, Jerrold managed, through the incautiousness of his wife, to get hold of a copy of *Sordello*, just published. He eagerly opened the volume, but page after page was turned, and line after line perused, without awakening a consecutive thought. An ill-defined horror seized upon the unfortunate satirist. Rushing to his wife, he tremblingly placed the book in her hands, and bade her read it and give him her opinion of its merits. Mrs. Jerrold turned to the first page, and Jerrold eagerly watched the contraction of her brows as she murmured the lines half-aloud. At length, looking up, she said: "Why, Jerrold, I can't make head or tail of it!" "Thank God!" ejaculated her relieved husband. "Then I'm not crazy!"

"Mr. Sludge, the Medium," is a marvellously graphic and analytical exposure of the tricks of spiritualism and the weakness of spiritualists, as given by a crafty medium "upon compulsion." Says Sludge:

Then, it 's so cruel easy! O, those tricks
That can't be tricks, those feats by sleight of hand,
Clearly no common conjurer's!—no, indeed!
A conjurer? Choose me any craft in the world
A man put's hand to; and with six months' pains,
I'd play you twenty tricks miraculous
To people untaught the trade: have you seen glass blown,
Pipes pierced? Why, just this biscuit that I chip,
Did you ever watch a baker toss one flat
To the oven? Try and do it! Take my word,
Practice but half as much, while limbs are lithe,
To turn, shove, tilt a table, crack your joints,
Manage your feet, dispose your hands aright,
Work wires that twitch the curtains, play the glevo
At end of your slipper—then put out the lights
And——there, there, all you want you'll get, I hope!
I found it slip, easy as an old shoe.

Mr. Sludge does not spare the little superstitious foibles of the class he preyed upon so successfully. Hear him:

Well, I add one use
To all the acknowledged uses, and declare
If I spy Charles's Wain at twelve to-night,
It warns me, "Go, nor lose another day,
And have your hair cut, Sludge!" You laugh: and why?
Were such a sign too hard for God to give?
No: but Sludge seems too little for such grace!
Thank you, sir! So you think, so does Sludge!
When you and good men gape at Providence,
Go into history and bid us mark
Not merely powder-plots prevented, crowns
Kept on kings' heads by miracle enough,
But private mercies—O, you 've told me, sir,
Of such interpositions! How, yourself,
Once, missing, on a memorable day,
Your handkerchief—just setting out, you knew—
You must return to fetch it, lost the train,
And saved your precious self from what befel
The thirty-three whom Providence forgot.
You tell, and ask me what I think of this?
Well, sir, I think then, since you needs must know,
What matter had you and Boston city to boot
Sailed skyward, like burnt onion-peelings! Much
To you, no doubt: for me—undoubtedly
The cutting of my hair concerns me more,
Because, however sad the truth may seem,
Sludge is of all-importance to himself.

We close the volume with the following vivid and dramatic little episode, thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Browning's clearest style:

YOUTH AND ART.

It once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,
Then laughed: "They will see some day
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,
"Kate Brown 's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
If you never turned your eyes' tail up,
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
(And yet the memory rankles,)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
"That foreign fellow—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
"Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her from over the way,
Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no: you would not be rash,
Nor I rasher and something over:
You 've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life 's unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.

—

Fireside Travels. By James Russell Lowell. 16mo., pp. 324. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

A charming book for the fireside, to be read from the depths of an easy chair, to the accompaniment of rain splashing on the windows and the crackling "of a sea-coal fire" or any other influences that induce comfortable retrospection. Some of these sketches were published in *Putnam's* Magaziue, when that excellent but now defunct periodical was in the growth of its popularity. The Italian outlines, and "A Few Bits of Roman Mosaic," are here printed for the first time. They are fine specimens of Mr. Lowell's prose, elegant and graceful, with here and there felicitous touches that resemble the "Autocrat's" finest pages. Although we have already given some extracts in another part of this paper, we are strongly tempted to reproduce the followiug original view of that somewhat depressing and often described pheuomena of

A CALM AT SEA.

I know nothing so tedious at once and exasperating as that regular slap of the wilted sails when the ship rises and falls with the slow breathing of the sleeping sea, one greasy, brassy swell following another, slow, smooth, immitigable as the series of Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets." Even at his best, Neptune, in a *tete-a-tete*, has a way of repeating himself, an obtuseness to the *ne quid nimis*, that is stupefying. It reminds me of organ-music and my good friend Sebastian Bach. A fugue or two will do very well; but a concert made up of nothing else is altogether too epic for me. There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no louger wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy finback whale, who says *Pooh!* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore! The dampuess seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer-matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behiud it. Even smoking becomes an employment instead of a solace. Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C.? Yet I have seeu them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home. He should be canonized as the patron-saint of newspaper correspondents, being the only man who ever had the very last autheutic intelligence from everywhere.

The finback whale recorded just above has much the look of a brown-paper parcel,—the whitish stripes that run across him answering for the pack-thread. He has a kind of accidental hole in the top of his head, through which he *pooh-poohs* the rest of creation, and which looks as if it had been made by the chance thrust of a chestnut rail. He was our first event. Our second was harpooning a sunfish, which basked doziug on the lap of the sea, looking so much like the giant turtle of an alderman's dream, that I am persuaded he would have made mock-turtle soup rather than acknowledge his imposture. But he broke away just as they were hauling him over the side, and sank placidly through the clear water, leaving behind him a crimson trail that wavered a moment and was goue.

The sea, though, has better sights than these. When we were up with the Azores, we began to meet flying-fish and Portuguese men-of-war beautiful as the galley of Cleopatra, tiny craft that dared these seas before Columbus. I have seen one of the former rise from the crest of a wave, and, glancing from another some two hundred feet beyond, take a fresh flight of perhaps as long. How Calderon would have similized this pretty creature had he ever seen it! How would he have run him up and down the gamut of simile! If a fish, then a fish with wings; if a bird, then a bird with fins; and so on, keeping up the poor shuttle-cock of a conceit as is his wont. Indeed, the poor thing is the most killing bait for a comparison, and I assure you I have three or four iu my inkstand;—but be calm, they shall stay there. Moore, who looked on all nature as a kind of *Gradus ad Parnassum*, a *thesaurus* of similitude, and spent his life in a game of What is my thought like? with himself, *did* the flying-fish on his way to Bermuda. So I leave him in peace.

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Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan, Major-General, U. S. A. By G. S. Hilliard. pp. 396.

The purpose of this work is distinctly stated by the author "To exhibit Gen. McClellan's title to the gratitude and admiration of his countrymeu, by simply telling them what he has done. The treatment he has received has made it indeed uecessary to sometimes take the attitude of controversy, and to assail others in order to do him justice." As we do not propose to treat of this book in this column, except in regard to its literary merits, we can only say that the well-known and scholarly style of Mr. Hilliard will insure its perusal from friends and foes.

DENSITY OF ZIRCON.—In a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus* is contained the abstract of a paper read before a late meeting of the Academy by M. A. Damour, who considers the wide variation in hardness and density, for which this mineral species is remarkable, to be due, not to differences in *chemical* composition, but to certain varying *molecular* conditions. The objections to this hypothesis are obvious to all mineralogists, and it will reqnire much stronger proofs than M. Damour has yet brought forward to secure its aeceptance by scientific men. The theory of M. Gustave Rose, that zircon, instead of being a silicate of zirconia, is really an isomorphous compound of silicic aeid and zirconic acid, seems certainly preferable, for it accounts for the varying hardness and gravity of the mineral by the varying proportions it contains of the two iso-morphous acids—the heavier and harder specimens contaiuing the more zirconic acid.

DEMON AMOR.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR "THE CALIFORNIAN."]

CONCLUSION.

WHEN on the following morning Udo awoke, what was his astonishment at finding himself no more in the shipper's hut, but in a royal apartment, adorned with costly furniture! His couch was a magnificent throne bed: the morning sun was playing softly through the high windows with many colored glass, and its beneficent rays seemed to give a new life to his weary soul. At his lightest motion a number of well-dressed servants entered, awaiting in respectful silence his commands.

The first thing he asked them was, naturally, where he was, how he came into this palace, and who was the owner.

They answered that "he was in the city of Gedan, [the old name of Dantzic, hence the Latin name, Gedanam,] on the Vistula, in the royal residence, and that the sovereign was Waidemuth the Powerful.

Udo was amazed to have found a friend and ally in the King of the Amber coast, of whom he had heard so many marvellous things; but he never could have dreamed that the juggler, Waidemuth, to whom he had given hospitality, was this very monarch himself. Scarce had he recovered from his surprise, when the king, adorned in regal costume, entered to welcome his guest, and tenderly pressed him to his heart.

"My brother," said he, "you are here in your own dwelling. I am but too happy to have the occasion of reciprocating the friendship I received at your hands."

Udo was not a little confused: he was received as a prince by the king whom he himself had treated as a poor private person: he did not fail to excuse this breach of etiquette with the strict *incog.* which his Highness had observed. In order to drive away the melancholy of his guest and to divert his attention, Waidemuth explained to him all that the prince in vain tried to know.

"I went," said he, "to study mankind, to observe the manners and habits of foreign nations, and (to speak the truth) to see the daughters of the country with a view to choose a wife. Elfrida, the daughter of the King of the East Angles, in Britain, had often been held up to me as a paragon of beauty and virtue.

"I equipped a vessel to take me over with my retinue and the gifts which I intended to offer to the princess: for myself I needed no vessel. I have a means of traveling far more secure and convenient. The storm which overtook me in the neighborhood of your island destroyed my ship. During the hurricane I perceived your anxiety on the shore to assist the sufferers. Your compassion pleased me, and I resolved to make your acquaintance. Your reception gained my heart; hence my protracted sojourn on your island.

"But the foreknowledge of your impending misfortune made me sad and gloomy, and therefore I left you. Had this change of fortune not been written in the book of destiny, I would have done all in my power to protect you.

"I went to England, but I was too late. The beautiful Elfrida had already pledged her heart, and I was unwilling to disturb her first and sacred love. On my return I visited the court of King Cruco, your conqueror. There I saw the Princess Obizza, his daughter, a lovely maiden, but with a heart so cold as to admit no love. I suppressed a growing passion, which might have endangered the peace of two kingdoms, and left."

Udo was at a loss how it came that Fortune, bestowing a crown upon his friend, refused him the moderate joy of domestic love, which she liberally bestowed upon the common shepherd and teamster. It seemed not his fault if yet he was a bachelor, and therefore Udo confessed to him, that he wished the solution of what to him seemed a riddle.

"You know," said Waidemuth, "that I have the gift of looking into the future. Other men drew blindfolded their lot—it may be a prize or a blank. But I consult with Fate, and when I find that the balance is not in my favor, I renounce a love whose sweet is embittered by the wormwood of repentance. The brightest expectations are the most deceitful. Could lovers draw the horoscope of their future destiny, but few brides would enter the nuptial couch, and the host of bachelors would darken the sun."

Udo concluded this conversation with some very good advice.

"It is better," said he, "in the choice of the heart to close one eye, and not with an eagle's eye to unveil the future, or rather the bride's. Should all competitors in marriage follow this rule, there were no danger for the sun being darkened by a host of bachelors."

The King of the Amber Coast took his good advice, and sought near by what he could not find far off: he divided heart and throne with a native maiden, drew at hap-hazard a good lot, and the constant joy of his conjugal felicity had no after-taste of wormwood.

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King Waidmuth did all could to assuage the grief of his guest, but in vain. Udo remained thoughtful and sad; the image of his Edda was constantly before his eyes, and he often and often asked the Royal Seer to declase him her fate.

For some time Waidemuth avoided a definite answer, but at last he wisely concluded that the suspense between hope and fear is more cruel than certainty. He had nothing good to tell, and therefore he began with an introductory truism:

"A wounded nerve," said he, "causes sharper pain than when cut asunder, and a bruised member is worse than if separated from the sick body. Know, my brother, that your wife has been unable to survive the grief of your separation. Her spirit appeared to me before you came to this country; in Valhalla you'll find her again. Out of your cup she drank the farewell of love, wherein she mixed poison, when told that the city was in the power of the enemy; for she disdained to bear the chains of slavery and to be at the mercy of a cruel conqueror."

Udo lamented his noble wife during seven days, in the seclusion of his own apartments. But on the eighth day he came forward, serene and joyful, like the sun after a mist which dwindles away in the valley. All grief was banished from his heart, and his spirit looked out into the wide world, to try if the fickle goddess, after his sore trials, would deign to confer upon him some of her wonted favors.

Waidemuth communicated a plan to his bosom friend, who approved of it. "I cannot offer you a fortune," said he, "equal to your dignity. Born an independent sovereign, it behooves you to live as such, and, if possible, to be reinstated in your principality. The stars are not unfavorable; fortune awaits you at the very source of your misfortune."

Udo prepared for his departure. The king left nothing undone to equip him in the most stately manner. When the day approached, he gave a magnificent feast, to which all the magnates of his kingdom were invited, and which lasted nine days without interruption. On the last day he conducted his guest to an inner room, to drink with him the cup of friendship, and when the wine had warmed head and heart, and jovial sincerity had loosened the tongue, the host took his guest by the hand and spoke:

"One word more, my brother, before we separate. Receive this ring as the most unmistakable proof of friendship, not as a gift, but as a deposit for your benefit, as long as you may need it. At the same time learn a secret whereby you may know that my heart has opened itself to you: The whole world thinks I am a great magician. I know as little about magic as a new-born child. But you know that it is the fate of princes to get credit for qualities which they do not possess. Astrology I do understand; but all my magic is in this ring, the dying gift from a sage who was my friend. A small and lithe demon is enclosed in its crystal which assumes all forms according to the wish of the owner. He is without malice, quick, officious and faithful. It was he who, in the form of an empty barrel, carried me to your shore; he was in the stave which I took therefrom, and which I threw up for your pleasure, that in the form of a sparrow he should drive the partridges, and he returned to my hand, on which I carried him to the city. He amused your court with many tricks, and acquired me the name of an able juggler; he carried me from your island over sea to England in the form of a light canoe, and thence back to the shores of Mecklenburg. He was also my faithful agent who brought me tidings of your misfortune. At my behest, he, as a gentle zephyr, directed your little ship to the Amber Coast, and when the hurricane destroyed it he drew you from the deep to the shore, and carried you in your sleep to this palace. Not for half my kingdom would I part with my faithful Demon; but since I love you as my brother, I will lend him to you for a time, to use his services, and when you don't need him any more send him back to me with the ring in his beak. Whenever you want the spirit to serve you, turn the ring three times, to the right; he is immediately free and ready to fulfil your commands. But if you turn the ring three times to the left, he re-enters his crystal dwelling."

Prince Udo accepted the pledge of friendship with earnest gratitude, looked at the ring and perceived in the transparent crystal a misty little cloud, which imagination might transform into any little imp.

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Following the advice of his prophetical Jonathan, Udo directed his course straight to Mecklenburg. He resolved to keep the strictest *incognito*, and however incredible it seemed to him that he should ever make his fortune in the residence of his conqueror, he abstained from troubling himself about it, and left the solution of the problem to time.

The city of Mecklenburg was the capital of the Kingdom of the Obotrites, the residence of their King. It was the European Bagdad or Cairo, the German London and Paris. Cruco had raised it to the summit of grandeur and prosperity. There he held his court, there he carried the vanquished princes and vessels. By the right of the strongest he had extended his empire and united all the tribes of the Obotrites under his sceptre.

Yet his felicity was not complete. He had no son to inherit his throne, and his only daughter Obizza could not succeed, for the Salic law prevailed at that time among all northern nations. But the King, in order to keep the succession in his family, had made a pragmatic sanction whereby the first-born son of his daughter should ascend the throne.

The princess was beautiful, but had a decided aversion to the other sex, and refused the most brilliant alliances. The king, who loved her tenderly, wished not to force her inclinations, unlike in this to most kings, who make the marriage of their daughters a political concern. He left her therefore the freest choice; but all was in vain. Mother nature had given her all the gifts she had to bestow, only not a loving heart.

Cruco her father lost all patience. An heir he would have, and therefore he gave all and every adventurer and freebooter full liberty to try his fortune, and make an impression upon the heart of the beautiful Obizza; not only this, but he promised the victorious suitor for the principality of Rugen as a reward.

Many were the knights who came from all quarters of the world to Mecklenburg to give assault to the heart of Obizza. They all were hospitably received: the princess was not allowed to refuse the approach to any. And it was curious to see the various methods to which they resorted in order to obtain access to her stubborn heart. Some tried it slyly, and in a stealthy manner, seeking favor by constant flattery. Others went head over heels and tried to obtain the prize at the first onset. All this confirmed the princess in her contempt of men, and at last not even Endymion could have made any impression upon her.

During this turmoil it was that Udo arrived at Mecklenburg. Not knowing under what name to be introduced at court, he joined the band of suitors. It struck him as very remarkable that his principality had just been promised as a prize; but he never thought of getting back his property through these means. Meanwhile he saw the princess, and, against his expectation, her appearance impressed him with such ravishment, as to disturb him in his sleep, and to have her constantly present in his dreams. He soon perceived that the same power which lifted him from the deep near the Amber Coast, drew him towards the princess. But she seemed not to notice him in the crowd of her surrounding suitors.

Until now he had not known what use to make of Waidemuth's gift: he thought of a plan to give the officious Demon some occupation. He transformed him into the nicest Cupid that ever inspired a song of love, and shut him up in a golden needle-case, with most precise orders to perform in his favor all the offices of the god of Love with the person who should open the case.

Once upon a fine summer-evening the court was in the royal gardens. A light breeze suddenly disturbed the veil of the princess. She asked a needle to readjust it. Prince Udo stepped forward, and, sinking on one knee, offered the golden case, containing a more dangerous present than those in the celebrated box of Pandora. The princess opened it without suspicion, and Demon slipped into her bosom, and wounded her with a golden arrow. Udo left immediately, full of anxiety as to the result of his undertaking.

The following day he perceived with rapture that the beautiful eyes of the proud Obizza sought him out in the crowd of her courtiers. On the third day Aya, the intelligent lady of honor, perceived that there was a little fluttering in favor of the strange cavalier. On the fourth day the court began to speak of the extraordinary phenomenon. The king himself got information, was very glad, and congratulated his own wisdom with the success of his measures. He delayed not a moment, until he took the shrinking Obizza in secret to inquire about her heart's affairs; and she was so little mistress of herself, that she covered her face with the veil, and under its protection freely confessed that the unknown knight had gained her heart.

To the amazement of the whole court, Udo received the princess from the hand of the king as a man without a name. The contracts were already arranged when the joyful father asked him what were his condition and ancestry. He told them without reserve. Cruco was rejoiced to have it in his power to restore the Prince of Rugen his loss with ten-fold interest. Udo remained at the Court until the heir to the throne was born—a magnificent boy, whom Father Cruco received with nameless joy from the hands of his daughter; and now he allowed his son-in-law to take possession of his property. As Udo needed no more the services of Demon, he sent him in the form of a sparrow, as was agreed, with the ring in his beak, to the princely owner with all his thanks.

Demon Amor has since formed many marriages, but none succeeded as well as that of Prince Udo with the sweet Obizza of Mecklenburg. For when he sues and joins, the tender couple in after times are apt to confess, in the heat of a domestic quarrel: "The devil has brought us together!"

LIFE-SIZED, FULL-LENGTH PHOTOGRAPHS are now being taken in this city by H. Bush, at his Photographic rooms, corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, with remarkable fidelity and clearness, by the aid of a new process and a mammoth solar instrument of his own invention; which he has brought to perfection, after seven years of experimenting and study. The Photograph he has on exhibition at his room is five feet by three, and is a worthy triumph of his art after many years of labor. It is not to be expected that Mr. Bush should explain to us the secrets of his invention as he has not yet received his patent from the Government, which has been applied for both for process and instrument. This instrument is set demurely on one side of the room, and looks more like a small sized cottage in mourning—being painted black—than a Photographic apparatus. With its aid Mr. Bush can produce twenty pictures an hour, (from small negatives) in any size required from two to five feet in height. He also claims that the pictures taken by his new process will hold their color and outline longer than those taken by the old style. These pictures are worthy of the examination of the public as curiosities of the art Photographic.

WULF [one of the Gothic invaders of Spain] died as he had lived, a heathen. Placedia, who loved him well, as she loved all righteous and noble souls, had succeeded once in persuading him to accept baptism. Adolf, the king, himself acted as one of his sponsors; and the old warrior was in the act of stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly to the Bishop and asked where were the souls of his heathen ancestors. "In hell," replied the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font and threw his bear-skin cloak around him. He would prefer, if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people.—*Kingsley.*

FOOLISH and imperfect as the religion of a Hindoo is, it is at least some restraint upon the intemperance of human passions. It is better a Brahmin should be respected than that nobody should be respected. A Hindoo had better believe that a deity with a hundred legs and arms will reward and punish him hereafter, than that he is not to be punished at all.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE BRILLIANT KEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

IT was a comfortable room, even for the West-end of London. It was not the drawing-room of the house; it was not the commodious dining-room, where Sir Philip's patients waited their turn to go in to him; it was only a small cozy apartment, with a bright fire, easy chairs, and, generally, plenty of litter. For a wonder, it was tidy now; nothing was on the centre table, save Lady Annesley's desk, at which she sat writing—a plain, pleasant woman of forty, wearing weeds yet. The late Sir Robert, a popular and successful physician, had risen in the world and got his baronetcy; but this had been his second wife.

On a low sofa, near the fire, sat an old lady—a cheerful, nice old lady, in spite of her blindness and her eighty-four years. She would tell you, could you speak with her, that God had seen fit to take her dear son, Sir Robert, and had spared her. Upon her lap was a bag made of white linen, resembling a pillow-case, but not so long; and she was stuffing it with handfuls of paper torn into minute bits. Since she became blind she was wont to employ some of her time in tearing up waste paper, newspapers, and the like, to stuff cushions. Maria Carr, Lady Annesley's niece, was at the far window making the case for this cushion: two square pieces of white velvet on each of which was painted an exquisite group of flowers, Maria's doing. The cushion was intended for a present for Mary Annesley, who was on the point of marriage with Dr. Scott. She had gone out now with the late Sir Robert Annesley's ward, Georgina Livingston, who lived with them.

Mrs. Annesley looked up from her cushion and her bits of paper—if it be allowable to say that of one who has no sight; but when she spoke to people, she was in the habit of turning her face in the direction she thought they might be, as she had done before the darkness came on: "What about Charley's going to church? Is it decided?"

"Well; I suppose—" Lady Annesley stopped. The door had hastily opened, and a gentleman entered—a tall, fine man. But for the sweet smile that frequently parted his lips and lighted up his dark blue eyes, his features might have been deemed plain. And yet, ladies were apt to say that Sir Philip Annesley, being unmarried, was too attractive for a medical man.

"Is that Philip?"

"Myself, and nobody else, grandmamma;" for Sir Philip sometimes, half in sport, addressed her by the old familiar title of his boyhood. "Who will lend me a finger?"

"A finger!" echoed Lady Annesley. "What for? Ask Maria."

Maria laid down her velvet, and came forward. Sir Philip opened a little square box, and, taking out a ring, passed it on to the third, or wedding-finger, of her left hand. She stood before him, perfectly quiet in motion and bearing, but blushing to the very roots of her hair. Two thin chains of gold crossed and re-crossed each other, enclosing a brilliant between each crossing—twelve brilliants in all, but of the first water—a jewel of rare beauty, remarkably light and elegant.

"Philip, what a beautiful ring!" uttered Lady Annesley.

"Yes; it took my fancy. Mary will like a keeper, and Scott, in his absent fashion, is sure not to think of one. Lucky, I say, if he remembers the wedding-ring. It is too large; is it not, Maria?"

"Much too large for a keeper. Mary would require another ring to keep this one on."

"I ought to have chosen the smaller one," said Sir Philip. "There is another, just like it, only less in size. I'll take this one back and change it."

"It must have cost a good deal?" said Lady Annesley.

"Pretty well. Forty-eight guineas."

Mrs. Annesley lifted her hands in dismay. "Oh, Philip! Forty-eight guineas for a ring! It seems next door to a sin. Your father, my dear, would have looked twice at a quarter of the money before giving it."

He crossed the room, and put the keeper into her hand, bending down to her and speaking gently. "Feel it, grandmother, it really is a beauty. I know the sum is large; but we do not give away Mary every day."

Mrs. Annesley passed her fingers over the ring, after the manner of the blind, and handed it back to him.

"Philip, when do you intend to buy a wedding keeper on your own account? Ever?"

That sweet smile of his rose to his lips, and perhaps the least tinge of color to his face. "A doctor has no time to think of such things."

"No time?" returned the old lady, taking the remark literally. "I think he has as much time for it as other people. Where there's a will there's a way. Philip, do you know that you are in your thirty-fifth year?"

"And do you know also what your patients say?" put in Lady Annesley. "They say——"

"I can guess: that will do!" interrupted Sir Philip, with a laugh. "If they don't like an unmarried man, they need not come to me. Let them go elsewhere."

"Not they," said Lady Annesley, significantly. "Philip, you really ought to marry. Delay it another ten years, and your children will be growing up when you are an old man. I wish you would: it would set my mind at rest."

"At rest from what?" asked Sir Philip, in a hasty and somewhat sharp tone.

"Oh, well, I am not going to explain," answered Lady Annesley. "At rest in more ways than one."

"Provided, I presume, that I married to please you," cried Sir Philip, who understood the bye-play.

"Of course not to please me, Philip—I am nobody. To please your sisters, and to please the world."

"Terrible if I married only to please myself, would it not be, Lady Annesley?" he laughed.

He had never called her "mother;" at one time had studiously called her "Lady Annesley." Four-and-twenty years of age when his father married this, his second wife, Philip, in his inmost heart, had rebelled at the union. They all had, at first; but they learnt to like her in time. The girls were married now, save Mary, who would be the last.

"It is no joking matter, Philip. What a nice rose that is in your button-hole!" continued Lady Annesley. "Where did you get it?"

"Out of Mrs. Leigh's conservatory," he replied, taking it from his coat, a magnificent white rose, beautiful as a camelia; "she seduced me into it just now, when I was at her house."

"Is her daughter better?"

"No, poor girl. And I fear——"

Sir Philip did not say what he feared. He was not one to speak, at home, of his patients. In the silence that supervened, a servant appeared.

"Lady Oliver, sir."

"Sir Philip nodded, stood a moment or two, as if in thought, then prepared to descend.

"Will you put this up for me?" he said, giving the diamond keeper to Lady Annesley as he passed her. "I will change it when I go out. There, Maria! a present for you."

He flung the white rose into Maria's lap. She did not touch it, only let it lie there, her cheeks again growing hot. Lady Annesley knitted her brow. But it cleared as her eyes fell on the ring.

"I never did see a greater beauty!" she enthusiastically exclaimed, as she slipped it several times on and off her finger. "But what a judge Philip must have been to get it so large as this! Who is this coming up?"

It was Charles Carr, Maria's brother, popularly known in the house as "Charley." A young lieutenant he: gay, careless, and handsome. Often in scrapes, always in trouble; deep in debt, "in bills," in many things that he ought not to be; altogether, a gentleman who was believed to be going to the bad headlong especially by Lady Annesley. He was her own nephew, her dead brother's son; and he came to the house, presuming upon the relationship, and upon Maria's residence in it, oftener than Lady Annesley liked. A great fear was at her heart that he had grown too fond of Georgina Livingston, or that Georgina had of him—perhaps both. *Her* penniless nephew, who had not cross or coin to bless himself with, steal Georgina and her nine hundred a year! The world *would* talk then—would say that she, Lady Annesley, had planned it! And Lady Annesley was remarkably sensitive to the world's censure.

Charley glittered in, in full regimentals; one of the handsomest young fellows that had ever bowed before her Majesty at St. James's. And he had no objection that somebody else should see him and think so.

"Where's Georgina?" asked he.

"Georgina's out," snappishly replied Lady Annesley. "What are you dressed up for?"

"I have just come from the Levee. Did you forget it?" he returned, taking up mechanically the little jewel-box and opening it. Charley's fingers had a trick of touching things, and he often got a rap on the knuckles for it, literally and metaphorically, from my lady. "What a splendid ring!" he uttered.

"Sir Philip's present to Mary. But it is to be changed; it is too large."

Charley put it on his little finger and turned it round admiringly as they had all done. "A charming ring!" he repeated. "It is really beautiful."

"Do you not wish it were yours?" laughed Maria, from her distant window.

"I wish I had the cost of it," he said. "That would be of more use to me. What was it? Fifty guineas?"

"Not a bad guess," said Lady Annesley, who really liked Charley, and his good looks, and his good nature, *au fond*, when she could forget the fear and trouble touching Miss Georgina.

They stood together, singing praises of the ring; now she had it on—now he. Lady Annesley at length took it from him and held it over the open box, as if taking a farewell of it before she dropped it in.

"Oh dear!" cried out Mrs. Annesley.

Lady Annesley hastily put the lid on, left the box on the table by Charley, and ran to her mother-in-law. The old lady had let the sack fall upon the hearth-rug, and some of the ammunition was falling out.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear," she said, as Lady Annesley began pushing it in. "Put it on my lap again; I won't be so clumsy a second time. It is nearly full, you see."

Lady Annesley did as requested, and returned to the table. Charley, restless Charley, was then standing by Maria, and the two were whispering together. Lady Annesley took a sheet of fair white paper and wrapped up the little box, without again looking in it, lighted a wax match, and sealed it.

"Well I must be off," cried Charles. "Shall you be at home this evening?"

"*I* shall," laughed grandmamma, from her place on the sofa. "I don't suppose many of the others will be out." She had not penetrated to Lady Annesley's fear; and Charley was a wonderful favorite of hers.

"Look, Maria," said Lady Annesley, as they heard Charley and his sword clattering down the stairs four at a time "I will put it here. If Philip should come for it, you can tell him where it is."

She lifted the lid of her desk and put in the little box. Then approached Mrs. Annesley and took hold of her arm to lead her from the room. "We shall have no drive to-day, unless we make haste. Maria will finish that."

"It's finished, all but tacking," said the old lady; "it is as full as it ought to be. Maria, my dear, come and do it at once."

Maria carried her velvet to the sofa, and set about completing the cushion, kneeling down for convenience sake. She had got the velvet cover on to it, and was beginning to put round the gold cord and to sew on the tassels, when Sir Philip entered. He rested his arms on the back of the sofa, and looked down at her and her work—a fair girl she, with a gentle face.

"I wonder if folks would send *me* presents if I set up housekeeping on my own score?" cried he.

"You had better try them," said Maria. But she spoke the words without thought, and felt, the moment they had left her lips, that she had rather have bitten out her tongue than uttered them.

"But the flitting from the house for all of you, what a trouble it would be!" returned he, in a tone of much remonstrance. "I don't know that every one of you would have to go, though," he continued, while the too conscious crimson dyed her face, and she played nervously with the gold cord.

"Certainly not, if Lady Annesley had her way," he resumed. Maria, astonished at the words, glanced at him in amazement. "Don't you see it all, Maria?"

"See what?" she exclaimed.

"Nay, I shall not tell you. So much the better if you have not seen it. I thought it had been patent to the house. My vanity may be in error, after all."

"What *do* you mean, Sir Philip?"

He was gazing hard at her with his deep blue eyes—vain and saucy enough they were, just then. She felt completely at sea.

"Give me your opinion, Maria? If I did resolve to set up housekeeping for myself, do you think that any one of you could be induced to stop and help me in it?"

Her heart beat violently—her eyes fell. The gold cord in her fingers was wreathing itself into knots. Sir Philip came round and laid his hand upon her shoulder as she knelt, making her turn her face to him.

"Because I may be asking the question some day. Do you know where Lady Annesley put the ring?"

She sprang up. She opened the desk, and gave the parcel to him, sealed as Lady Annesley had left it. He slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, went down to his brougham, and drove off.

In less than twenty minutes he was back again, and came flying up the stairs as fast as Charley Carr had flown down them.

"A pretty simpleton you made of me, Maria!—giving me an empty box!"

"An empty box!" she echoed.

He took the box out of his pocket, and held it open before her.

"I told the man I had brought back the ring to exchange for the smaller one; opened the box, all gingerly, to hand it to him, and behold! there was nothing in it."

"Did you drop it in the brougham? Did you open it in the brougham?" she reiterated.

"I never touched it after you saw me put it in my pocket, until I was in the shop. I unsealed the paper before the shopman's eyes."

"Then where can it be?" exclaimed Maria. "Lady Annesley certainly sealed it up, and put it, herself, in the desk, ready for you. No one went near the desk afterwards—no one came into the room, or was in the room, but myself."

"Lady Annesley must have sealed up an empty box, that's clear," said Sir Philip. "I have brought the other ring."

But Lady Annesley, when she entered, protested that she had not sealed up an empty box—that the ring was in it. And she related the details to Sir Philip, as they have been given above. The box, she said, was not out of her hand a minute altogether.

"Are you sure you put it *in?*—that you did not let it slip aside?" questioned Sir Philip.

"Sure!" repeated Lady Annesley, half inclined to resent the implied suggestion of carelessness; "I am quite sure. And, had the ring slipped aside, it would only have gone on to the table. I put it in safely, and shut it in."

"Who was in the room, beside yourselves?" asked Sir Philip.

"Only Charley Carr. He was standing by me, wishing that the ring were his."

"No." cried out Mrs. Annesley, innocently; "wishing its value in money was his! The more sensible wish of the two."

A wild, sickening sensation darted to Maria Carr's brain. It was not yet a suspicion; it was a fear lest suspicion should come: nay, a foreboding that it *was* coming.

The suspicion did come: came immediately, to all of them. In vain Sir Philip suggested that Charles must have done it in a joke, to put Lady Annesley in a fright, for he was as full of tricks as a monkey—that he would bring it back with him in the evening. That he had taken the ring from the box there was no doubt whatever; and Lady Annesley, in her anger, refused to be soothed.

She attacked Charles the moment he made his appearance. "Where's that keeper?" she sternly demanded, without circumlocution.

"What keeper?" returned Charles.

"The brilliant keeper, that you made off with to-day."

"I don't know what you mean, aunt."

Lady Annesley flew into a rage. "I left the box close to your hands when I turned to pick up the cushion for Mrs. Annesley. How dared you take the ring out?"

"Let's see whether I have got it about me," retorted Charley, in a careless, indifferent, provoking manner, as he made a show of feeling in all his pockets. "Oh—I must have left it in my regimentals"

Lady Annesley nearly boiled over. Words led to words; Charles grew angry in his turn; and at length she gave a hint that he must have *stolen* the ring. He declared he had not touched the box, or the ring: that he had turned from the table when Lady Annesley did, and remained talking to Maria while the cushion was being picked up; and he swore to this with sundry unorthodox words, forgetting that he was not in quarters, but in a lady's drawing-room.

"If nobody takes his part, I will!" hotly cried Georgina Livingston, after Charles had dashed away from the house, promising that he'd never enter it again; and her countenance was distressed, and her cheeks were scarlet, as she said it. "Steal a ring! You may just as well accuse me, Lady Annesley, as accuse him; I should be the more likely of the two to do it."

"Do, pray, recollect yourself, Georgina!" remonstrated my lady. "Is this avowal seemly for a young girl?"

"I don't care whether it's seemly or unseemly," responded Miss Georgina, dashing away some tears. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, all of you! Because Charley happens not to be made of money, you turn against him, and think he'd *take* it. I'll let him know that *I* don't."

Hot words, hotly spoken. A few days, and even Georgina was obliged to judge him less leniently. Sir Philip chose quietly to investigate the suspicion; and he ascertained that Charles had, the very evening subsequent to the loss of the ring, and the following day, paid sundry small debts, for which he had been long dunned. Twenty pounds, at least, of these payments were traced, and then Sir Philip dropped the search. Why pursue it? It was all too clear, for Charles had no resources of his own to draw upon.

But here Maria stepped in to his defence. She protested

with earnestness, with tears, that she had furnished him herself with twenty pounds; that she had given it to him in that moment when they were whispering together. She knew Charles's wants, she said, and had been saving this money up for him. Lady Annesley flatly contradicted Maria. It did not stand to reason, she contended, that Maria, with her poor means, could save up twenty pounds, or even ten. The thing was almost against possibility; and Maria fell under nearly as great a ban as her brother, for attempting to screen him by falsehood. There were moments when, in her own sick heart, Maria did not believe him to be guilty. Such things have been heard of in the world—done in the recklessness of necessity.

* * * * *

A twelvemonth passed away—and a twelvemonth brings changes. Georgina Livingston was of age now, and at liberty to choose her own residence. She was alone in the drawing-room one April evening. Mrs. Annesley was much confined to her chamber, and Lady Annesley had gone up to her. Sir Philip came in.

"Alone, Georgina! Why! what is the matter?—crying?"

"Oh, Lady Annesley set me on!" was the young lady's pettish rejoinder, as she brushed the tears away. "She was angry with me for 'moping,' as she called it; and I told her I would not stay here to be grumbled at."

"Why do you mope?" he asked.

"Because I chose," was the wilful retort. "I *can* leave now if I like you know, Philip."

"If you like—yes," assented Sir Philip. "Where should you go?"

"I don't know, and I don't much care," dreamily responded Georgina.

"Would you like to remain in the house for good?" resumed Sir Philip, after a pause. "I was thinking of asking you to do so."

A faint blush rose to her face, but she showed no other emotion: and his tone, considering the momentous words, was wonderfully calm. Perhaps both had been conscious for some little time that these words would be spoken. Sir Philip bent his head towards her.

"The world has reproached me with not marrying. Help me, Georgina, to put the reproach away! There is no one I would ask to be my wife but you."

"Look here, Philip!" she exclaimed, pushing back her hair, and turning her face, full of its own eager excitement, towards him—excitement not caused by him. "I'll speak out the truth to you; I could not to every one: but you are good, and true, and noble. Were I to say to you 'Yes,' and let you take me, believing that I loved you, I should just be acting a lie. I loved some one else; I am trying to forget him with my whole heart and might—but I did love him."

"Who was this?"

"Charles Carr."

Sir Philip's blue eyes flashed with a peculiar light, and he looked into the fire—not at Georgina.

"That love ought to end," he said. "It can bring you no good."

"Don't I tell you that it has ended—that I am putting it from me as fast as ever I can! But the remembrance cannot go all at once. I did love him; and I believe it was your generosity, in hushing up his dreadful disgrace, instead of proclaiming it and prosecuting him, that first made me like you more than common."

"You acknowledge, then, that you do like me?" smiled Sir Philip.

"Very—very much."

"Well enough to take me for better and for worse?"

"Yes; if, after this confession, you would still wish it."

"I do," he answered, drawing her to him, and taking his first kiss from her lips. Georgina flew to her room, and there burst into a flood of tears.

Lady Annesley was strangely elated at the news. She had hoped for it in her inmost heart—long and long.

"You have done well, Philip," she said to her step-son.

"I shall escape the worrying about not getting married, at any rate," responded Sir Philip.

"Philip"—lowering her voice confidentially—"do you know, I frightened myself to death, at one time, lest you should marry Maria. I fancied you were growing attached to her; and people would have said I had set it on."

The red color flashed into Sir Philip's face. "I should have married her but for that affair of the diamond-keeper."

Lady Annesley looked blank. "Did you like her so much as that?"

"Like her!" he echoed in emotion, "I *loved* her. I am not sure but I love her still. Why, Lady Annesley, I *all but* asked her to be my wife the very afternoon that wretched boy did the mischief."

"I'm sure I'm very glad he did do it, if it prevented that," retorted my lady.

"I might have got over that; his fault; but I could not get over Maria's. To uphold him in his deceit—to invent a falsehood to screen him—how could I make her my wife?"

"Whatever is there about Maria to like?" fretfully interrupted Lady Annesley.

"She's more *likeable* than any one in this world, to my thinking——"

"Hush, Philip!"

The news of the engagement went forth to the house. Maria had still remained in it, making herself useful, as she had done before, especially to Mrs. Annesley, for she had no other home. Better she had quitted it: to see Sir Philip daily was not the way to cure her love for him.

"I hope you will be happy, Sir Philip; I wish you every happiness," she stammered, believing it was incumbent on her to say something to that effect. But Sir Philip observed that her face turned ghastly with emotion as she spoke.

"Thank you; I hope we shall be," he coldly replied; and, since that unhappy episode, he had never spoken to her *but* coldly. "Georgina Livingston possesses one great essential towards making herself and others happy—truth."

The preparations for the wedding went briskly on. Lady Annesley would first move into another residence. No change had been made since Sir Robert's death, but Sir Philip must have his house to himself now. One evening Sir Philip was spending an hour with Dr. Scott. A navy surgeon was also there—Mr. Blake, once their chum at Bartholomew's: and Georgina was sitting upstairs with Mary Scott and her baby.

"Is smoking allowed here?" asked the surgeon—glancing at the elegant sofa on which he sat, where was displayed that beautiful cushion painted by Maria Carr—"I'm half dead without my pipe."

Receiving assent, he lighted it, and then walked across the room to Sir Philip and the Doctor, who stood at the window. There was some disturbance in the street, and they all three remained there chatting and looking out.

Suddenly a burst of light shot up in the twilight of the room, and they wheeled round in consternation. A blaze was ascending from the velvet cushion. They caught up the hearth-rug and succeeded in putting out the fire. Georgina Livingston, hearing the commotion, came in with a white face.

In lighting his pipe Mr. Blake must have suffered a spark to fall upon the cushion. There it had smouldered, penetrating at length to the stuffing, which then blazed up. You may remember that it consisted of paper.

"Oh, that lovely cushion!" lamented Georgina.

"What's this?" uttered Dr. Scott, picking up something bright and glistening from the ashes. "If I don't believe it's a ring!"

A ring it was. The lost, the beautiful, the brilliant keeper! The eyes of Sir Philip and Georgina met.

Maria was that same evening sitting alone; she and her breaking heart. It had felt breaking ever since that cloud fell upon it. She heard Sir Philip come home—and she began gathering her work together.

"Don't run away, Maria; I have something to tell you!"

She looked at him in wonderment. His voice wore the same loving tone as in days gone by; a tone long past, for her.

"Lend me your hand, Maria!" And, without waiting for assent, he took it in his, the left hand, and slipped upon the third finger, as he had done once before, the diamond-keeper. "Do you recognize it?"

"It is Mrs. Scott's," replied Maria. "Why have you brought it here, Sir Philip?"

"It is not Mrs. Scott's: it is larger than her's. Do not remove it, Maria. It shall be your own keeper, if you will let me add the wedding-ring."

Confused, bewildered, wondering what it meant, wondering at the strangely loving expression that gleamed on her from his dark blue eyes, she burst into tears. Was he saying this to mock her?

No: not to mock her. No! Sir Philip wound his arms round her neck as he told the tale; he drew her face to his breast, his eyelashes glistening in the intensity of his emotion. "I can never let you go again, my darling! I do not ask your forgiveness; I know that you will give it me unasked, for you and I have been alike miserable."

"Charley innocent!—been innocent all this while?" she gasped.

"He has, in good truth! We must try and make it up to him. I——"

"Oh, Philip!" she interrupted, with streaming eyes; "you will believe me now! I did give him the twenty pounds—I did, indeed! I had saved it in so many trifles; I had made old gowns look like new ones; all for him. *You* should not have doubted me, if the rest did."

"My whole life shall atone to you, Maria," he softly whispered. "Georgina——"

She broke from him, her cheeks flushing crimson. In the moment's bewilderment she had totally forgotten his engagement to Georgina. He laughed merrily, his eyes dancing, and drew her back again.

"Never fear that I am about to turn Mormon, and marry you both! Georgina has given me completely up, Maria. In the excitement caused by the discovery, she spoke her mind out to me, that she did not like me, with all her 'trying,' half as well as she did Charley Carr, and that none but Charley should be her husband. Scott has gone to tell Charles the news, and bring him up. If——"

"What on earth is this?" ejaculated Lady Annesley, as she came in and stood like one petrified.

"It's this," replied Sir Philip, holding out Maria's hand, on which shone the brilliant keeper. "This mischief-making ring has turned up again. When you held it that day over the open box, and Mrs. Annesley called out, there can be no doubt that you in the hurry, unconsciously slipped it on your finger, instead of into the box, and lost it off your finger again immediately amidst the paper stuffing. The cushion has just given up its prey."

Lady Annesley sank upon the first seat, with a very crestfallen expression. "I never heard of such a thing!" she stammered. "*My* finger! What ever will be the consequence? Poor Charley!

"The consequence, I expect, will be that you will have two weddings instead of one," laughed Sir Philip. "Georgina has proclaimed *her* intentions, and I don't suppose Charley will bear malice. I think I ought to have given the ring as a memento, instead of to Maria."

"To Maria!" irascibly returned Lady Annesley, not precisely understanding, but not feeling comfortable. "What in the world need is there to give it to her, Sir Philip?"

"Great need," he replied, his tone becoming serious. "But it is given with a condition attached to it—that I add one of plain gold. Ah! Lady Annesley, we cannot be false to ourselves, try as we will. Maria has remained my best and dearest love up to this hour, cajole and deceive my heart as I would. And now, I trust, she will remain so, so long as time shall last!"

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES KEAN.—*Blackwood* for September gives the following anecdote of the famous English actor now performing in this city: "I remembered an anecdote of a fellow-sufferer, and my memory helped me to some consolation. It was during one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States. He was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants. Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, "I saw you in Richard last night." Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. "Yes, sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone: "I have seen your father in Richard: and I saw the last Mr. Cook—" another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. "Yes, sir, Cook, sir, was better than your father; and your father, sir, a long way better than *you!*"

MISCELLANY.

To feel that life is ended—to wish that existence, too, had ceased; and so to sit down, an aching hollow, and take a part and sham an interest in twaddle—to please others. Such are women's feats. How like nothing at all they look! A man would rather sit on the buffer of a steam-engine and ride at the great Redan.—*Reade.*

THERE is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accident of the same sort may also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.—"*Confessions of an Opium Eater*"—*De Quincy.*

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.—Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister of Marine, has addressed a letter to the maritime prefects severely censuring a scandalous scene which recently took place on board a transport vessel belonging to the French navy, on the occasion of a ceremony of crossing the line; not only were the priest passengers in their canonical apparel forced to take part in the burlesque ceremonial, but the whole proceedings were a parody on religion itself. The honorable Minister instructs the prefects to call on captains of vessels to prohibit in the ceremonies in question everything of a nature to outrage the respect due to religion and the sacred character of its ministers.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.—The Duke of B—— was travelling by rail, recently, and the sole occupant of a first-class carriage, when, at an intervening station, another passenger got in in a hurry. No sooner did he perceive that there was but one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty lustily, "Guard, guard, let me out!" The train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking exceedingly nervous, and ventured at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing travelling with only one man now-a-days." The duke, whose frank and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, appreciated the joke, but did not take the advantage of it he fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

PROTEST AGAINST HER STATUE.—In the *Figaro* there appears an amusing letter *soi-disant* from the "Spirite" of Mme. de Sevigne, remonstrating in most pathetic language against the statue which is proposed to be erected to her memory at Vichy. She complains of the unfair harshness of the decree which condemns her, merely because her letters to her daughter were agreeably written, either to stand upright in the middle of a public square, or, like Moliere, to sit eternally at a fountain at the corner of a street. She implores posterity to spare her being thus held up to ridicule, and suggests that the money voted for the purpose be distributed among distressed authors, or devoted to the erection of an institution for their support in old age or sickness.

PLEASURES OF LION-HUNTING.—The *Journal des Chasseurs* states that Si-Abdalah, a famous lion-hunter of Bona, Algeria, has just presented to the museum of that town the skin of a lioness, in killing which he nearly lost his life. Some time since Si-Abdalah, who enjoyed a great reputation among the Arabs for his skill and courage in hunting lions, of which he had already killed eleven, was informed that a lioness had committed dreadful ravages among the cattle of a neighboring tribe, and he accordingly went in pursuit of it, armed with a long single-barrelled flint gun. He soon found the animal, and wounded her, but as it was night he could not trace her through the woods. The next morning he went to look out, and having found her thicket, wounded her again, but not mortally, for she sprang on him and tore him dreadfully with her teeth and claws. She would certainly have killed him had not some Arabs who heard his cries hastened up and shot her dead. The sub-prefect of Bona immediately had Si-Abdalah conveyed to the military hospital, where he received every necessary attention, and has since completely recovered from his injuries.

AN AWKWARD MADONNA MIRACLE.—The ecclesiastical authorities of Madrid have been lately confounded by a miracle which, it is alleged, the Madonna has performed rather to the disadvantage of the Church. A soldier of that city, being found in possession of a golden cup which had lain for some time as a votive offering on one of the many altars of the Virgin, was cited before the police-court, and accused of its theft. This son of Mars was not, however, at a loss for a defence. He at once pleaded that, he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that while he was engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four million-worth of jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden vessel. This explanation, it is said, was received in "profound silence" by the court, which, feeling that the matter was thus taken out of the domain of "the natural" and brought into that of "the supernatural," handed the case over to the Ecclesiastical Commission. This court, however, to the no small astonishment of the accused, decided that, though the admission was inconvenient, the possibility of the miracle could not be denied; and so the cup was handed back to the soldier with solemn injunctions to avoid seeking similar favors from images in the future, and to observe the profound silence which the Virgin required of him as a proof of his gratitude for her kindness. The conquering hero no doubt returned home delighted at the success of the ruse by which he had outwitted his judges, and proved that miracles may sometimes be performed for the benefit of an earthly militant as well as the "Church Militant."

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

*** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

THE NEWS.

THE news has been so steadily cheering for the past ten days, and our armies have gathered such a sheaf of victories, that in our California fashion we have accepted the new condition of things as the rule, our quick enthusiasm has evaporated, and only a temporary disaster to the Federal arms will thoroughly awaken us, and set us to considering the merits of our previous successes. The Valley of the Shenandoah, which for nearly three years was the Valley of the Shndow of Death to our brave soldiers and their sacred cause, has lately been purged with Northern fire. Sheridan's bayonets have been successful everywhere. As the Union armies have advanced, they have also pierced the delusive mists which hitherto surrounded their foes. They have disclosed the fact that the rebels are demoralized and scattered, made up of dissatisfied conscripts, who were forced from their homes by military despots—of gray-haired men and smooth-faced striplings, "younger sons of younger brothers," and that the rebel leaders have "misused the King's press most damnably." Contact with these men discovered how they had been clinging together only through the instincts of pillage, and that disaster has scattered their undisciplined forces far and wide. Military men in Washington believe that Gen. Grant can take Richmond when he pleases, but only withholds that he may gain a victory less bloody; and as we look back across that red sea through which our war chariots have hitherto passed, his humane policy seems an earnest of success. Price, defeated, flies from the State he has so often attempted to redeem, but whose redemption he has never yet effected except in this somewhat inglorious manner. Abroad, an old enemy—the London *Times*—in view, perhaps, of the commercial depression in England, and of the low quotation of rebel bonds, thinks that we had better fight it out, and so become purified by war as Europe did to establish its present basis. The election returns from Pennsylvania, although imperfect and incomplete, do not seem inclined to abate the Union triumphs. Private telegrams say that the National prospects, political and military, never looked more encouragingly. McClellan's chances appear ghost-like and unsubstantial even in Missouri, Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware. The argument which led many unthinking people to suppose that the soldiers would vote for a former officer whom they respected, it has been found will not apply to a volunteer army, made up of thoughtful civilians who have not yet sunk their citizenship in their new martial calling. Wherever we look the signs are cheering. The horizon is yet ruddy and streaked as with blood, but it is only the rosy flush that follows the long and terrible night of crime and shame through which the nation has just passed, and precedes the dawning of a brighter and more glorious day.

MYSTERIOUS.—The *Call* contains the following enigmatical notices:

☞ *Notice.*—A Committee Meeting of the "Blue Lambs" will be held on Sunday evening next, at the usual place, to make the necessary arrangements for a general assembly of the Society to determine votes for the contested election.

THOMAS PECKOVER, Chairman.

San Francisco, October 25, 1864.

☞ A Committee Meeting of the "Green Lions" is hereby summoned for Monday next, at the Club Rooms. Business—to take into consideration a proposition from the "Blue Lambs," and to fix date for general meeting previous to contested election. THOMAS TOPPER, Chairman.

What can be the "proposition" of the "Blue Lambs?" Do they propose to lie down with the "Green Lions," but wish first an assurance of their personal safety? Is the election the one mentioned by Æsop? Speak, Chairman Peckover! and thou, Topper, explain!

THE RACE TO-DAY.—The great race between *Honest Ance* and *Unknown* comes off at Bay View Park at 2 P. M. to-day. The well-known speed of the horses and the large sum at stake will ensure a large assemblage. The last race was attended by great numbers of the best people of the city and many ladies graced the scene with their presence. The balcony will be reserved for them on this occasion, and we expect to see "all the world" there this afternoon.

THE BALL OF THE SEASON.—The Fire Department of our city announces that their first Annual Ball will be given at Union Hall, on the 8th of December next. We understand that the greatest precaution and care will be taken that the arrangements in every respect shall all serve to render this, their first Ball, the most desirable festival of the season. The tickets are to be limited, not transferable, obtained only of the managers, and to be rated at $10, including supper.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

WHEN Foucault, the young French savant, announced to the world his simple experiment whereby the daily motion of the earth on its axis was made apparent to the eye, great incredulity was expressed by men of high attainments in science, and the fact utterly denied by those of no attainments. To this day, many—though seeing the result and otherwise of clever intellect—cannot appreciate the steps by which it is reached, and this only from a defect in that peculiar kind of exact education that fits them to follow along the links of a scientific problem, from point to point, securing each as they proceed, and which mode leads to the conclusion as surely and clearly as that the night follows the day. Without this no satisfactory progress can be made; no amount of mental power, however strong in other matters, will avail aught here, for it yields not its treasures to the sturdiest blows at random struck, and turns upon its surface the sharp edge of the brightest thought. What effect has the keenest scimitar or most ponderous battle-axe, if misdirected and made to fall by the unskilful hand upon the wrong point of the foe's helmet?

To the inexact mind it is a mystery that it cannot comprehend after the simplest demonstration—forever lost in the mazes of a system, to *it* labyrinthic in its construction. No mystery here. You violate the law of cause and effect, no proper means or way being taken no effect comes to your mind, that's all.

Once in conversation with a gentleman of the highest literary ability and political position, and who had but recently, then, retired from the United States Senate, in the day of that Senate's effulgence, to take charge of the department of Belles-Lettres and Political Economy in one of the first Universities of the country. he mentioned to our surprise the great difficulty he had to understand the simplest mathematical problem throughout its entire course—even when disrobed somewhat of its severe technical character and terms. His education had rambled, as he well expressed it, along a picturesque path of poetry and oratory, skipping here and there among the pleasures and excitements of the place, till he had lost the habit of exact rigid reasoning, such as science gives and requires. He had lost the links as he went along in life, and it was too late, it was impossible now to pick them up.

And yet, who was this that so confessed his inability? The peer and cotemporary of Webster, Calhoun and Clay, the rival of Patrick Henry and Prentiss in the splendor and power of his oratory, the fertility and brilliancy of his imagination, and, in finished, polished style, perhaps unequalled by any in this country—a man to sway masses and make his will other men's will, a child when brought face to face with the rigor of precise, exact thought.

Encouraged by the tone of his voice and familiar address to one so far inferior in years and position, we were emboldened to ask his attention to the beautiful Foucault experiment, then uppermost in our thoughts, and offered by description and diagram an explanation of its simple secrets. The offer was accepted by him in terms of delicate pleasing compliment. Without further ado, we asked him to imagine a pendulum set in motion, over a given spot and in a certain direction, in a close chamber, free from all disturbing influences of every kind whatever, whether from the atmosphere or otherwise. Let this pendulum, so placed in motion, have a sufficient impulse to sustain its oscillation for some length of time without the application of new and additional force; in such case, the direction in which it moves, or more properly, the plane which it cuts will always remain the same. Granted, and we proceed. Now, suppose this pendulum has a rod of great length, 200 feet or more—and it was with such a length that the experiment was made by the writer—that an oscillation of considerable arc, 30 or 40 feet, is given to it, and that such a pendulum is swung directly over one of the poles of the earth coincident with its axis, protected from all disturbances, as we say, and that a due north and south course is given to its vibration. Place a circular piece of card beneath it, with degrees and subdivisions of degrees marked on it, and in a very short time the motion, now north and south, will *appear* to vary its course or line of travel, the pendulum even cutting new degrees, till in the lapse of six hours, it will be found vibrating east and west, and in twenty-four hours, (the time of the earth's revolution on its axis,) if the motion be continued so long, the line of motion will have passed entirely round the card to its original course of north and south. But the line of vibration, as we have shown, remains fixed, never varies; hence the change of motion must and can only be due to the motion of the earth and the card which is attached to and part of it.

The card it is that moves with the moving earth, and brings new points and degrees under the line of oscillation, which, unvarying in itself, is thus apparently made to constantly change its direction. This, of course, is an illusion of the same kind that we daily witness in the apparent motion of the sun through the heaveus, when in fact the sun is fixed and the earth it is that moves—which discovery brought such trouble to its great author, and in the dark ages was denounced as the work of the devil and a crime against heaven. Not so, however, in this case, for the dome of the cathedral of Notre Dame itself, affording a fine height, was placed by Napoleon at the service of M. Foucault for his demonstration of the fact.

This experiment, an instance of perfect illusion to the eye—to the mind conclusive evidence of such motion in the earth—is, however, still stranger when we express it in another way; that we are unconscious of the motion of a body of which we are a part, and yet this motion, still unconscious of it, made palpable to us by experiment, so to speak, outside of ourselves.

All this was readily seen and admitted by the listener, for we had not yet reached the place where the chain was broken—the link of sequence wanting to his mind. We advance one step further: At the pole, as we have seen, every degree of the circle will be cut in succession in twenty-four hours; but how at the equator and points on the earth's surface between the pole and equator, is the same true there? By no means. A smile of triumph not unmingled with affection crossed his playful, versatile features—and the question instantly came: A mathematical rule not the same everywhere, eh? if this is so, how can it be true? Somewhat stirred by his manner more than by the question itself, rapidly and as clearly we explained that its time of passage round the entire circle varied between the pole and equator, varied *inversely* as the degree of latitude; that at the equator where there is no latitude the time of its passage became so great as to be beyond calculation, and, therefore, properly might be said to be infinite and to require an eternity for its accomplishment. With a shrug of the shoulder and an elevation of his dark, shaggy eye-brows, expressive of doubt, rather disbelief, he suddenly asked what we thought of Schlegel's history of Literature. The scientific talk was over; he had lost the necessary link in the progress of the problem, no longer of interest to him, because no longer intelligible, and sought the society of his congenial first-love, with its charms and graces, easy to the mind, seductive to the sentiment.

But worse, for when pressed to name the point of difficulty, the reply we got put an end to all further effort; for in honest, candid way he said, that however simple to us and others might be the statement and demonstration, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, he had always failed to appreciate it. This was enough. We forebore, and no more disturbed his sweet communion with the mistress of his heart and head. TRISMEGISTUS.

ANGELS' VISITS.—A lady called at THE CALIFORNIAN office last evening, with a gentleman protector, "just for fun," to see an editorial sanctum, and what it looked like. We cannot deny that it looked like the very—deuce: the dramatic reviewer being in the last stages of an exciting criticism on Birch, William, and had thrown ink and paper about in his throes, in a reckless manner. Bob, the devil, had upset the paste-pot; "Trismegistus" had been in, correcting proof, and had upset his tobacco and left his pipe lying around loose; and the sanctum weareth not that air of neatness and order that would better become it, but we put on our most sanctimonious expression and endeavored to look as if it was only an accidental state of affairs. Should the lady do us the honor to call again, a few moments' notice would raise us very much in her estimation of our character for order and neatness. Some Webbs may be very good-looking, but cob-webs are best when well brushed. Our apology must be that our broom has been spirited away by some lawless "ranger," and in the present state of politics it won't do to go out shopping for that article, as we might lose credit with our grocer.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—A delegation of San Franciscans, in token of the hospitality extended to them during their visit to the Fair, thus acknowledge their thankfulness to the Sacramentans:

We, the undersigned, in gratitude for the exceeding liberality displayed by the President and Board of Managers of the California State Agricultural Society, and for the untiring courtesy shown all visitors, not only by them but by the citizens of Sacramento in general, take this method of returning our unbounded thanks. The past Fair of the State Agricultural Society has been a great success in the following particulars: the splendid contests made for the premiums, which have been the largest ever known; the fast time that has characterized the races, giving indubitable proof that California is rapidly outstripping all other States in the production of fine horses; and the general popular approbation that has greeted all awards of premiums. As long as the noble horse shall be considered the best friend of man, and the time-honored practice of racing exist and be the amusement of gentlemen who only ask fair field and no favor, so long will the Fair of 1864 and the genial and liberal gentlemen who made it a success, be held in remembrance by their sincere friends and well-wishers:

David D. Colton, K. F. Morrow, S. B. Whipple, Albert Whipple, H. Snearty, J. A. Batchelor, W. F. Williamson, J. R. Hardenberg, Wm. W. Gift, J. G. Israel, Asa Porter, E. W. Teackle, Wm. Hendrickson, Roe Allen, John Speed, D. P. McHarg, A. E. Head, A. C. Hamilton, N. W. Mumson, Ben. E. Harris, Wm. Watt, H. R. Covey, N. Coombs, W. T. Grissin.

CROWDED OUT.—"Incidents of the Mexican War," No. 2, is in type, but we are compelled to defer it till next week.

AFTER all that has been said of the vices of the Hindoos, we believe that a Hindoo is more mild and sober than most Europeans, and as honest and chaste.—*Sydney Smith.*

PHANTOMS.

Oftentimes in my dreams,
Beloved forms are near, dead hands clasp mine;
I wake, and still it seems
That over me their radiant faces shine.

As footprints on the sand
Are borne to ocean by the ebbing tide;
So, if I stir my hand,
Will these dear phantoms into darkness glide.

Night after night they come,
Telling me wonders with their speaking eyes,
And I—as one quite dumb—
Can only by my countenance give replies.

How well they understand
Life's weary prayer—its hard and pitiless cross,
The great schemes nobly planned,
The feverish hope—the trembling risk—the loss.

In every human breast,
A passionate longing for the Infinite springs;
A never-ending quest
Of the Immortal for its heavenly wings.

And these pure visitors,
Though we deny them, love us none the less;
Unasked, they pass our doors,
And are for us Heaven's holy Witnesses.

Emilie Lawson.

THINGS.

San Francisco, Saturday, October 29, 1864.

IT is a wonder to me that no one has ever written or sung the advantages of being a fool. It would, of course, require a good deal of time to enumerate them—more than I can spare from the duties which occupy and fill my busy life—but a reputation awaits the man who first grapples the theme and treats it properly. Show me the man who is not restrained by ideas, and I will show you one to whom happiness and success in life are certain. When the multitude awake to an appreciation of this fact, you will see the present popular song so amended that the burden will be:

I'd choose to be a booby!

Instances certainly have been known where men have overcome the disadvantage of being originally endowed with intelligence, and the additional misfortune of having an education subsequently thrust upon them; but they are lamentably rare.

I find no fault with this world; it is an excellent world in its way—especially if one takes into account the fact that it is only an experiment. But to my thinking it is eminently susceptible of improvement—so much so, that the original mould might as well be broken and cast away and a new patent applied for. Nature is quite as progressive as art. To illustrate what I mean, the curious in matters of research will remember that water was made first, wine next, and that whisky came last of all. In like manner, man was first created; woman was the result of a second experiment. Few will deny that the woman was an improvement, but the full measure of adaptability to life and happiness in life was not reached until a fool was born.

Without amplifying this part of the subject further, I will simply remark that the woman was an improvement on the man, and that the fool was an improvement on the woman—casting both into the shade of their own vine and fig leaf. When this whole round world is peopled by fools everybody will be happy and rich—and that this consummation will soon be reached I confidently predict, for the world is verging towards it rapidly.

Then we shall have the Golden Age that poets have prated about, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. For it is tolerably certain that no lamb would lie down with a lion unless it were a fool, and if it did, I hold that the lion would be a fool not to eat it!

So much for so much. Certainly something can be said on the other side. While I claim that my rhinoceros has a hide that is impervious to fleas and bullets, it may be urged on the other hand that he can never enjoy the pleasure of being tickled. But this to my thinking does not fairly make a stand-off. For the tickling doesn't last long, and the bullet does. That's my argument! And to those who disagree with me, I can only say, in conclusion, that there is no accounting for tastes, but that I'd rather be a rhinoceros than a dear gazelle, any day. and that I'd choose to be a Mersey Ram sooner than either.

(Speaking of these rams, what is the difference between a Southdown Ram and a Ram down South? No answer is expected, and it must be distinctly understood that this whole sentence is in parenthesis.)

Anything to break the monotony of everyday existence, to vary the dead-wall of view upon which our life-windows look out! If in this whole community there be a man, woman or child who is at times seized and controlled by an irresistible desire to do something inorganic, to become for the moment a Disturber of the Public Peace. to stand, figuratively speaking, upon his, her, or its head and flourish his, her, or its feet in the air with a perfect disregard of and for what people may say or think, let that Dear Being stand by my side and say so, and we'll be friends forever. It is this wheel. ever revolving in its one miserable rut, that worries and bothers me: I'm tired of being Ixion. It is useless to tell me that this feeling is wicked, because I am prepared to admit any proposition of that kind in advance. If pressed on the subject I don't know but that I'd admit that I myself am wicked, desperately wicked, and capable of breaking more commandments in a less space of time than any one else in town. I'll admit anything, in fact, if people will only leave off asking me why I do this, and why I don't do that; but it is this constant bully-ragging and badgering that kills.

When life is done and the books are closed, each will have his own account to settle, and somehow it seems to me that mine will be complicated and mixed enough, anyway, without other people interfering and attempting to make alterations and false entries in my ledger.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE RACES.

In one point of view—a Bay View, of course—William Williamson may be regarded as a public benefactor. He gets up races; the most extraordinary and puzzling races that ever were heard of in the world, races that puzzle one's ingenuity to determine how to bet, and which have this one peculiarity about them—the more you study about it, the more you don't know, and either way you are likely to lose your money.

Of such a character was the race of Wednesday, when the little gray mare *Unknown* went against the well-known horse *Pacific*—both pacers—mile heats, the best three in five, to harness.

It was known that *Pacific* was fast, and his time stood on record much inside of any public performance of the little mare's. But then this latter had won every race she attempted, developing a bottom and a come-in-on-the-home-stretch capacity rare in pacers and surprising to every one on the ground. It was hinted that her backers knew what they were about, and that in private she had made time that made the man in the coal-yard, as well as the man in the wagon, stand on his head. So the knowing ones shook their heads, and very few knew which way to bet. But everybody determined to go out and see the result, and everybody went.

Now there are several ways to go out to the Bay View track. The most economical way is to go a-foot; the slowest and most democratic is to go in an omnibus, but the nicest way is to go with a buggy and pair.

Had I been Adam I could have resisted Eve when she came at me with an apple, but a "pair" would have brought me—especially had there been a buggy in the bargain.

Here I wish to introduce the Fashion Stables, kept by Porter & Covey. With no disrespect to the many other excellent stables in town, I do think that these are decidedly the best on the coast, and that when the improvements present and contemplated are completed, they will be the equal of any that this continent affords. It has always been remarked by strangers that better horses are kept on livery in San Francisco than can be found in stables anywhere else in the United States. If any doubt this let them go to Porter and Covey, either or both, take them to one side, and appeal to those better feelings which lie dormant in every horse man's nature for a team that will disgrace neither contracting party—and take what is given you, asking no questions and telling no lies. If a field-day is coming off, it is advisable to "speak" a few days in advance, as otherwise the chances are that you get nothing. If you happen to find yourself on the road with a pair of compact "chunky" little sorrels before you, and a Brewster buggy under you, call yourself fortunate. For a better driving team no man need ask for. Easy on the bit, honest as the day is long. and striking their gait at once without the persuasion of that long oat which grows at the driver's right hand, commend me to those little sorrels for all the driving I want to do on this coast. Only one thing interferes to prevent my buying them out-and-out, and this is a difficulty connected with the payment—slight, it is true, but sufficient to materially interfere with the trade.

But to return to the track. In compliment to the occasion the proprietor, familiarly known known as "The Old War Horse," appeared on Wednesday in a new hat –discarding the traditional white one of antiquity—his hair cut and trimmed down to fighting length. As a special novelty, too, on that day he varied his usual drink from brandy and ice, taking brandy clear—not, as he remarked, because he didn't like ice, but simply because it occupied room in the tumbler.

Every one was on the ground that day. "Podgers" was there with sloe-black horses—or, as some said, black slow horses—looking remarkably unhappy because he couldn't touch the sorrels—even when driven by a lady. He manifested his disappointment and vexation by making a number of very bad puns, which you will probably find embalmed like flies in amber, amid the "Happenings of the Weak." For instance, he maliciously took the hand of the lady I had the honor of driving in his, and, pressing it with that grace and fervor which is thought nothing of in a married man though unpardonable in a single one, asked her in dulcet tones whether she wore light gloves because she had taper fingers.

(It will be seen that the joke comes in on the juxtaposition of "light" and "taper"—a taper being a wax light which was in vogue before the introduction of gas into bed-chambers.)

Fillmore was n't on the ground, but Jim Moore was: he held a "proil" and drew on the mare, but did n't "fill," you see. Whipple, too, backed the gray. I asked him early in the race how it was going. "Oh," he replied, "I've got Confidence—I've got Confidence!" I asked Jim in the evening how the team came out, and he told me a little accident had happened to the whipple-tree; so for the future lynch-pins will take the place of terrapins, I suppose.

Strongly impressed in favor of the little mare, I didn't thoroughly awaken until Porter took the reins over the horse, and then it did begin to look dusty. Every one knew that Ferguson would drive the gray for all she had in her, for his driving won the previous race when she was matched against *Fillmore*, but Porter only drives once or twice in a hundred years, and when he does it means something. The result was that *Pacific* won the race and the money—the mare, singularly enough, not getting a single heat.

Collier went out buggy and returned sulky.

The only other notable feature of the affair was the sale of a little cob called *The Widow's Mite*, for the benefit of the Christian Commission. This mite was put in, probably, as a necessary adjunct to the Great Sanitary Cheese.

Widows might!—is it not sad to think that very often they won't?

OTHER THINGS.

I should have premised this article by explaining that it is written at the request of the military Editor of The Californian. In reply to his request I was afraid to say that I had nothing to write about, lest he should echo, "Nothing to write about! Right about face! You've got plenty of that!"

The week has been one of work to me, and it is pleasant to think that to-morrow is Sunday, when we shall do no work, neither our man-servant nor our maid-servant, nor the Broom Ranger that is within our gates.

Let me here explain that, notwithstanding the story to the contrary, I am not a Broom Ranger, though I have a friend who is. Mrs. Adams, the house-keeper at the Occidental, is President of a regiment of them; they go ranging through the halls, making a confounded rattling with their brooms every morning, and I'm surprised that Gen. McDowell should allow it while he occupies a room in the house. As for my principles, I think that any woman's broom is better than her company.

Furthermore, I'm in favor of the Union as it Was!

Some one—whether it was the *Bulletin* or *Kuzzilbash*, I do not exactly remember—remarked the other evening that peace was near at hand. I'm afraid it's the same kind of peace we've had all along—a *piece de resistance*—but I hope not, for no one believes it is time the rebellion was suppressed more sincerely than I do myself.

How remorselessly the red reaper goes on his way. Verily, it is well said that "All flesh is grass," for are we not "cradled" in our infancy, and then does not Time cut us down with his scythe?

By the way, I didn't see how remarkably clever the preceding sentence is until it was half written. It cuts both ways. An unpremeditated pun should be forgiven as kindly as any other unpremeditated sin.

Let me here confess to an offence which I had in my heart—but never committed. When the whale was lying on the ocean beach I did want to drive some unsuspecting friend out there and show it to him, remarking that it was my oil-ledge. He would, of course, have asked to see the oars—I would have pointed to the fellow's fins. In the innocence of his soul he would, perhaps, have gone on to inquire how they were worked. To that I intended to say: We smelt 'em! but the chance never occurred—time didn't serve, although the tide did, and the whole thing would have been lost to the world had it not been for this publication of it.

Some day I intend to write an article on the many good things unsaid and unwritten—the crystals of the mind, or rather the bright, brilliant bubbles, that form and vanish. And I also intend to write one upon WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID HAD ONE ONLY THOUGHT IN TIME. For very excellent things are thought of when it is all too late to say them. One might improve Whittier's charming couplet in *Maud Muller*, by changing it to read thus:

Oh, of all sad thoughts when the moment is fled,
Tho saddest is this: What I might have said!

This wit that comes afterwards is called, by the French, *l'esprit d'escalier*, or "staircase wit." As an instance of it: at dinner the other day I was asked if I'd have a slice of Westphalia ham. I said yes, and ate it with singularly good appetite, until it occurred to me how much better it would have been had I inquired whether or not it was a Wide-West-failure ham.

I have not time to write more at present. In fact, I've snatched this moment of relaxation from time that should of right have been devoted to the perfection of an important invention with which I am busily occupied. Does any one want to know what it is? Listen:

I am inventing a new kind of boot-jack. It is calculated not only to pull off one's boots, but also to put him to bed, tuck him up carefully, and blow out the candle.

But a great deal of care will have to be had in its use. It only works satisfactorily with those who mind their own business. If others attempt to operate with it, it suddenly kicks them down stairs, and bolts the door. This is the only drawback to its coming into a very general use and making the fortune of the inventor. It is unnecessary to say that I never expect to sell many of the machines on this coast, but those wanting one can address—enclosing a postage stamp—

Inigo.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and babbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.—[*Thackeray.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A HORSE.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

NOW there might have been just visible to the naked eye of an ordinary mortal, not bent upon reading aright the riddle of that impassible countenance, the sign of a latent chuckle hovering round the corners of the mouth, which one of the "close observers," so often called to the aid of the story-teller and the novelist, would have traced at once to some mysterious cause, deep hidden in the portly bosom of the man; hut as the quiet country village in question afforded neither sage nor philosopher so profound, and recognized Mr. Wells only in his haughty official capacity, the secrets of the human breast were not in this instance doomed to be betrayed, and the words which might have revealed their import to the "carnest inquirer" were muttered to the empty air.

"So the wind lies that way, does it?" he observed twice, when indulging in the habit of absent and pre-occupied people, of talking to himself—"so the wind lies that way;" and that he employed a metaphor, while making this profound statement for his own personal edification, would have been apparent to the aforesaid "close observer," or patent-novelist-human-breast-penetrator, from the fact that his eyes were bent upon the ground at his feet, and that the gilt weathercock on the church steeple before him was not called upon, in either instance, either to warrant or corrohorato the announcement.

The advertisement, the wording of which had been so carefully considered by the inmates of Park Side Cottage, was in time for insertion the same week in the columns of the Greyminster *Herald*, and from that date it must be allowed that the "parties" in question entered upon a new phase of existence, and became subject to the anomalous infliction of a *daily night*mare, in the shape of horses with three legs to go upon, horses with two, and horses with none; of horses too high and horses too low; of high-conraged horses, whose grooms could not hold them; aud of lean and hungry horses, that might have formed models for Don Quixote's *Rosinante;* of high-stepping carriage, and even hrougham horses; and of low, shuffling ponies; of youug horses; of old horses; of bay horses; of dun horses; of iron-grey, and chestnut horses; of had horses; of vicious horses; of lame horses; of used-up horses; of horses of every style, stamp and condition, that could be utterly and entircly useless to a young lady in delicate health, who wished to indulge in a daily canter round the home lanes and commons, in accordance with the adviee of her shrewd London physician.

"Let us decide upon buying the next that comes, that seems in the least likely to do," said Gloriana, at last, wearied with the daily and almost hourly arrival of the regimeuts of screws that offered themselves for the iuspection of four pair of eager eyes, all equally ignorant and inexperienced, and all equally determiued not on any account to be done. As shc spokc, the door opened, and the butler announced the arrival of another man, and another *horse*, "or cob, as hc calls it," he further condescended to explain; for it must be acknowledged that the temper of Mr. Wells had undergone a severe ordeal, and his dignity had heen much compromised, hy the endurance of unseemly chaff and ridicule from low-minded individuals belonging to the genus groom.

"Let us have round the horse, or cob, then, or whatever he likes to call it," said Gloriana, languidly. And in compliance with her request, an essentially "useful animal," accompanied hy a scampish and very horsey-looking attendant, soon made his appearance at the hall door. "The cob" was not at all a bad shape, compact, made for strength, and in size something between a horse and a pony, as his uame denoted. His hairy legs, however, and coarse head, showed his underbreeding, and detracted much from his merits in the eyes of the ladies.

It was evident that Mr. Wells strongly affected him: and a dose of flattery, not too finely drawn, from the broken-down horsedealer, did more than he would have willingly acknowledged towards securing his good word for the cob.

"I don't like his head," observed Miss Applegarde, objectively; "it is so large and clumsy-looking."

"Large, ma'am, do you call it?" said the man, with an air of well-feigned surprise. And then measuring, through a half-closed but infinitely cunning glance, the amount of *flatness* with which he had to deal, he gathered up all the effrontery of his nature, and rode over the last fence between the cob, and Mr. Wells's good graces in this remarkable and original sentence: "Why, any oue that knows about an oss,—and here he winked knowingly at the butler, to insinuate that he was included in the respectable category,—"any one that knows ahout an oss, knows that *his strength lies in his head.* This here cob is the strongest and the 'andsomest in England: and it would he no use of my ahusing him to you, sir, because I can see with 'alf an eye that you knows what an oss *is*."

Now, Mr. Wells, although a man of exalted mind and unimpeachahle integrity, was a mortal man afer all, and like other mortals found it impossible to resist the influence of the flattery that had not a leg to stand upon.

If the horse dealer of broken-down appearance had presumed to remark upon the glitter of the family plate, or to enlarge upon the value of the receipt for plate-powder, which had been handed down as an heirloom from father to son for three generations, the vulnerable point in Mr. Wells's nature would have remained untouched—he would have seen through and despised the attempt upon his understanding at once. But to he told opeuly, and by implication, that "he knew what a horse was," seeing that he knew nothing whatever about horses in general, or any horse in particular, was the little pebble out of the brook against which, properly propelled, his giant strength was as nought.

Flatter a beautiful, foolish woman upon her intellect, and a plain, clever woman upon her good looks; tell your literary friend, of undeveloped muscularity, that he is first-rate across country, and your sporting friend, who can barely spell, that he would write brilliant articles, and the grossness of the flattery will neither be resented nor perceived, but, on tho contrary, it will be imbibed with the greatest relish and gusto.

It is so with frail humanity generally; nor did Mr. Wells in this instance belie his mortal origin. His heart opened towards the man, aud to'vards the strong but ugly brute who was the the object of eulogy; and he assumed in their behalf his most pompous and oracular manner as he slowly pronounced the emphatic sentence—

"I think this is decidedly the hest animal we have seen, ma'am:" while his eyes wandered with unwonted admiration from the short, thick legs, to the long carcase and clumsy head of the "'andsomest cob in England."

The gentle, ladylike, still pretty widow was out upon the lawn, surveying this last specimen of horse-flesh which had been presented to her discriminating gaze, through her eye-glass, and she said, when thus appealed to, with the candor that was natural to her—

"I cannot say that I think him pretty; but if he is quiet and gentle I shall be satisfied, as Miss Applegarde has had no experience in riding as yet; but is ordered to do it for her health," she added, turning, as she spoke, to address the horse-dealer, with that trnstful and appealing gaze, which is natural to a fond mother when her child's health and safety are the matters at issue, and which might have possibly touched the "better nature" of the hardened ruffian in question, for he replied fluently enough—

"It was what I thought, ma'am, when I seed the advertisement; and ses I to myself, Why there's the hrown cob, *Brutus*, as I had off General Hunter, as will carry the lady like a lamh. No wice or nousense about him; warranted sound, neat as paint, and a bargain at forty guineas, which is his price, and *dirt* cheap too at the money."

"I should really think he is worth it, mamma," said Gloriana, decisively: "we have looked at so many, and I don't think we have seen anything more likely to suit us. Suppose that you write a cheque, and let the man leave the horse."

The moment of decision, however, was always more or less an easy one to Mrs. Applegarde; and at such times the feeling of her unprotected state, and of her "lone and lorn" condition, was wont to intrude upou her with melancholy force.

"If we had only been ahle to consnlt sciue one who really understands about horses," she began, nervously and unconsciously, but rudely trampling under foot the new-born vanity in the breast of Mr. Wells: "it strikes me forcibly that there is a wicked expression about the eye of this horse, and I dou't quite like the way in which he moves his ears about when you approach him."

To this remark the horse-dealer vouchsafed no direct reply, but making as though he were about to lead the injured *Brutus* off at once, he said, addressing himself to the butler, "If the lady's no huyer, I can't waste my time; the cob's a real good un, and there's twenty after him as it is."

"*I* don't presume to offer an opinion," was the majestic reply; and the tone and manner in which it was made, awoke Mrs. Applegarde to the conviction, that the feelings of her faithful domestic had been lacerated in some vital part, and that nothing but the most abject humiliation on her side would pour balm into the cruel wound.

Once aware of the fact, she hastened with her usual kindness to soothe the fceliugs that her thoughtless words had ruffled, and to make the *amende honorable* by saying at once, "It is your opiniou that we must act upon; and it is with Mr. Wells that you must deal," she added, as the horse-dealer maintained a somewhat sulky and impertinent demeanor, while awaiting the result of the conference. "If he approve of the horse I am quite willing to purchasc him."

It is scarcely necessary to add, after this, that the deal was concluded, and that the renowned *Brutus* was left upon the hands of the ladies of Park Side Cottage, to whom the question thus became a matter of paramouut importance, "What they could make of him?"

Mr. Wells himself exhibited a certain amount of nervous agitation, when the last glimpse of the figure of the horse-dealer had told itself off in the direction of the nearest pubhc; but recovering his usual dignity by a strong effort of will, he knowingly avoided the responsibility of handling the cob himself, and assuming a magisterial air, commanded the small hoy, who did what country people call "odds and ends" in the house and garden, to lead the horse to the stable, which had heen ready prepared for the advent of an animal of some sort or another.

"Your father understands about horses, Bill," he began, thus paving the way to a negotiation which he had had in his mind since the introduction of the horse subject at Park Side; "just ask him to step up this evening, and have a glass of ale, will you?"

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE HORSE TURNED OUT WHOSE "STRENGTH LAY IN HIS HEAD."

In the course of a day or two everything was preparcd for the event of Gloriana's first ride; and *Brutus* in a bran new saddle and hridle, and Gloriana in a bran uew habit and hat, formed the nucleus of an admiring crowd of small urchins, who were attracted on the way from school by the novel sight of Miss Applegarde mounted on her new purchase, which seemed likely to afford her some little tronble in the process of "making" which she had looked forward to with such laudahle zeal. Indeed he appeared, as far as their juvenile faculties were capahle of discriminating, to have a very strong will of his own, in furtherance of which he brought his ponderous head to bear, in all its hoasted strength, upon the young lady's weak and inexperienced hauds.

"I shall be tired to death," shc said to herself when the tnssle was at last over, and the cob's head turned, sorely against his will, in the direction of the common, which extended for nearly a mile, and a view of which was commanded from the drawing-room windows of the eottage.

She was, indeed, almost tired to death as it was, for she was far from strong; but the worst was still to come. She had not hitherto attempted to urge the animal out of a walking pace, and was recruiting her strength for the operation of "putting him through his paces," which she hoped to do with immense *éclat* before the admiring gaze of her mother and sister, of Mr. Wells and the boy, and of the boy's father, "w o uuderstood all about horses," and whose services Mr. Wel s had, iudeed, finally secured, in order that the cob might do credit to the establishment, and not by his bad condition or slovenly appointments lead to the installation of that hateful functionary, a regular *bona fide* groom.

"Yon must canter first, you know," said Gloriana, condescendingly, to the brown cob *Brutus*, who was so devoid of birth and breeding as to reply to this conciliatory address on the part of his mistress, which was accompanied by a corresponding action of hand and foot, by a resolute shake of his uncouth head, and by a decided downward inclination of that appendage in the direction of his fore feet. "My goodness! I do believe he's going to kick," said Gloriana; and the observation in this instance was not directed to the horse, but wrung from her in the agony of apprehension which the certain conviction brought to her mind. But Brutus rested satisfied with indulging his playful mood by a caper or two, which, although comparatively innocent in the eyes of lookers-on, shook Gloriana in her saddle to an alarming extent, for the movements of the cob were rough and quick, and there was no manner of spring in the well-developed joints and muscles, which had excited such admiration in the breast of Mr. Wells! Once set in motion, *Brutus* vouchsafed to proceed to the far end of the common in a tolerable steady canter; every now and then, however, breaking into a heavy and dislocating trot, which threw Gloriana's light figure high into the air, and caught it again at the rchound, with a strength and jerkiness which had au exhausting rather than an exhilarating effect on the nerves and muscles of his rider. Gloriana was not at all devoid of the English quality—pluck; and once embarked in an enterprise, it was not in her nature to give in. "I have no doubt that it will do me good—in time," she said, spasmodically, between the jerks, when weak physical human nature was pleading rather hard to be let off the severe ordeal of being pounded to death on the back of a regular bone-crnsher, and suggesting the abandonment of the whole plan in despair. And it was doing her good, inasmuch as it was employing the faculties both of body and mind—rousing her to exertion and dispelling the morbid fancies which had been taking such hold of her young imagination. The clephantine gambols of *Brutus* had accomplished this, if they had done nothing more; but his paces and action had proved so rough and tiring, that as Gloriana dismounted from his back by means of a chair, which the ever-watchful Wells had brought for her accommodation, she turned suddenly pale, and then reeled and fell from the chair into his arms in a dead, heavy swoon.

"Take the brute away, can't you?" the butler said, with much irritation, to the man of understanding with regard to the noble animal; "take him away to the stable. If this is to he the consequence of exercise upon four legs, I think two's a better number; and I don't put so much faith in Sir Erasmus as I did. Don't be alarmed, ma'am," he continued, as he bore his insensible burden into the drawing-room, and deposited it upon the sofa; "it's only the haction of that erc *Brutus* that has been too much for Miss Gloriana; and she so weak, poor thing! I doubt whether she'll he able to stand it now."

Poor Mrs. Applegarde looked as pale as Gloriana, hut Kate, whose presence of mind never forsook her, began immediately to busy herself about the prostrate form of her sister—chafing her hands and feet, bathing her white face and brows with eau de Cologne, and applying smelling-salts to her nostrils.

"She's a-coming to, now," said Wells, as the first tender flnsh of color in her cheeks bespoke the return of suspended animation; and the poor mother, who was trembling in her helpless anxiety, stooped to kiss her forehead, saying, in a flutter of lachrymose agitation—

"It's all that nasty horse, I know. Sir Erasmus made a great mistake, and forgot how weak the poor child was——. But never mind, my dear, you shall not attempt to ride again; and it will, indeed, be quite a relief to my mind. I said all along there was something wicked about its eyes and the way in which it put its ears back when you approached it; and after it jumped about with you in that dreadful way on the common, I could not bear to look out again. Kate told me that you had come through the front gate all right, and the next thing I beheld was Wells carrying you in in a fainting state——. But never mind, my dear, you shall not ride again; and we'll get rid of that dreadful horse as soon as possible."

"Indeed, mamma," said Gloriana, raising herself on her elhow on the sofa cushion, "it is not at all a dreadful horse, and I enjoyed my ride immensely; I hope to ride again to-morrow and every day; and I do not intend to disgrace myself in this way again. After all, there was nothing wonderful in my fainting, for I have heard *men* say"—and here she blnshed slightly, for the sayings and doings of men had been hitherto little canvassed amongst the gentle tenants of Park Side Cottage—"I have heard men say that they are often regularly knocked up with the first day's hunting: and of course a first ride is the samo thing to me. I am all right now," she added; hut it must be confessed that her looks did not quite bear out the assertion; and she was obliged before very long to own to a more than usual feeling of fatigne and exhaustion, and to retire unwillingly to bed. But the spell, it would appear, was already working, for she did all she could to arouse herself, and fought against the languor which before this memorable ride sho had perhaps in some measure fostered and encouraged.

In the course of the evening Mr. Wells was summoned to an interview with the man of understanding with regard to the stable economy of the hrown cob *Brutus*, which ended, I am sorry to say, in his becoming a second time a dupe, through the medium of the unerring shaft of flattery, directed with faultless aim to the vulnerable point in his manly breast. That the quadruped in question was likely to consume a certain amount of hay and corn, and that he "lay upon straw," was the extent of his information upon the subject under discussion, and he was, therefore, as might be supposed, helpless as a child in the hands of a man who possessed a large share of the quality of *cuteness*, generally supposed to appertain to intellects sharpened on the grindstone of a knowledge of horse-flesh.

The spoils of the unconscious cob had, indeed, formed the corner-stone of a very pretty castle in the air, which had been run up, regardless of expense, in the fertile brain of the wor-

thy known to the village by the suggestive cognomen of "Knowing Ned;" and he blessed the happy fate that had cast into his net such an unmitigated "flat" as the worthy butler, who became in his hands an easy, although unconscious, tool.

"I'll do justice to that 'oss, Mr. Wells," he began "purvided you see me through it in the matter of wages. I understands all about osses, and did from a boy; but if I undertakes groom's work, I must have groom's pay—barring the livery, which I don't ask for, seeing I can't ride since I threw out a splint in my near leg, which you knows, Mr. Wells, as well as I can tell you, and that I speak the truth. There's my old 'ooman, as attends church reglar, and always did from a child, would tell you the same any day on her Bible oath."

"We don't want no grooms in livery here," replied the butler with so much eagerness that, by an over-liberality in the matter of negatives, he destroyed the force of his own remark. "But the horse must be attended to; and I'll speak to my mistress on the subject. Have a glass of ale, my good man, and look to the cob till further orders, will you?"

And it was in this manner that the man of understanding with regard to horses, the father of the boy who did the odds and ends of work at Park Side Cottage, who went by the name of "Knowing Ned" in the village, inserted the thin end of the wedge of his own fortunes into the tempting aperture which the false diplomacy of Mr. Wells with regard to an *irregular* groom offered to his acute perceptions.

"I sees my way to fifty pounds, if I sees it to a shillin," he said to himself, as he swallowed a refreshing draught of his patron's home-brewed ale. "The first thing I'll do will be to swop the brown cob for the old mare *Blind Bess*. If Miss Applegarde rides him to-morrow she won't the day after—unless I am *very* much mistaken, leastways."

What diabolical plot was hatching under the skull of knavish contour appertaining to "Knowing Ned," to perpetrate on the morrow with regard to his young mistress and the brown cob *Brutus*, we will leave the next chapter of these Adventures to reveal, only hinting that it was one which appeared to afford him unwonted satisfaction, for he chuckled to himself a low, cunning chuckle as he littered down *Brutus* for the night, observing to that stolid quadruped during the operation, "You are a nice oss, *you* are; but you ain't fit for a lady noways."

(Continued in our next.)

The Enoch Arden of Real Life.—The Montreal *Herald* gives the following report of a case, "Jean Hyacinthe Cordier *vs.* Mary Jane Cordier," which was recently before the Supreme Court of Canada. It appears that in December, 1849, the plaintiff was a young jeweller, about nineteen years of age, and the defendant was a dressmaker, of twenty-three years of age. He was French and she was English. The consequence of their intimacy led to the arrest of the plaintiff by the defendant on the charge of seduction. While in the station-house a settlement was had, and the parties were married in a cell by a Catholic priest. Immediately after the ceremony the plaintiff left, and, as alleged by the defendant, ran away secretly. She heard nothing till eighteen months ago, when she was informed he had died in the mines of California. About two years after, not having heard from Cordier, and in the full belief that he was dead, she married Mr. John Price, by whom she had five children. Ten years after her second marriage, and fourteen years after her first marriage, Mr. Cordier turned up. He had emigrated to California, as he claimed, with the knowledge of Mary. He had there opened a restaurant, prospered, and now returned home rich to claim his bride. Finding that his wife had re-married, he brought a suit for divorce. He alleged that the rumors of his death had been started by his wife herself, and that she had never made any inquiries respecting him. The wife admitted the marriage with Price, but claimed that she had done so, believing that Cordier was dead; that he had abandoned her for a number of years, during all of which she had no tidings of him. The case was referred to a referee, who reported in favor of plaintiff. To this report the defendant took exceptions. It was claimed that plaintiff had no standing in court, the well-known rule of equity requiring a suitor to come into court with clean hands, having no application in this case, inasmuch as he had abandoned his lawful wife for fifteen years, and only took the present steps from malice, with a view to revive the dead scandal, ruin an inoffensive woman, blast the reputation of innocent children, and entirely alter the social relations of Mr. Price and his family. The plaintiff denied that he had abandoned his wife, but claimed that they had been regularly separated, in pursuance of an agreement between them before the marriage took place. The judge directed that the report of the referee must be confirmed, and granted a divorce to plaintiff.

The Prince Imperial.—The Emperor and Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon, and Prince Humbert of Italy are safely housed at St. Cloud. The Imperial Prince rose after dinner at the camp, and addressing the colonel of the 97th said: "Mon colonel, I come to report myself. I have orders to join your regiment. Shall I fall in at once?" His Imperial Highness also "added to the harmony of the evening" by volunteering a song. He gave them—

> "Tiens, voici ma pipe, voila mon briquet;
> Et quand La Tulipe fait le noir trajet,
> Que tu sois la seule dans le régiment
> Avec la brule-gueule de ton cher amant,"

with great applause. If "entering young" makes a soldier, Napoleon IV. should be worthy of his great historic name.—*Paris Letter.*

Readers of newspapers in the North will have been somewhat startled on reading a paragraph, very similar to the following, which has been going the round of the Manchester and Scotch journals: "It is rumored in certain quarters that no less a lady than her Majesty the Queen is the authoress of 'Margaret Denzil,' in the *Cornhill*, and that the copy has been actually seen in the handwriting of Mr. Arthur Helps, with occasional touches from the royal finger. The same story has been attributed, and that in well-informed circles, to Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Thackeray" How amusing all this must have been to Mr. Charles Allston Collins, the actual author! The novel will be completed in October, when it will probably re-appear in the three volume or library form.

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THERE has reached us from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's household shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gives the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest. After describing the griefs and fears of the whole household for the Queen, the writer speaks of the personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert: "How I shall miss his conversation about the children! He used often to come into the school room to speak about the education of the children, and he never left me without my feeling that he had strengthened my hands and raised the standard I was aiming at. Nothing mean or frivolous could exist in the atmosphere that surrounded him: the conversation could not be trifling if he was in the room. I dread the return of spring for my dear lady. It was his favorite time of the year—the opening leaves, the early flowers, and fresh green were such a delight to him; and he so loved to point out their beauties to his children that it will be terrible to see them without him. The children kept his table supplied with primroses, which he especially loved. The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, while the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said: 'Were you asleep, dear papa?' 'Oh no,' he answered, 'only I have such sweet thoughts.' During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the 'happy thoughts' were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty. He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him, listened to all he said, repeated hymns, and then, when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and then weeping rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through. I have had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said: 'You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial.' Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called *Heaven our Home*, which had interested him very much. He once said to her: 'We don't know in what state we shall meet again, but that we shall recognize each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain.' It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though of course it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said: 'There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother—I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial.' Her whole thought now is to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing."—*Northern Whig.*

Reckless Bathers.—A somewhat singular occurrence took place at Tynemouth on Wednesday last. It appears that a young lady, the daughter of a medical gentleman, entered one of the numerous bathing machines on the Long Sands. The young lady, on entering the machine, was duly cautioned by the owner, and also on her alighting in the sea, of the risk she would necessarily run by venturing too far out at that particular state of the tide and sea. Nothing daunted, however, she rushed heedlessly on, regardless of the shouts of her adviser, who, at length, when he found that persuasive measures were quite unavailing, mounted a horse, whip in hand, and rode to her rescue, threatening at the same time to apply it to the lady's shoulders, should she still persist in risking her life in the manner above stated, on which she hastily returned to the machine to dress, on making her exit from which she intimated that it would certainly be the last time she would patronize his bathing machines. Although so recently as Sunday last Mr. Falconer lost his life on the same sands, and his body has not yet been recovered, nothing will deter some people. The owner of the machine certainly had not recourse to the most refined measures by which to deter the fair bather; but there can be little doubt that her parents and relations would have infinitely preferred her having received a sound whipping rather than have heard of her death by drowning owing to her own folly and indiscretion.—*Berwick Journal.*

Hottentot Beauty.—Lady Duff Gordon says, in "Letters from the Cape": "I have fallen in love with a Hottentot baby here. Her mother is all black, with a broad face and soft spaniel eyes, and the father is Bastard; but the baby (a girl nine months old) has walked out of one of Leonardo de Vinci's pictures; I never saw so beautiful a child. She has huge eyes with the spiritual look he gives to them, and is exquisite in every way. When the Hottentot blood is handsome it is beautiful; there is a delicacy and softness about some of the woman which is very pretty, and the eyes are those of a good dog."

The Swiss Bear.—On the whole, Grandfather Blacktooth, as Bruin is popularly called in the Engadine, is of a comparatively mild, good-natured disposition, and, in a great degree, a vegetarian. Grass, herbs, roots and wild berries are the chief articles of his diet; but occasionally, when these fail, or when he is seized with a craving for richer meat, he makes a raid on the goats or sheep. One is known to have "lifted" fifteen sheep from the Sutz-alp, in the Eugadine, in a few days, although some oxen joined horns in a serried phalanx to defy the robber. Another destroyed twenty-nine on the Buffalora-alp, in 1858; while a third, in ten days, made away with seventeen in Zernetz. The bear rarely attacks cattle or horses, and when he does, is generally worsted, in spite of his great strength, of which some idea may be formed from the fact that he has been known to pull a cow out of a shed through the roof, and to drag a horse across a deep brook. His usual plan is to spring on the victim, and bite its neck till it sinks from loss of blood. Even goats and sheep he does not always dare to assail openly, preferring to pounce on them in a fog, or to drive them to the edge of a precipice, and then to make prize of those that fall over. Sometimes, however, he will batter in the door of a stable in order to prey upon the goats inside. Bruin's well-known fondness for honey and fruit has often led him to grief. Although his expeditions are seldom prolonged beyond ten or twenty hours from the time he starts from his den, the bear of the Engadine has, within the present century, penetrated at different times into the vineyards of the Pays de Vaud and the Valais, where his paws are exhibited as trophies in more than one chalet. Ants are relished by the bear as an agreeable acid whet, and are licked up greedily by his long tongue when he comes to a nest. Occasionally, too, he may be seen sitting gravely by the side of a stream, and knocking the trout dexterously out of the water with his heavy paw. The Swiss bear, however ravenous, never, it is said, attacks a man without provocation. When he meets a peasant, he generally stares at him and then trots off. A story is told of one amiable Grandfather, who, encountering a Little Red Ridinghood with a basket of strawberries, quietly helped himself, but did no harm to the little girl, who was too much terrified to run away.—*All the Year Round.*

Behind the Circus Scenes.—The behind the scenes of circus-dom is a quaint enough region. There is always a soupçon of that very peculiar zoological aroma indicative of the king of the forest. A great fire of coke burns brightly in a large iron funnel, placed in the centre of the vacant space (the extempore green-room). The fire is of great use for ventilating purposes, for there is always uppermost a strong perfume of damp saw-dust, wet litter, and horse-breath, with a faint indication of bad drainage and other miseries. The scene at the fire is motley enough. The lazy black servant, habited in the gorgeous oriental robe, is attentively chalking the pumps of Mademoiselle Aurelia, the tight-rope dancer and aseension-ist," who is adjusting her pink skirts preparatory to taking her "turn." A medical student is making hot love to Madame Fracatelli, the lady-devil rider, who, as the bills tells us, "has been clothed with fame in all the capitals of Europe and Russia." The funny gentleman with the nodding queue or tail-piece looking waggishly over his whitened scalp, his nose buried in a pint of half-and-half, is one of the seven great clowns of the establishment—"that oracle of pungent satire, Mr. Henry White, surnamed the modern Touchstone." . . . In front all is ablaze with light and gaudy calico, and each acrobat and horseman seems to excel his neighbor in his leaps and bounds. The three hours of performance fly rapidly away, as artist after artist bounds into the ring. Trick acts, feats on the trapeze, revolving corkscrews, descending Mercuries, in short, all the puzzling acts of contortion incidental to the modern circus, are exhibited with a grace and dexterity, and with a firmness of nerve, which never fails.

Manners and Customs in Brazil.—A letter from Rio August 8, says:—"The public have been shocked by a most revolting business in Tuiz da Fora (Minas Seraes), where an English lady has been horsewhipped in the streets by a slave, who was employed by his master, one of the Brazilian upper classes, to do this. The lady's name is Cerqueira Luna, widow of a Brazilian diplomatic minister. She is poor, and has been educating young ladies. A trumpery quarrel between her son and a young Brazilian, living in Tuiz da Fora, caused a relative of this last to send a strong black, a slave, to horsewhip young Luna. His screams brought out his poor old mother, and the slave horsewhipped her also. Many brazilians where present, but from fear and terror of the powerful black no one interfered bodily; one is said to have called out for the black to stop, and the slave then turned upon him. It was about 3 P. M., and in the high street. The British Consul has taken up the matter earnestly; the English lady, a widow, is entitled to English protection. It is said that the Emperor has expressed his determination that justice shall be done in this horrid affair; the family of the slave's master is powerful, and you know already that the rule here is that money and power can procure an acquittal. This affair, I think, will excite a sensation in England."

Dr. Chalmers's eldest brother James was a very excellent person, but of a morose and eccentric temper. Among his crotchets, one was that Scotchmen in London were the greatest bores in life, always coming about one, and speaking about Scotland, and expecting what they called hospitality. When the Doctor was in London, in 1817, and the commotion about his preaching was naturally greatest among his own countrymen, this was all the more reason with James for keeping clear of the concern. Rather than be plunged into the Scottish element, he kept by himself the whole time, and never once went to hear his brother preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-house.

"Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of the relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?"

"Yes," said James, somewhat dryly, "I have heard him."

"And what did you think of him?"

"Very little indeed," was the reply.

"Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "*when* did you hear him?"

"About half an hour after he was born."

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, October 23d.

The week opens with a leaden aspect, threatening rain, but failing in the attempt. All the good people attended church, and all the wicked drove out to the Cliff to see Foster and his family of sea-lions, the latter appearing somewhat hoarse, and "Old Hundred" was not rendered in their usual good style. The old father of the flock pitched the key too high, and, becoming disgusted, pitched head-foremost into the sea, and was seen no more. He probably went down for divers reasons best known to himself.

The gathering at the Ocean House was large, and Dicky, in his best clothes and his hair in splendid curl, received and entertained his friends graciously, and the feasibility of the numerous projects for pumping Lake Merced into San Francisco was discussed. Many questions were asked as to whether the water was fresh or salt, but nobody proposed a trial of it. The fact that it had never been tasted during the several years people had been driving down there was proof conclusive that they did not go down there to drink water. The horses were the only people who had ever drank the element, and if asked if it was salt, would have answered neigh.

In town it was respectably quiet and orderly, and those who had friends to talk turkey to them dined out.

MONDAY, October 24th,

Opens with a dampness of pavements, the result of a little trial, by the clerk of the weather, of his sprinkling apparatus, to see if it would work well when called upon. The weak little shower that was ashamed to display itself by daylight laid the dust and purified the air from the perfume of numerous defunct cats and dogs that ornament our streets, and it braced up everybody to "make an effort" to be honest and respectable—be just to their fellow-men, and pay Billy Ralston their notes—who, by the way, cannot be said to be unobserving and take no note of time, a mighty short time though it be. May his days be long, even though he gives his friends but sixty!

Two brokers, for want of better business, proceed to break each others' heads, and convert Montgomery street into a gladiatorial arena. We are glad, however, to report that stocks were not affected by *their* fall. They will probably pay a small dividend to Judge Shepheard.

James Flattery, who has a bad habit of not being able to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, fined $50 for want of proper intelligence on that question.

Margaret Ryan took great pains to smash the window-panes of a neighbor: for making light of other people's property, she contributed $20 to the city's finances.

A Bee-ginning.—Ninety-one boxes of honey landed from a schooner. Every married lady is expected to sing out "Honey!" to her husband.

The Ellsworth Rifles, although a sober company, get "over the bay" on a target shoot.

Bridget O'Connor has a slight "brush" with Elizabeth Leonard, and "whacked" her over the head with a broom. Judge Shepheard swept the board.

The editorial corps of the Californian go to the Metropolitan to see the Indians, and were highly edified thereby. The gentlemen "savages" composing the troupe were appropriately dressed in long-tailed red woolen shirts, leggins, and inverted feather-dusters on their heads. In their performances they lacked action somewhat, and seemed to require a few inspirations of whisky to get up the enthusiasm. The scalping scene was a very clumsy affair, and the sealpee kicked with impatience at the slow process and might have had a hair-breadth escape as well as not. The gentleman from the dusty alkali and sage-brush region who performed the part of "The Coyote," evidently did not have that clear conception of the part that it required, and his rendering of it was somewhat open to criticism—especially the manner in which he administered his snaps. There may be a difference of opinion as to the mode of dressing the character: in this case the Coyote seemed to have been afflicted with the mange, and his tail had a tendency to pull out at the wrong time. The two daughters of Winnemucca were good, plump specimens of squaw life under the influence of three square meals a day, and there appeared to be very little "slack" in their breeches, and when they bowed, their rather brief skirt coat-tails stuck straight out in an angular manner, while their big toes turned in affectionately towards each other—which probably accounts for the name—one being called Woo-no-to(e)-na(ils)—the other, Pu(g)-nosa, or "the Sweet Smeller." The former translates "Lattice Flower," which argues a desire to climb into some brave's affections.

TUESDAY, October 25th.

The Emperor Norton, who is uniformly well dressed, comes out in a new uniform. The Emperor, although changing his habits often, never goes from bad to worse. It is to be hoped that this worthy hair apparent to a throne may be duly recognized and not thrown aside in these exciting times. The Emperor has proved to us clearly that he is regularly constituted Emperor of the United States under a Constitution made on purpose; and it doesn't agree with his constitution to have his claims as well as his drafts on Queen Victoria disregarded. His only offence, if he has any, is "rank," and though it be as odoriferous as the very whale itself that Foster knows he keeps solely for the noses of his guests, yet, should a proper deference and respect be shown one who is liable to greatness. As there appears to be a diversity of opinion on the merits of the two candidates for President, we propose the Emperor as a compromise, and vote that "the tieket."

The Police out in full force after a — brass band. Chief Burke drew them up in line in front of The Californian office, which compliment, we regret to say, we were not prepared to respond to in a spirited manner. On some other occasion we will be prepared to enter into a treat-eh?—not offensive and defensive. They presented a star appearauce and their ways are very taking.

The great race between *Pacific* and *Unknown* came off to-day. *Pacific* won in three straight heats; time, 2:31¼, 2:34¼, 2:39¼. Inigo goes, sees the elephant and tells his experience.

WEDNESDAY, October 26th.

Two cars run away with their car-goes and smash up, and smash several of the musicians coming from the cemetery. They were not calculating on such a quick movement, and, before they had time to note the fact, were pitched a key higher than they could sustain. Fiddles and noses were smashed.

George Kimball lost his "purp," a white canine mit a liver-colored spot on his forehead, and of the pointer persuasion. His forte is pointing a bone. Who has stolen the "Dorg?" Let not the man who did it preserve a dogged silence.

The pony sold at the race-track yesterday for the benefit of the Christian Commission—called the *Widow's Mite*—brought "mighty little," in comparison with the price it sold for at the Sacramento Fair.

Frank Pixley "speaks a piece." His text, "Abraham's cause."

Col. Billy Mulligan, for being found in a house that did not belong to him, under suspicious circumstances, was arrested. Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of the Colonel's liberty, and Chief Burke's Committee were too vigilant for his.

A beautiful sword, made by Barrett & Sherwood for Col. Robert Pollock, C. V., Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, was forwarded yesterday. The Colonel will undoubtedly receive it in the course of time.

The first premium for the best lady rider at the Sacramento State Fair, awarded to Miss Lora Clark, and, that the others should not be disappointed, each one was presented with a silver cup. They paired off in happy couples.

Thomas Harmon, convicted of highway robbery, goes over the bay to inspect his new boarding-house. Likes it so well that he has concluded to stay three years, until this cruel war is over, and he be no longer subjected to the draft.

THURSDAY, October 27th.

The first artesian well in Northern Utah is down to a depth of 30 feet. Very well! If it is the "truth" they are digging for up that way they have a job before them, and must go mighty deep.

The village of Fredonia, N. Y., is said to be lighted by gas obtained by boring. We know any number of bores who are gassy enough to light this city, and make a respectable dividend of surplus stock beside.

The steamer *Golden City* arrives from Panama.

The ferry-boats *Contra Costa* and *San Antonio* bump noses, and make the splinters fly. Each had a guard out, but they did not have their eyes about them. Several dollars in the pockets of ship-carpenters, who are in favor of "strikes!"

FRIDAY, October 28th.

Bridget Atkinson, a believer in woman's rights, fined $20 for the privilege of airing her opinions in the Police Court, and showing her contempt for that useful institution.

The *Shubrick* propels a solid shot at the propeller *Zodiac*, which craft was out on a trial trip. They thought she was making a feint, and intended slipping out without consulting Collector James. She was "brought to" out of her feint, suddenly. The signs of the *Zodiac* in the present instance were unfavorable.

Sixteen gentlemen, who were born somewhere else, regret the circumstance and remedied the evil by the aid of the Fourth District Court, and were made natives and to *our* manner born.

A Broom Ranger calls at the office of The Californian in high dudgeon, expresses his dissatisfaction, and threatens discontinuing his paper if it don't change its politics. The question referred to Emperor Norton. A newspaper office a poor place to come to for "change."

Mining stocks looking up as the bullion comes down; and as soon as it rains, "dust" will be abundant. Bushels of quartz await pounding—the general method of putting miners upon their metal.

A lady writes us to inquire if Eph Leonard and Charley Smith, in default of getting wild geese, seek to make geese of people by fooling them with gun-wad lozenges, which shows a little inclination to make game of those two nice "birds." As the former gentleman is President of a Water Company and invites us to go out gunning on his reservoir occasionally, we fear any comments might result in our getting a "ducking" on the next occasion.

A brass band of brothers serenade The Californian office, but are seduced from their object by the proprietor of the saloon below, who offers to "treat," an invitation they accepted in the middle of "John Brown"—very shabby treatment. Surely he meant to treat The Californian also—tho sin of omission being greater than that of commission.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

KING JOHN was given by the Keans at Maguire's Opera House for the first time on Monday evening, to the usual large audience. The character of "King John" has been made an especial and careful study by Charles Kean, and, as rendered by him that evening, was admirable in conception and finish. The play is not one, however, that would please the general audience, and except the interview between "John" and "Hubert," where the murder of "Arthur" is artfully compassed, and the scene in which "Constance" betrays her bitter disappointment at the unexpected friendship which springs up between "John" and the "French King," the incidents are not of themselves sufficient to deeply affect the audience. Mrs. Kean's "Constance," it is hardly necessary to add, was perfect. Mayo as "Falconbridge," dressed and read his part capitally. On Wednesday evening *Hamlet* was performed for the first time this season. Many of the audience who were prepared to make that sacrifice of their physical ideal of the young prince, which the personation of the character by a gentleman of Mr. Kean's years would involve, expressed themselves as agreeably disappointed. The cotemporary press were loud in their praises of the talented actor and his wife in this play, and to their unanimous verdict the critic of The Californian must for the present concur, in the absence of a personal attendance. Some other performance claimed his time that evening, and not possessing a dual presence, missed the "inky cloak" and grave philosophy of the youthful Dane.

During the past week, at the Academy of Music, the Richings troupe have been making their separate and individual *congé*, beginning with the worthy director, Mr. Peter Richings. The benefit of this gentleman was a complete ovation, and a well-deserved compliment to his managerial abilities and the untiring zeal he has displayed in providing the music-loving public with the best dramatic novelties and performances that his individual exertions and the means at his command could afford. His daughter takes her benefit on Tuesday, the 1st of November, in response to an invitation signed by a number of influential San Franciscans. Limited space will not permit us to reiterate that praise which we have been enabled from time to time to truthfully and conscientiously bestow upon this talented young artiste in these columns. That we are not alone in our estimate of her abilities, the testimony of next Tuesday evening will prove.

Miss Jennie Kempton, contralto, takes her farewell benefit on Saturday evening, supported by Signor Bianchi and Miss Caroline Richings, who have volunteered their services for this occasion. Signor Bianchi will sing the celebrated aria "Ah, se ben mio," and with Miss Richings as "Leonora," and the beneficiary as "Azucena," undertake the *role* of "Manrico" in the prison scene in *Il Trovatore* and the opera of *Maritana*. Miss Kempton has already achieved a fine reputation for her artistic and tasteful style, the full and sympathetic qualities of her voice, her clear enunciation and excellent rendering of recitative. Considering that this lady made her operatic *debut* in San Francisco, and since her engagement with the troupe has studied and performed in nine English and three Italian operas, she deserves great credit for the progress she has made. We bespeak for her benefit a bumper.

On Friday evening the benefit of Mr. Hill was attended by a large audience, who were anxious to show their appreciation of the uniform industry, modest ambition and painstaking efforts of the tenor. Mr. Edward Seguin, baritone, takes his benefit on Monday, in *Fra Diavola*. The friends of this gentleman, who form a large class of the community, will see that a thorough artist and representative of a well-known musical family will not lack an appreciative audience.

At the Eureka, Manager Coes inaugurated the Saturday afternoon entertainments for ladies and families last week to a full house. Another will be given this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Little Jennie Worrell has been added to this company. Birch's new speech on the times, is an extremely witty and high flavored production, which is gaining some celebrity with the fun-lovers of the town. Good houses reward the good performances. Birch had a bountiful benefit some two weeks since, Backus another last week, and Abecco is to have one on Monday night. These plethoric gentlemen require frequent benefits to keep up to their present physical standard. Why don't the management give Simonsen one?

The American is running the Imperial Extravaganza of "*Emperor Norton*," a lively little affair full of fun, frolic, and local hits: with Walter Bray, J. W. Thomas, Joe Murphy, and Mrs. W. H. Leighton in the principal parts. Walter makes up capitally as The Emperor; and Mrs. Leighton as his long lost daughter supports him with refreshing vivacity.

The Museum with its innumerable attractions, Cosmoramic Views, etc., continues to draw a large portion of the wonder-seekers within its portals.

LADIES IN TAIL-COATS—PARIS FASHIONS.—The Duchess de Morny has been entertaining her friends at *the intime*—an intimate tea. Well, I wonder what it is? (says a Paris correspondent.) Of course, they had what Thackeray called the "domestic muffin;" but, then, I have a card for a "dancing tea." This, I presume will not be intimate. I must for an instant allude to a new fashion grounding my statement on a picture in the *Journal Illustre*. It was hinted some weeks ago that ladies were about to wear "tail-coats." The time has arrived for that innovation, and only the other night I beheld with astonishment, not unmixed with terror, many ladies in silk and satin dress-coats. Coats, waistcoats, shirts, collars and cravats—they have assumed them all in turns. What remains for them to wear? An echo answers—well, never mind what echo answers, but a Highland chieftain's wife would find it "ill" to assume ——. But who am I that I should interfere with ladies' toilets! Only I do hope that they won't get into the habit of standing with their backs to the fire-place and their hands in their pockets.

VALUE OF HEALTH.—Upwards of thirty years since, Dr. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH introduced to the community a vegetable pill which has since become the household medicine of tens of thousands of families in the United States, and throughout the countries of Europe and South America. When first brought to the notice of the public, few could be persuaded of its virtues. Gradually, at first, it was tried, and then, as case after case of recovery from many diseases reached the ears of the public, its value increased in what might be called geometrical proportions. Medical men, who had seen patients recover rapidly by the use of BRANDRETH'S pills who had for indefinite periods of time been under their charge without showing signs of improvement, began to despair, believing that the great secret of life and health had been discovered, and their occupation was gone from them. Some, more enterprising than their fellows, at once adopted into their practice the great conservator of health, and their success corresponded with their liberality. Since then, the Brandrethian system has been in the ascendant.

It is said that no habit has spread throughout the world so rapidly as the use of tobacco. This is a mistake. It has taken two hundred years to make the nicotine plant known to the nations, while in less than a quarter of a century the Brandreth Pill, as a purifier of the stomach and bowels, and as a preventive of every fever known, no matter by what term called or from what cause originated, has become the indispensable necessity of every people on the globe, civilized and barbarous.

It may be asked, why is this preparation so eminent over others? We answer, because, above every other, it does its work directly.

It cleanses the system thoroughly of every impurity, and restores the blood to its pristine condition. Dr. Brandreth holds, and his conclusions are based on physiological as well as Biblical fact, that all diseases originate in the blood, and that a medicine which seizes upon and purifies it, places the body that contains it beyond the possibility of abnormal action. It is not necessary to attempt to vindicate a theory so self-evident. We know that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter; and we also know that we cannot look for health where the fountain of health is corrupted. Purify the blood system, and life, strength, youth, and absence from disease are assured. These, the Brandreth Pill not only promises, but gives. Let those who would go through existence without sickness or even momentary pain, remember that the preventive from every ill lies in the vegetable preparation whose active and passive virtues no sane man will dispute, known as the Brandreth Medicine.

It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. B. continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a generous and discerning public.

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To THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc15-tf STACY, Proprietor.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute; and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electropathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathise with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

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PROCLAMATION.

RESOLUTION No. 3,765.—RESOLVED, That notice of a GENERAL ELECTION for Presidential Electors and Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be holden on the EIGHTH (8th) DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1864, be given by posting up at each place of holding election in said city and county, a copy of the Election Proclamation of his Excellency the Governor of the State of California, dated the 26th day of September, 1864, and by inserting the same in the *Daily Alta California*, a newspaper printed in said city and county, and such other newspapers as may insert the same without charge, for at least ten days before the said eighth day of November, A. D. 1864, which said Proclamation is in the following words and figures, to wit:

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SACRAMENTO.

Notice is hereby given that a General Election will be held throughout the State of California, on TUESDAY, the EIGHTH DAY of NOVEMBER NEXT, when the following officers are to be elected:

Three Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be elected in the following manner, viz.,

One Representative in the First Congressional District, comprising the counties of San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Tulare, Monterey, Fresno, Merced, Mariposa, Stanislaus, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Mateo and San Francisco.

One Representative in the Second Congressional District, comprising the counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Mono, Calaveras, Amador, El Dorado, Sacramento, Placer, Nevada and Alpine.

One Representative in the Third Congressional District, comprising the counties of Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Lake, Solano, Yolo, Sutter, Yuba, Sierra, Butte, Plumas, Tehama, Colusa, Mendocino, Humboldt, Trinity, Shasta, Siskiyou, Klamath, Del Norte and Lassen.

There are also to be elected Five Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

The attention of the Boards of Supervisors in the various counties of this State is directed to Sec. 4 of an Act regulating elections, approved April 20, 1863. (See Statutes of 1863, page 353.)

The attention of all officers of election is directed to an Act regulating elections, approved April 4th, 1864. (See Statutes of 1863–4, page 467.)

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great Seal of the State of California to be affixed.
(L.S.)

Done at Sacramento this 26th day of September, A. D. 1864. FRED'K F. LOW, Governor of California.

Attest: B. B. REDDING, Secretary of State.
By F. W. REDDING, Dep. Sec.

In Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, October 10, 1864, adopted by the following vote:

Ayes—Supervisors Titcomb, Fay, Rowell, King, Ashbury, Torrey, Clayton, Shrader, Bell, Cummings, McCoppin.

Absent—Supervisor Cody.

JAS. W. BINGHAM, Clerk

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A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. oc8

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Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

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RAILROAD HOUSE,
316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,
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THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the

RAILROAD HOUSE

affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

oc3-3m C. L. ROSS.

BEFORE VICKSBURG.

May 19, 1864.

WHILE Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire,
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But when he paused and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright, young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, sir—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges: our men are out;
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend—"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
O, for the love of Heaven,
Send to my Colonel, General dear!"
"But you?" "O, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling towards the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry
Shouted, "O, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,
More cartridges, sir—calibre fifty-four!"

[*George K. Boker.*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S LAST WORK.

VERY mournful, yet at the same time very beautiful, is this last production of the strange, profound, sensitive melancholy genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne—that true child of New England, half shadowed with Puritanism, half kindled with the light and glory of modern thought and feeling. It is mournful because it contains a picture, as true as it is sad, of the fading life, the slow petrifaction of an old man, long left behind by all his relatives excepting a little great-grand-daughter; because it is a fragment of what can now never be completed; and because it was composed at a time when the author's health was failing, and when the hand of Death was visibly upon him. The fragment is preceded by an account of Hawthorne's last moments, written, we are inclined to think, by Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—in itself, a beautiful piece of composition, and deeply interesting. The author, who seems to be possessed of medical knowledge, says he called on Hawthorne late in the afternoon of the day before he left Boston on his last journey. He found him weak and shrunken, and considered his aspect, from a medical point of view, very unfavorable. He was gentle, and willing to answer questions, but seemed to have no hope of recovering his health. Depressed as he was, however, his conversational powers were as fine as ever, though, as usual, he showed that nervous coyness which was one of the most remarkable features of his character, "so that talking with him was almost like lovemaking, and his shy, beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful prudency like an unschooled maiden." His friend gave him a few hints as to his health, and prescribed "a not ungrateful sedative and cordial or two;" and then they parted, never to meet again. We are told that, notwithstanding his bad symptoms, there was nothing which gave warning of so extremely sudden an end. "It seems probable that he died by the gentlest of all modes of release—fainting—without the trouble and confusion of coming back to life; a way of ending liable to happen in any disease attended with much debility." It was on the 19th of last May, in the town of Plymouth, New Hampshire, that Hawthorne expired; and on the 23d of the same month he was laid in the burial-ground of Concord, where he had long lived. His friend gives a touching description of the place and the occasion:

"The day of his burial will always live in the memory of all who shared in its solemn, grateful duties. All the fair sights and sweet sounds of the opening season mingled their enchantments as if in homage to the dead master, who, as a lover of Nature and a student of life, had given such wealth of poetry to our New England home, and invested the stern outlines of Puritan character with the colors of romance. It was the bridal day of the season, perfect in light as if Heaven were looking on, perfect in air as if Nature herself were sighing for our loss. The orchards were all in fresh flower—

> 'One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
> Of mingled blossoms;

the banks were literally blue with violets; the elms were putting out their tender leaves, just in that passing aspect which Raphael loved to pencil in the backgrounds of his holy pictures, not as yet printing deep shadows, but only mottling the sunshine at their feet. The birds were in full song; the pines were musical with the soft winds they sweetened. All was in faultless accord, and every heart was filled with the beauty that flooded the landscape."

The fragment now given to the world is so small a piece—such a mere stone from the edifice that would have been fairly wrought, had Time and Providence permitted,—that we can form no conception of what the story would have been. But the sketch is perfect in itself. It is a sketch of an old man and a young child, marvellous for outline, for coloring, and for profound mental insight. "Dr." Dolliver is an aged apothecary, living in some New England town in the pre-revolutionary times, as it would seem, and carrying about with him, to the wonderment and awe of the younger generations, personal memories of the far-away Witch times and the days of early Indian warfare with the settlers. He has had many descendants, but has outlived them all, save little Pansie, aged three years, who lives with him in a dull old house up a lane, with a prospect over the way of the churchyard where all their kinsfolk sleep. The subtle psychological analysis of the feeble old man's character as modified by the frost and mist of extreme age, is almost equalled by the singular pictorial power with which his personal appearance and his very clothes are brought before the reader's eye. In such descriptions as the following, externals themselves are made to expound the very recesses of the inner nature:

"He crammed a great silver watch into his fob, and drew on a patchwork morning-gown of ancient fashion. Its original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding waistcoat and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest grand-daughter had taken from the carved chest of drawers, after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Throughout many of the intervening years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family had quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches upon patches, rose-color, crimson, blue, violet, and green, and then, (as their hopes faded, and their life kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue,) sober gray and great fragments of funereal black, until the Doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his patchwork gown, as it hung upon a chair. And now it was ragged again, and all the fingers that should have mended it were cold. It had an Eastern fragrance, too, a smell of drugs, strong-scented herbs and spicy gums, gathered from the many potent infusions that had from time to time been spilt over it; so that, snuffing him afar off, you might have taken Dr. Dolliver for a mummy, and could hardly have been undeceived by his shrunken and torpid aspect, as he crept nearer."

We must find room for one more extract—a long one—in which, with a mixture of truth and fancy which is almost ghastly in its strange suggestiveness, Hawthorne speaks of the ancient apothecary's inability to believe himself really old, even while freezing beneath the touch of the unwelcome fact:

"This weight of years had a perennial novelty for the poor sufferer. He never grew accustomed to it, but, long as he had now borne the fretful torpor of his waning life, and, patient as he seemed, he still retained an inward consciousness that these stiffened shoulders, these quailing knees, this cloudiness of sight and brain, this confused forgetfulness of men and affairs, were troublesome accidents that did not really belong to him. He possibly cherished a half-recognized idea that they might pass away. Youth, however eclipsed for a season, is undoubtedly the proper, permanent and genuine condition of man; and if we look closely into this dreary delusion of growing old, we shall find that it never absolutely succeeds in laying hold of our innermost convictions. A sombre garment, woven of life's unrealities, has muffled us from our true self, but within it smiles the young man whom we knew; the ashes of many perishable things have fallen upon our youthful fire, but beneath them lurk the seeds of inextinguishable flame. So powerful is this instinctive faith that men of simple modes of character are prone to antedate its consummation. And thus it happened with poor Grandsir Dolliver, who often awoke from an old man's fitful sleep with a sense that his senile predicament was but a dream of the past night; and hobbling hastily across the cold floor to the looking-glass, he would be grievously disappointed at beholding the white hair, the wrinkle and furrows, the ashen visage and bent form, the melancholy mask of Age, in which, as he now remembered, some strange and sad enchantment had involved him for years gone by!

"To other eyes than his own, however, the shrivelled old gentleman looked as if there were little hope of his throwing off this too artfully-wrought disguise, until, at no distant day, his stooping figure should be straightened out, his hoary locks be smoothed over his brows, and his much-enduring bones be laid safely away, with a green coverlet spread over them, beside his Bessie, who doubtless would recognize her youthful companion in spite of his ugly garniture of decay. He longed to be gazed at by the loving eyes now closed; he shrank from the hard stare of them that loved him not. Walking the streets seldom and reluctantly, he felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion, and broken his connecting links with the network of human life; or else it was that nightmare feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity. He was conscious of estrangement from his towns-people, but did not always know how nor wherefore, nor why he should be thus groping through the twilight mist in solitude. If they spoke loudly to him, with cheery voices, the greeting translated itself faintly and mournfully to his ears: if they shook him by the hand, it was as if a thick, insensible glove absorbed the kindly pressure and the warmth. When little Pansie was the companion of his walk, her childish gaiety and freedom did not avail to bring him into closer relationship with men, but seemed to follow him into that region of indefinable remoteness, that dismal Fairy-land of aged fancy into which Old Grandsir Dolliver had so strangely crept away."

We have here profound thought expressed in exquisitely translucent English. Alas, that the enchanter is removed from among us!—*London Review.*

WHOOPING-COUGH.—Mr. James Craig, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, adverting to the fact that 12,272 persons died from whooping-cough in 1862, states that during a recent visit he noticed in the most respectable Swedish journals a statement to the effect that whooping-cough can be cured by inhaling the air from the purifying apparatus in gas-works. One of these writers says: "This knowledge we have had from two to three months. I know a family where three children were cured by three visits to the purifying house. Our most distinguished physician for the diseases of children, Prof. Abelin, has found the remedy equally effective on a patient of his own family. I have seen a boy from three to four years of age be cured by six visits, the first three only lasting 10 to 15 minutes; the latter, on the contrary, 30 to 45 minutes." Mr. H. M. L. Backler, of London, confirms this statement, and adds that the practice of sending children to gas-works to inhale the gas from newly-opened purifiers has been adopted in France for two years past; and he says that, from information obtained at various works which he frequently visits, he infers that the cure for whooping-cough is perfect. "It often occurs that as many as a dozen children are brought to the gas-works at one time, and the managers have now come to regard this new custom as part of the daily routine of the business."

LOVE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP.—In an incident that has just occurred in Liverpool we have another evidence of how the powerful promptings of a "tender" heart control the more reflective senses of the mind. In a rather extensive business establishment in Liverpool, where there are several assistants engaged, there might have been seen, a week or two since, a young man of commanding deportment and of agreeable features, who gave effect to his avocation behind the counter in a manner that was at once inviting to the customers, and conducive to the success of his master. With many purchasers he became a favorite, but with one in particular. More than once—sometimes more than twice—in the course of a week, a carriage would be drawn up at the shop door, from which would emerge a lady, apparently between thirty and forty years of age—tall, of delicate appearance, but with an outline of features that unmistakably indicated an aristocratic descent. If the young gentleman—we say young, for he was scarcely twenty-one years of age—was not at his accustomed position behind the counter upon her entering the shop; she made the most urgent inquiries after him, desiring that he should attend to her and no one else. The worthy proprietor was always too happy to comply with her desire, for she was one of those first-rate customers that settled a good ledger account once in six months without the allowance of the ordinary discount. The favorite salesman was soon at his post serving the lady, and though a goodly number of articles might be disposed of, there appeared to exist a "peculiar something" in the "business transaction" which in the course of time looked very much like a warm cordiality of sentiment, and a reciprocity of feeling and idea bordering upon mutual attachment. Of course the young man was "chaffed" exceedingly by his envious shopmates, who were wont to ejaculate in their strange surmisings that it was a sort of proceeding "no fellah could understand." Since one day last week, however, the buxom stripling has become *non est* as far as the establishment is concerned, while the face of the lady as well, has not been presented within the visionary region of the other assistants or their employer. It is stated that a letter was addressed by the young man to his mother, on the eve prior to his leaving, stating that "he had left his old place to better himself elsewhere. Fortune had suddenly smiled upon him in a wondrous manner!" He assured his mother also that "the next time she confronted her 'darling boy,' she would see him a gentleman of the first stamp. He should then decline to say where he was gone, but he trusted she would not be nervous on that account, as she would hear from him again shortly." On inquiries being instituted, it was discovered that the lady too had been missing for several days from her home. No traces up to Thursday last—nearly a week having then elapsed—had been discovered of her whereabouts. She has been a widow for five years, and is without encumbrance. She has been residing in a rather picturesque village in Lancashire since her widowhood, and is in receipt of a liberal income. Under present circumstances we omit the names of the parties.—*Liverpool Courier.*

ANOTHER OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S JOKES.—I find the following in Mr. Fitzgerald's *Memoir:* "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground." What I take to be the real story is recalled to me by this version. It was told to me some years ago by a retired member of the Irish bar, who was himself a witness to the archiepiscopal "sell." As Dr. Whately was dining in company with several of the judges, the conversation turned upon hanging. His grace was nettled at the extreme bumptiousness of one of the legal dignitaries, and asked him abruptly, "Why is a man hung?" The unconscious victim gave the historico-legal reply which befitted his position. "Bah!" interrupted his tormentor, "I'll tell you in these words—it's because the rope's so short." This sort of chaff is stupid enough, but the Archbishop would have his joke—if bad, well; if good, so much the better. There is one con-pun-drum of which I have heard him accused, which I have not seen in print. "Why is *Essays and Reviews* like a mill-pond?" "Because it has been dammed up." I have heard in Dublin that Dr. Whately kept in the yard of his house a large tree-block, on which he generally had half an hour's chopping for exercise in the morning. It is hard to say how much intellectual beheading that block saved the Archbishop's stupid friends.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE LATEST APPARITION OF THE MADONNA.—Miracles continue to multiply; the following is the latest reported: A farmer of the district of Piancastagnalo, near Florence, having openly declared that the cure of his arm from long-standing disease was attributable to the miraculous influence of the Madonna, who, he asserted, had appeared to him bodily on the window-panes of his own abode, the rumor of this "miracle" attracted crowds of devout worshippers to the spot. There, facing the small dwelling, with foreheads bared to the sun, the prostrate pilgrims did not fail to see the vision of the Madonna, with attendant saints and angels. The police thought to dispel attention by removing the panes from the windows, and substituting instead a couple of deal boards. But the visionaries saw the same sights and described the same personages even after the planks had been put up. The crowds keep still pouring in from all quarters.

TASSO creeping out of a pawnbroker's shop would make a very pretty picture of the vain glories of this life, and of emptiness of poetic glory. The auction-room often brings to light, in an old letter, or on the fly-leaf of an aged book, shreds of the true story, a finement of the face without paint, or a bit of the time-honored plate, lacking its former showy gilt. What a little lesson does this scrap from Paris teach us: "A curious autograph of Tasso was sold to-day, which gives an insight into the poet's early struggles: 'I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy, 25 livres, for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons.'" The document bears the date of March 2, 1570, at which time Tasso was twenty-six.

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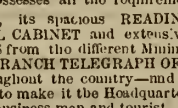
$300!  $300!

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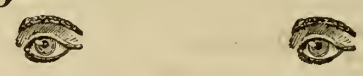

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GEORGE LEET Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ESSEX Gold and Silver Mining Co.; NICOLAUS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BILLETT Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SAMANTHA CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; METEOR Gold and Silver Mining Co.· LEWIS CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; JOHN J. CRITTENDEN Gold and Silver Mining Co; SCOTTISH CHIEF Gold and Silver Mining Co.; HYACK Gold and Silver Mining Co.; MEMPHIS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; GRAFTON Gold and Silver Mining Co.; TEHAMA Gold and Silver Mining Co.; PONTIAC Gold and Silver Mining Co.: BUTLER Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ENTERPRISE Gold and Silver Mining Co.; CROWN POINT Tunnel and Mining Co.: Reese River Mining District, Lauder county, N. T.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be holden at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.

The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.

T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL Mc. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
D. B. FRANCIS.

oc29-3w

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Bello.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

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GRAND BALL!

THE FIRST

ANNUAL BALL

—OF THE—

Fire Department!

WILL BE GIVEN AT

UNION HALL,

On Thursday Evening, December 8th, 1864.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable ball of the season.

The list of managers will soon be published.

The number of tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Price, (including supper,) $10. oc29

BAY VIEW PARK!

This (Saturday) Afternoon, October 29th.

$5,000 MATCH,

Two miles and repeat in harness.

Mr. Ferguson names gr. m. "Unknown," (Pacer.)
Mr. Eell names ch. g. "Honest Ance," (Trotter.)

☞ Horses to start at 2 o'clock.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR.
oc29 W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month o NOVEMBER, 1864:

NOVEMBER 3, - - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY
NOVEMBER 12 - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
NOVEMBER 23 - - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
oc29 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard Table Manufactory.

P. LIESENFELT,

No. 612 Battery street, between Jackson and Pacific,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of the Best Billiard Tables, with the modern improvements, as well as Billiard Trimmings, of every description, at the lowest prices.

☞ All goods warranted. oc3-1m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

Engagement of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

Supported by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, also, Mr. J CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the Louden Theatres.

Together with

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Evening, October 29th, 1864,

Will be presented Shakspeare's great tragedy of

Hamlet!

Hamlet, - - - - - - - - Mr. Charles Kean
Ghost of Hamlet's Father - - - Mr. Frank Maye
Claudius, King of Denmark - - - - Mr Aldrich
Laertes - - - - - - - - Mr. Cathcart
Polonius - - - - - - - Mr. D. C. Andersou
Horatio - - - - - - - - Mr. Everett
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark - - Mrs. Chas Kean
Ophelia - - - - - - - - Miss Chapman

ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 23D,

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in favorite characters.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Mr. and Mrs. KEAN will appear in the great play of

MACBETH,

ON TUESDAY EVENING.
KING JOHN.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING,
MERCHANT OF VENICE,

ON THURSDAY EVENING,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - - One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - - - Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - - Fifty cents

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 4:45 P. M.; San Josn at 5 A. M

A. H. HOUSTON,
oc22 General Superintendent.

IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearied experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S

Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have a gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-dressing yet offered to the public.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

IS WARRANTED!

to produce the results claimed for it, when used according to directions.

Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by

c8 H. P. WAKELEE.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. EVANS, - - - - - - Musical Director

FAREWELL BENEFIT

—OF—

Miss Jenny Kempton

On this (Saturday) Evening, October 29th,

On which occasion

She has the pleasure to announce the voluntary services of

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,

—and—

SIGNOR BIANCHI,

Who will sing the celebrated aria, "Ah! Se ben mio," and with the Beneficiary the Prison Scene from Il Trovatore. Previous to which will be given Wallace's grand Opera of

Maritana!

In which will appear,

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
MISS JENNY KEMPTON,
MISS KATE MARTIN,
MR. W. J. HILL,
MR. E. SEGUIN,
MR. H. C. PEAKES,
MR. CHARLES,
SIGNOR RONCOVIERI, and
MR. PETER RICHINGS,

ON MONDAY,
BENEFIT OF MR. SEGUIN,

Auber's opera of FRA DIAVOLO.

☞ Box plan will be opened on Monday.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1; Parquet 50c.; Gallery 25c.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances will commence at 8 precisely. oc29

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - Stage Manager

"THE FASHIONABLE RESORT."

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE WONDERFUL ARTISTE

Little Jennie Worrell!

Who will appear nightly in conjunction with

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medlua, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Groh, and
M. LEWIS,

Making in all the MOST POWERFUL COMPANY, and the

CREME DE LA CREME

of the Ethiopian profession.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

GILBERT'S MUSEUM,

Market street, opposite Second street, over the Occidental Market.

F. GILBERT - - - - - - - Proprietor

OPEN EVERY DAY AND EVENING.

HOME AGAIN!

THE SLAVE DWARF.

Who has just returned from the interior.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

THE GREAT SNAKE-CHARMER.

Notwithstanding the great expense attending this unprecedented array of novelties, the management announces the prices as before.

THE GREAT CEROPLASTIC GROUP OF

LIFE-LIKE FIGURES, AND

UPWARDS OF 2,000 CURIOSITIES!

Also, a beautiful set of COSMORAMIC VIEWS, illustrating the PRINCIPAL CITIES OF AMERICA. There is also an AQUARIA GARDEN attached to the Museum.

The admission to the entire Exhibition is only 25 cents. Children, 15 cents. se3-1m

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QUINTESSENCE OF

ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the United States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden Lavender Flowers. se24

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

BULLETIN OF

NEW BOOKS,

JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

A. Roman & Co.'s.

THE TRIAL; or, New Links of the Daisy Chain. By the author of "the Heir of Redclyffe." 12mo.

The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington. By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes," etc. 12mo.

Victoire. A Novel. 1 vol. 12mo.

Centeola; and other Tales. By the author of "Green Mountain Boys," etc. 12mo.

Down in Tennessee, and back by Way of Richmond. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc.

The Devoted Bridn. By St. George Tucker. 12mo.

The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter. From the private Journals and other papers of Commander Semmes and other officers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mirror of Modern Democracy; a History of the Democratic Party from its organization in 1825 to its last great achievement, the Rebellion of 1861. By W. D. Jones. 12mo.

General orders of the War Department, embracing the Years 1861, 1862 and 1863. Chronologically arranged. With a full alphabetical Index. 2 vols. 8vo.

The New Internal Revenue Law, approved June 31, 1864. With a complete Analytical Index and Tables of Taxation. 8vo.

Man and His Relations. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. 8vo.

Golden Leaves from the British Poets. Collected by John W. Howes. 12mo.

Not Dead Yet; a Novel. By J. C. Jefferson. 8vo.

Tit-Bits; or, How to Prepare a nice dish at a Moderate Expense. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. 12mo.

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's plan in the Atmosphere and its elements. Ten lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. 8vo.

Together with an extensive and complete stock of

Choice and Standard Books,

In all the departments of

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

A fine collection of Standard authors in fine bindings, suitable for private Libraries.

☞ A full assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, etc, etc.

All for sale at the lowest Prices, wholesale and retail.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS,

416 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

oc15-1m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 24. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 5, 1864. TERMS { $5 a Year, by Mail, in Advance 50 Cents a Month, by Carrier.

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ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

On a Pretty Girl at the Opera.—By "Bret."
Daniel in the Lion's Den—By "Mark Twain."
Incidents of the Mexican War—No. 2—By "A. M. K."
Convicted of Sin—A Legend—By Florence James.
Notes of Mines and Mineralogy.

POETRY—
Mists—By "Ina."
Now—By "Inigo."
Passing by Helicon—By F. F. Victor.
Clouds—By Emilie Lawson.
Nursery Rhymes for California Children.

EDITORIALS:
Where our Bullion Goes.
Editorial Paragraphs.

NEW BOOKS:
A Review of New Publications.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Horse.—Continued.
The Glaciers of Old.
Something More about Pompeii.
A Chamber of Horrors.
Manners to Mend.
Causes of the War.
The Crisis National, not Political.

POETRY—
Spring.
Punch Song.
Nott's Courtship.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLOUDS.

A friend had I,
Whose pure, deep love I thought could never die;
Our lives seemed blent
As a duet upon an instrument—
My faint touch finishing
The passionate tremolo of the master's string.

But one sad day
A shadow, like a great mist, 'twixt us lay,
As now between
Two hills I see great fog-clouds intervene;
Yet, where I stand,
The hill is sunny and the air is bland,
And just in sight
Above the mists, are green peaks clothed in light.

This spectral cloud
Hides a great city with its snowy shroud;
And yet I know
Where, by the fog-hid cot, the fuchsias grow,—
I know the hearth
Where children gambol in their heedless mirth,
I know the street
Where idlers stroll, and men of business meet.

And so I think
There is no real severance of this link;
Hid by the dark,
In that warm heart still glows the friendly spark;
And when at last
This mystic cloud rolls backward to the past,
We both shall see
What was deemed falsehood was obscurity.

Emilie Lawson.

ON A PRETTY GIRL AT THE OPERA.

Being at the Opera the other night, I chanced to be seated near an exceedingly pretty girl. For various reasons, I shall not attempt to describe her here. I might as well try to convey the effect of that particular passage of Donizetti which seemed an accompaniment of her loveliness, by introducing the musical score at this point, as to describe the bright beauty of her face in those formal epithets and somewhat serious and decorous sentences which my thoughts are apt to assume in the process of composition. Had I the glowing pen of a Cobb, a Braddon, or a Southworth, or could I borrow for a moment the graceful style of that ingenious young person who writes the love stories for *Harpers' Magazine*, I think I could fire each masculine bosom with an inventory of her charms. I say masculine, as women do not always sympathize with our delineation of their sex's loveliness, and are apt when we allude to flowing ringlets or a beautiful complexion, to question the genuineness of the one and the ownership of the other. I leave the task to more competent hands. Even as Falstaff spoiled his voice by the too early "singing of anthems," so perhaps I have been unduly impressed in my youth by those short-hand axioms which were the text of my copy-book, and aught not only the outline and letter, but much of the formal seriousness of the original. Perhaps the young beauty detected traces of this quality of mind in my lugubrious visage and the sad civility of my demeanor, for she allowed her lorgnette to rest upon me with a frank and fearless simplicity which a few years ago I might have foolishly misinterpreted. Ah me! I knew only too well why she did so, now, and why she slyly glanced but once at the brisk young fellows who lined the walls, and pensively sucked the handles of their canes. She saw that I was harmless. Her quick feminine instincts told her that I had already fallen in the toils of her strategic sex—perhaps something about my hair betokened the frequent presence of infant fingers, and even the careless movement of my right foot thrown over my left leg betrayed the habit of figurative journeys to Banbury Cross in quest of that apochryphal old horsewoman. O my brother Benedicks, we may assume the youthfulness and habiliments of twenty one, we may jest and wear our chains with a wild and hysterical freedom, somewhere about us we carry the private mark of the one woman who controls our destinies—a mark invisible to ourselves, but one by which the rest of her sex know and weigh us. We detect it not in others—tho knowledge is peculiar to them—a terrible free-masonry which obtains among these guileless creatures to an extent which I sometimes shudder to think of. And yet—and it is another reason why my fair young friend dropped that mask of coquetry which is woman's natural weapon of defense—she knew that by virtue of my very condition I held her at a disadvantage. I knew how much artifice went to make up the *ensemble* of that charming figure. I knew the disenchanting processes which ended in such an enchanting result. I had peeped into the veiled mysteries which surround the feminine toilette, and knew—

But the music changed, and my thoughts, changing with it as the curtain rose, spared me the unmanly disclosure. How pretty she looked as she leaned slightly forward, her white cloak dropping from her bare little shoulder as the mists might have slipped down Mount Ida and disclosed the sacred summits to the dazzled shepherd. Then it was that Capricornicus, father of half a dozen grown-up daughters, leaned forward too, and applied his opera-glass to eyes whose wickedness even that fashionable media could not make respectable. Then it was that, seeking to escape his scrutiny, she raised her glass to the opposite wall where seventeen young gentlemen, spleudidly attired, and having a general atmosphere of kid gloves about them, were decently ranged. Poor girl! Instantly seventeen opera-glasses were levelled, and seventeen hands went up to an equal number of neck-ties to arrange them as she gazed. There was one exception. One young man modestly dropped his eyes and affected deep concern, just then, with the business of the stage, while a deep flush mounted his cheeks. He was evidently thinking of the girl, while the others were thinking of themselves. However, she did not seem to notice it, and the sincerer compliment, as usual, passed unheeded. Her mission that evening was to be observed—not to observe. The object of her existence was fulfilled in looking pretty.

Perhaps there is no gift of nature that requires as little exertion on the part of the owner as personal beauty. I am not certain but that it is this very absence of effort which excites our admiration; for it is one of the cruel paradoxes of life that the very attempt to please often militates against the desired result. A few yards from my fair friend sat a plainer young girl, who by amiability of manner was evidently seeking to impress the gentleman at her side; on the next beneh an intelligent-looking little brunette was as evidently exerting her talents of conversation to the same end. Yet there sat my pretty girl, unconsciously absorbing even the wandering attention of those gallants; there she was, enchanting, bewitching—what you will—with no exertion on her part, nay, without even tickling the masculine vanity by giving them the least reason to suppose that any scintillation of her dark eyes was induced by them. Still more: there was an artful suggestion of the very qualities which belonged to her neighbors in her beauty. There was amiability nestling in the curves of her dimpled cheeks, brightness and intelligence in the quick turn of her eye, love in its liquid depths, piety in its upward glance, modesty in the downward sweep of its maiden fringes. Yet if her performance of these virtues kept well in the rear of her promises, who was to blame? A burst from the orchestra obviated any answer to that last question, and I turned toward the stage.

I have forgotten the exact plot of the opera; suffice it that it was the old duet of Love and Youth; the pleasing fiction which we always accept that genuine passion finds its best interpreter in the tenor and soprano voices; that all vice is of a baritone quality; that disappointed love or jealousy seeks an exponent in the contralto: and that whatever may be our trials, we have a number of sympathizing friends always handy in the chorus. As the handsome tenor, glittering with gold-lace, velvet and spangles, gallantly leads the black-eyed soprano, equally resplendant and unreal, in satin and jewels, down to the footlights, and pours forth his simulated passion in most unnatural yet romantic song, I cannot help a slight stirring at my breast and turn toward my beauty as if she were in some way a part of the performance. I can't help thinking how pleasant it would be were I a few years younger, and she would permit me to ramble with her, hand in hand, under the canvas trees beside the pasteboard rocks; to sit at her feet as she reclined on the bank at the R. U. E., and so tell her of my passion in B natural. I would promise, and we should mutually agree, that our engagement should not go beyond the clasping of hands, amidst the voices of a joyful chorus, as the curtain descends before the winking footlights. I have my doubts about the romance extending further. In the absence of any opera which goes beyond the simple act of espousal, I should hesitate. I have sometimes been tormented with vague surmises as to what became of the heroines I have so often seen happily disposed of at the fall of the curtain. I fear that within a month after the marriage of the Daughter of the Regiment, Tonio addressed his wife somewhat after this fashion: "Now, my dear, considering your aunt's prejudices and the circles in which we move, you really must try to get over that infernal barrack-room slang;" or sarcastically, "Oh! I suppose that was when you were in the army;" or vindictively, when Sulpice came to see her, "D—me, madam, if a regiment of father's-in-law ain't drawing it a little too heavy." I have no doubt that Amina often had that circumstance of being found in the Count's bed-room, thrown in her face by her credulous spouse, and if Miss Linda of Chamounix succeeded in explaining the circumstances of that little Parisian episode in her life, satisfactorily to her husband, it's more than she has done to me.

I would not have the thoughtless reader suppose that this terrible picture of matrimonial experience is at all biased Can any one doubt from Madelaine's character that she did not lead the poor Postillion of Lonjumeau a devil of a life after she finally captured him? or that she did not occasionally make him feel who had the money, and talk hypocritically of her dear deceased aunt in the Isle of France, when he had a fellow-actor down to dinner. I fear, too, that there is no musical accompaniment which can lend an air of romance to the bringing-up of a small family, and that Mozart himself couldn't invest whooping-cough with harmony, or express croup, even with the aid of a bassoon, in a manner that would be entertaining. And the more that I look at my young beauty as she laughs and chats away at her companion, I fear that I should not choose her for any of the emergencies I have just suggested, were I one of those who are standing against the wall, pensively sneking their canes. Why I should not, is a question that as I am about to answer the curtain falls, and with the sudden extinguishing of the bright but unreal world beyond, as if she were a part of it, rises my beauty, draws her cloak about her polished shoulders, and mixing with the crowd passes away from these pages forever.

Bret.

The "Loo" Family.—Judge Griffith, on the bench in B——, appointed a crier whose want of sense was more than made up by the size of his voice. A young lawyer at the bar, with more fun than legal lore in him, was fond of playing off jokes upon him. So one day the judge ordered the crier to call Jabez Logue. The lawyer, stepping behind the crier, whispered "Epi-logue" in his ear, "Epilogue!" shouted the crier. "Mono-logue" said the lawyer. "Monologue!" cried the crier. "Pro-logue," and the crier still cried "Pro-logue!" "Dia-logue," and the pertinacious crier shouted "Dia-logue!" at the top of his voice. Discouraged at hearing no response from the Logue family, the crier turned and said to the Court, sitting in mute astonishment at the stupid crier's calls: "I've called all the *logs* in town, and never one of them is here to speak for himself."

INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

NUMBER TWO.

PRECIPITATE WRED HAS ANOTHER MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE WITH THE GUERRILLAS.

THE hearty cheers which followed the announcement that Precipitate Wred was promoted to be a corporal for his part in the affair of the previous day, awakened in the breast of the "bold soldier boy" a sentiment of genuine brotherly feeling for the whole corps. He protested most earnestly, however, that he did not think any act of his worthy of the high compliment, but pledged himself to repay them in the future for the momentary thrill of pleasure they had bestowed upon him.

"Boys, I have spotted about twenty of them greasers," said the corporal, as the company gathered round him after roll-call, "and if you'll only back me up, I'll bet a horse we corral the whole gang before a week. The orderly-sergeant has allowed me to detail a dozen of you for special service, and if we don't beat the bushes till game enough is scared up for all hands, my name's not Precipitate Wred!"

"I'll stake a month's pay that the corporal wins a commission before he is six months in service," said an enthusiastic member, who was anxious to form one of the squad.

"Now, Dick," said Wred, coaxingly, "if you're a friend of mine, let up on that kind of talk; for I pledge my word I've no other ambition than to get up a good name for the company. You know that I have no idea of adopting this business as a profession. We all came out here on a lark together, and I hope all that are left of us when the war is over, will enjoy the fruits equally. Let's all pull together, boys, and give the honors to Captain Jack."

The corporal now proceeded to call out his squad, and the clamorous confusion of the company testified their eagerness to participate in something which promised active service. Wred had first-rate material to select from—intelligent, quick, enthusiastic young men, who had volunteered "for the fun of the thing;" and though actuated perhaps by motives similar to those which would influence an "old sport" to join a bear hunt, there was not one of them but would sooner leave his bones in Mexico than have his own name attainted with dishonor, or his company's with disgrace. Several of his party were young Creoles of Louisiana, who spoke French and Spanish with as much fluency as English; an old salt, who had "mated" all over the world in all manner of craft; an ex-policeman, who had at his fingers' ends all the devices of that cunning fraternity; a disciple of Thespis, who had "in his time played many parts," and generally played them well; a typo, rejoicing in the *soubriquet* of "Johnny Pi;" and half a dozen of the most reckless dare-devils that had ever "steamboated" on the Mississippi river.

Early next morning the squad saddled-up, and Precipitate repaired to Capt. D.'s marquee to report himself ready for duty. The "old man" complimented Wred on the selection of men he had made, and wrote a very flattering letter of introduction to the commanding officer at Vera Cruz. Cautioning the corporal not to "throw away his trumps," he reached under his cot for a demijohn of old cognac and a box of Havanas, and told "Precip." to invite his men over to get an eye-opener. They obeyed the summons cheerfully—drank to the captain's health, and attentively listened to a discourse on the importance of strict discipline. The party now lit their cigars, mounted their impatient steeds, and galloped over the smooth beach toward the gates of Vera Cruz—each one silently indulging his own speculations as to the result of the expedition.

Arrived at headquarters, Wred reported himself to the commanding officer, who searchingly scrutinized the corporal, questioned him closely about the affair with the guerrillas, the character of the men he had with him to discover their haunts, and wound up by saying, approvingly, "You'll do." Giving the corporal a *carte blanche* for each individual of his squad, he told him to quarter them wherever he saw proper, procure whatever disguises might be required, and draw upon the Quartermaster for any sum necessary to carry out his work.

While crossing the Plaza with one of his comrades shortly after, their attention was arrested by a poor wretch staggering under a load of charcoal, sufficient, almost, to load a wagon. Accosting the man in a friendly manner, they asked, "How far have you packed that load?"

"Two leagues, worthy masters," replied the man, with an air of extreme humility.

"And what do you receive for it?"

"Four reales, señores."

"How many loads do you make and sell in a week?"

"Five loads a month, only, good friends—one of which is paid the municipality for the privilege of selling it," replied the disconsolate-looking charcoal merchant.

"Why the devil don't you turn robber?" asked Wred's companion.

The man smiled at the suggestion as if it were not altogether objectionable, and resumed his way. But Wred was not satisfied entirely with the interview. He thought he detected something in the man's countenance that betokened more intelligence than usually falls to men of his class, and determined to keep on the fellow's track. Retracing their steps they followed [illegible] until he entered the court-yard of a large hotel, where they lost sight of him among the crowd of servants that thronged the lower part of the building. Half an hour afterwards, sauntering leisurely into the saloon up-stairs, they discovered their quondam charcoal-burner dressed in fine white linen, smoking a cigarito, and evidently a man of authority about the establishment; and what was of greater importance, Precipitate recognized in him one of the band of guerrillas who had kept him "closeted" a couple of nights previous.

The corporal immediately sought his comrades and communicated his "point" to them. In an hour the three young creoles were registered as guests of the house representing themselves as clerks of a mercantile house in Havana, who were awaiting an opportunity to reach the City of Mexico on important commercial business. They could manage to go unmolested by the Yankees, and were exceedingly anxious to have a passport from Padre Jarauta, the chief of the guerrillas in that Department, for which they were able and willing to pay handsomely. Of course, the landlord could "know nothing" of the guerrillas, himself, but he would endeavor to do all in his power for his liberal guests, introducing them to a number of visitors to his house. The "visitors" aforesaid were duly "spotted" and their domiciles noted when they left the house by the remainder of the squad who were on hand to carry out every point of the game under the supervision of the ex-policeman. In the course of the day the "clerks" managed to learn that a company of guerrillas intended to surprise that night the hacienda of Don Estevan Sucor, about four leagues south-west of Vera Cruz. It appeared the old Don had shown some favors to the Americans, and that fact was to be the pretext for putting him under heavy contribution.

Wred communicated this information to the commanding officer, who told him to get his men together and proceed at once to Don Estevan's under the guidance of a native boy whom he would send with the party; and also despatched a messenger with another guide to Capt. D. with orders to proceed with his company to a point on the national road where it communicated with the Orizaba road by a trail, and use all diligence to meet the corporal by midnight at Estevan's hacienda.

By sundown, Wred's party were in the saddle and armed with a six-shooter in each holster and one in the belt, besides their carbines and sabres. The thirteen men had 247 shots, and considered themselves equal to a regiment of mustang-mounted guerrillas. Dividing in couples, they made their exit from the city by different gates and rendezvoused about a mile below the town on the sea-beach, just as the moon emerged from the misty horizon of the gulf. Pursuing their way along the beach a few miles, the guide suddenly dismounted in front of a brush-heap of dead branches that looked as if they might have drifted up against the edge of the closely-interlaced chaparral. Pulling them aside, a narrow opening was discovered, barely sufficient to allow horsemen in single file to enter it. A distance of two hundred yards, however, brought the party into a wider avenue, ingeniously cut by the guerrillas for purposes of their own, through the dense forest of mezquit, and trending a serpentine course to avoid discovery from the surrounding promontories. As the party silently jogged along this narrow defile they would occasionally get a glimpse of the moon, but for miles of the way the blackness of night shrouded every object in almost impenetrable darkness. After a while a sound resembling the cry of a turtle-dove broke through the stillness of the night, seemingly but a short distance ahead of the party, and the guide, frightened out of his wits, suddenly rushed back to the centre of the squad, exclaiming: "It is the night signal of the guerrillas!"

"Silence! or I'll blow the top of your head off," muttered Wred. "How much farther is it to the hacienda?"

"Half a league, señor," was the trembling reply of the guide.

"And how far is it to the open country?"

"Only a short distance; that signal, I think, was on the edge of the clearing."

"Boys," said the corporal, addressing his comrades, "we must remain in this defile until near midnight, and then gallop to the hacienda, where we will meet the Captain with the balance of our company. Meantime, muffle your sabres and make as little noise as possible while we approach the edge of the clearing."

Slowly and silently the party proceeded towards the opening, and by the moon's rays they found it was yet two hours till midnight. Presently the sound of a straggling fire of escopetas was heard in the direction of the hacienda. Precipitate asked his men if they were willing to risk an attack on the guerrillas without the co-operation of the company; before the time set for their arrival the place would probably be plundered, while a bold charge and an "Arkansas yell" would more than likely demoralize the thieving rascals. The men responded with a unanimous "ay!" and in an instant the party were off on a gallop. They had not proceeded far before they met a man on horseback, with a female behind him. They did not perceive Wred's party until close upon them, and were so delighted at the discovery of friendly Americans that for a few moments they were unable to speak. They presently stated, however, that a company of guerrillas had rushed in upon a party of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled at the hacienda for a *fandango*, and had taken possession of the house, fired upon some of the party, and would probably murder them all unless assistance arrived.

"How many do they muster?" inquired Wred.

"About one hundred—but they are poorly mounted on mustangs and mules, and are not all armed," was the reply.

The corporal now directed his men to approach the place on a "ranger charge," fire a volley from their carbines, wheel, and fall back to the shade at the edge of the thicket. This movement startled the guerrillas, who little expected an attack, and, unable to discern the number of their assailants, were panic-stricken. The shout of "los Yanquis! los Yanquis!" mingled with the screams of the women in the house, awoke the echoes of the surrounding forest. The leader of the guerrillas dashed here and there, brandishing his sabre in the moonbeams, and screaming at the top of his voice for his men to rally. Some thirty or forty of them were soon collected in a "bunch," without order, and evidently in doubt whether to sink into the ground or fly into the air. Wred's party lost no time, but swooped down upon the foe with a most demoniac yell. Strong horses and the determined courage of brave men were too much for the cowardly villains, and they broke and ran in the wildest confusion. Wred and his party pursued them to the edge of the chaparral, and then returned towards the house.

When he arrived there, the remnant of the guerrillas had fled. Don Estevan Sucor, a dignified old gentleman, met the party at his door and returned thanks in most extravagant terms. The corporal with three or four of the men dismounted and entered the house, where some half-a-dozen ladies and as many badly-frightened *caballeros* were huddled up in a corner as if awaiting a bloody termination to their deliverance from the guerrillas. The corporal's jolly red face and good nature soon assured them, however, that his party were really their friends. The ladies now implored the dragoons to remain at the hacienda till morning, and protect them from another raid of their rascally countrymen, and promised a feast of the best the place afforded. Precipitate agreed, after he should have scoured the neighborhood and posted vedettes at the avenues of approach, to return with the remainder and spend the night. This was soon accomplished, with the aid of Don Estavan, and the party returned, leaving three of their number, concealed at different points.

In the meantime, the servants of the place were enacting a bloody tragedy in the fowl-yard: turkeys and chickens were immolated and hen-roosts robbed to prepare a feast for their rescuers and the remainder of the company, whose arrival was expected at midnight. In the parlors the ladies had arranged for a dance. The dragoons appreciated the hospitality of their host, and conducted themselves as gentlemen. The corporal, who, from force of habit, "paid his addresses to the landlady," made himself quite a favorite with the elderly Donna Sucor, who fancied she discerned a likeness in him to her great-grandfather, the Marquis de Colorado, a Spanish grandee of some centuries back.

* * * * *

As daylight approached, and the captain not yet arriving, Precipitate thought he would scout in the direction the enemy had fled during the night, and endeavor to find the captain, who had probably lost his way in the labyrinths of the chaparral. Relieving two of the vedettes, his party approached the spot where, two hours before, they had stationed one of the young Creoles, in a secluded nook on the brow of a hillock which overlooked the country round for several miles. To their surprise and horror, they discovered his horse had gone, and a few yards distant lay the poor fellow weltering in his blood. His shirt was pulled open, and from a horrid gash in his left breast a bloody stream oozed forth and formed a sickening pool beside him. His eyes upturned were filmed with the glare of death. Wred took hold of his clenched hand and said:

"Tell, me, Adolph, good fellow, who did this?"

"Mother, mother, dear mother—oh, send the relief!" feebly ejaculated the dying vedette.

"The relief has come, Adolph—my boy—my dear friend," said Precip., but his emotions choked his utterance.

"Yes," said one of the party, "*his relief has come*—the relief that all of us, sooner or later, may look for."

He was dead. . . . His comrades carried the bleeding corpse to the hacienda, lately the scene of so much pleasure, but now overcast in gloom by this tragic circumstance. Only a few hours before Adolph Duvilier had made himself conspicuous in the assemblage by his gentlemanly bearing, and lively conversation. Born of an excellent family, he had been accustomed to good society, and left a brother, and a beautiful and accomplished sister at home, who would be heart broken at this disaster. . . . .

Don Estevan offered to have him buried in his family vault, but his comrades insisted, as he had fallen at his post while on duty, to give him a soldier's burial, with nothing around him but his uniform. The earth soon covered his remains and the party fired a salute over his grave. The good host and the ladies and servants of the household attended the ceremonies, and were much affected, promising to erect a monument to his memory.

Before the party resumed their march, the ex-typo, "Johnny Pi," who was usually the embodiment of fun, but who now wore a look of determination, approached and said, "Corporal Wred, here is a lock of Adolph's hair; send it with an account of his death to his sister, Estelle Duvilier—I will furnish you with her address."

"No, no, Johnny," said the corporal; "do you perform that duty. I have not the heart to relate this sad story."

"I have another duty to perform," continued Johnny; 'before I eat a week's rations I will send to his brother the heart of a guerrilla in a glass bottle!"

"And I," said another, "swear by ——, to make the first 'greaser' I meet swallow my sabre!"

"And I, too, subscribe to that oath!" repeated one after another of the men, who were giving way to their very worst passions.

"Hold, boys!" said Wred, "I have a proposition to make. If the landlord of our hotel in Vera Cruz don't put us in the way of capturing Duvilier's sneaking assassin within a week, we'll hang him from his own window! What do yo say?"

"Agreed!—agreed," responded the party.

"With the understanding that Johnny shall send his glass-bottle present to Adolph's brother," said one.

"May I be d—d if I don't do it!" said the determined typographer.

The squad now resumed their march in quest of the captain, but the adventure which soon befel them would occupy too much space to be included in this sketch.

A. M. K.

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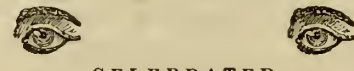

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PASSING BY HELICON.

MY steps are turned away,
Yet my eyes linger still
On their beloved hill,
In one long last survey;
Gazing, through tears that multiply the view,
Their passionate adieu.

O joy-enclouded height,
Down whose enchanted sides
The rosy mist now glides,
How can I lose thy sight?
How can my eyes turn where my feet must go,
Trailing their way in woe!

Gone is my strength of heart;
The roses that I brought
From thy dear bowers, and thought
To keep, since we must part—
Thy thornless roses, sweeter until now
Than round Hymettus' brow,

The golden-vested bees
Find sweetest sweetness in;
Such odors dwelt within
The moist red hearts of these—
Alas! no longer give out blissful breath,
But odors rank with death.

Their dewiness is dank;
It chills my pallid arms,
Once rosy 'neath their charms;
And their green stems hang lank,
Smitten with leprosy and fair no more,
But withered to the core.

Vain thought! to bear along
Into this torrid track,
Whence no one turneth back,
With his first wanderer's song
Yet on his lips, thy odors and thy dews
To deck these dwarfed yews.

No more within thy vales,
Beside thy plashing wells,
Where sweet Euterpe dwells,
With songs of nightingales,
And sounds of flutes that make pale silence glow,
Shall I thy rapture know.

Farewell, ye stately palms!
Clashing your cymbal tones
In through the mystic moans
Of pines at solemn psalms;
Ye myrtles, singing Love's inspired song,
We part, and part for long!

Farewell, majestic peaks!
Whereon my list'ning soul
Hath trembled to the roll
Of thunders which Jove wreaks,
And calm Minerva's oracles hath heard
All more than now unstirred!

Adieu, ye beds of bloom!
No more shall zephyr bring
To me, upon his wing,
Your loveliest perfume;
No more upon your pure immortal dyes
Shall rest my happy eyes.

I pass by: at thy foot,
O mount of dear delight!
Ere yet from out thy sight
I drop my voiceless lute;
It is in vain to strive to carry hence
Its olden eloquence.

Your sacred groves no more
My singing shall prolong
With echoes of my song,
Doubling it o'er and o'er:
Haunt of the Muses, lost to wistful eyes,
What dreams of thee shall rise!

Rise but to be dispelled;
Here, where my lot is cast,
Such visions may not last,
By sterner fancies quelled;
Relentless Nemesis this doom hath sent—
My cruel banishment!

F. F. VICTOR.

SIGNS THAT FAILED.—We all remember the story of the Inn-keeper who became proud as he prospered, and, taking down his sign of the Ass, put up a portrait of George IV. in its place. His neighbor immediately raised the east-off effigy, and "in this sign he conquered." The first landlord, alarmed at the increasing popularity of his rival, and understanding the cause, wrote underneath the grim visage of his Majesty: "THIS IS THE REAL ASS."

But a more ludierous incident of the kind is just now told at the expense of the good Bishop of Llandaff. He took up his abode near the head of Lake Windermere, where the principal inn had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbor, substituted the *Bishop* as the new sign. An inn-keeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so, by way of remedy, he put up, in large, red letters, under the portrait of the bishop: "THIS IS THE OLD COCK."

FELINE INCUB-US.—"Pa," said a four-year old of the feminine persuasion, the other morning at breakfast; "pa, do you like them eggs?" "Yes, dear, very much," replied the doting parent. "Well, pa, 'twas my Pussy made them. I found her polishing them in the chicken's nest yesterday." The anxious father doesn't like eggs "very much" since then.

CONVICTED OF SIN.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE JAMES.

ONCE, in olden times, there was a rich monastery situated in a fertile and luxurious land, but distant from any large city, or from the court of any of the petty princes, who, at that time, ruled the country to its destruction. It stood alone, in the midst of its own vast domains. They surrounded it on every side—a glorious expanse, decked as never yet was monarch, with the beauty and bounty of Nature. The fertile soil, the temperate but genial sky, the pure and healthy atmosphere, seemed contrived only for man's enjoyment, and lay before his eye a most convincing page of evidence to the goodness and mercy of God. Yet neither all this beauty, nor the remoteness of their habitations from the haunts of men, where most the rankness of human nature is supposed to thrive, had preserved the monks of this convent from the infection of voluptuousness and vice which pervaded all classes in that age. On the contrary, it had rather induced them to add extraordinary oppression and arrogance to the usual list of ecclesiastical works; for there were none near their possessions of sufficient strength to threaten them with retributive justice, or keep them in awe of superior force. The peasants, who tilled their lands, filled their granaries, and trod their wine, knew nothing of the mighty power of combination. Each one toiled on at his appointed task, content if the grip of tyranny, which seized his neighbor, spared himself, and, investing his taskmaster with the power of God, felt all his pains rewarded when he heard that his sins were forgiven him. So they flocked to the convent as their fathers had done before them; they filled its coffers with wealth; they strengthened its hands with power, and the monks said, "Give, give!"

Late one lowering evening, there came to the great gate which, wide open, seemed ever to invite the weary to rest and the heavy laden to forego their burden, a traveling brother of the order—a dark, sad man, who, wayworn and foot-sore, sought among them rest for the coming Sabbath and shelter from the bursting storm which for some time had muttered in the distance, as if struggling wrathfully with the mountain rampart that so often kept it from the convent valley. This time the mountains were no match for the demons of the storm. Mass after mass of the dark clouds poured through the ravines, clambered over the highest peaks, and, covering the cheerful prospect with the gloom of sudden night, swept unopposed down the hill-side. The mountain pines bent with a surging sound as the darkness enveloped them, and, in the valley, a strange chilliness, an unnatural hush came tainting the sunshine with sadness, even in advance of the storm itself. The tired traveller was but just in time to save his thin garments from the soaking rain which in a few minutes drenched the court-yard and pleasant garden, driving in the monks who were taking their easy exercise in the cool evening air. They flocked in now from every nook and corner, pleasant garden, quiet cloister, comfortable cell—some shaking the heavy drops of rain from their robes, some rubbing the afternoon nap from their eyes, all vieing with one another in a cordial greeting to the pilgrim, who had given his name as Brother Paul. Situated far from any of the great high roads, their life in the valley, where they alone were masters, though easy, was monotonous. It was seldom they were enlivened by visitors, and when one chanced to come along that way, they enjoyed with something of excitement the pleasure of a new companion, new jests, new anecdotes around their well-spread board, to while away the long evening hours, hearing once again the echo of that busy, striving life, beyond their own sleepy domains, which they had left forever, but for which they still hankered, as the Israelites for the flesh-pots of Egypt. The first glance at the stranger's stern brow and furrowed face showed that, whatever else the wandering monk had seen, mirth and he had not met for many a year. There was even more of awe than of disappointment in the feeling with which they regarded their guest, as each in turn experienced the chilling influence of the cold dark eye, that looked as though it read the secret of each soul as easily as a written book, even while it scarcely designed to look upon it. The evening prayer and the evening meal passed almost in silence. News Brother Paul had none to give, and jest and laughter seemed to fly from wherever he might be. Never had there been known such a guest at the convent before. The repelled and astonished monks sat about in silent groups; and, save when some one bolder than the rest addressed a faint attempt at conversation to their strange guest, or the Superior, mindful of the credit of his convent and puzzled what manner of man he might have to deal with, announced some fine precept, or touched cautiously upon some vexed question of the schools, there was little talk among them that dreary evening. The silent brother within, and the storm without, had it all their own way. The wild winds raged over the hill-sides and down the gorges of the valleys as if the armies of evil had been let loose to ride them; strong forest trees, that had stood through many a storm, fell with a crash that night; tower and buttress and belfry echoed the groans of the furious elements, and the melancholy groups within began to fear for their safety, as they listened to the thunder that burst from the rent heavens at the same instant with the lightning, telling plainly how close above their heads the danger was. Never before had the oldest then passed such a night, and beads were told, and prayers were said, with more devotion, than many among them could remember to have felt for long years. The only one that was quite unmoved amid the din that seemed to make the very mountains tremble was the stranger, who sat among them stern and self-absorbed, as if he had that within him he heard and felt above the storm.

The morning broke, cloudy and dark; but the strength of the storm was past, and though the wind still sobbed and moaned among the mountains and blew wildly across the valley, the silvery-gray rifts of the clouds that chased one another in mad haste over the sky promised sunshine and light after the storm, and cast gleams of glory over the fair landscape as they passed.

Earliest at the early prayers was Brother Paul. The daylight only showed more clearly the terrible look on his face—a look as if he were continually enduring an anguish so fearful that only the greatest effort of a powerful will restrained the groans that were ready to break from his lips; and yet, too, whatever it was he suffered must surely have been borne for years, to have traced those deep lines upon his cheek. In accordance with the long-established custom of the convent, the Superior requested the visitor to preach the sermon at the principal service of the day: and Brother Paul signified that he was willing and prepared to do so. When the time came the chapel was crowded, not only with the monks and lay-brothers of the establishment, but with the tenants and peasantry of the large estates attached to it. Their attendance was strict and regular; their demeanor devout. They knew that profound deference for the Church secured from their ecclesiastical masters many a petty privilege which eased their life of toil. When the holy ceremonies were over, and the last echoes of the voices had died away in the vaulted roof, Brother Paul took his place in the pulpit and began his address. At the first sound of those mellow tones, the drowsiest ear awoke to listen to a music such as they had never known before. Scarcely had he spoken three sentences before every one of the congregation was gazing at the wan, gloomy face above them, and listening to catch each word of that sonorous, untranquil voice. Those who heard him have said they could never justly describe the magic eloquence which came convincing, and, for the time, converting, from his lips.

He told them first that he had nothing new to say, nothing but what they had heard every week of their lives, till many of them in their hearts were tired of it—the same oft-told tale of man's sins, and their inevitable consequences; but he was there to speak it; they could choose whether they would listen or not. Briefly but powerfully he spoke of the great happiness of a virtuous life and pure heart, and then of the exceeding great reward of the redeemed in heaven, with such impressive clearness that it seemed as if he made the narrow minds of his auditors expand to comprehend the ineffable, and something of the blissful peace which passeth all understandings, brooded for a moment on their hearts. For a moment only, for he changed the theme. Sternly he admonished them of their vices, plucking each favorite sin from its concealment—its false semblance of a virtue—the living to the world the life of a disciple, with the heart given up to the delight of evil. One by one he asked them, priest and peasant, scholar and boor, strong heart and weak, if he were so blind he did not recognize himself. There was no self-deception among them then; it melted before the fiery words of the preacher. Stately heads were bent, in shame and humiliation; confusion sat on foreheads that were wont to rear themselves haughtily before the eyes of men, telling their fellow-mortals they were infallible. The weak bent down and wept; the proud of heart were abashed; the callous groaned in horror and dismay, as each one beheld his own image drawn with skilful hand. But who was callous, who trembled not as the preacher, waxing more eloquent with the terror of his subject, went on to describe to each his own appropriate punishment, and to all the horrors, as he told them, the heart of each man answered, "It is mine." They had all heard of hell before, but never known its tortures as they did then. He made them feel it, not as a vision, an idea, a thing which might be, but as though its agonies were already on them—none the less real that the anguish was of the soul alone. No words had ever before described to them the full measure of bitterness contained in that loathing self-abhorrence, that bitter confession wrung out amid their woe, "All this is but the natural fruit of what I have been, what I am;" the vain, intense remorse: the hate and rage against all things human and divine; the wild despair, the hell within, the hell without, and this to be eternal—not for awhile, nor for a million of years, nor with hope of any end; not changing, nor fluctuating, nor abating; with no Past, no Present, but one eternal agony, through one eternal Now.

As the people listened, the heart of the hardened became humble with terror; the tears of the weak ceased to flow for very horror; the cold sweat stood upon the brow and a fearful repentence fell upon all. They had been held over the gulf of fire; they had seen the smoke of hell, and, self-convicted, felt that thither their lives of seeming faith were leading them. What men would repent then, if they did not! Did the mighty preacher think so, too? Did he leave that to themselves as inevitable? Or why was it he did not urge them to turn to God, the God of Love, win His mercy, find His sure refuge? He had shown them clearly what they were: he had taught them beautifully what they might enjoy; he had told them with a terrific eloquence what the lost shall suffer. Was

this enough, that now he dismissed them with a brief but most impassioned address to the might, the majesty, and the wisdom of God. So wild, so earnest it seemed, as if it burst from him, whether he would or not, but without a single prayer, and without the customary blessing.

Slowly, and as if awaking from an awful vision, the congregation broke up; the monks went back to their cells and the peasants to their homes, with chastened hearts and stricken pride, for each man knew himself; and the raging storm of the night before had left no plainer marks of its fury on the peaceful landscape than you might see in the altered demeanor and contrite faces which proclaimed the tempest that had swept through their breasts. Had it cleared the atmosphere their souls must breathe henceforth? Surely, yes! There was not one among them ever forgot the impression of that startling appeal; no, not even to his dying day. It would rush unbidden on the memory when least wished for, after having slumbered for years—blotting out, in an instant, all sense of pleasure, all desire of enjoyment, in the remembrance of its own surpassing horror; of the bitter tears wrung from seared eyes, and the vows of repentance made—many and deep—that day. Were they kept? Yes, for awhile; and most of them but for awhile. It is not in the fierce heats and sweeping thunder-gusts of summer that the seed takes root and puts forth its first feeble life, but in the quiet spring-time under gentle showers. The repentance of terror and dismay is not unto salvation. Before the close of that year, of all who listened to the wonderful preacher one only held steadily towards the end, and who was he? He was a youth of many passions, many infirmities, whose life had been stained by such sinful thoughts and evil deeds as at times made even his own soul shudder, for, with all his wickedness, the desire of good was still with him. He had joined the brotherhood not long before the visit of Paul, because he really believed that convents were places to which the weary and the weak withdrew from the temptations of the world to repent and pray. A short time served to undeceive him, and he saw that it was not there that he could fly from the dangers that threatened to overwhelm him—there, where sloth, voluptuousness and tyranny had as full, or fuller scope, than in the great world he fled from. He found the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life around him still, as strong as ever. He was restless and unhappy, disgusted with all around him and discontented with himself, and rejoiced at the unhoped-for removal from what to him was a scene of daily disappointment, when the Superior selected him to guide Brother Paul to a distant monastery, whither the holy man wished to proceed with the first light of day.

Their road led them far up into the hills behind the monastery, and as they travelled on among the lonely mountains, now shadowed by the gloom of overhanging cliffs, now coming out into the morning sunshine, and breathing the fresh invigorating breeze, Brother Paul argued with the young man, to show him, that not only from the dire teachings of experience, but from the calm use of his own reason, Man should know that all his struggles to become aught but what he finds himself are vain, that his magnificent powers and hard-gained sciences may smooth, brighten or protect his course through life, but can avail him nothing, in abating one iota the curse of a justly offended God.

Startled by what, under the mask of religion, kept only just within the bounds of daring blasphemy, but not at all overawed by the dark monk's powerful eloquence, the young champion buckled to the fight. It was an unequal one, however. The vast knowledge, clear reasoning and subtly-chosen language of the elder man, again and again left the youth without an answer, yet—strange perverseness—as far from convinced as ever. At last his companion said:

"Young man, thy spirit does not yield conviction to the plainest proof. Why art thou so blind, so simple or so stubborn? Thou canst neither deny, nor refuse aught that I advance, yet thou believest not. Let not idle vanity thus darken thy intellect, I pray thee. It is thy Maker's gift."

"Not in vanity, but in humility, I disbelieve thee, brother," answered the young man. "My youth and immaturcness are no match for thy trained and ripened powers. When thou reasonest thus of Life, Death, Evil, and the great Hereafter—all the mysterious things within us and beyond us—thou seemest as one showing a child a wondrous puzzle and saying, 'Explain it,' which thou knowest it cannot, and thyself couldst do. Thus I believe thee not, though all thou sayest seems so true. A riddle is but half a thing, a tangled web of nonsense without the answer. Thou hast given me a riddle—dark and horrible it seems—but somewhere in the universe there is an answer to shed light upon its gloom, and I can find it, though perhaps not now—not at once. It is a strange thing for thee, my elder and instructor to do. Why thou shouldst have done it I cannot tell; but I know thou art a wayward man, little regarding the beaten track and customary forms of other men."

The strong man groaned and his dark face was convulsed as though with a great agony, but he replied: "I will tell thee, young man, why it was. I have desired to have thee that I might sift thee as wheat; but, behold, thou art not for me. With thee I have failed. The love of God is in thee. But in yonder monastery, it was not so. I offered up no prayer there, because I have refused to pray; I gave no blessing, because I came not with a blessing, but with a curse. I came not to save, but to make condemnation deeper. I taught you herd-to fear God, but it is not in their hearts to love Him. I taught them to flee from His wrath, but what shall that avail them, if they fly not to His mercy? It shall be their greater damnation that they have felt remorse, yet have not repented; that they have beheld the vileness of their sins, yet have not forsaken them. They have delighted in evil, and evil shall be their lot; they have seen their leprosy, and said it was good; though I—even I—have described to them the horrors of hell, the torments of the damned, the reward of evil, as I, only I, can do; for every pang I have described was raging in my soul—all the anguish I told them of they felt through me. It was in me then, and now, and forever, for I am Satan—I am Hell!"

Then Satan left that young man, and went he knew not whither; and the youth went on his way, rejoicing in the mercy and love of God, and long since, his bones are bleached in the earth, and his spirit has found the Truth. But the monks of that monastery and the peasants of that valley in a short time lived the same life and loved the same evil as they had done before; and they saw the monk Paul no more till the day when they met him in his own place.

THE CRISIS NATIONAL, NOT POLITICAL.

THE following extract from a late contribution to the *Bulletin* is of vital interest just now. It exhibits more cultivation than usually characterizes political articles, and more earnestness than is apt to go with that kind of careful rhetoric where opinion takes the place of conviction. It is deserving, too, of a more responsible signature than "Kuzzilbash," which, somewhat queerly, suggests an Oriental imprecation. Except an appreciative article on the late Mr. King, this clever writer has done nothing better than the following:

To the Southern mind Lincoln is a sort of Jibbenainosay, the incarnation of an evil spirit which has spread desolation over the South, bereaved its hearth-stones, and which stands with a "flaming sword" over its cities. The rebels detest him, as it is natural they should detest the power which is subduing them. And yet he is only the priest through whom the God speaks; he is the missionary of that Progress which, for eighteen hundred years has been struggling with wrong, and whose triumphs are those of Christian civilization. He represents a principle which is indestructible—which, landing with the Puritan on a dreary coast, in mid-winter, survived the icicle and the scalping knife, and which has projected the proudest glories of our American civilization. Deride the Puritan as we may, in him stirred and acted the inspiration of the highest moral and intellectual power; a power that has expressions not limited to the triumphs of peace, for such is its wonderful versatility that it adapts itself to war as if the status militant was the object of its peculiar fitness and quality. Your Cavalier, with his fiery and passionate nature, cannot match the cool, reasoning and practical Puritan. The one reminds you of the eccentric Aerolite, flashing fearfully in its erratic course; while the other has the steady march of a planet sailing through its well-defined ellipsis with an equipose and nicety of motion to which the precision of human mechanism is disorder. This war made political excuses for its necessity, but looking at it philosophically, you find it clearly traceable to the moral antagonism of sections.

It is a good argument against McClellan that the South, having previously declared its unalterable determination to secure its independence, favors his election; and while one cannot clearly see how that independence is to be accomplished, yet the argument loses none of its strength on this account. To all good Union men there is force and reflection in this friendliness of our Southern *brethren*, that sort of force which at once suggests a note of alarm, and a rigid scrutiny as to its objects and ultimate effects. If McClellan is acceptable to rebels, then patriots will discard him; and while I have every confidence in his purity, intelligence and loyalty, the masses have not. In the discussions of the merits of the two candidates it is sheer folly to attempt to drag down McClellan. The whole argument lies in a different direction, and it is strong enough to dispose of the whole question. It is, that a change of Administration in the face of an enemy would not only be highly detrimental to the country, but would be a confession of weakness and error that would bring nothing but ruin to us; and further, that if McClellan should die, the Government would pass into the hands of a man who is about as bitter and confirmed in his Copperheadism as a man can be. At this crisis we cannot afford to accept the responsibility of chance. We must be certain of our men, and then we provide for all the contingencies which may happen. Experiment now is to place in jeopardy all we have and all we hope for. We must be assured of the approved loyalty of the party to which we propose to entrust the great and vital interests we have. With the present Administration we will be certain that the war will go on, but with the other there are grave doubts of it. We know that the South sees in the election of McClellan some positive or probable benefit to itself, and that the continuance of Lincoln is the declaration that the American people will proceed with this war just so long as one armed traitor raises aloft the emblem of misrule and wrong. It has ridiculed all intimations of compromise, it avows its determination to achieve its independence or perish. Any cessation of hostilities with a view to a Convention is the craziest party-cry that could be raised. When the South favors such a proposition it can only be with the belief that, if the action of such a Convention does not end in separation, time will be had to strengthen itself, to collect its resources, recruit its exhaustion, and so fit it to go on with the war, hoping to the last for dissensions at the North, and perhaps foreign interference. * * *

Personal preferences should be discarded in this crisis. Individuals are nothing save as they represent the ideas and purpose of the people at large. Principles must govern now; and fortunately those that are involved are not abstruse and difficult of comprehension—on the contrary, they are as clear and self-evident as the simplest mathematical postulates. They merely declare that a robber is at your throat, who seeks to strangle you, and that you must shake him off, even at the expense of his life. When you have crippled him so that all power to harm is gone, you can then listen to the pleadings of philanthropy and mercy. The whole question is narrowed down to that of National existence. Must we parley when our enemy jeers at compromises? must we send him flags of truce and peace commissioners when he calls us dogs, spits upon and derides our very offer as pusillanimous? From the very day of the surrender of Sumter until now, the rebels have exhibited a contempt for the North and a persistent and ruthless vindictiveness, which, if it is brutality to follow and emulate, has nevertheless wholesome teachings. The declarations of its public men, the uniform spirit of its press, and the individual deportment of almost all Southerners are all characteristic of the derision, hostility and determination of our enemies; and that man who supposes that the election of McClellan will so far abate that enmity and resolution of the South as to permit a conference that has for its aim a reconstruction, is strangely ignorant of the South and a dull observer of the times. This war is a civil war, and we must slay or be slain. If we would preserve our national existence, we must determine to use all means and our most resolute efforts to *conquer* the South—there is no other word to express it; and the sooner we accept this necessity, the sooner the contest will cease. It is sheer nonsense to talk of carrying on a war of this character under the Constitution. That instrument cannot be invoked by rebels who have abated no human efforts to destroy it; neither can their abettors claim its protection. Loyal men—who are determined to see the thing out—have no fault to find with occasional arbitrary arrests. One naturally questions the patriotism of those who, with the word *Union* in their mouths, are nevertheless accusing the Administration of tyranny and cruel and wanton invasion of personal rights and privileges. It is a miserable subterfuge, at a crisis like the present, to ask whether this or that step is sanctioned by the law and precedent made from peaceful times. Davis and all in authority with him can violate every good principle which enters into the scheme of Christian civilization, and yet one hears no remonstrance or complaint from those who are foremost in their denunciations of Lincoln. In no history and at no period of the world can one point out a nation that, during the status of war, was guilty of so few oppressions and exactions, and where personal liberty has been so unrestrained and unrestricted as under the present Administration.

CAUSES OF THE WAR.

THE Rev. Horatio Stebbins, in his speech at Platt's Hall, drew the following logical analysis of the causes of the present war:

Perhaps the fairest generalization as pertaining to the origin of our American history, is to say that it is the result of two confluent streams rising in widely different regions of human life and thought. The Puritan held a principle greater than he knew, which, when carried to its legitimate and logical conclusions, was universal liberty. The Cavalier held a principle, either consciously or unconsciously, which, when carried to its legitimate and logical conclusion, was the love of power and the dominion of a class. These two principles, forgetting their differences in the common struggle for independence, blended in the formation of the government, and the fathers, grounding the Constitution in freedom, acknowledged the presence of slavery. The tone of the country concerning slavery was apologetic. It was held as a moral, social, and political evil, which required a little time for its remedy and adjustment. The South was more anti-slavery at that time than the North. The cotton gin, that terrible engine for the degradation of man's moral nature to his interests, lay yet undiscovered amid the hidden powers of mechanic arts. A mighty wind was rising to sweep Christendom, kindling into flame the moral abhorrence of men for the slave trade. Wilberforce was just out of school, and the preparations of history were making in great thoughts of heart. Christianity, the interpreter of man's nature to man, had brought another star above the horizon of human intelligence. The morning of a new era had dawned, and the East tingled with the promise of universal emancipation.

The two civilizations which were planted on these shores in Puritan and Cavalier, stood side by side or blended and mixed in each other. The belief, the expectation, the hope of the fathers, was that the young and vigorous life of freedom would absorb and carry off the virus which had not yet struck the vitals of the State. Freedom will dissolve slavery, as the morning, by steadily ascending powers, dissolves the night. This was the common faith and the common hope: and they were well grounded, so far as human judgment could discern. They were in accordance with the increasing moral convictions of Christendom, and they were in accordance with what seemed to be the great social and economic interests of the country.

But here we come to where the ways divide, and the course of history has disappointed human expectations. The two civilizations, the two theories of social order, instead of the one absorbing the other, drew apart and established a dividing line, each one claiming its own rights, privileges and immunities, thus bringing into the established operations of the Government a system of compromises, a theory of accommodation, not merely as between conflicting interests of widely separated regions, but between two principles of government, two ideas of social order. The original compromises of the Constitution, established in the expectation that, through them, slavery would pass peacefully away, were construed into another sense, and enlarged to a wider meaning—even to the extent of making slavery permanent and enduring. The Government was no longer administered from its central idea as founded by the fathers, but lost its purity of blood, and became a mongrel, hybrid scheme. * * * *

And this brings me to the very pitch and quick of the rebellion, as I wish to present it to your consideration. The rebellion, so far as its moral and social polity are concerned, is an attempt to set up and promulgate this new philosophy, or rather, this old philosophy, in the face of an advancing civilization. It is an attempt to overthrow this Government and establish a social order based on a servile race. It has adopted slavery, the outcast of Christendom, baptized it in the name of religion, sworn it on the holy evangelists, and made it the basis of social polity and morals. The conflict is a conflict inevitable between two civilizations, in which one or the other must be destroyed. Here at this point all the nerves of the war centre. The following remarkable statement of principles and objects from the point of view of the rebellion is explicit enough: "Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilized men, coexist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist, the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall and give way to slave society, a social system old as the world, universal as man." Although the war is not merely of man's passion or device, but the historic development of two conflicting theories of society, so far as men are the direct agents in it, its prime object, or second only to the personal ambitions of designing men, is to enforce upon the world, and upon the country in particular, the Southern morals and civilization. We talk of *making* war, and of *making* peace. But in a certain and very important sense there is no such thing. War is a *result*, and peace is a *result*.

MISTS.

THE shadowy mists are rising
From the quiet face of the Bay,
And far through the Gateway Golden,
To the distance dim and gray,
Fold after fold,
White, still and cold,
They silently fade away.

And faint as a taper's glimmer,
Shines out o'er the eastern height,
Through the silv'ry cloud-folds draping
The amethyst arch of night,
The first star-beam
And the wavering gleam
Of the slow moon's dawning light.

My thoughts float away like the vapors
Borne back by the restless breeze
To the scenes of a boyish passion,
And of manhood's memories—
The shining strand
Of an orient land,
Far over the circling seas.

And I see, in a dim dream-picture,
A night in the warm mid-June:
The one white sail low-skimming
The waves of the blue lagoon,
And the one pale star
That followed far
In the wake of the low, white moon.

I feel the soft, warm flutter
Of a girlish hand in mine;
Catch the gleaming of golden tresses,
Moon-bathed in a glow-divine;
And the airy grace
Of a perfect face,
Up-raised, with its saint-like shrine.

Oh, love of the *Then* and *Forever!*
Far away in the starry spheres,
Have you known of my soul's mad worship?—
Made pure by its widowed tears!—
Or seen the pain
Of my tortured brain,
And the heart that has wept for years?

How closely the gates of Heaven
Are barred to the world below,
Else the pulse of my earthly sorrow
Had thrilled to your soul, I know—
Had brought some sign,
Oh, angel mine!
To the heart that loved you so.

Ah, mists of the moaning ocean—
Less white than the look she wore—
Hide the land of my dream, forever,
(*With the grave on its quiet shore,*)
And banish the thought
That the night has brought,
Of a day that can come no more.

INA.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A HORSE.

CHAPTER III.

STABLE SECRETS—SHOWING HOW THE BROWN COB BRUTUS BECAME THE PROPERTY OF "KNOWING NED," AND THE BLIND MARE THE PROPERTY OF MISS APPLEGARDE.

GLORIANA escaped the designs of that villanous individual "Knowing Ned," whatever they might have been, for a whole week. She was, indeed, regularly used up; and, notwithstanding her courage and determination, she was unable to conceal the fact from the watchful eyes of her mother and sister, and was, consequently, absolutely forbidden to ride again until she had recovered her usual amount of strength, or rather the same amount of it that she possessed when she had consulted the London doctor. On the eighth day from the date of her first ride, Knowing Ned becoming anxious, like all plotters, to put his design into execution, made a point of meeting Mr. Wells as he took his short daily walk to the village post-office; and pulling his forelock with the same amount of respect he would have shown to a master had he possessed one, he thus addressed him:

"The cob's wery fresh, Mr. Wells; he'll be too much for the young lady if she don't keep him in exercise; he's got a temper, too, of his own; and them low-bred 'uns is apt to get tricky."

"Good gracious! what is to be done, then?" was the butler's reply. "It's a take in, if the cob ain't quiet; because we advertised for a quiet one, 'to carry a lady.'"

"He ain't quiet now—leastways he's very free with his heels in the stable; and I don't see no chance of his getting quiet standing eating his head off in the stable, and nothing taken out of him noways."

With these ominous words, which filled his hearer with apprehension, and causing him to give utterance to those peculiar signs of lamentation made with the tongue and palate of the mouth, Knowing Ned turned away, and hobbled slowly in the direction of the stable. A few minutes afterwards he was followed, as he had foreseen, by Mr. Wells, who was anxious to ascertain the state of the brown cob's temper with his own eyes, and who, before he got to the door, became aware, through the medium of another organ, that an active encounter or trial of strength was going on between him and his personal attendant, while in tones of remonstrance the latter addressed his charge: "You would, would you!—Quiet, you varmint, will you!—Come up!—Stand still!—Go over!" while as Mr. Wells cautiously peered round the stable-door, two iron-shod heels flashed within a yard of his face, causing him to retire with precipitation, heedless of the invitation addressed to him by Ned to come in and see what a "wicious brute" he had to deal with; or to lay his hand upon his quarters, and just see "if he didn't let out." Unwilling to put the irascible temperament of the cob to any personal test, he heartily concurred with the remark that "he was not fit for a lady noways;" and as he hastened the preparations for tea, which, in an establishment so entirely feminine, was, as I need scarcely observe, *the* meal of the day, he resolved upon disburdening his mind on the subject of the brown cob's disqualifications during the progress of that social repast.

Gloriana herself paved the way for the observations he intended to make by saying, "I shall be able to ride again to-morrow: the stiffness is quite gone off; and *Brutus* will be getting too much for me if he has neither exercise nor work."

"I am very much afraid that he won't suit, after all," Miss Gloriana," said Wells, pompously. "I am afraid he is full of vice: he nearly killed Ned and me in the stable to-day."

"Oh, horses are often very vicious in the stable that are very quiet out!" was the reply. "There is *War Eagle*, up at the Park, who is as quiet as a lamb when he's mounted. And there's only one of the helpers that he will let dress him over; and he nearly killed him once."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Applegarde; "how dreadful! And how did you hear that, my dear?" she added, while, luckily for Gloriana's sake, whose color, ever rosy, had become deep crimson at the question, she waudered on in a way that was habitual with her. "But it really is such an undertaking having anything to do with horses with no gentleman to consult, and so much roguery and deception going on. I do so much regret that your poor dear uncle, who always had such fine horses, and so beautifully kept, should have died just when he did—not, of course, on that account only, but such a loss as he was to his family. Like your poor dear papa, my dears, excepting that he was never such a domestic man, and not so tall or good looking, either—not such an *Applegarde*, in fact," said the widow, drawing herself up, and glorying in the name of the husband whom she had idolized, and to whom, in the freshness of her remarkable beauty, she had also been all in all. Perhaps, had he lived, the great simplicity of her character, which was an additional charm in early youth——. But why should I suggest any doubt as to his constancy under a contingency not fated to occur? Why should we despise simplicity even in mature age, when it is the sign of the innocence of a nature that contact with the world can neither sully nor efface? Let simplicity grow old if it can. If it sometimes weary us, it must command, nevertheless, our love and our respect. There are depths and heights both of evil and of good which must be hid from such natures evermore. But while the strong currents wrestle in the deeps, and the storm clouds gather on the mountain tops, let the sunbeams play gently on the shallows of life: all are beautiful: it is we who are blind in only allowing beauty in what we can appreciate and understand. Mrs. Applegarde's nature was a very simple but a very loveable one; and I was wrong in hinting that had her husband lived he would have found it less attractive than in the fresh spring time of early youth. I am sure, upon reflection, that I was quite wrong.

"I shall try *Brutus* again to-morrow, at all events," said Gloriana, taking up the thread of the subject which she and Mr. Wells had had under discussion when her mother had ambled off on her favorite palfrey of somewhat disconnected reminiscences; "it will not be easy to get rid of him if he does not suit."

"I am afraid not, miss," was the reply; "but there's no knowing; and things do turn up sometimes unawares"—a maxim in the philosophy of human affairs, which none of Mr. Wells's audience felt inclined either to gainsay or refute; indeed, as he disappeared with short, quick steps under the weight of the tea-urn and his own increasing flesh, Mrs. Applegarde remarked, enthusiastically, "I really don't know what would become of us without James," so entirely had he impressed his mistress with the idea that he was a necessary unit in the scheme of her existence—*the* unit, in fact, which gave importance and meaning to the three cyphers which, in all matters of business (or horseflesh) she considered herself and her daughters to be.

As Knowing Ned the next day saddled *Brutus* for Miss Applegarde to ride, there was a latent sparkle of triumph to be observed in the corner of his *most* knowing eye, which did not diminish as the cob made his exit from the stable with a playful flourish of his heels, and with a snort which betrayed to the experienced in such things that he was "full of fettle and play."

"Ware heels!" cried Ned, in tones of caution to Mr. Wells, who was ambling slowly and cautiously round the palfrey, with a view of ascertaining that he was "all right" before his young mistress mounted; and before the words were well out of his mouth, *Brutus* indulged in a kick which had for its object the person of the valued domestic, to whom he appeared, indeed, to have conceived a great personal aversion.

"'Ow on earth is Miss Gloriana to get up, I should like to know, with the brute lashing out in that way," said the butler, with great asperity; and surveying the clumsy form of the handsomest cob in England with but little trace of his former admiration and approval.

"*She* ain't afraid, I knows," was the answer intended for Gloriana's ears, who appeared at that moment ready equipped, and followed by Mrs. Applegarde and Kate, who shared the fears of Mr. Wells with regard to the cob, and who were both nervously anxious as to the result of the ride.

"I must have a chair, I believe," said Gloriana, who blushed a little at the idea of the implied inexpertness both of the mounter and the mountee; but the chair having been placed, after some little display of resistance on his part, by the side of the horse, she displayed great quickness and nimbleness in mounting thence to his broad back.

No sooner was she in the saddle, and the reins gathered "nohow," as Ned afterwards observed, in her hand, than *Brutus*, left to his own devices, kicked over the chair which had been a source of annoyance to him; and finding that in so doing he had hurt his own heels, he kicked again spitefully more than once, so that Gloriana with difficulty kept her seat, and was fain to cling for life or death to the pommel of her saddle, which, being an old-fashioned one supplied from the stock of the village saddler, possessed that appendage in a more developed state than is necessary now in the improved state of things with regard to modern side-saddles, the tall, awkward crutch on the off side being now entirely done away with, and the balance preserved by what is, in fact, only a second pommel placed in a different position.

"He'll be all right presently, Miss," said Knowing Ned, who in his own mind had planned that Gloriana should have enough of the cob's antics that day to sicken her of him at once and for ever. "Just give him his head, and take it out of him a bit, right down the common. He'll be quiet enough after a bit."

Fallacious hope! No sooner did *Brutus* find under his hoofs the short elastic turf of Ambledown Common, than, mad from the effects of his long holiday and four feeds of corn daily (with which Ned had supplied him, for purposes best known to himself,) he commenced a series of plunges and jumps which were terrible to look at, and still worse to experience.

"What a beast you are!" said poor Gloriana, shaken to death, and really hurt with the violence of the cob's movements. "I can never do anything with you, I am quite sure, so it's no use attempting it;" and turning his head towards home, she intended to take him back, and give up all attempts to ride him for the future. But, alas! even that little space she was not destined to traverse in safety, for the over-fed and underbred cob finding his head turned towards the stable which had proved such a Paradise to his sensual nature, gave a final bound and twist, which succeeded in dislodging Gloriana from the saddle; and as she lay prostrate on the turf, which was luckily soft with recent rain, he galloped home, snorting and riderless, to frighten the inmates of the cottage almost to death on the spot. Gloriana herself was the least frightened of all, except, perhaps, the wicked author of the mischief, Knowing Ned, who had fed up *Brutus* in the hope of the present result, and who, having his wits more about him than any of the rest of the party, and notwithstanding the splint in his off leg, ran down the coach-road and out upon the common with the speed of an agile demon to offer his hypocritical condolences to the victim of his own craftiness.

"You ain't hurt, miss, I 'ope," he said, as Gloriana picked herself up, and proceeded to walk with rather unsteady, trembling steps towards home. "I told Mr. Welles what a wicious varmint he was afore ever you got on his back."

"No, I am not hurt in the least," was the reply; "but I can see that the cob will never do for me. I am tired to death before I have been on his back five minutes."

"In course you be, miss. He ain't got no spring about him, he ain't; and he's a reg'lar low-bred 'un into the bargain. There's nothink like blood for a lady. I wos a-thinking this morning, miss, afore you went out, of a black mare that would suit you to a T."

"We have got to get rid of the cob before we think of getting another," said Gloriana, rather shortly, for she felt that the horsey man was rather too loquacious to be altogether agreeable; and she hastened on to assure her anxious mother that there were no bones broken, and that she was none the worse for the fall, with the exception of the shako. "But one thing I am certain of, mamma," she added, with a sigh, "and that is, that *Brutus will never do!* he is too rough and too full of tricks. And I am only very sorry that I persuaded you to buy him."

"Don't think about money, my child, where your precious health is concerned: there must be suitable horses to be had for money; and if your poor dear uncle had only lived, he would have given us the best advice of any one that I ever knew. We must get rid of this one, there is no doubt—nasty thing; if we only get ten pounds for him."

The plot which Knowing Ned had hatched in his artful brain would, he foresaw, through the innocence of his victims be very easily carried into execution. His brother, a vagabond horse coper, who wandered about the country from one fair to another, had upon his hands at that moment a black thoroughbred mare—aged, blind of one eye, and, as Ned would himself have described it, "screwed all over," which he had purchased at the high figure of three pounds ten, in the hope that he might be lucky enough to find some one willing to buy her for five.

That very afternoon a despatch was forwarded by a sure hand from the stable-room at Park Side, which, for brevity of expression and condensation of matter, might have formed a model to be studied with advantage by members of circumlocution offices, who manage to cover reams of paper without conveying a quarter of the meaning contained in the terribly dirty document, which ran as follows:

"Send the black mare back by bearer—I've got some flat uns. From bruther Ned."

It is scarcely necessary to add, after this, that the black mare duly arrived, or that she proved a good card in the hands of the vagabond horse coper and his knowing brother. She was a sweet-tempered, gentle beast, showing a great deal of blood; she had, indeed, in her palmy days, been a promising racing mare, but had broken down suddenly and irrevocably in the zenith of her fame, and had since been knocked about the world, being preserved only from utter ruin by various good qualities, which made her a pleasant hack. All her remaining advantages were now, however, sadly upon the wane. Her regular up and down lady's canter was becoming daily more wooden and unsafe. Her eyes were going; one, indeed, was quite gone: and she was in fact, a mere wreck, hardly worth the three pounds ten speculation by her latest purchaser. She was in very fair condition, never having had the misfortune to fall into bad hands, in the merciless sense of the words; and as she was led round and round the carriage ring, for the inspection and approval of the ladies, they all exclaimed, simultaneously, "What a pretty creature!" while the romance attending the name of *Black Bess*, her high-bred and gentle manners, and the way she had of insinuating her velvet muzzle into their caressing hands, decided the feminine council at once upon the expediency of the *swop*, which Knowing Ned had so artfully proposed. He was not likely to lose much by the transaction, for *Brutus*, the cob, was a valuable animal in his own line. Six years old, sound, strong as a camel, and with a camel's powers of endurance, he was quite worth the forty guineas which Mrs. Applegarde had paid for him, although not worth forty shillings to her; for had he been ever so quiet, his action in itself would have prevented any one so delicate in health as her daughter then was, from enjoying the exercise of riding

him; and tricky and restive into the bargain, it was quite out of the question that she would be able to profit by his services. Notwithstanding the fall, however, and notwithstanding the shake, wonderful to relate, she was decidedly better. She had roused herself from the lethargy and languor into which she had been fast sinking, and the difficulties attending the attainment of the prescribed exercise excited, amused and interested her. Truly Sir Erasmus Globule deserved credit for the discernment which had foreseen such happy results.

Perceiving that his design was succeeding, even beyond his expectations, Knowing Ned was seized with a brilliant idea, and on the spur of the moment, and with unblushing effrontery, he said: "For tweuty guineas and the brown cob my brother would part with the mare; there's not a sweeter 'ack in the country than she is on road or turf."

"What do you think, Wells?" said Mrs. Applegarde, appealing to the family oracle, who, since his signal failure with regard to the cob, had been rather silent when the subject of a fresh purchase had come under discussion.

"I think Miss Gloriana had better try this one, in the first instance," he said, deliberately; "one can't always judge of a horse by the outside."

"I'll put the saddle on her at once, Miss," said Ned, suggestively. "She'll carry you like a lamb, and you'll see that there's no deception about her. She's no bone-crusher, she aint."

So Gloriana, being easy of persuasion with regard to adventure, determined upon trying *Black Bess* at once; and having mounted by means of the chair, the mare cantered away with her quietly down the coach road, and then quietly on to the smooth turf, with easy action, up and down like a rocking-horse, and holding her light head in a graceful arch from her neck—a very different thing from the heavy pull which the cob had maintained upon the weak hands of his rider.

"Oh, this is delightful! and you are a dear creature," was Gloriana's exclamation, as she rode up to the door, neither shaken nor exhausted, but with a healthy glow in the transparent cheek. "I feel, mamma, that this sort of riding *will* do me good."

"I wish I had said forty and the cob," said Ned to himself, as he saw the gratified looks of the whole party, and witnessed the caresses lavished on *Black Bess*, while Wells himself was not afraid to approach within three arms' length of the gentle animal. The bargain was concluded there and then, according to the first proposal, and the valuable mare was installed in the vacant place of *Brutus*, who, as he took his departure, was little regretted by any of the party, least of all by his particular patron, Mr. Wells, who had so strongly affected him in the first instance. *Black Bess*, on the coutrary, became quite a pet with the whole establishment, and some weeks had elapsed before anything occurred to throw a light upon the real value of the animal, for whom four times her value in money had been given, and the cob actually given away.

As far, indeed, as Gloriana's health was concerned, she had proved a good investment. The gentle exercise, without fatigue, which her easy action and light mouth afforded, did such wonders that in three weeks the country doctor pronounced that Miss Applegarde was in a fair way to the recovery both of her health and spirits. "But," he added, in a voice of warning, "you must be very careful how you ride, for that mare is far from safe, and the common ground is very rough and uneven in some places; if she were to come down there, she would give you a bad fall."

"*Black Bess* is as quiet as a lamb, doctor, I assure you," put in Mrs. Applegarde. "Gloriana tells me that it requires no exertion to manage her, and that is the great thing, after all, in her delicate state of health."

"Quiet she is, ma'am, I grant you, but not safe, nevertheless; and a blind horse, with shaky fore-legs, is scarcely a desirable mount for a young lady, who, with all the courage, has scarcely at present the best hand in the world," remarked the blunt doctor; while Gloriana blushed crimson with indignation at the slur thus cast upon her riding, and exclaimed, simultaneously with her mother and sister:

"A blind horse! You do not mean to say that *Black Bess* is blind, doctor?"

"One eye is going, and the other is already gone; and I believe," he added, "that the name of the animal has undergone a slight alteration lately, and that by changing three letters *blind* has become *black*, for your especial accommodation. I heard all about BLIND *Bess* at Hill Top Farm, where she is as well known as the postman, who has ridden her backwards and forwards on the turnpike road to Fairyard, every day for the last three years. She fell down with him so often that he sent her to the fair, where she was sold for three pound ten. I won't say who to, for fear of making mischief, but I could not hear all this without giving you warning, and putting you more on your guard."

"It must be really dangerous, my dear," said Mrs. Applegarde, addressing her daughter; "you know you have told me about her stumbling so much lately, and Ned put it down to her having been newly shod, but I do not like this account at all, and only trust that he knew nothing of the creature's antecedents when he brought her here."

"I know nothing about that," said the cautious doctor; "but I hope and trust that Miss Applegarde will ride her carefully, if she continues to ride her at all."

"I always do that," she replied; "and, indeed, you must not think of recommending me to give up riding, now that I am so fond of it, for if I do I shall certainly be ill again."

"Give up riding on no account, but ride with as much regard for your nerves as you can; and do not, above all things, trust to the perception of a blind mare when you gallop over rabbit commons with a loose rein."

"What stuff he talks," said Gloriana, peevishly, as he left the room; "he goes gossipping about at farm houses, and believes all the nonsense that they tell him. I am sure that *Black Bess* is perfectly safe myself."

Now that her eyes had been opened, however, to the unwelcome fact, she could not help recalling to mind that the mare did very often stumble, especially on rough or uneven ground, and that she relied entirely on the hand which guided her, which being an inexperienced, and, on that account, an undecided one, often courted the danger which it wished to avoid. It was but a week after the doctor's warning that she fell as she was galloping, propelling her rider over her head with some force to the ground, and cutting her own knees cruelly on the mound of gravel which had caused the accident. Poor Gloriana returned home somewhat crest-fallen, but fortunately not much hurt. A family council was held the next day, in which it was decided that poor broken-kneed *Bess* should be turned out in the meadow belonging to the cottage, and kept merely as a pet; for her sweet temper and affectionate disposition had won for her the regard of all the inmates of Park Side Cottage, and they agreed that for the services she had rendered she was entitled to a pension, or turn-out in clover, for the remainder of her natural life.

"She has done her part in bringing back your roses, my dear," said Mrs. Applegarde; "and she deserves my everlasting gratitude for that. And now there is a more difficult question to decide, and that is, What is to be done about getting another? And who," added the widow despairingly, "who *are we* to trust?"

"I have been thinking it over," replied Gloriana, musingly. "I heard from Miss Levison the other day, and she wishes me to have the Welsh pony, *Taffy*, until they return from abroad. Perhaps it will be the best plan after all; and, as I ride alone, it will be easier to get on and off, and to open and shut gates; don't you think so, Kate?"

"Would they not allow us to buy the pony?" suggested Mrs. Applegarde. "I do not much like being under an obligation, even to the Levisons."

"Perhaps they think the obligation would be the other way," said Gloriana, proudly; "they ask me, as a favor, to use the pony, and I have reason to know that they mean what they say."

As Gloriana had mentioned only Miss Levison's name in the first instance, the substitution of the third person plural for that of the third person singular would have struck the ear of most mothers at once, for in that plural was included their very good-looking, manly and agreeable young squire and landlord, Ralph Levison, who had taken it into his head suddenly to go abroad for six months, no one knew why or wherefore, just before Gloriana's illness had alarmed her friends. But Mrs. Applegarde had not that instinctive penetrative faculty which makes a secret an impossible thing to a mother's eye. She did not know, and she could not see, that the motive which induced Gloriana to accept the offer of the Welsh pony, made to her by Mr. Levison through his sister, had something more in it than appeared on the surface; and when her daughter did all that she could do under the circumstances, viz., hint it to her, she did not take the hint.

The reader must exercise his own discernment upon this matter. It is not likely that he should be more discriminating than a mother; nor am I bound to reveal any secrets, or take any hints, before the appointed time. All that is necessary to say here, is that *Taffy* was located in the empty stall, and he became first favorite with Gloriana, who enjoyed upon his back what she began to call real rides. He was a handsome, strongly built, spirited pony, full of courage, and entirely free from vice. Over the wild breezy commons, in the rough and stony lanes, he was equally clever and safe as a hack, and Gloriana, although self-taught, was learning by daily experience to ride well. The only thing remarkable about this pony was his extraordinary appetite. The stable-bills which Mrs. Applegarde settled every quarter mounted up to fabulous sums; and when she remonstrated with Ned on the subject, the only remark that he vouchsafed in reply was:

"Them Welsh ponies is hawful ones to feed; and Miss Applegarde won't have him stinted, anyhow."

"Of course; no one wishes him to be stinted," replied his easy mistress; "and if he wants it, he must have it; but it seems to me quite extraordinary that a mere pony should eat so much."

"It's no objeck to me," said Knowing Ned, doggedly; "we will make him do upon less; but if he looks poor, I know who will get the credit of it when the young squire comes home."

And acting upon the dark threat which he had held out, he supplied poor *Taffy* with about half a feed of corn a day, out of a supply sufficient to keep two hunters in high condition for the ensuing quarter; so that the pony's ribs began to show even through the heavy coat with which nature had provided him.

"He looks worse and worse," said Gloriana, as she brought him in early one day, grieved to the heart to see him falling off so when she wished him to be looking his best. "Do you think that you give him corn enough?" she added, looking hard at Ned, who had not, it must be owned, enjoyed her perfect confidence since the suspicious affair of *Black Bess*.

"I gives him what the missus allows," he replied, saucily enough: "I can't do more by him nor that."

Gloriana flew to her mother to inquire into the meaning of this mysterious imputation, and extracted from her that she had certainly recommended retrenchment in the matter of the stable economy, but that she had expressly stipulated that the pony should have enough.

"He *must* have enough, if I have to pay for it out of my own pocket," was the hasty reply. "I can never send him back to the park with his bones staring out of his skin, in the way they are doing now."

And the next day she did in fact order two bags of corn from a friendly farmer, which she kept under lock and key, and from which, notwithstanding the black looks of the irregular groom, she administered three feeds daily to *Taffy* with her own fair hands.

"There will be no corn-bill for mamma this quarter," she said severely to that worthy, who looked terribly sulky at being outwitted in the tactics which the easy credulity of his mistress had suggested to his fertile mind. He had his revenge, however, and the pony was the sufferer after all.

"He'll put on no flesh till he's clipped, miss," he remarked to his young mistress, who was lamenting over *Taffy's* shaggy appearance; "he was always clipped up at the park long afore this."

"Was he?" Gloriana eagerly remarked. "We must get him done at once, then. I do not want them to see any difference in him when he goes back."

Taffy was clipped and singed accordingly; and with the additional supply of corn, and the superabundant flow of spirits induced by the loss of his thick greatcoat, he became almost too much for Gloriana, and as frisky without any vice as a pony could well be. The nights were frosty and cold, and *Taffy's* coat was very short; so that a window left open—by accident, of course—one bitter night, did the work that was to prove Knowing Ned's revenge for the interference of Gloriana in the matter of the stable economy. *Taffy* coughed twice the following morning; and the next day he coughed continuously; and the day after that Miss Applegarde heard the unwelcome news that the pony had inflammation in him, and that it was a chance if his life could be saved. A messenger was sent at once into Greyminster, on the blind mare, to summon the veterinary surgeon that the town afforded. He came with all speed, but only in time to find that the pony was beyond his aid; the sudden change from starvation to good feeding, and the exposure to the chilling night air in his newly-clipped state, had done its work. *Taffy* was indeed dying; and if the poor pony had been a Christian, as the saying is, the announcement could hardly have been attended with more genuine sorrow in the hearts of all concerned; while Gloriana herself was the victim of the most agonizing pangs of remorse. Knowing Ned, who had not intended or foreseen the fatal result of his work, lost no opportunity of impressing upon her mind that it was all her doing, and that the pony had been overfed; in which opinion he was confirmed by the doctor, who observed that there was more harm done by overfeeding ladies' pets—ponies or lap-dogs—than by the more healthy abstemiousness of less-favored animals. This was the last straw on the camel's back, which proved too much for Gloriana to bear. To be accused of being instrumental in the death of the poor pony, who had been her one thought and care since she had undertaken the charge of him—whom she had fed and caressed daily with her own hands, and ridden with as much care as though in his sturdy frame had been concentrated the glory and the value of all the horses in Christendom—oh, it was too much! and the burst of grief which followed the announcement must have touched even the heart of the author of the evil, if anything so human throbbed in his villainous breast. There was a Nemesis for him in poor *Taffy's* death, and this last stroke of diplomacy was fatal to his own cause. Gloriana absolutely refused to make any further efforts to procure either horse or pony to supply the lost favorite's place.

"It is absurd, in an establishment consisting entirely of women, attempting to have anything to do with horses," she said. "It's bad enough to have to tell the Levisons that *Taffy* is dead, without letting them think that I have thought so little of it as to set up another already in his place." The Levisons were, indeed, at that moment on their road home, so she knew not where to write to them to break the sad news of the pony's death.

"I do believe, Glorry, that you had rather it had been me," said Katie, rallyingly, as with a pale and harassed face her sister prepared for her walk to the park the day after the return of its inmates, to convey the first news of the misfortune herself.

"Do not laugh at me, Katie," was the reply; "but tell me what I shall say to Mr. Levison. I shall be quite ill with worry and anxiety before it is over."

"I thought *Taffy* belonged to Miss Levison," said Kate, archly. "You always talked as if Harriet had lent him to you."

"She made me the offer, of course," answered her sister, whose neck and temples were crimson as she spoke; "but the pony did not belong to her."

"Then, indeed, I do not think that you have much to be afraid of," Kate remarked, with a glowing smile. "Oh, Glorry, what a fool you must think me if you don't know that *I* know all about it!"

"Hush! hush!" said Gloriana, putting her hand over her sister's mouth; "there is nothing to know. And don't tease me, Katie, dear, for I am so *very* unhappy. Come to the park with me," she added, beseechingly; and the loving little sister, who saw that she really wished it, and who was full of genuine feeling under her fun, lost no time in putting on her hat and shawl, and was ready and waiting before Gloriana, who was still lingering, had slowly descended into the hall.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A TIGER YARN.—Col. Campbell, in his book recently published, is responsible for the following story: "We were closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels, who had run up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back, now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant, and charged the nearest man, a little, hairy, bandy-legged, square-built oddity, more like a satyr than a human being. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the springs the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch, hardly out of reach. There he sat, crouched up into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the Houris. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but the broken hind leg failing, he dropped back exhausted. It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his hapless enemy; who sat with glaring eye-balls fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage. As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse; and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and to his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring, in imitation of the tiger; and last, when fairly exhausted, he leant forward till he appeared within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce, that we, who were shoving up the elephant, in alarm for the safety of our little hairy friend, ended by laughing till our sides ached, and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death-volley."

GREAT MEN'S EYES.—"One might—one now and then can," says John Foster in his Diary, "throw one's whole soul through one's eyes in a single glance." Great men, especially great commanders, generally possess this remarkable power, which, like every other bodily or spiritual faculty, becomes all the stronger from its frequent use. "In the eyes of certain persons there is something sublime, which beams and exacts reverence. This sublimity is the concealed power of raising themselves above others, which is not the wretched effect of constraint, but primitive essence. Each one finds himself obliged to submit to this secret power, without knowing why, as soon as he perceives that look, implanted by nature to inspire reverence, shining in the eye. Those who possess this natural sovereign essence rule as lords or lions among men by native privilege, with heart and tongue conquering all."

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

WHERE OUR BULLION GOES.

THE returns of treasure at this port from the interior, and the importations from British Columbia, during the past three years, have been severally :

	1861.	1862.	1863.
From the Interior.....	$41,689,077	$42,539,799	$45,327,326
From the Northern Coast..	.....	4,931,579	4,970,023
From British Columbia....	1,702,683	1,904,084	2,156,612
	$43,391,760	$49,375,462	$52,453,961

To these figures may be added the treasure which reaches this city in private hands and usually passes out of the country in its virgin state, of which no direct account can be made. The lowest estimate from reliable sources would place this sum at ten millions yearly, making the production of our mines for the year 1863 at least $63,453,961, of which the U. S. Branch Mint in this city coined about $20,251,419, leaving a balance of $43,202,542 unaccounted for, which must have been exported to China, England, France and other foreign countries. Included in the above total are the receipts from the silver districts for the year 1863, amounting to $12,455,915, (Nevada alone contributing $11,846,915 of the whole amount,) against $6,000,000 from the same sources in 1861. Large as these amounts appear, it is a fixed fact that the product of the precious metals is augmenting ; that the increase during the current year will be much greater than in the past, particularly of silver, which Nevada yields abundantly ; that the extent of capital invested in mining operations is enormous ; that men of every rank, profession and condition in life have embarked their means in these enterprises, and that this disproportion between the amount of bullion produced and the amount retained in the country, will continue to increase in the same ratio, unless some means are taken to check it. When we consider that our mines are opened almost entirely by native-born citizens or those who owe allegiance to the United States, that the greater part of capital is furnished by our people, and that our exports of the products of Agriculture, of the Herd, of the Forest, of the Sea, of Manufacture, and of the Vine, contribute to a very considerable degree to the payment of goods imported in the State, it becomes a question of very serious consideration why this drain of the precious metals to foreign countries continues, and what measures should be resorted to by the Federal Government to retain, in its own territory, the excess of gold and silver over the amount required to pay our indebtedness abroad. To do this clearly it will be necessary first to recapitulate the causes which have induced this continual foreign export.

First. Silver in the shape of fine bars, manufactured by private assayers, has been exported largely to China, by domestic and Chinese merchants in payment for goods imported in this State from there, and in obedience to orders from merchants in New York, who have recently found this method of remittance preferable to drafts on London and the remittance of sterling bills in reimbursement.

Secondly. Bar gold and silver was shipped hence *via* Panama to London, direct by British steamer on the Atlantic, to avoid the risk of capture by rebel pirates, as, owing to the diminished cost of insurance and the high rate for sterling bills in New York, shippers from here could realize more on their shipment, by sterling drafts from that point, than by shipments of the precious metals direct to a port in the United States.

Thirdly. The high charge which the Government levies for coinage at the Branch Mint, and the time hitherto consumed in paying deposits in a community where the rate of interest is 1½ to 2 per cent. per month, impelled the miner and merchant to have their gold and silver bullion manufactured into bars by private assayers—a cheaper method than to submit it to the tedious and more expensive process of coinage.

Owing to these causes, the precious metals, instead of being made part of the currency of the country, were and still are for the most part converted into bars, which at once become an article of *merchandise*, to be shipped to Europe and the East Indies. How to check this constant drain, and retain the product of our mines at home, becomes a question of vast importance. Making all due allowance for the necessities of trade and the inexorable laws of commerce and exchange, it seems to be entirely within the province and power of the Government to afford relief to a very considerable degree.

The necessity of protecting the steamers and treasure *en route* from Aspinwall to New York was officially urged upon the Department by the Superintendent of the Branch Mint in this city as a means of lessening the foreign shipment of bullion, and we learn that Government, acting under this suggestion, has lately established a regular convoy for each steamer. The creation of a Bullion Fund of $1,000,000, the result of suggestions from the same source, which has enabled the Mint to furnish quicker returns to the depositor, and in a measure to modify one of the causes of this extraordinary foreign export, has partly met the exigencies of this case, and is an earnest of the wish as well as the ability of Government to remedy the evil as far as it can by official action.

But a few things still remain to be done. The erection of a more commodious Mint Building, as determined by Congress, will increase the facilities of the San Francisco Branch for the coinage of the precious metals, particularly of silver. By interdicting the coinage of pieces smaller than the denomination of Eagles or perhaps of Double Eagles, the Government would necessitate the use of a larger amount of silver coin for purposes of change and convenience. By reducing materially the charge imposed for parting and coining, now double the price charged by private assayers and refiners, who are enabled in one day to convert bullion into a marketable article, at comparatively small cost to the depositor—the Government would be enabled to compete more successfully with parties who have hitherto offered superior advantages in a community where the value of money is so great. It is but just to the interests of the nation that all official and legitimate means should be employed to give to the people of the United States the advantages which ought to accrue to them from the possession of such large mineral wealth, but which they do not enjoy by reason of the inducements offered for shipments abroad.

NEW BOOKS.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. From the last London edition. 16mo., pp. 407. New York : Clark & Maynard ; San Francisco : Roman & Co. 1864.

A beautifully bound volume of Bulwer's translation of Schiller—altogether one of the most neat and tasteful-looking books we have seen even in this era of skilful book-work and charming bindings. The volume is somewhat marred, we think, both in a literary and typographical sense, by the prefix of notes in small type. Perhaps the general reader will be more apt to recognize Bulwer than Schiller in these translations, and some of the more familiar pieces, such as "The Diver," "The Glove," and "The Bell," have been rendered into English with a more distinct flavor of the genius of the original by translators of less scholarship and literary reputation than the Baronet. We shall endeavor to make room for a few extracts next week. Throughout the work there is abundant evidence of the industry, learning and skill of the translator, who says :

"My general practice has been to translate line by line, and as literally as the transfer of thought from the verse of one language into the verse of another will permit. I have very rarely departed from this rule, except where it seemed expedient to give more distinct force to the poet's leading idea ; or where, in obscurer passages, it became necessary to translate the meaning as well as the words. For it sometimes happens that a construction literally verbal may be essentially unfaithful, render the sense unintelligible, or leave it exposed to total misconception—a danger of which Schiller himself was so aware, that, in his correspondence, he takes pages to explain what he desired to imply in a line. In such more difficult passages I have diligently reconsulted the best German authorities, and I have again to record my especial obligations to the distinguished critic to whom this translation is inscribed."

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The Poems, Sacred, Passionate and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. 16mo., pp. 370. New York : Clark & Maynard. San Francisco : Roman & Co. 1864.

This volume, bound in the same style as Schiller, contains those well-known productions in verse of this popular poet, which are still to be found in parlor annuals and poetic scrap-books. "No pent-up Utica" seems to have contracted Mr. Willis's powers, and in this little volume his muse ranges from "The Madonna" to "The Lady in the Chemisette with Black Buttons," who are both treated in an equally gentlemanly and gallant manner. The fair admirers of N. P. W. will find their hero elegantly enshrined in the green and gold of Messrs. Clark & Maynard.

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A New Story-book for Children : By Fanny Fern. 16mo., pp. 310. New York : Mason Brothers. San Francisco : Roman & Co. 1864.

It is by no means an easy task to write a really clever book for children, and the effort has been thought not unworthy the genius of some of our best writers. The old-fashioned stories for children, with a moral or pious reflection impending at the close of every sentence, or the clumsily-adjusted mixture of didactic truth and saccharine rhetoric, administered like sulphur and treacle, for the moral health of the unhappy infant, are happily long since abandoned. The idea of pleasing children by writing down to their supposition level, and flavoring the work with a bland imbecility, is also exploded. Children are quick to appreciate truth and talent. But we fear Fanny Fern has leaned a little to the other extreme, and has adopted a style of grown-up sentiment and diction, which will fail to attract even precocious juvenility. In the very first sentence of her first "story," occurs the cheap French epithet, *noms de plume*, and a little further we find her talking of "meagre pecuniary remuneration," which is objectionable to the youthful mind, not so much from its syllabic quantity as its stilted and tinselled magnificence. There is not an infant but would have sympathized with Fanny had she said she had been "poorly paid." There is a certain rhetorical attitude about the following extract which we humbly protest against :

"We have seen, of a fine summer morning, after the sun shone out, fine gossamer threads, before invisible, floating, yet fixed, in the air above us. So, when the light of eternity shines on our life-path, shall these chords of a mother's love be seen to have entwined themselves around and about us—leading us in a way we knew not."

The conception and plan of the stories are ingenious ; they all have a vital significance and local application, and most of the young readers will have no difficulty in recognizing the original, in history.

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Marble Isle, Legends of the Round Table, and other Poems. By Sallie Bridges. 16mo., pp. 273. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.; San Francisco : Roman & Co. 1864.

A collection of poems, of which "Marble Isle." an idyll, in blank verse, is the longest, bound in an exquisitely neat little volume. We shall give a few extracts next week. The most remarkable feature of the collection we observe in a passing glance at its pages, are the "Legends of the Round Table," a versification of the "Chronicles of King Arthur," in which the poetess seems to have drawn her inspiration from the same fount as Tennyson, and to have treated of those incidents which belong to the "Idylls of the King." She meets the anticipated charge of plagiarism by the following explanatory note :

"Several years before reading a line of Tennyson, I had met with the old romance of 'Prince Arthur,' translated from the French. Observing then the poetical nature of many of its incidents, I selected for future experiment most of those which afterwards formed the groundwork of these legends ; though some—'The First Meeting of Launcelot and Guinevere,' 'The King and the Bard,' and 'Avilion'—had their original entirely in my own imagination. The first six of the series were printed in the *Evening Journal*, of Philadelphia, in 1857 ; the next two were published in 1859, before the appearance of 'Idylls of the King ;' the rest were written since, with the exception of 'The Best Knight,' and 'The Last Meeting of Launcelot and Gninevere,' which were composed more than a year before, though not issued in the *Home Journal* of New York until some time after Tennyson's book came out."

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Peterson's New Cook Book. Philadelphia : Peterson & Brother. San Francisco : Roman & Co.—A work invaluable to housekeepers, containing 858 new receipts.

OUR MILITARY POLICE.—We doubt not that the forebodings of riot and bloodshed on the 8th of November, that have been so freely indulged in, were modified to a great extent yesterday, if not entirely dissipated, when our citizens beheld Chief Burke's battalion of picked men—his volunteer police—filing through the streets, and marked their muscular frames, their resolute faces, the precision and promptness of their military evolutions and the martial bearing that distinguished them, individually and collectively. There were between four and five hundred men in the battalion, perhaps, and they were led by Commander-in-Chief Burke, and otherwise officered by the captains and sergeants of the Police Department. These new recruits have been exercised in the infantry manual twice a day for a month past, and an idea of the proficiency they have attained may be best conveyed by the fact that old soldiers who critically looked on at the review pronounced them about the best drilled men in the city. The community owe the Chief of Police their thanks for his industry and energy in organizing at such short notice, and bringing to a state of efficiency, this fine body of citizen soldiers—for getting ready this "ounce of prevention" in time to render future "pounds of cure" forever unnecessary.

NEW MUSIC.—M. Gray, music dealer, No. 613 Clay street, has sent us a song entitled, "How the Soldier Talks ;" words by Private Miles O'Reilly, music by John Wyatt—a melody not very stirring or original, in the key of F. Mr. Halpin's words are, as usual, vigorous, but hardly adapted to musical expression.

"We have heard the re-bel yell,"

is a line that would have troubled Mozart let alone Mr. Wyatt. The printer and publisher deserve credit for their good style of getting up sheet music.

SANITARY FUND.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the following further receipts since our last issue : *Comanche*, $341 15 ; Chico, $56 25 ; Cold Cañon, $28 50 ; West Butte, $5 60 ; Cañon Creek, $24 50 ; Windsor, $120 ; Unknown, per Wells, Fargo & Co., $24 ; Rough and Ready $100 ; Santa Rosa, $62 90 ; Alvarado, $55 ; Unknown, per Wells, Fargo & Co., $16 25 ; Red Dog, $21 50 : Soquel, $18 50 ; Cacheville, $13 65 ; Drytown, $75 ; San Antonio, Lower California, $150 ; San Francisco, $4,623 66 in coin and $262 in Legal Tender Notes. Total, $5,735 46 in coin and $262 in Legal Tender Notes.

THE RESTAURANT PERFECTED—FRENCH IDEA OF IT.—It is contemplated to open in London a monster restaurant, after the plan of Duval's establishment in Paris. The guests will be served by girls in uniform, and distinguished by numbers as the performers in the ballet of the *Danaides*. The bill of fare will be published daily, in the morning journals. The bread will be cut and the meat carved by machinery. The beer and other drinks will be delivered at each table, by pipes, laid under the floor, and the plates be brought heated upon small railway cars. A special apartment is reserved for customer's dogs, to be attended to by boys detailed for this purpose.

NOW.

THE Earth looks a desolate mother—
The Princess betrayed as of old—
The ermine stripped from her shoulders,
And her bosom all naked and cold.

But a smile breaks out from her anguish—
For she feels, with a glad unrest,
The throb of the unborn summer
Under her bare, brown breast.

INIGO.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN—AND OUT AGAIN ALL RIGHT.

SOME people are not particular about what sort of company they keep. I am one of that kind. Now for several days I have been visiting the Board of Brokers, and associating with brokers, and drinking with them, and swapping lies with them, and being as familiar and sociable with them as I would with the most respectable people in the world. I do this because I consider that a broker goes according to the instincts that are in him, and means no harm, and fulfils his mission according to his lights, and has a right to live, and be happy in a general way, and be protected by the law to some extent, just the same as a better man. I consider that brokers come into the world with souls—I am satisfied they do; and if they wear them out in the course of a long career of stock-jobbing, have they not a right to come in at the eleventh hour and get themselves half-soled, like old boots, and be saved at last? Certainly—the father of the tribe did that, and do we say anything against Barabbas for it to-day? No! we concede his right to do it; we admire his mature judgment in selling out of a worked-out mine of iniquity and investing in righteousness, and no man denies, or even doubts, the validity of the transaction. Other people may think as they please, and I suppose I am entitled to the same privilege; therefore, notwithstanding what others may believe, I am of the opinion that a broker can be saved. Mind, I do not say that a broker *will* be saved, or even that is uncommon likely that such a thing will happen—I only say that Lazarus was raised from the dead, the five thousand were fed with twelve loaves of bread, the water was turned into wine, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea dry-shod, and a broker *can* be saved. True, the angel that accomplishes the task may require all eternity to rest himself in, but has that got anything to do with the establishment of the proposition? Does it invalidate it? does it detract from it? I think not. I am aware that this enthusiastic and may-be highly-colored vindication of the brokers may lay me open to suspicion of bribery, but I care not; I am a native of Washoe, and I will stand by anybody that stands by Washoe.

The place where stocks are daily bought and sold is called by interested parties the Hall of the San Francisco Board of Brokers, but by the impartial and disinterested the Den of the Forty Thieves; the latter name is regarded as the most poetic, but the former is considered the most polite. The large room is well stocked with small desks, arranged in semi-circular ranks like the seats of an amphitheatre, and behind these sit the th—the brokers. The portly President, with his gavel of office in his hand, an abundance of whiskers and moustaches on his face, spectacles on nose, an expression of energy and decision on his countenance and an open plaza on his head, sits, with his three clerks, in a pulpit at the head of the hall, flanked on either hand by two large cases, with glass doors, containing mineralogical specimens from Washoe and California mines—the emblems of the traffic. Facing the President, at the opposite end of the hall, is a blackboard, whereon is written in accusing capitals, "John Smith delinquent to John Jones, $1,550; William Brown delinquent to Jonas White, $475!" You might think brokers wouldn't mind that, maybe, but they do; a delinquent loses caste, and that touches his fine moral sensibilities—and he is suspended from active membership for the time being, and even expelled if his delinquency savors of blundering and ungraceful rascality—a thing which the Board cannot abide—and this inflicts exquisite pain upon the delicate nerves and tissues of his pocket, now when a seat in the Den is worth twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, and in brisker times even three thousand.

The session of the Board being duly opened, the roll is rapidly called, the members present responding, and the absentees being noted by the clerks for fines:

"Ackerman, (Here!) Adams, Atchison, (Here!) Babcock, Bocock, (Here!) Badger, Blitzen, Bulger, Buncombe, (Here!) Caxton, (Here!) Cobbler, Crowder, Clutterbuck, (Here!) Dashaway, Dilsou, Dodson, Dummy (Here!)"—and so on, the place becoming lively and animated, and the members sharpening their pencils, disposing their printed stock-lists before them, and getting ready for a sowing of unrighteousness and a harvest of sin.

In a few moments the roll-call was finished, the pencils all sharpened, and the brokers prepared for business—some with a leg thrown negligently over the arms of their chairs, some tilted back comfortably with their knees against their desks, some sitting half upright and glaring at the President, hungry for the contention to begin—but not a rascal of them tapping his teeth with his pencil—only dreamy, absent-minded people do that.

Then the President called "Ophir!" and after some bidding and counter-bidding, "Gould and Curry!" and a Babel arose—an infernal din and clatter of all kinds and tones of voices, inextricably jumbled together like original chaos, and above it all the following observation by the President pealed out clearly and distinctly, and with a rapidity of enunciation that was amazing:

"Fift'naitassfrwahn fift'nseftfive bifferwahn fift'naitfive botherty!"

I said I believed I would go home. My broker friend who had procured my admission to the Board asked why I wanted to go so soon, and I was obliged to acknowledge to him that I was very unfamiliar with the Kanaka language, and could not understand it at all unless a man spoke it exceedingly slow and deliberately.

"Oh," said he, "sit still; that isn't Kanaka; it's English, but he talks fast and runs one word into another; it is easy SOLD! to understand when you GIVE FIFTEEN-NINETY BUYER TEN NO DEPOSIT! come to get used to it. He always talks so, and sometimes he says THAT'S MINE! JIGGERS SOLD ON SLADDERY'S BID! his words so fast that even some of the members cannot comprehend them readily. Now what he said then was NO SIR! I DIDN'T SAY BUYER THIRTY, I SAID REGULAR WAY! 'Fifteen-eighty, (meaning fifteen hundred and eighty dollars,) asked for one, (one foot,) fifteen-seventy-five bid for one, fifteen-eighty-five buyer thirty,' (thirty days' time on the payment,) 'TWASN'T MY BID, IT WAS SWIGGINS TO BABCOCK! and he was repeating the bids and offers of the members after them as fast as they were made. I'LL TAKE IT, CASH!"

I felt relieved, but not enlightened. My broker's explanation had got so many strange and incomprehensible interpolations sandwiched into it that I began to look around for a suitable person to translate that for me also, when it occurred to me that those interpolations were bids, offers, etc., which he had been throwing out to the assembled brokers while he was talking to me. It was all clear, then, so I have put his side-remarks in small capitals so that they may be clear to the reader likewise, and show that they have no connection with the subject matter of my friend's discourse.

And all this time, the clatter of voices had been going on. And while the storm of ejaculations hurtled about their heads, these brokers sat calmly in their several easy attitudes, but when a sale was made—when, in answer to some particularly liberal bid, somebody sung out "SOLD!" down came legs from the arms of chairs, down came knees propped against desks, forward shot the heads of the whole tribe with one accord, and away went the long ranks of pencils dancing over the paper! The sale duly recorded by all, the heads, the legs and the knees came up again, and the negligent attitudes were resumed once more.

The din moderated now, somewhat, and for awhile only a random and desultory fire was kept up as the President drifted down the stock-list, calling at intervals, "Savage!" "Uncle Sam!" "Chollar!" "Potosi!" "Hale and Norcross!" "Imperial!" "Sierra Nevada!" "Daney!" the monotony being broken and the uncomfortable attitudes demolished, now and then, by a lucky chance-shot that went to the mark and made a sale. But when the old gentleman called "Burning Moscow!" you should have seen the fiends wake up! you should have heard the racket! you should have been there to behold the metaphorical bull in the China shop! The President's voice and his mallet went into active service, then, and mingled their noise with the clamors of the mob. The members thus:

"Sell ten forty-five cash!" "Give forty-three for ten, regular way!" "Give forty-one cash for any part fifty!" "Twenty thirty-eight seller sixty!" "Give forty-four for ten buyer thirty!" "SOLD!" (Down with your legs again, forward with your heads, and out with your pencils!) "Sell ten forty-three cash!" "Sold!" Then from every part of the house a din like this: "Ten more!" "Sold!" "Ten more!" "Sold!" "Ten more!" "Sold!" "Ten more!" "Sold!" "Ten—"

President (rap with his gavel)—Silence! Orfuplease, (order if you please,) gentlemen! Higgins ten to Smithers—Dodson ten to Snodgrass—"

Billson—"No, sir! Billson ten to Snodgrass! It was me that sold 'em, sir!"

Dodson—"I didn't sell, sir, I bought—Jiggers ten to Dodson!"

President—"Billson ten to Snodgrass—Jiggers ten to Dodson—Slushbuster ten to Bladders—Simpson ten to Blivens—Guttersnipe ten to Hogwash—aw-right! go on!"

And they did go on, hotter and heavier than ever. And as they yelled their terms, the President repeated after them—the words flowing in a continuous stream from his mouth with inconceivable rapidity, and melting and mingling together like bottle-glass and cinders after a conflagration:

"Fortwahnasscash fortray bidbortenn fortsix botherty fortsevnoffsetherty fortfourbiffertenn—(smash! with the gavel) whasthat?—aw right! fortfive offranparfortbotherty nodeposit fortfivenaf botherty bid fortsix biglerway!"

Which, translated, means: "Forty-one asked, cash; forty-three bid, buyer ten; forty-six, buyer thirty; forty-seven offered, seller thirty; forty-four bid for ten—(pause)—What's that? All right—forty-five offered for any part of forty, buyer thirty, no deposit; forty-five and a half, buyer thirty, bid; forty-six bid, regular way!"

And I found out that a "Bull" is a broker who raises the market-price of a stock by every means in his power, and a "Bear" is one who depresses it; that "cash" means that the stock must be delivered and paid for immediately—that is, before the banks close; that "regular way" means that delivery of the stock and payment must be made within two days; that it is the seller who "offers" stock, and the buyer who "bids" for it; that "buyer ten, thirty," or whatever the specified number may be, signifies the number of days the purchaser is allowed in which to call for the stock, receive it and pay for it, and it implies also that he must deposit in somebody's hands a fifth part of the price of the stock purchased, to be forfeited to the seller in case the full payment is not made within the time set—full payment must be made, though, notwithstanding the forfeit, or the broker loses his seat if the seller makes complaint to the Board within forty-eight hours after the occurrence of the delinquency; that when the words "no deposit" are added to "buyer thirty," they imply that the twenty per cent. deposit is not to be made, of course; that "seller thirty" means that any time the seller chooses, during the thirty days, he can present the stock to the buyer and demand payment—the seller generally selling at a figure below the market rate, in the hope that before his time is up a depression may occur that will enable him to pick up the stock at half price and deliver it—and the buyer taking chances on a great advance, within the month, that will accrue to his profit. Think of one of these adventurous "seller thirty's" "selling short," at thirty dollars a foot, several feet of a stock that was all corralled and withdrawn from the market within a fortnight and went to about fifteen hundred! It is not worth while to mention names—I suppose you remember the circumstance.

But I digress. Sometimes on the "second call" of stocks—that is, after the list has been gone through with in regular order, and the members are privileged to call up any stock they please—strategy is driven to the utmost limit by the friends of some pet wildcat or other, to effect sales of it to disinterested parties. The seller "offers" at a high figure, and the "bidder" responds with a low one; then the former comes warily down a dollar at a time, and the latter approaches him from below at about the same rate; they come nearer and nearer, skirmish a little in close proximity, get to a point where another bid or another offer would commit the parties to a sale, and then in the imminence of the impending event the seller hesitates a second and is silent. But behold! as has been said of Woman, "The Broker that hesitates is lost!" The nervous and impatient President can brook no silence, no delay, and calls out: "Awstock?" (Any other stock?) Somebody yells "Burning Moscow!" and the tender wildcat, almost born, miscarries. Or perhaps the skirmishers fight shyly up to each other, counter and cross-counter, feint and parry, back and fill, and finally clinch a sale in the centre—the bidder is bitten, a smile flits from face to face, down come the legs, forward the ranks of heads, the pencils charge on the stock-lists, and the neat transaction is recorded with a rare gusto.

But twelve pages of foolscap are warning me to cut this thrilling sketch short, notwithstanding it is only half finished. However, I cannot leave the subject without saying I was agreeably disappointed in those brokers; I expected to see a set of villains with the signs of total depravity hung out all over them, but now I am satisfied there is some good in them; that they are not entirely and irredeemably bad; and I have been told by a friend, whose judgment I respect, that they are not any more unprincipled than they look. This was said by a man who would scorn to stoop to flattery. At the same time, though, as I scanned the faces assembled in that hall, I could not help imagining I could see old St. Peter admitting that band of Bulls and Bears into Paradise—see him standing by the half-open gate with his ponderous key pressed thoughtfully against his nose, and his head canted critically to one side, as he looks after them tramping down the gold-paved avenue, and mutters to himself: "Well, *you're* a nice lot, any way! Humph! I think you'll find it sort of lonesome in heaven, for if my judgment is sound, you'll not find a good many of *your* stripe in there!"

MARK TWAIN.

TO THE CHARITABLE.—There are many noble institutions of charity in our midst, but none more entitled to veneration than the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. From the time of its foundation by the devout Christian whose name it bears, to the present, the good works of the society have been felt and appreciated. During the two years of its existence in San Francisco, no less than one thousand destitute persons have been relieved by it. Although it is professedly an auxiliary to the Catholic Church, yet its charity is not sectarian in its character—no distinctions of creed or nationality ever enter into its consideration for those who need relief. The orphan is provided for, the widow is comforted, and the sick one placed under good medical care and attendance. And all these acts are performed without any fund to depend upon—or to have recourse to—only the voluntary contributions of its members and the charitable public. In consequence of the low state of the treasury—in fact, the society is in debt—the members purpose giving a lecture on Friday evening next, at St. Mary's Cathedral, when it is hoped there will be an endorsement by the public of the good works they perform. Rev. Mr. Prendergast, President of the Diocesan College, Mission Dolores, will be the lecturer.

THE CALIFORNIA TEACHER.—We have received the November number of this valuable educational journal, which was accidentally omitted from our exchange list. The *Teacher* contains a noticeable article on "Juvenile Depravity and Public Schools," also an extract from the address of Dr. Bellows, delivered at the dedication of the Bush-street Grammar Schools.

SPRING.

(WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.)

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraiso,
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of those said birds arouso
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests: themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court!
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, the coming Spring!

THE GLACIERS OF OLD.

OUR geologists have, indeed, all accepted the idea that somewhere about the time when glaciers existed to an immense extent over the greater part of the world, icebergs floated in chill seas, and cast adrift their burdens of rocks and stones over what had been and were soon again to be the sunny meadows and green forestland of England. There are many reasons for believing, too, that the gravels which border so many of our rivers, such as the Thames, the Ouse, etc., were laid down under the influence of ice. The large stones and great blocks so often found in those gravels are far too big ever to have been carried down by the mere force of the river itself, even if we suppose them to have been far more rapid and turbulent than now. It is probable that the whole of the gravel was deposited by the means of ground ice, very much in the same way that some northern rivers are at the present day carrying down masses of gravel that they could hardly have moved had they been limpid streams. There are several other features, too, which suggest the idea of ice, and which, therefore, have led many geologists to suppose that these gravels were laid down at a time when the fiercer cold that had gloried in glaciers and icebergs was changing into our milder climate. What a terrible picture these facts open up to us, especially when we remember that all these things took place after the last geological stratum, so to speak, had been laid down, when the land had very nearly assumed its present surface. We see a land of genial, if not of tropical warmth, abounding in life, gradually clothed with snow, and mists, and ice. We see all its life fading away, as it sinks beneath the water, and the icebergs drift over it in a silence unbroken save by the voice of the sea and the noise of the grinding and splitting ice. We see the land rising again, but still clothed with ice, with the glaciers ploughing over it, and no sign of life save a few scattered arctic beasts on its wastes, and a few aretic shells on the shore. We still see, with returning warmth, the glaciers retreating up the hills, but the plains still often snow-clad and its rivers ice-bound, while an elephant and a rhinoceros, clad for warmth in wool, a reindeer, and other northern beasts, roam over it in search of a scanty livelihood. We see the land still warmer, so that a hardy hippopotamus can wallow in its rivers, and a bear and a hyena live in its caves, until the advent of other kinds, and of man himself, drives them out of the way. We see all these things, if any faith is to be placed in the meaning of stones laid on the earth, and of bones buried in the soil. But how came it to pass that such a season of ice—such a glacial epoch, as it is called—intervened between a former and a latter warmth? Did the earth, as it, together with the solar system, glides through the infinite regions of space, come into some colder spot? Or is the heat that the sun, our great source of warmth, gives out, not always constant, and was it then less than usual? Or did some varying arrangement of sea and land alternately chill and warm different parts of the globe, just as the Gulf Stream, by geographical circumstances, now gives our island a happy temperature above that of many places on the same parallel? Or was it brought about in some other way?—for all these hypotheses are choked with great difficulties. Very recently an attempt has been made to show what appears at first sight a paradox, that this ice-time was really due, not to cold, but to heat, and to connect it with the theory of the earth being a cooled mass of molten stuff with a lesseniug central fire.

AFTER DICKENS.—"Mercutio," dramatic critic of the New York *Albion*, in a review of a new dramatization of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, says: "Mr. Dickens, without being a quack, is to some extent, a false artist. He is not, indeed, to be condemned as an adherent of the butterfly creed. Nature has given him genius, and a large, warm heart, and a powerful intellect. But there is a taint in his art—a superficial defect, if you please, but not less a defect. Whether naturally or by design, he avails himself of emphasis. He exaggerates everything. It is only an under-tone of truth that lifts his novels above the level of mere caricature. Herein consists the inferiority of those novels as compared with the works of Thackeray. Yet Mr. Dickens himself tells us—in his touching "*In memoriam*" paper on the death of the great humorist—that he was wont, now and then, to lecture Thackeray for undervaluing the novelist's art: and he adds, with charming ingenuousness, that Thackeray used, thereupon, to thrust his hands in his hair, and stamp about the room, laughing, and refusing to argue the point. What other expedient was left to the perfect artist, when reproved by a writer who can scarcely describe a long nose without making it three feet in length?

"This element of exaggeration in the stories of Mr. Dickens has, however, in large degree, occasioned their popularity. Such personages as Quilp, Dick Swiveller, Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby, Mantallini, Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, Cuttle, Toots, Mrs. F.'s Aunt—and others—impress even the dullest imagination, by their utter extravagance, and linger in the memory as common eccentricities. There is a germ of nature in each, it is true; but that is rarely considered by the multitude of readers. The strength and beauty of the novelist's genius, revealed in delicate touches of thought, pathos, humor, and sentiment, are fully estimated only by the careful student of his works, whom exaggeration can neither blind nor mislead. His wide popularity, meanwhile, is due to his effective use of emphasis."

HOW SACRED CATTLE ARE TREATED.—Col. Campbell, in his *Indian Journal*, thus tells of the affectionate way in which the "mild Hindoo" treats his beast of burden: He worshipped that blessed animal. Before starting on the journey that caused its death, he consecrated his house by sprinkling its floors and door-posts with water in which a quantity of the animal's dung had been mixed; he concluded his morning devotion by smearing his breast and forehead with sacred ashes prepared from the same substance; und, thanking God that he is a good Hindoo, he lays upon the back of his half-starved bullock a load sufficient for a camel, and goes on his way rejoicing. He reaches the foot of the mountain-pass, and the over-laden bullock, already tottering with fatigue, commences his toilsome ascent. By dint of a vigorous application of the goad, the first mile is accomplished; but here the strength of the poor brute fails, and, sick and bleeding, it lies down to rest. The good Hindoo assails the object of his worship with kicks and curses, and by twisting its tail till the joints crack he succeeds in getting it once more upon its legs. Another half-mile is accomplished; but nature again fails, and again the overtasked brute sinks under its load. Kicks and blows are once more resorted to, and the tail is twisted with savage energy till each individual joint is dislocated or broken; the patient brute only replies with deep groans. The devout Hindoo is at his wit's end; and in the extremity of his wrath he even dares to curse the Brahmin bull that begat this unsainted bullock. He fumbles in his pouch and discovers a fresh chili. A gleam of hope lights up his swarthy features; he cuts the chili in two, and squeezes the pungent juice into the eyes of the fainting animal (this Col. Campbell says he has seen done.) The tortured brute, bellowing with pain, makes a last expiring effort; he regains his feet, staggers on another half-mile, and sinks to rise no more.

"It was his fate," remarks the self-satisfied Hindoo, as he leisurely unstraps the heavy burthen from the back of the dying brute, and distributes it among the other bullocks of the drove. And, satisfied that he has done his duty towards the sacred animal, because he refrains from cutting its throat, and leaves it to die a *natural* death, he proceeds on his journey, giving thanks to Vishnoo that he is not a slayer of oxen like the accursed Kaffirs, whose beards he defiles.

Perhaps, after all, the Hindoo might retort with an ugly question or two as to who it was that impressed or bribed him and his demigod into, possibly, an involuntary service.

STAND UP, SQUIRE.—Deacon N., an honest old codger, a kind neighbor and a good Christian, believed in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but, lackaday! the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly mellow, and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty he reached his pew aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister and the village squire. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them, and he hoped they would listen attentively, and not flinch if he happened to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to see their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question, "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N., his face red from the frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up and replied in a trembling, piping voice, "Here I am."

Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response. However, the parson went on, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and closed by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would hope for salvation and flee from the wrath to come. "And now," asked the preacher, in his loudest tones, "Where is the hypocrite?"

A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the glances seemed to be chiefly directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over his pew to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him: "Come, squire, why don't you get up? I did when he called on me."

A SINKING STATE.—The most dangerous enemies of the soil of Florida are what its inhabitants call "Sinks." Those absorptions of the earth, though on a small scale, are, in fact, so numerous, that one may almost ask: "Is Florida slipping between the fingers of both Federals and Confederates?" and will she ultimately—like those high mountains of the Andes during the earthquake of Chile in 1646—vanish entirely from the surface of the earth? All over the country I found, when in that sinking State, sinks of all sizes, forms and ages. Some are slight, saucer-like depressions, others, still deeper, like basins, of from twenty to eighty yards across; or only uneven slopes and hollows, which would pass unnoticed were not one informed that the land just there had been "sinking" since such a time; or that an old inhabitant remembered a dead level where now there are various dells crowded with vegetation. Sometimes—and these are the most remarkable—the sinks are round and even, like wells, which, indeed, one might suppose them to be, so regular and perpendicular are their walls. Some of these are formed suddenly, during or after heavy rains, and are the result of one storm. They are sunk, perhaps, in an hour, in a night, without sign or warning; in the middle of the road, of a garden, or it may be a cattle pen. On one plantation I know of several such sinks. One is about thirty feet deep, and eight or nine across; another is twenty feet deep, and about four across the mouth. Sometimes it is not possible to distinguish the real bottom of the sink, for after the soil has been washed down to a certain distance, leaving a smooth regular hole, jagged rocks are laid bare, and the opening to a subterranean passage, it may be of vast length and depth, is exposed.—*All the Year Round.*

A LADY wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady.

"Oh, you're a jewel!" said she.

"Oh, no," replied he, "I'm a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

THE PEER AND THE PUGILIST.—An anecdote is told of the Honorable and Reverend Fitzroy Stanhope, which reflects credit on his head and heart, for by his tact and good humor he got his elder brother, when Lord Petersham, out of a serious family scrape. Their mother, the Countess of Harrington, was a most amiable lady, with perhaps too much stiffness of character for the youth of her day, and as she was the essence of propriety and refined manners, she naturally looked for those qualities in all her relatives, especially those nearest and dearest to her. Punctuality was also a great feature in her ladyship's character. Upon one occasion, when Lord Petersham had requested that breakfast might be on the table at an earlier hour than usual, the Countess was ready to do the honors, but her son was not present. In a few minutes the groom of the chambers informed his mistress that a gentleman had driven up to the door having an appointment with Lord Petersham. "Request the gentleman to walk in," said her ladyship; "he has probably come to breakfast, for I know his lordship is going a few miles out of town." The servant looked "taken aback," but, attentive to his orders, shortly returned, followed by the "gentleman," whose appearance and equipage had created no little sensation in the porter's hall. "What name shall I announce?" asked the servant. "Oh, a friend of Lord Petersham's, Mr. ——." Before the word was uttered the Countess came forward and apologized to the new-comer for the rudeness of her son in not being ready, adding that perhaps he would like some breakfast. "Thank you, my lady," responded the unknown, "I should like a little, for I have had a long drive this morning." The lady sat down, as did her guest, when the former tried to ascertain the calling of her visitor, who, she fancied, from his remarks, was connected in some humble capacity with the army, more especially when he alluded to the commissariat department. The equivoques that took place would furnish materials for a screaming farce; at length the Countess began to get impatient at the non-appearance of her son, and rang the bell. "What is the hour by St. James's Chapel?" (Harrington House was at that time in the Stable Yard, St. James's.) "Nine o'clock, my lady." At this piece of information the stranger rose abruptly from his chair, dropped the beautiful china cup and saucer from his hands, and exclaimed, "Then I'm blessed if we sha'n't be late for the fight, for it's to come off at half-past ten!" At this moment Lord Petersham, accompanied by the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, entered, and at once saw the state of things. The Countess had sat down to breakfast with Mr. William, commonly called "Bill Gibbons," the commissary-general of the P. C., or Pugilistic Club. Lord Petersham had hurried his friend away, leaving his brother to explain matters and to make all smooth. This he accomplished with so much tact, good humor and kindheartedness, that the Countess was soon appeased, and felt tenfold more delighted when, upon the return of her first-born, she heard from him that his first appearance at Monlsey Hurst would be his last. Lord Petersham was too refined a gentleman to take pleasure in pugilistic encounters, then so much patronized by the higher classes, and had only attended on the above occasion to see for himself what a fight really was.

FAILING EYESIGHT.—When the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favored as much as possible. This can be done—1. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page or sewing obliquely over the shoulder. 2. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light, or before sunrise or after sunset. 3. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast. 4. By resting them for half a moment or so while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects, by looking at things at a distance, or in the sky; relief is immediately felt in so doing. 5. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or the corners of the eyes with the finger nails; rather moisten it with the saliva and rub it away with the nail of the finger. 6. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids toward the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostrils from each inner corner of the eye, which canal tends to close up, in consequence of the slightest inflammation, which attends weakness of the eye. 7. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to keep any excess of blood from the other end of the body. 8. Use eye-glasses at first, carried in the vest pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble; whereas, if common spectacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save trouble, the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose. 9. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water be used, let it be flapped against the closed eye with the fingers of the right hand, not striking hard against the balls of the eye. But it would seem a better plan to open the eye in pure blood-warm water, because warm water is more penetrating than cold; it dissolves more rapidly and readily any hardened matter that may be about the lids, and is more soothing and more natural. 10. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

AN ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.—A Virginia circuit preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book," (holding up an old, and evidently much read Bible,) "dat I'm gwine *to do*. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' *troo* it 'longs to GOD—jumpin' *at* it, 'longs to *me*."

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

NOTT'S COURTSHIP.

AWAY down East, in the State of Maine, Miss Amanda Mann was married to Mr. A. R. Nott, after a brief courtship, of which the following correspondence was the most original part:

NOTT TO AMANDA.

"Oh, that I could prevail, my fair, that we unite our lot!
Oh, take a man, Amanda Mann, and tie a 'double knot.'

"Your coldness drives me to despair—what shall I do? ah, what?
For you I'm growing thin and spare—for you I'm a 'pino Nott!'

"If I should hear that you had died, 'twould kill me on the spot—
Yet only yesterday I cried, 'Ah! would that she were Nott!'

"The chords and tendrils of my heart around thee fondly twine—
Amanda! heal this aching smart! Amanda, oh, be mine!

"These very terms, as I opine, suggest united lots—
Lot's tie, then, dear, these cords and twine in hymeneal knots."

MISS AMANDA MANN'S REPLY.

"This life, we know, is but a span, hence I have been afraid
That I should still remain A Mann, and die at last—a maid.

"And often to myself I say, on looking round, I find
There's Nott, a man in every way just suited to my mind.

"I fain would whisper him apart, he'd make me bless'd for life—
If he would take me to his heart, and make A. Mann a wife.

"Love not, my mother often says; and so, too, says the song—
I'll heed the hint in future days, and love Nott well and long.

"Then, oh! let Hymen on the spot, his chain around me throw,
And bind me in a lasting knot, tied with a single beau."

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

FROM an account in an English magazine of a trip to a Swiss village called St. Gingo we extract the followiug descriptiou of "A Chamber of Horrors": "Not long after I took the chateau, an old servant who had lived there many years with its former tenant, a German Count, directed my attention to a wall of great thickness exteuding from the end of a small bed-room, about forty feet from the ground. According to him, the German nobleman had always slept in that chamber, which he allowed no one to enter, save iu his presence. On himself it appeared to produce a strange effect, since, according to the servants, he always shuddered on passing the doorway, while his countenance assumed a sadder expression than ordinary. Whether, had the opportunity been offered him, he would, before his death, have lifted the veil from the chamber's mystery, the old domestic could not say, for he died suddenly of apoplexy, without leaving behind him, in writing, any cluo to what had so long perplexed his dependants. When viewed from the court below, the ancient wall in a level with the chamber seemed to be built of large, loose stones, between the interstices of which swallows passed in and out. My curiosity being strongly excited, I went for a couple of workmen, and ordered them to make a perforation in the wall from the bed chamber; but on taking down the painted canvas with which it was covered, this proved to be altogether unnecessary, since behind it there was a small door, which, on being pushed, swung back on its hings. Before proceeding any farther I dismissed the workmen, and ordering a candle to be brought, for the chamber was pitch dark, entered alone. The air, close and heavy, was impregnated, as I thought, with the odor of decayed animal substauces, which immediately proved to be the case. Before me, on an antiqnated bed, lay the body of a woman, shrivelled to a mummy, dressed in the forgotten fashion of a former age, with rings on its fingers, a necklace about the neck, and long pins of gold thrust through the hair. All around the body the bed-clothes exhibited stains of blood. On one side of the bed I observed a dark coffer. worm-eaten, covered with dust, on lifting the lid of which, I saw the body of a man, with a poignard, which had probably passed through the heart, still stickiug in it. The clenched hands lay one by the side, the other across the breast. A slouching hat with a feather covered part of the face; the dress was gorgeous, and the boots, apparently not at all decayed, intimated that the corpse was that of a military man. I called in the butler, showed him the contents of the chamber, and then inquired the age of the German Count. 'He must,' the man replied, 'have been something over 80.' 'Is there no tradition among the peasants,' I asked, 'about the doings of the inmates of this chateau before your time?' 'It is only said,' he replied, 'that for some years there was great feasting and merriment, with a perpetual succession of guests, who hunted iu the neighborhood, sailed iu pleasure barges on the lake, made excursions among the Alps, and kept all the adjacent towns alive with their mirth and extravagance. On a sudden this ceased; the Count dismissed nearly all his domestics, retaining only my father and two other men, while, thenceforward, no woman was ever permitted to enter the chateau. There were no children, and the lady was reported to have returned to her relations in Germany.' 'To these facts,' I observed, 'we have the key now before us. There lies the Count's lady, and here the paramour for whose sake she was slain.'"

A CURIOUS STORY.—The *Gazetta de Venezia* is answerable for the following story: About a mile from Cavarzere the Marquis Platis has some land, part of which he wanted to turn iuto a rice-field. In order to get the necessary humidity for the soil enclosed, a stream of water was secured from the river Adige by means of a cylindrical syphon forty-five metres long with seven metres of ascensional elevation, and a diameter of forty centimetres. It worked well whenever required to do so, and such was exactly the case on the 5th of August, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I repeat the time because I find it stated in the official organ of Venice, which must have its Austrian reasons for being so very particular. Well, while the arched water-carrier was thus on duty, three boys were bathing in the river, when lo! one of them, Giovanni Boetio di Angela, twelve years old, a broad-shouldered lad, was seen to disappear suddenly. His fellow-urchins, (who were not otherwise described, from their being, I guess, too small to be sucked in by either the syphon or the *Gazetta*,) seeing him gone, began to cry and hallo most pitifully, when who should reappear upon the bank but Angela himself, singing cheerfully, the syphon having given him up all right on the rice-field.

MANNERS TO MEND.

THE age, there is no use in denying the fact, is a tame one; or at least to us, contrasting it with the last, it seems so. *Chi va piano va sano* is our motto. Voltaire told the world a hundred years ago that virtue had fled from the human heart and taken refuge on the lips. However this may be, it is certain that vice now-a-days wears a clean shirt, (often with malachite studs in it,) and is very particular about brushing its teeth and paring its nails. A wicked man blushes to wear his heart upon his sleeve. The profligate man in this era would be ashamed to be seen in the Haymarket. He shudders at the stories his elders tell about the "finish" and the saloons of the theatres. He would be unutterably shocked were he caught by the police in a back room in Jermyn street punting at chicken-hazard. Druukenness he scorns as a vice peculiar to the lower orders. Cool drinks and cigar-smoking, conducive as they are to slow sipping and deliberate emission of vapor rings, have quietly put an end to duelling. An insulted man chews the cud of his wrong, and takes a slow polite vengeance by genteelly defaming his enemy out-of-doors, or slandering his neighbor's wife, or buying up his bills, or criticising his works, You must not horsewhip a man now-a-days. He will have you up to Bow street, and you will be sent to jail. If you kick an insolent cad, you are considered little better than a garotter, and treated accordingly. You must uot post him as a liar or a coward. If you do, he will have the law of you, and you will be cast in heavy damages. If you wish to throw vitriol over anybody, or to exhibit *aqua tofana* to a few of whom you wish to be rid, you must fling your missile from rouud the corner, and administer your poison in private.

If a Colonel Charteris of our time were to be convicted at the Old Bailey of such a crime as that he was actually tried for, he would be as completely abandoned by his aristocratic acquaintances as the luckless William Roupell was lately repudiated by the politicians who sat by his side in the House of Commons and dined with him at the Pall-Mall clubs. He is not the "thing"—it is a "bad form" to recognize a man who has been found guilty by a jury of his countrymen. Yet dukes and marquises, and earls and baronets came forward to save Charteris from the rope he so richly deserved. He was a degraded, brutal sensualist; but he was a man of fashion, and enormously wealthy. Iu the present temper of society it is a matter of congratulation that neither his wealth nor his fashion would shield him from opprobrium and ostracism. I don't say that there are no Charterises at present; but they keep under cover. In the beginning of the present century the hackney-coachmen on the Piccadilly stand used to earn a handsome revenue by letting out the roof of their vehicles to amateurs, who, from those points of vantage, were able to take sly peeps at the orgies going on in the saloons of Queensberry House. "Old Q.," (the estimable Duke who used to wear raw beefsteaks in his nightcaps to induce a rosy complexion, and whose Tokay, at the sale after his death, fetched a hundred guineas a dozen,) did not care for concealment. *En grand seigneur*, he was as naughty as ever he chose, and made open parade of his naughtiness. He disdained even the demijeur of Venetian blinds. He was wicked in the broad daylight; and when the shades of evening came, set his state chambers all ablaze with light, that all London might be spectators of his scandalousness. But the existing generation would not tolerate "old Q." His goings-on would be voted *mauvais-ton*. When he flourished, the town only laughed at the disgraceful stories about him. Now they would shudder and turn pale. As with a Queensberry, so with a Lord Baltimore. Sir Charles Hanbury William's coarse verses would fail to make him a favorite in Pall-Mall. He would probably be expelled his club for ungentlemanly conduct. The spectacle of the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan boozing over his bottle at Bellamy's, or reeling out of White's at three in the morning drunk, would not be regarded as a humorous spectacle. People would protest against the scandal created by such a "degraded creature." But it was not the fashion to be angry with such things in our grandmothers' days. If Mr. Pitt came tipsy iuto the house, or a fashionable countess compromised herself with the Prince Regent, or a marchioness was detected cheating at cards, the *esclandre* was deemed to have met with sufficient castigation if Mr. Gillray the caricaturist issned a colored etching on the event from Mrs. Humphrey's shop in St. James' street. Now that we are virtuous, and hide our heads behind the cupboard-door when we wish to indulge in cakes or ale, or are desirous that ginger should be hot in the mouth, Mr. Pitt's extra magnum, the countess' *faux pas*, and the marchioness' card-sharping, would be dilated upon in awfully indignant leaders in the penny papers. Go and look at Gillray's caricatures of "Wouski," of "Black Jack's delight," of "Faro's daughters," and you will see that dissipation the most flagrant and depravity the most invcterate were regarded in the good old times only as merry and convivial jests.—*G. A. Sala.*

ONE OF MR. SALA'S ANECDOTES.—"I remember a story of a certain comedian, by the name of Walsh, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. This gentleman never rose higher in his profession than to enact those useful but humble individuals in livery who announce the arrival of visitors to the principal personages in the drama One evening, a great tragedian being on the stage, it was Mr. Walsh's duty to come on, attired in plush, and say, 'My Lord, the coach is at the door.' This, being all that was laid down for him, he said: but, directly afterwards advancing to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, he continued with much animatiou, 'And allow me to add that the man who lifts his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton.' This sentiment brought down a tornado of applause, but on retiring from the stage the actor was pounced upon by the great tragedian and asked how he had dared to overstep the limits assigned to him. 'I'm very sorry,' quoth Mr. Walsh, 'but it's my benefit next Monday, and I've got to conciliate the audicuce, as well as you, Mr. Macready.'"

TWO STORIES FROM JULES JANIN.—M. Jules Janin, in a volume entitled *Les Oiseaux Bleus*, tells a good story of a general of the Capuchins who happened to enter Paris, on a mission from the Pope, on the same day that the King of France was expected in his capital, and mistook the ovation to the monarch for one to himself The streets were thronged, banners waved, bells rang, all was joy and festivity. "Ah!" murmured the good father at each step of his progress, "it is too great an honor for a poor soul like me!" As he advanced, the decorations grew more and more gorgeous — choice tapestry draped the houses, and a fountain of Burgundy played in the street, from which a Naiad filled him a foaming goblet. "Ah!" murmured the good father still, "what honor they pay me; what happiness!" At last he reached the Hotel de Ville, where the Court was stationed resplendent with diamonds and lace, and where the Archbishop of Paris was descried in full dress, surrounded by his clergy. Cries of "There he is! there he is!" burst from the assembled multitudes; the cannon roared, fireworks blazed, and, to crown all, an angel with flaming wings descended from a cloud, torch in hand, and lighted a fragrant bonfire of cedar and incense. "Ah!" cried the general of the Capuchins, "it is too much!" In an instant all became quiet; the pageant had vanished. The King had re-entered his palace at Versailles, the angel retired into his cloud, and the general of Capuchins entered the great Capuchin monastery, where he was secretly rather surprised to find that not a single Capuchin expected him. The pendant to this anecdote of priestly vanity is even better. Piron, the poet and wit, tired one day with a country ramble, sat down to rest on a bank of turf. Just as he was congratulating himself on his temporary escape from the fatigues of notoriety, and dilating rapturously ou the simple delights of the country, a farmer passed, and made him a profound bow. He had not sat long before a handsome peasant girl approached, and laid a bouquet of fresh hawthorn on the bank where he sat. Next, two well-known Parisian ladies passed, and, rising erect in their carriage, turned towards Piron, making the sign of the cross. Finally, a brilliant young colonel of the Royal Guard passed at the head of his troop, and, as they went by, the whole squadron presented arms. Overwhelmed by this last proof of the seemingly unusual homage to his genius, Piron rapturously declared that, after what had happened to him that day, nothing could hereafter astonish him. He was not, therefore, at all astonished to see a Knight of St. Louis, with white hair and naked head, and a brow seamed with scars, kneeling at his feet. But he rose abashed, and, with a bow, went his way. Had he looked behind, a cruel surprise awaited him, which is best conveyed in M. Janin's own language: "All these things had Piron seen with his own eyes. Only he had not seen, above the old beech-tree, in a natural niche which the rain and time had hollowed, an image of our Lady of Auteuil, a holy image brought from Rome as a present to his sister the Canoness by the Cardinal De Teucin, an image which worked miracles. Seated at the foot of this image, he had taken to himself all these acts of devotion."

MYSTERIES OF THE AIR.—Let a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and the whole world is at war; give it to Fenelon, and he shall so manage it with his tongue that there shall be everywhere peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion. If we could live without air, we would not talk, or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun in a black sky—sunshine mingling with thick darkness, and there would be everywhere an awful silence. There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of the air is, of course, densest. Saussure fired a pistol on the summit of Mont Blanc, and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Fulda, three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it, and the noise it makes in its defence will be like the firing off of a park of cannon. It goes down among the dense air, and it reverberates. When a man speaks, he strikes the air with his throat and mouth as the stone strikes water, and from his tongue, as from the stone, spread undulating circles with immense rapidity. Those circles may be checked and beaten back in their course, as it is with the waves of a sound made by a stone tumbling down a well, beaten back and furiously multiplied. At the caste of Simonotti, near Milan, one low note of music begets a concert; for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a sound just as light is, and may be brought quite the same way to a focus.

A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agirigentum, in Sicily. The architect—perhaps intentionally—built several confessionals of an elliptical form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which, whoever stood, heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprung up in town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it; at last, by chance, a discovery was made of the tale-telling tones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

FORTY-NINE YEARS IN BED.—An English paper, the Doncaster *Gazette*, in announcing the death of William Sharpe, at Werlds, says that he went to bed in 1807, and never got out of it till he died there in 1856—a still life of forty-nine years, passed in a chamber scarcely nine feet square, the window of which had not been raised for the last thirty-eight years—and passed uninterruptedly in bed. When he was thirty he went one bright morning to the church to be married. His affianced came not—her father having an invincible repugnance to Mr. Sharpe as a son-in-law. The mortified groom went home, undressed, got into bed, pulled the blankets over his head and for forty-nine years obstinately refused to get up and clothe himself and go to work. It is remarkable that he was never at all seriously ill during this marvellously protracted incubation over his shame. He was sick for but a week before his death. His body was perfectly sound, in spite of his great age, and great abuse.

NOTES OF MINES AND MINERALOGY.

Extraction of Auriferous Silver out of Ores in the Liquid Way.—When ores contain alloys of gold and silver, the ordinary modes of extraction in the liquid way, give very unsatisfactory results, the yield being always too low. Even the hyposulphites, of which such excellent use is made in extracting silver, leave a considerable portion of the gold undissolved. It is found necessary to apply first Augustiu's or Ziervogel's methods to extract the silver, and then Plattner's method to obtain the gold, or the converse; but in every case both gold and silver remain in the residue, and it is necessary to repeat the operation or to concentrate the residue by smelting. The explanation of this is, that none of the solvents used hitherto are capable of dissolving simultaneously the gold and silver, and there is always formed on the surface of the alloy a film insoluble in the agent employed. For instance, if chlorine water be used, part of the gold is dissolved, but by the formation of insoluble chloride of silver, a limit to the action is soon reached, and if then the chloride of silver is dissolved in ammonia, common salt, or a hyposulphite, there is soon formed a coating of metallic gold, which protects from action the interior parts of the alloy. The agent proposed for overcoming these difficulties is simply a concentrated solution of common salt saturated with chlorine. The ore is simply roasted and lixiavated with this solvent, which takes out all the gold and silver.

Glaciers and Gold in Nova Scotia.—In a report made to the New York and Nova Scotia Gold Mining Company, Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., after describiug the geological character of the country, makes some interesting remarks on this subject, which we briefly extract: "Over very considerable areas the glacial scouring has been so thorough that nothing whatever is left on the rocks but the grooves and striæ which accompany their polish. For a great part of the whole coast the glacial scratches, or the course of the glacial drift, has been almost at right angles to the strike of the rocks. These facts bear in a most important manuer, it will be seen, upon the occurrence of alluvial gold. If we cousider for a moment the physical and geological featnres just described, it at once becomes evident that the great mass of loose materials which came from the scouring off of the country by glacial action, has gone into the Atlantic oeean, where the gold is safely deposited. Sable Island, which, by Mr. Kingley's map, is distant about one hundred miles from the shore, is a sand-spit, thirty miles long by about half a mile wide, shaped like a bow, and consists entirely of an accumulation of loose white sands. Mr. Campbell, the provincial geologist, informs me that he washed gold from those sands in 1857, and that it was in very small, highly-polished scales, like the fine gold of California."

Mining by Machinery.—Great as has been the progress made in late years in machinery for reducing and treating gold and silver ores, it is only very recently that attention has been given to the working of the mines themselves, by mechanical means. It is at this point of mining that the heavy cost and labor are expended, vastly more than on the ores after they are out. To work the ores is comparatively an easy matter; to prepare the mine, protect it properly and extract the ores, is to the miner an exhaustive toil, to the proprietors often a ruinous expense.

The great interest taken in this matter is shown by the constant discussious of it in the scientific journals, both at home and abroad, by the various inventions lately issned for coal cutting by machinery, the ventilating and timbering of mines, etc., and by the repeated requests for information and descriptions of the means used by the Italian and French engineers for boring and excavating the Mount Cenis tunnel, designed to connect France and Italy by railway. Of all the work the miner has to perform in the mines, the slowest. most costly and laborious is the boring by hand-labor the holes for blasting. Many machines have been devised to do this work, some of great ingenuity, but all, for one cause or another, have in practice been found deficient. There is reason to believe that the difficulties which seemed inherent and insurmountable in machines of this kind have at last been overcome. Among the many useful and clever inventions on view at the Exhibition of the Royal Polytechnic Institution of Cornwall, was the boring machine of Mr. Edward Crease. The inventor has spent some six years in bringing the machine to its present state of perfection, and it is a sufficient proof of its practical value that the judges, after having fully tested its various movements, awarded it a prize medal. It was exhibited under the auspices of the Miner's Association of Cornwall and Devon, and the advantages claimed for it, are its simplicity of construction, the mathematical precision of its movements, and the facility and economy of its working.

Underground operations have hitherto been conducted on the same slow and unchanged system that have been in use since the invention of gunpowder, and it is estimated that the same price is paid and the same time occupied for opening a yard of ground as, with suitable machinery, would be requisite for double or treble the quantity. With good excavating machinery there would be no fear of mining adventurcs being abandoned in despair, after years of anxiety and outlay; nor of miners exhausting one discovery before making another; nor of paying double the valuo for the ore raised—the consequence being that many mines, now languishing, would be paying large profits. The machine of Mr. Crease is described as a pillar fixed to a stand on wheels, intended for a tramroad, and by means of a screw on the top of the pillar it can be screwed to the back of the level, and made as firm as the surrounding rock. On this pillar is a socket, which, with the assistanee of a rack and pinion, can be raised or depressed at pleasure; attached to this socket is another, through which a ronnd hollow bar passes, on the end of which is the machine, (three feet long only,) which works on a slide by means of a screw attached to the self-acting motion. The machine itself is attached to the bar by a swivel-joint, and has a universal motion, to enable it to bore a hole at any angle and in any position it is possible to bore by hand; indeed so thoroughly to command the ground as to enable the operator to take every advantage of the cleavage, so that when the holes are blasted the utmost possible amount of rock should be dislodged. The power required is very small, only a pressure of from fifteen to twenty lbs. per inch—a pressure so small that the power consumed is almost inappreciable when attached to any motive power that may exist on the mine. In the trials made, when worked only with half its estimated power, it bored holes through exceedingly hard granite at the rate of ono inch per minute, and there appears no reason why the speed could not be trebled. Its weight is under fifteen cwt., and no doubt is entertained, by the gentlemen before whom it was exhibited and tested, of its speedy and univeral adoption.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

At Maguire's Opera House on Saturday night a large audience witnessed the second representation of *Hamlet* by Mr. Charles Kean. Beside the merit of Mr. Kean's conception of the character, we must give him the credit of overcoming, to a considerable degree, not only the disadvantages of personating the appearance of youth, but many of the mental qualities that are peculiar to it. The morbid fancies of Hamlet essentially belonged to the poetic era of his life, and would naturally seek interpretation through more youthful voice and action. We were somewhat astonished that such a careful and conscientious reader of Shakspearc, as Mr. Kean evidently appears to be, should have omitted a part of the actiou iu the platform scene on that eveuing. When Hamlet swears his two friends to secrecy and the ghost repeats the adjuration, Mr. Kean and his fellow actors tacitly accepted the phenomena as supernatural. In the text, "Hamlet," still watchful of his secret, and nervously anxious to throw a doubt on the actual existence of the ghost, eudeavors to give the occurrence a natural and material coloring, and speaks jestingly of the spirit as that "old fellow in the cellarage" who "consents to swear," and so moves to another part of the platform, where the adjurations and the explanation are repeated, with Hamlet's simulated wonder that "the old mole" could move "i' the earth so fast." The words, the action and the motive were omitted, which, in a measure, form an explanatory context to Hamlet's singular conduct to his friends after his ghostly interview. Mr. Mayo's ghost—a capital make up—was a trifle too monotonous and passionless; if the buried majesty of Denmark were impelled by a sentiment of revenge to get up in the middle of the night, when the air bit "shrewdly," he might reasonably have displayed some slight acerbity of voice and have exhibited some pardonable indignation. Mayo's idea of a sepulchral voice—disembodied—incorporato as the thin air, was very good, and yet need not have precluded the passion suggested above. The "Laertes" of Cathcart was well done. "Horatio" was worthy of Hamlet's friendship. Mr. Anderson should have made "Polonius" a triflo moro intelligent—the old courtier was the Machiavelli of the Danish Court, and, with the exceptiou of the Grave-digger, the only man of practical sound sense in the kingdom. In regard to the impractical character of the personages in this play an ingenious commentary might be written, suggested by the remark of Hamlet about the teudency of the Danish character to driuk, and wassail, and thus explain a good many inconsistencies which occur in the hero's character, and which might bo pardoned if we were satisfied that Hamlet, to speak profanely, "pressed his Rosenbaum" too freely. The "Ophelia" of Miss Chapman was rendered very acceptable by the tender and pathetic melody of her voice in the ballads. Mrs. Kean's "Queen Gertrude" was a finished performance—perhaps her most capital hit was her quiek rejection of any sympathy with the fietitions Queen in the poisoning scene of the players, aud her assertion, "The lady doth protest too much."

Macbeth was played on Monday night for tho first time; but our limited space will not allow an extended notice; it is to bc repeated this evening. *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, whose priucipal character, "Rosalind," was one of Mrs. Kean's favorite persouations, occupied the rest of the week.

A grand complimentary benefit to Mr. Thomas Maguire will be tendered to him by Mr. and Mrs. Kean and the entire Opera House company on Monday night next, and it will be the theatrieal event of the coming week. Mr. Maguire has held the managerial reins in this city for over fourteen years, commencing with the old Jenny Lind theatre, now the City Hall, where stars of a different order from those who now congregate there, trod the boards. Nearly all the talent who have visited California, from the period of the elder Booth's advent to the preseut reign of the Keau's, came through the encouragement and under engagement to Mr. Maguire. Mr. Maguire is now manager of three theatres in this city, and sole proprietor of two of them.

Miss Jenny Kempton's benefit, on Saturday evening last was a very handsome tribute to her talents as an artiste. Tho operatic event of the week, however, was the farewell benefit of Miss Caroline Richings, who, accompanied by her father, left the shores of the Pacific on the 3d instant. The house was literally crowded from pit to dome on Tuesday evening, when this popular and talented artiste trod those familiar boards for perhaps the last time, received the final bouquet, and sank responsive iu the graceful courtesy that proved to be her *congé*. Sho has left behind not only a large circle of admirers of her professional abilities, but many who esteemed her for those pleasant attributes which, underlying her artistic abilities, gave her a social pre-eminence more enduring thau even her lyric reputation. We trust she will visit us again at a period not so distant but that her father may be able, in spite of his advanced years, to accompany her and meet his San Francisco friends as heartily and as courteously as he was wont.

The Eureka has produced its "comic opera" novelty, entitled "The Runaway Husband," in which Coes personates the Runaway; Lewis, his wife; Birch, a whitewasher; and Backus, Sarah Ann. The piece is a success. And the public need never fear a disappointment by its postponement during the run in consequence of the indisposition of Birch the tenor, or Backus the *prima-donna*; for they are robust artists and are not subject to such inconvenient drawbacks. No nightly strains upon their voices and their constitutions, will ever break up the one or break down the other. Backus has been giving what may be justly called photographic representations of leading actors, so strikingly true are they in manner, voice and gesture to the originals, and he has made a sensation thereby. His imitations of Kean, Stark, Forrest, Buchanan, and others, are palpable hits. Tho Eureka gives entertainments every Saturday afternoon for ladies and children, which aro very popular and very cosy affairs.

Platt's Hall is to be changed into a Hippotheatron! Startling as the announeement may be, it is a fact. Manager John Wilson has secured the Hall for a few nights, and intends to inangurate a season with a troupe of accomplished equestrians with Zoyara at their head, which shall surpass anything he has hitherto produced in the way of arenic talent. The Hall will thoroughly protect the audience from all exposure to the weather incidental to the season, and will offer every convenience for the enjoyment of the spirited performances that will greet their attendance there. The circle is to be constructed in the manner of similar institutions in European capitals, with spring cushions, covered with velvet carpeting in the centre, and with matting protectors for the horses' orbit of it. The sides are to be protected by combination elastic cushions, which will save the daring vaulters, from all accidents, although they may be expected to carom occasionally iu their re-bounds—but there will be no "scratches."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

[FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK—COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

SUPERINTENDENT.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket-full of rocks,
Half a dozen dividends cooked on our stocks;
When the mine is opened nary gold you see—
Isn't that a nice report to make a company.

BROKER.

Buy away broker, and open a shop;
When gold's 200 your fortune 't will prop;
When it's declining, your business will fall;
Down goes percentage, gold, broker and all.

There was once a young girl of Sonoma,
Who was versed in the Iliad of Homer;
She said: "Were I Helen,
I shouldn't be dwellin'
In an old one-horse town like Sonoma."

There was a young girl of Yreka
Who was famed as a beautiful Speaker;
She said: "I opine
Those cows are bovine,"
Which astonished the folk of Yreka.

There was a young woman from Pike
Whose language would painfully strike;
She said: "Did I which?"
"I'll be dog-goned" and "sich,"
That vulgar young woman from Pike.

There was a young girl on the Isthmus
Who suffered some time from strabismus,
Who, when asked if she'd cross,
Said, "My eyes will, of course."
That facetious young girl on the Isthmus.

What's in a Name.—Years ago, when as yet the pomps and vanities of the world had not invaded the churches, Father Ostrander was presiding elder among the Methodists in this region. To his horror, one Sabbath, as he was reading the hymn, he heard the twang of a musical instrument in the choir, and, pausing, he demanded,

"What's that you've got up there in the choir?"

"A bass viol, sir," meekly replied the leader.

"I say it isn't," said the indignant elder; "it's a great ungodly fiddle. Take it away!"

They took it away.

VALUE OF HEALTH.—Upwards of thirty years since, Dr. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH introduced to the community a vegetable pill which has since become the household medicine of tens of thousands of families in the United States, and throughout the countries of Europo and South America. When first brought to the notice of the public, few could be persuaded of its virtues. Gradually, at first, it was tried, and then, as case after case of recovery from many diseases reached the ears of the public, its value increased in what might be called geometrical proportions. Medical men, who had seen patients recover rapidly by the use of BRANDRETH'S pills who had for indefinite periods of time been under their charge without showing signs of improvement, began to despair, believing that the great secret of life and health had been discovered, and their occupation was gone from them. Some, more enterprising than their fellows, at once adopted into their practice the great conservator of health, and their success corresponded with their liberality. Since then, the Brandrethian system has been in the ascendant.

It is said that no habit has spread throughout the world so rapidly as the use of tobacco. This is a mistake. It has taken two hundred years to make the nicotine plant known to the nations, while in less than a quarter of a century the Brandreth Pill, as a purifier of the stomach and bowels, and as a preventive of every fever known, no matter by what term called or from what cause originated, has become the indispensable necessity of every peoplo on the globe, civilized and barbarous.

It may ho asked, why is this preparation so eminent over others? We answer, because, above every other, it does its work directly.

It cleanses the system thoroughly of every impurity, and restores the blood to its pristine condition. Dr. Brandreth holds, and his conclusions are based on physiological as well as Biblical fact, that all diseases originate in the blood, and that a medicino which seizes upon and purifies it, places the body that contains it beyond the possibility of abnormal action. It is not necessary to attempt to vindicate a theory so self-evident. We know that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter; and we also know that we cannot look for health where the fountain of health is corrupted. Purify the blood system, and life, strength, youth, and absence from disease are assured. These, the Brandreth Pill not only promises, but gives. Let those who would go through existence without sickness or even momentary pain, remember that the preventive from every ill lies in the vegetable preparation whose active and passive virtues no sane man will dispute, known as the Brandreth Medicino.

It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. B. continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to he so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a generous and discerning public.

☞ For salo by all respectable dealers in medicine. *

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute; and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case he incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electropathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathise with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required!

All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can he found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc15-tf STACY, Proprietor.

AN IMMORTAL PERFUME.—Like embalming scents of the Egyptians, that have survived for three thousand years, Phalon & Son's new Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS" seems to be proof against time. Exposure to the air does not extinguish its fragrance.

Manufactured by PHALON & SON, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

* HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $0.500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

PIANOFORTES TO RENT—NO CHARGE FOR KEEPING them in tune. Leave orders at

A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
oc8 and 424 Sansome street.

HAVE YOUR PIANOFORTES TUNED BY A COMPETENT Workman. Leave orders at

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GEORGE LEET Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ESSEX Gold and Silver Mining Co.; NICOLAUS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BILLETT Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SAMANTHA CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; METEOR Gold and Silver Mining Co.; LEWIS CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; JOHN J. CRITTENDEN Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SCOTTISH CHIEF Gold and Silver Mining Co.; HYACK Gold and Silver Mining Co.; MEMPHIS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; GRAFTON Gold and Silver Mining Co.; TEHAMA Gold and Silver Mining Co.; PONTIAC Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BUTLER Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ENTERPRISE Gold and Silver Mining Co.; CROWN POINT Tunnel and Mining Co.; Reese River Mining District, Lander county, N. T.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be holden at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.

The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.

T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL Mc. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
oc29-3w D. B. FRANCIS.

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustralo, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. so24

PROCLAMATION.

RESOLUTION No. 3,765.—RESOLVED, That notice of a GENERAL ELECTION for Presidential Electors and Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be holden on the EIGHTH (8th) DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1864, be given by posting up at each place of holding election in said city and county, a copy of the Electim Proclamation of his Excellency the Governor of the State of California, dated the 26th day of September, 1864, and by inserting the same in the *Daily Alta California*, a newspaper printed in said city and county, and such other newspapers as may insert the same without charge, for at least ten days before the said eighth day of November, A. D. 1864, which said Proclamation is in the following words and figures, to wit:

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SACRAMENTO.

Notice is hereby given that a General Election will be held throughout the State of California, on TUESDAY, the EIGHTH DAY of NOVEMBER NEXT, when the following officers are to be elected:

Three Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to be elected in the following manner, viz.:

One Representative in the First Congressional District, comprising the counties of San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Tulare, Monterey, Fresno, Merced, Mariposa, Stanislaus, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Mateo and San Francisco.

One Representative in the Second Congressional District, comprising the counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Mono, Calaveras, Amador, El Dorado, Sacramento, Placer, Nevada and Alpine.

One Representative in the Third Congressional District, comprising the counties of Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Lake, Solano, Yolo, Sutter, Yuba, Sierra, Butte, Plumas, Tehama, Colusa, Mendocino, Humboldt, Trinity, Shasta, Siskiyou, Klamath, Del Norte and Lassen.

There are also to be elected Five Electors of President and Vice President of the United States.

The attention of the Boards of Supervisors in the various counties of this State is directed to Sec. 4 of an Act regulating elections, approved April 20, 1863. (See Statutes of 1863, page 353.)

The attention of all officers of election is directed to an Act regulation elections, approved April 4th, 1864. (See Statutes of 1863–4, page 467.)

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great Seal of the State of California to be affixed.
(L.S.)

Done at Sacramento this 26th day of September, A. D. 1864. FRED'K F. LOW, Governor of California.

Attest: B. B. REDDING, Secretary of State.
By F. W. REDDING, Dep. Sec.

In Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, October 10, 1864, adopted by the following vote:

Ayes—Supervisors Titcomb, Fay, Rowell, King, Ashbury, Torrey, Clayton, Shrader, Bell, Cummings, McCoppin.

Absent—Supervisor Cody.

JAS. W. BINGHAM, Clerk

B. P. MOORE & CO.,

FURNITURE.

WAREROOMS: SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SANSOME and PINE STREETS.
oc15-3m

J. R. MEADE & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufactories of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,
oc15 316 California street, San Francisco.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

NOVEMBER 14th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK,

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES!

650 MILES LESS OCEAN TRAVEL IN THE TROPICS THAN BY PANAMA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship

AMERICA,

W. L. MERRY, Esq. - - - - - Commander,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, - - - - . NOVEMBER 14TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship

GOLDEN RULE,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
oc22 Up stairs, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month o NOVEMBER, 1864:

NOVEMBER 12 - - - - - - GOLDEN AGE
NOVEMBER 23 - - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
oc29 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

W. P. HARRISON & Co.,
PRINTERS,
Engravers and Electrotypers,
PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,
417 Clay street.

oc8-3m

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

BURDELL'S
Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by

H. P. WAKELEE,
Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush and Montgomery streets. sc24

RAILROAD HOUSE,

316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the

RAILROAD HOUSE

affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

oc8-3m C. L. ROSS.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made na inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

FIRST PREMIUM
Billiard Table Manufactory.

P. LIESENFELT,

No. 612 Battery street, between Jackson and Pacific,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of the Best Billiard Tables, with the modern improvements, as well as Billiard Trimmings, of every description, at the lowest prices.

☞ All goods warranted. oc3-1m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

PUNCH SONG.

FOUR elements, joined in
An emulous strife,
Build up the world, and
Constitute life.

First from the citron
The starry juice pour;
Acid to Life is
The innermost core.

Now, let the sugar
The bitter one meet;
And the strength of the acid
Be tamed with the sweet.

Bright let the water
Flow into the bowl;
For water, in calmness,
Encircles the whole.

Next, shed the drops
Of the spirit within;
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Drain quick—no restoring
When cool can it bring;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring!—[*Schiller.*

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT POMPEII.

ONE of the most interesting discoveries recorded in the journals was made on the 12th December, 1772. For some weeks workmen had been employed in clearing out the ruins of a house of considerable size, evidently the residence of a man of wealth, outside the gate leading to Herculaneum. After exploring many rooms, containing various objects of value, they came to what appeared to be a long subterranean passage. Here encased in the hardened mud they found a group of skeletons, consisting of eighteen full-grown persons, mostly women, a boy, and a very young child. It is conjectured that these were the remains of the family of the owner of the house, who is supposed, without sufficient grounds, to have been a certain Diomedes, from a tomb inscribed with that name discovered in the street hard by.

These victims of the eruption had sought refuge in a vaulted corridor, forming a square, which, from the number of wine-jars found in it, is supposed to have been a wine-cellar. They had hoped that the strong stone vault would have protected them against the shower of pumice-stones and ashes, and the falling masses which first issued from the black cloud that covered the heavens, and which they vainly believed would last but for a little time. They were not, however, beyond the reach of the insidious mud, which, entering by the small windows and oozing through every opening, gradually gathered round them. There was no means of flight. The entrance was closed against them by the accumulating "lapillo." Huddled into a corner, and nestled in each other's arms, they were, little by little, covered by the rising mud. We may hope that they were not exposed to a lingering death, but that, overcome by the sulphurous fumes, they were soon lost to consciousness.

The mud rapidly hardened round the bodies, and preserved almost a perfect mould of the unhappy victims as they had clung together in the last agony of death—a more touching group than ever sculptor has invented. The flesh and all the more delicate parts of the human frame had long perished; but the bones were left in the hollow mould which the limbs had formed. In some instances the hair was still attached to the skulls; and it was noted that a young girl had her long tresses twisted in elaborate plaits. The clothes they wore had been carbonized; but there were remains of them, which, with the impression they had left on the mud, served to show their texture, and to prove that of those who perished some were clothed in much coarser garments than others. The superintendent, who was present at the discovery, was even able to ascertain that most of the women wore over their heads linen drapery, which fell to their shoulders; that their dresses consisted, in most cases, of several gowns, as it were, one over the other; that their lower limbs were clothed in linen or cloth trousers, "cut in the form of long drawers;" and that whilst some wore shoes or sandals, the feet of others had been naked. One lady was distinguished by the richness of her jewelled ornaments and the fineness of her linen. The whole story was thus told: the servants and dependents of the family had died in the same struggle with their master and mistress.

Fragments of the singular casts we have described were cut from the surrounding soil. The perfect mould of the bosom of a girl, of exquisite form, with the thin drapery which partly covered it, has long been one of the most interesting objects in the Naples museum. It has now almost crumbled away. Unfortunately the happy idea which afterwards occurred to Signor Fiorelli, and to which we shall hereafter allude, had not suggested itself to those who then had the direction of the excavations.

Many ornaments in gold and silver, such as armlets, bracelets, necklaces, and finger-rings, a few engraved gems, twenty-eight coins, chiefly of Vespasian and Sergius Galba, bronze candelabra and vases, parts of a casket—probably the jewel-case of the lady of the house—a bunch of keys, a wooden comb, a piece of coral, and some other objects, were discovered near this group.

The excavations at present carried on are mostly confined to a part of the town which seems to have been inhabited by the poorer classes. The ground-floor of the houses consists of mean shops, with an outer room entirely open to the street, and an inner, small and dark, in which the stores were probably kept.

These humble dwellings are, however, by no means devoid of interest. They afford us a curious insight into the manners and mode of life of the inhabitants of Pompeii. Many trades and crafts still well known to us were carried on in them. Some have their appropriate sign, such as we see over modern shops. A kind of eating-house was recently discovered. In the front room was the usual slab of white marble, upon which the smoking meats and probably the stewed gourds, and such like delicacies, were exposed, as in Naples at this day. On it stood an earthen pipkin containing small fish, which had apparently been cooked in oil with raisins, and had been ready to serve up when the sudden cloud gathered over the town. Let into a kind of brick dresser were deep basins of earthenware and metal, beneath which were small, open fire-places to keep the soup and other messes warm. Upon it were lying the ladles which had been used to distribute the contents of the vessels. A rude iron tripod stood upon the floor, supporting an iron pot or kettle for boiling water, and in the middle of the room was a portable iron cooking stove, such as Soyer himself might have envied. Ranged against the walls were a number of deep bronze trays of various sizes, fitting one into the other. Such trays are still used in the East to serve up a meal. A few glass wine-jars were scattered over the floor, and one or two square panes of real window-glass, showing that the Romans were not ignorant of what, until recently, antiquarians declared to be a modern invention. In the inner shop half-a-dozen earthen jars or amphoræ of various sizes stood upright against the wall. They had contained select wines, for which, no doubt, the host enjoyed a local reputation. Each bore its mark, and the name of the wine it held; some the year of the vintage fixed by the consular date. Thus, on one amphora we read "FRVT. T. CLAVDIO. III. L. VITELLIO. III. COS." The contents were consequently thirty-two years old when the town was overwhelmed, having been "bottled" in the fourth year of the consulate of Tiberius Claudius and the third of Lucius Vitellius, or A. D. 47. One wine from the island of the Cos, is called "COVM. GRANATVM." The epithet "granatum" is supposed by Signor Fiorelli to indicate some peculiar flavor which was specially esteemed. It is noted that it was bought from the cellar of Alerius Felix at Rome—no doubt a celebrated wine-merchant "of the period." Another jar is marked "KOR. OPT."—the very best Coreyra; the island was well known for the produce of its grapes. One contained a wine which was evidently considered as very choice: it is called "Old Luna," and we are informed that was bought by one Cornelia out of the cellar of M. Valerius Ainnerieus (a very Eastern-sounding name—perhaps he was a Jew,) and had been kept four years in bottle:

LVN. VET
AIIIIR
KIIIIS

CORNELIA

M. VALERI. ABERNINICI.

The letter K may indicate that it was red. The number preceding the letter S may mark the price paid for it, or the measure of the amphora. At the bottom of this inner room was a baking-oven. The mouth was still closed by an iron plate. On the floor beneath lay the iron shovel with which the loaves had been placed in the oven, and with which they were to be taken out when fit for use. When the iron door was removed it was found that it had so completely closed the entrance that neither ashes nor mud had entered the oven, which was as it had been left by the baker after he had placed his loaves in it for baking eighteen hundred years ago. Within were the loaves themselves, eighty-three in number, black and charred, but still retaining their shape, that of a modern double loaf scored on the top. Scattered about the room were found olives, onions, beans, nuts, and the bones of fish. Near the oven were other bronze trays, and various vessels in metal were on the floor. Two large leaden tubs in a corner of the room had probably been used for slops and refuse. Squalid cook's shops, not unlike that discovered at Pompeii, are to be seen in many a back street of modern Naples.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.—One day—so goes this popular tradition—as Sir Alexander Murray was strolling down the avenue he saw the Laird of Haystoun, mounted on his white pony, approaching, as if with the intention of visiting Darn Hall. After the usual greetings, Murray asked Haystoun if that was his intention.

"Deed, it's just that," quoth Haystoun, "and I'll tell you my errand. I'm goin' to court your daughter Jean."

The Laird of Blackbarony (who, for a reason that will afterwards appear, was not willing that his neighbor should pay his visit at that particular time,) gave the thing the go-by by saying his daughter was "ower young for the laird."

"E'en's you like," quoth Haystoun, who was somewhat dorty, and who thereupon took an unceremonious leave of Blackbarony, hinting that his visit would perhaps be more acceptable somewhere else.

Blackbarony went home and immediately told his wife what had passed. Her ladyship on a moment's reflection, seeing the advantage that was likely to be lost in the establishment of her daughter, and to whom the disparity in years was no objection, immediately exclaimed:

"Are you daft, laird? Gang awa', immediately, and call Haystoun back again."

On this, the laird observed, (and this turned out the cogent reason for his having declined Haystoun's visit,) "Ye ken, my dear, Jean's shoon's at the mending." (For the misses of those days had but one pair, and these good substantial ones, which would make a strange figure in a drawing-room of the present day.) "Ye ken, Jean's shoon's at the mending."

"Hoot awa, sic nonsense," says her ladyship; "I'll gie her mine."

"And what will you do yoursel?"

"Do?" says the lady; "I'll put on your boots; I've lang petticoats, and they will never be noticed. Rin and cry back the laird."

Blackbarony was at once convinced by the reasoning and ingenuity of his wife; and as Haystoun's pony was none of the fleetest, Blackbarony had little difficulty in overtaking him and persuading him to return again. The laird having really conceived an affection for his neighbor's daughter, the visit was paid. Jean was introduced in her mother's shoes; the boots were never noticed; and the wedding took place in due time, and was celebrated with all the mirth and jollity usually displayed on such occasions. The union turned out happily, and from it, as has been said, sprung the present family of Haystoun.—*Chambers' "History of Peeblesshire."*

EXTRAORDINARY WEAKNESS.—The extremest case of human weakness on record is that of the poet and wit, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who was prevented from delivering a lecture on account of illness, and wrote to the committee a letter of apology, in which he says, "I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty-dollar bill after my lecture, I should not have strength enough left to refuse it."

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.—A lady at Columbus, Ohio, inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had.

"Four," rapped the spirit.

The husband, startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired,

"How many children have *I*?"

"*Two!*" answered the rapping medium.

The husband and wife looked at each other, with an odd smile on their faces, for a moment, and then retired non-believers. There had been a mistake made *somewhere.*

NEIGHBORLY CORRESPONDENCE.—"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that, in future, he will not spell pigs with two *gees.*"

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note *unopened*, the the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."

ART CRITICISM.—The subjoined strikes us as an exeellent "take-off" of a style of art-criticism which is quite too common: "'*Picture of a Peasant-Girl Stirring the Fire.*' A rare specimen of rural simplicity. The figure is remarkably graceful, but *the poker is perhaps rather too stiff.* A curvilinear delineation from a right line toward the line of beauty would have given to this useful kitchen utensil a much more picturesque effect. Domeniehino, Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo would have avoided this defect. The chiaroscuro of the tongs, in subdued shadow, is a wonderful effort of art. The shovel, on the contrary, lacks depth and buoyancy."

THE WIDOW LAMBKIN.—It was winter, clear and cold, and the snow was finely packed, when Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the young Widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following: "The lively Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo-robe with me.

"'Oh, oh! don't! don't!' she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"'Don't what?' I asked. 'I'm not doing anything.'

"'Well, but I thought you were going to take toll,' replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"'*Toll!*' I rejoined. 'What's that?'

"'Well, I declare!' cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, 'you pretend you don't know what toll is!'

"'Indeed I don't, then,' I said, laughing: 'pray explain, if you please.'

"'You never heard, then,' said the widow, most provokingly—'you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it.'

"I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly toward mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"'But you won't take toll for every arch, *will* you, doctor?' the widow said so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning—"

But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

A LESSON TO PRACTICAL JOKERS.—There is a great propensity sometimes, among very clever persons, to make their acquaintances the victims of practical jokes. The serious evils that have resulted from this thoughtlessness would, if enumerated, form a melancholy chapter. Some years ago, a young officer at a frontier garrison was continually amusing himself with victims to this false wit, and, although frequently getting himself into difficulty, yet he persevered. Some of the "shrewd heads" prophesied that the young gentleman, when he least expected it, would get himself into a serious scrape, and it happened sooner than was anticipated. Old Major Straightback was a paymaster and "nothing else." All military enthusiasm with him had been long ago absorbed in the business of dollars and cents. He took the Government money from post to post, paid it out, and took receipts, with a gravity that was chilling to behold. Yet, as he carried the purse, his arrival on "pay-day" was hailed by officers, sutlers, and men. Late one evening old Major Straightback arrived in camp, and while sitting round the social fire, our jocular young friend concluded that the Major, from his peculiarities, would be a fine subject for a practical joke, and possessed with this idea, he quietly abstracted the Major's pocket-book, and, disposing of it about his own person, waited patiently for the *denouement.* The small talk having been "done up," the Major was about starting for his quarters, when he missed his "sub-treasury." Alarmed for the moment, lest he had compromised himself by some carelessness, he exhibited such painful solicitude that the young man handed over the "treasure," with the remark that he only "took it for a joke." The reaction of the Major's mind from alarm to intense indignation was immense; but, controlling his feelings, he quietly opened the pocket-book, and solemnly commenced counting its contents. Having gone through with this pantomime, he turned to the now horror-stricken practical joker, and said, "Young man, there are some five hundred dollars less in this pocket-book than there was—" And stopping a moment at the conclusion of this equivocal remark, he concluded, "If I ever hear of your playing a practical joke on any one again, you will please pay up the amount." It is almost unnecessary to add that the victim of so severe yet merited a lesson thereafter avoided the folly of committing practical jokes.

NELSON'S EXTRACT OF
Roses And Rosemary.

THE FOLLOWING IS A BRIEF NOTICE of some of its principal virtues, as a mild stimulative, corrective and preservative agent for the hair:

Infancy.—It insinuates its balsamic properties into the pores of the head, nourishes the hair in its embryo state, accelerates its growth, sustains it in maturity, and continues the possession of healthy vigor, silky softness, and luxuriant redundancy, to the latest period of human life. Genial and purifying, it dispels all scurf and impurity, and renders the use of the fine comb unnecessary.

The Beard, Whiskers, and Mustachios.—Its extraordinary power in promoting the growth of the hair is singularly displayed in creating these ornaments of manhood.

Curl and Embellishment.—In dressing the hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering the hair so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and, by the transcendant lustre it imparts, renderiug the coiffure inexpressibly attractive.

Grey Hair.—Its nourishing properties are eminently successful in the prevention of Grey Hair, and in numerous instances, in the restoration to its original color.

Baldness.—Its productive powers are constantly and surprisingly shown in cases of Baldness, so that in numerous instances where other specifics have been tried in vain, this celebrated Oil has effected a complete restoration of Beautiful Hair.

Sea-Bathing and Violent Exercise.—After indulging in either of these, so apt to exhaust the nourishing matter secreted at the roots or bulbs of the hair, the Roses and Rosemary will be found most efficacious, both in preserving and in immediately restoring the hair to its usual appearance of health with renovated brightness.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of every Court of the civilized world; and the high esteem in which it is universally held, together with numerous testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, affords the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Sold by all Druggists, and by H. P. WAKELEE, corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

LAWRENCE & COMPANY'S

PATENT IMPROVED

Flesh Gloves and Straps!

For Producing a Healthy State of the System by Friction, Without the Risk of Tearing the Skin, as all the Ordinary Horse-Hair Gloves are liable to do.

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE HORSE-HAIR Renovator as a therapeutic agent, when applied to the human body, is now too well known to every one who has paid the least attention to the importance of a healthy action of the Skin, to require further comment.

The superior advantages of the Patent Flesh Gloves and Straps, manufactured under this Patent, are that, by a peculiar process in the machinery employed in their manufacture, the points of the Hair are brought perpendicularly to the surface, thereby removing the liability to tear the Skin (a very general complaint against the ordinary kind,) rendering them more pleasant to use, at the same time enabling the process of friction to be much more effectually performed; they are, indeed, a positive luxury to use, apart from their salutary effects.

The peculiar fabric manufactured expressly for the use of Ladies deserves their special attention; it has been highly recommended by the most eminent of the medical profession, and given universal satisfaction to those who have used it.

For sale by

H. P. WAKELEE,

se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

THE OXFORD WASHING PAD.

This article, suggested by an Oxford man, for removing Stains from the Hands, being found to thoroughly answer the purpose, has established fair pretensions to become of universal use, which it is rapidly doing.

Manufactured by LAWRENCE & CO., and sold by

H. P. WAKELEE,

se24 Cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

PHINEAS BANNING,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION AGENT,

WILMINGTON & LOS ANGELES,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, COAL, IRON, FLOUR, GRAIN, etc., etc.,

And Proprietor of the United States Mail Stage Line between Los Angeles and Wilmington. se24

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10.000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11.169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

au19-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. ju11-1m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

CARRINGTON & CO'S GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
au6 40 Broadway, N. Y.

REOPENED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CRYSTAL SPRINGS HOTEL,

Situated four miles from the San Mateo Railroad depot, in a most splendid valley, surrounded with large, beautiful, natural trees, is now open for the public. The road from San Mateo to the house has been recently macadamized, making it the finest drive in California. The House and Cottages have been refitted and thoroughly renovated. New spring beds and every modern improvement have been added to the sleeping department. The larder, as usual, contains all the delicacies of the season. Stages leave San Mateo depot on the arrival of the trains for Crystal Springs.

A fine stable is now opened at San Mateo by Messrs. Byrnes & Ames, who will furnish horses and carriages, or saddle horses, at low rates, to the public. Parties wishing rooms or meals, on arrival, can engage them by telegraph, via San Mateo.

ju11-tf TONY OAKES, Proprietor.

McRUER & MERRILL,
WHOLESALE AUCTION HOUSE,

204 *and* 206 *California street.*

Regular Sale Days - - WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS. (Advances on Consigoments.)

NOTICE!

From this date Mr. A. P. EVERETT has an interest in our business. McRUER & MERRILL.

San Francisco, October 20, 1862.

A. P. EVERETT, - - - - - - - - - Auctioneer.

ju11-3m

SQUARZA'S PUNCH.

First Premium, Sacramento, 1862.
First Premium at San Francisco District Fair, 1863.
First and Special Premium, Sacramento, 1863.
Wholesale and Retail.

my28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

517

CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

Blanks of all kinds printed and ruled to any desired pattern. my28

MRS. HENDRICKS,

No. 629 MISSION STREET,

Devotes herself exclusively to

EMBROIDERY, STAMPING AND PINKING,

And she does more work than any other person in her line. She has by far the best collection and the largest assortment of stamps in the city. Her patterns are the most carefully drawn, and her masking is the evenest and the easiest to work, especially for those who are not very skilful. The coloring of all others rubs out, and the figures, if not traced round with thread, are effaced before the work is done; but Mrs. Hendricks' coloring, on all kinds of stuff, is warranted to defy rubbing, though it can be easily washed out. She is an engraver and engraves her own stamps, and thus is enabled to supply herself with all the latest patterns fashionable in Eastern and European cities.

Any customer can get a new pattern cut without charge, if Mrs. Hendricks can use it afterwards. Although there are many others in the same business in San Francisco, all acknowledge the superiority of Mrs. Hendricks, and send the most difficult work to her. Ladies are invited to call and examine her patterns.

Remember the number, 629 Mission street, San Francisco. jy30tf*

DR. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.

All operations pertaining to the profession thoroughly and skillfully performed. Entire satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

Office, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny street, San Francisco. au27

SAVE YOUR

E. F. BUNNELL, D.D.S.,

ROOMS, NO. 51 SECOND STREET.

DR. BUNNELL WILL SAVE EVERY TOOTH THAT ACHES from exposure of the nerve, or refund the charge for the operation, and extract each tooth without pay in EVERY case of failure. Teeth filled with gold, artificial bone, and golden lithodeon. Plate teeth on vulcanite and gold enameled base, of surpassing beauty and comfort.

All work warranted. Price low.

N. B.—More than 1,000 aching teeth have been saved in succession, without the loss of one. nu27-3m

REMOVAL.
DR. JOHN HEALD,

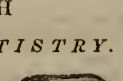
DENTIST,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: STEVENSON HOUSE, Montgomery street, corner of California. Entrance on both streets. Rooms 12 and 13. jy30 3m

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,



617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. ju18

FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,
Sporting Emporium!

418 WASHINGTON ST.,
(Near Post-office,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS, AND Importers of all Classes OF SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Moore & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carbines on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. oc8 3m

TYLER BROTHERS,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

School Books, Stationery,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

au27-tf

CARPETS.

WE have just received and are now opening

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF

WILTON

—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.

se24

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY,

At 7 o'clock, A. M.

se24-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Satber & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO:

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

au20

CALIFORNIA

Home Insurance Company,

Capital $300,000

☞ Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, Brick and Frame Buildings, Merchandise, Dwellings, Furniture, and other insurable property in the State of California, as low as any other solvent Company.

☞ *All Losses paid in United States Gold Coin.*

DIRECTORS :

John Parrott, Leopold Cahn, T. E. Baugh, Thomas H. Selby, A. J. Coghill, A. Block, E. H. Parker, J. H. Redington, C. J. Deering, A. B. McCreery, C. Duisenberg, C. J. Janson, Charles Hosmer, J. G. Parker, Jr., H. Heynemann, R. G. Sneath, C. F. MacDermot, J. C. Wilmerding, Levi Stevens, Elias H. Jones, Hall McAllister, Albert Miller, B. F. Lowe, A. H. Titcomb, J. B. Roberts, F. J. Thibault, S. Hemenway, G. H. Eggers, D. Callahan, James Michael.

OFFICE—Nos. 224 and 226 CALIFORNIA STREET.

B. F. LOWE, President.

JOHN G. PARKER, Jr., Secretary. no5 3m

FOLSOM STREET PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

COMPRISING TWO 50-VARA LOTS ON THE NORTH side of Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth, fronting also on Clementina street. Will be sold entire, or in subdivisions of 25 by 80 feet.

WM LEFFINGWELL,

no5-tf 619 Montgomery street

POLLING PLACES.

THE following-named places have been designated for holding the Polls at the Presidential Election on the eigth day of November, 1864:

First District—At No. 75 Battery street, between Pacific street and Broadway.

District bounded by Washington street on the south, Kearny street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north and east.

Second District—Washington Hose Company House, Dupont between Green and Union streets.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Vallejo on the south, Larkin street on the west, and the Bay of San Francisco on the north.

Third District—A. Willey's Building, Halleck street, below Sansome street.

Boundaries—Washington street on the north, Kearny street on the west, California street on the south, and the Bay on the east.

Fourth District—At No. 9 Engine House, on Stockton street, between Pacific street and Broadway.

Boundaries—Vallejo street on the north, Kearny street on the east, Washington street on the south, Larkin street on the west.

Fifth District—At Justice Rohhins' Court-room, Bush street, between Montgomery and Sansome streets.

Boundaries—California street on the north, Kearny street on the west, and Market street on the south and east.

Sixth District—At No. 605 Dupont street, three doors north of California street.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Pine street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Washington street on the north.

Seventh District—At No. 114 First street, west side, near Minna street.

Boundaries—Harrison street on the south, Second street on the west, Market street on the north, and the Bay on the east.

Eighth District—At Turn Verein Hall, Bush street.

Boundaries—Kearny street on the east, Market street on the south, Larkin street on the west, and Pine street on the north.

Ninth District—At South Park Hose Co.'s House, corner of Bryant and Third streets.

Boundaries—Harrison street on the north, Seventh street on the west, and the Bay south and east.

Tenth District—At No. 151 Fourth street, between Mission and Howard streets.

Boundaries—Market street on the north, Seventh street on the west, Harrison street on the south, and Second street on the east.

Eleventh District—Opposite the Old Mission Church, Dolores street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets.

Boundaries—Seventh street on the east, Market and Ridley to the ocean on the north, the ocean line of San Mateo county and bay to the foot of Seventh street on the west, south and east.

Twelfth District—First Precinct at the Spring Valley House, Presidio Road.

Boundaries—Larkin street on the east, Bush street on the south, the ocean on the west and north.

Second Precinct—At Pavilion, Hayes Valley.

Boundaries—Larkin street on the east, Bush street on the north, the ocean on the west, and Ridley and Market streets on the south.

Residents of islands in the Bay vote in the First District.

Published by order of the Board of Supervisors.

JAS. W. BINGHAM, Clerk.

San Francisco, November 3, 1864. no5

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 5th day of DECEMBER, A. D., 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by law or otherwise since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows, viz :

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 77 1/2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets, thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place No. 108 Front street from this date till and 5th day of December, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed
of Andrew Robeson, deceased.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

Engagement of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

Supported by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, also, Mr. J CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the London Theatres.

Together with

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Evening, November 29th, 1864,

Will be presented Shakspeare's great tragedy of

Macbeth!

Macbeth - - - - - - - - Mr. Charles Kean
Lady Macbeth - - - - - - Mrs. Chas Kean

ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 5TH,

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in

THE CONTESTED ELECTION.

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Grand Complimentary Benefit

—TO—

MR. THOMAS MAGUIRE,

Tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean and the entire Company, who will perform

OTHELLO.

ON TUESDAY EVENING.

KING JOHN.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING,

HAMLET.

ON THURSDAY EVENING,

RICHARD III.

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - - One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - - Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - - Fifty cents

BAY VIEW PARK!

To-morrow, (Sunday,) November 6th.

PACING MATCH FOR $1,000,

Mile heats, 3 best in 5, in harness.

Mr Shear names br m "Topsy,"
Mr Ault names br g "Black Swan,"

☞ Horses to start at 1 P M.

Monday, November 7th, 1864,

PACING MATCH FOR $500,

Mile heats, 3 best in 5, in harness.

Mr Ferguson names gr m "Unknown,"
Mr Porter names ch. g. "Pacific."

☞ Horses to start at 2 o'clock.

ADMISSION - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR.

no5 W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864, the Morning Train from San Jose will leave at 7 A. M. instead of 8 : 10 A M., as heretofore, arriving at San Francisco at 9 : 10 in the morning. Freight Trains leave San Francisco at 2 P. M., and San Jose at 5 A. M.

no5 1t A. H. HOUSTON, Gen. Superintendent.

GRAND BALL!

THE FIRST

ANNUAL BALL

—OF THE—

Fire Department!

WILL BE GIVEN AT

UNION HALL,

On Thursday Evening, December 8th, 1864.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable ball of the season.

The list of managers will soon be published.

The number of tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Price, (including supper,) $10. oc29

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after OCTOBER 1st, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows :

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 3.40 and 6:30 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows : San Francisco at 4.45 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
oc22 General Superintendent.

PLATT'S HALL.

Cirque Magique!

The public are respectfully informed that arrangements are being perfected by which

PLATT'S HALL

WILL BE CHANGED INTO

A HIPPOTHEATRON!

FOR A SEASON OF FOUR NIGHTS ONLY,

Commencing

On Monday Evening next, November 7th,

Making it the most elegant and recherche establishment ever opened on the Pacific Coast.

The company engaged will comprise the incomparable

ZOYARA,

ROSS AND CARLO,

THE CARLO FAMILY,

And the greatest Arenic and Equestrian Talent extant.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress Circle, $1; Second do, 50c.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - - Stage Manager

"THE FASHIONABLE RESORT."

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

Commencing at 2 o'clock.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists :

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Washburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
E. Harris, E. Grob, and
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MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows :

Between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 25. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 12, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

The Killing of Julius Cæsar "Localized"—By "Mark Twain."
An Intercepted Article.
Our New York Letter—By a Lady.
Scientific Sketches—By "Trismegistus."
Notes of Mines and Mineralogy.

POETRY—

November 8th—By "Emilie Lawson."

EDITORIALS:

The News.
The Election in this City.
"Somewhat too Much of This."

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS:

Minor Topics as They suggest Themselves.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Horse.—Concluded.
Recollections of a Gold Mine.
Lost in the Snow.
The City of Gold.
Swiss Scenes and Sites.
A Fight with a Black Snake.
A Bumper of Ham.

POETRY—

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinivere.
The Glove—A Tale.

NEW BOOKS:

A Review of New Publications.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE KILLING OF JULIUS CÆSAR "LOCALIZED."

[BEING THE ONLY TRUE AND RELIABLE ACCOUNT EVER PUBLISHED, AND TAKEN FROM THE ROMAN "DAILY EVENING FASCES," OF THE DATE OF THAT TREMENDOUS OCCURRENCE.

NOTHING in the world affords a newspaper reporter so much satisfaction as gathering up the details of a bloody and mysterious murder, and writing them up with aggravated circumstantiality. He takes a living delight in this labor of love—for such it is to him—especially if he knows that all the other papers have gone to press and his will be the only one that will contain the dreadful intelligence. A feeling of regret has often come over me that I was not reporting in Rome when Cæsar was killed—reporting on an evening paper and the only one in the city, and getting at least twelve hours ahead of the morning paper boys with this most magnificent "item" that ever fell to the lot of the craft. Other events have happened as startling as this, but none that possessed so peculiarly all the characteristics of the favorite "item" of the present day, magnified into grandeur and sublimity by the high rank, fame, and social and political standing of the actors in it. In imagination I have seen myself skirmishing around old Rome, button-holing soldiers, senators and citizens by turns, and transferring "all the particulars" from them to my note-book; and, better still, arriving "at the base of Pompey's statue" in time to say persuasively to the dying Cæsar: "O, come now, you ain't so far gone, you know, but what you could stir yourself up a little and tell a fellow just how this thing happened, if you was a mind to, couldn't you—now do!" and get the "straight of it" from his own lips. And be envied by the morning paper hounds!

Ah! if I had lived in those days I would have written up that item gloatingly, and spiced it with a little moralizing here and plenty of blood there; and some dark, shuddering mystery; and praise and pity for some, and misrepresentation and abuse for others, (who didn't patronize the paper,) and gory gashes, and notes of warning as to the tendency of the times, and extravagant descriptions of the excitement in the Senate-house and the street, and all that sort of thing.

However, as I was not permitted to report Cæsar's assassination in the regular way, it has at least afforded me rare satisfaction to translate the following able account of it from the original Latin of the *Roman Daily Evening Fasces* of that date—second edition:

Our usually quiet city of Rome was thrown into a state of wild excitement, yesterday, by the occurrence of one of those bloody affrays which sicken the heart and fill the soul with fear, while they inspire all thinking men with forebodings for the future of a city where human life is held so cheaply, and the gravest laws are so openly set at defiance. As the result of that affray, it is our painful duty, as public journalists, to record the death of one of our most esteemed citizens—a man whose name is known wherever this paper circulates, and whose fame it has been our pleasure and our privilege to extend, and also to protect from the tongue of slander and falsehood, to the best of our poor ability. We refer to M.r J. Cæsar, the Emperor elect.

The facts of the case, as nearly as our reporter could determine them from the conflicting statements of eye-witnesses, were about as follows: The affair was an election row, of course. Nine-tenths of the ghastly butcheries that disgrace the city now-a-days, grow out of the bickerings and jealousies and animosities engendered by these accursed elections. Rome would be the gainer by it if her very constables were elected to serve a century, for in our experience we have never even been able to choose a dog-pelter without celebrating the event with a dozen knock-downs and a general cramming of the station-house with drunken vagabonds over night. It is said that when the immense majority for Cæsar at the polls in the market was declared the other day, and the crown was offered to that gentleman, even his amazing unselfishness in refusing it three times, was not sufficient to save him from the whispered insults of such men as Casca, of the Tenth Ward, and other hirelings of the disappointed candidate, hailing mostly from the Eleventh and Thirteenth, and other outside districts, who were overheard speaking ironically and contemptuously of Mr. Cæsar's conduct upon that occasion.

We are further informed that there are many among us who think they are justified in believing that the assassination of Julius Cæsar was a put-up thing—a cut-and-dried arrangement, hatched by Marcus Brutus and a lot of his hired roughs, and carried out only too faithfully according to the programme. Whether there be good grounds for this suspicion or not, we leave to the people to judge for themselves, only asking that they will read the following account of the sad occurrence carefully and dispassionately before they render that judgment:

The Senate was already in session, and Cæsar was coming down the street toward the capitol, conversing with some personal friends, and followed, as usual, by a large number of citizens. Just as he was passing in front of Demosthenes and Thucidydes' drug-store, he was observing casually to a gentleman who, our informant thinks, is a fortune-teller, that the Ides of March were come. The reply was, Yes, they were come, but not gone yet. At this moment Artemidorus stepped up and passed the time of day, and asked Cæsar to read a schedule or a tract, or something of the kind, which he had brought for his perusal. Mr. Decius Brutus also said something about an "humble suit" which *he* wanted read. Artemidorus begged that attention might be paid to his first, because it was of personal consequence to Cæsar. The latter replied that what concerned himself should be read last, or words that effect. Artemidorus begged and beseeched him to read the paper instantly. [Mark that; it is hinted by William Shakspeare, who saw the beginning and the end of the unfortunate affray, that this "schedule" was simply a note discovering to Cæsar that a plot was brewing to take his life.] However, Cæsar shook him off, and refused to read any petition in the street. He then entered the capitol, and the crowd followed him.

About this time, the following conversation was overheard, and we consider that, taken in connection with the events which succeeded it, it bears an appalling significance: Mr. Papilius Lena remarked to George W. Cassius (commonly known as the "Nobby Boy of the Third Ward,") a bruiser in the pay of the Opposition, that he hoped his enterprise to-day might thrive; and when Cassius asked, "What enterprise?" he only closed his left eye temporarily, and said with simulated indifference, "Fare you well," and sauntered toward Cæsar. Marcus Brutus, who is suspected of being the ringleader of the band that killed Cæsar, asked what it was that Lena had said; Cassius told him, and added in a low tone, "*I fear our purpose is discovered.*"

Brutus told his wretched accomplice to keep an eye on Lena, and a moment after, Cassius urged that lean and hungry vagrant, Casca, whose reputation here is none of the best, to be sudden, for *he feared prevention.* He then turned to Brutus, apparently much excited, and asked what should be done, and swore that either he or Cæsar *should never turn back*—he would kill himself first. At this time, Cæsar was talking to some of the back-country members about the approaching fall elections, and paying little attention to what was going on around him. Billy Trebonius got into conversation with the people's friend and Cæsar's—Mark Antony—and under some pretence or other, got him away, and Brutus, Decius Casca, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and others of the gang of infamous desperadoes that infest Rome at present, closed around the doomed Cæsar. Then Metellus Cimber knelt down and begged that his brother might be recalled from banishment, but Cæsar rebuked him for his fawning, sneaking conduct, and refused to grant his petition. Immediately, at Cimber's request, first Brutus and then Cassius begged for the return of the banished Publius; but Cæsar still refused. He said he could not be moved; that he was as fixed as the North Star, and proceeded to speak in the most complimentary terms of the firmness of that star, and its steady character. Then he said he was like it, and he believed he was the only man in the country that was; therefore, since he was "constant" that Cimber should be banished, he was also "constant" that he should st y banished, and he'd be d—d if he didn't keep him so!

Instantly seizing upon this shallow pretext for a fight, Casca sprang at Cæsar and struck him with a dirk, Cæsar grabbing him by the arm with his right hand, and launching a blow straight from the shoulder with his left, that sent the reptile bleeding to the earth. He then backed up against Pompey's statue, and squared himself to receive his assailants. Cassius and Cimber and Cinna rushed upon him with their daggers drawn, and the former succeeded in inflicting a wound upon his body, but before he could strike again, and before either of the others could strike at all, Cæsar stretched the three miscreants at his feet with as many blows of his powerful fist. By this time the Senate was in an indescribable uproar; the throng of citizens in the lobbies had blockaded the doors in their frantic efforts to escape from the building, the Sergeant-at-Arms and his assistants were struggling with the assassins, venerable Senators had cast aside their encumbering robes and were leaping over benches and flying down the aisles in wild confusion toward the shelter of the Committee-rooms, and a thousand voices were shouting "Po-lice! Po-lice!" in discordant tones that rose above the frightful din like shrieking winds above the roaring of a tempest. And amid it all, great Cæsar stood with his back against the statue, like a lion at bay, and fought his assailants weaponless and hand-to-hand, with the defiant bearing and the unwavering courage which he had shown before on many a bloody field. Billy Trebonius and Caius Legarius struck him with their daggers and fell, as their brother-conspirators before them had fallen. But at last, when Cæsar saw his old friend Brutus step forward, armed with a murderous knife, it is said he seemed utterly overpowered with grief and amazement, and dropping his invincible left arm by his side, he hid his face in the folds of his mantle and received the treacherous blow without an effort to stay the hand that gave it. He only said "*Et tu, Brute?*" and fell lifeless on the marble pavement.

We learn that the coat deceased had on when he was killed was the same he wore in his tent on the afternoon of the day he overcame the Nervii, and that when it was removed from the corpse it was found to be cut and gashed in no less than seven different places. There was nothing in the pockets. It will be exhibited at the Coroner's inquest, and will be damning proof of the fact of the killing. These latter facts may be relied on, as we get them from Mark Antony, whose position enables him to learn every item of news connected with the one subject of absorbing interest of to-day.

LATER.—While the Coroner was summoning a jury, Mark Antony and other friends of the late Cæsar got hold of the body and lugged it off to the Forum, and at last accounts Antony and Brutus were making speeches over it and raising such a row among the people that, as we go to press, the Chief of Police is satisfied there is going to be a riot, and is taking measures accordingly.

MARK TWAIN.

THERE is a story told of an imperial highness waltzing thrice on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly stated her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness's motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "I dance to perspire!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOLD MINE.

SIX years ago the gold fever was imported from Australia, and for a short space of time raged in England with unmitigated violence; a greater yellowness than usual tinged the City mind, and the conversation of City men; little else was talked about, but the discovery which had just been made—that if there was one mineral with which English soil was abundantly furnished, it was the precious metal in question. With that energy of enterprise which distinguishes a great nation, companies were immediately formed for extracting the gold from the ore, and our still more enterprising neighbors across the Atlantic found a splendid field for their peculiarly inventive genius, and sent us over machines to facilitate our endeavors by amalgamating the auriferous soil with quicksilver, after pulverizing it first by the aid of steam-power.

At that particular period, I had just reached my twentieth year; but sitting in judgment over myself at this distance, I have come to the conclusion that, owing to my singular greenness and incapacity for business at the time, I was in reality much younger than my age. In spite of these unlucky characteristics, somebody who took a great interest in me (my father) had just established me in the city as an analytical chemist and mining engineer. Now if there was one thing in the world for which I was peculiarly, and I may even say, extraordinarily unfit, it was that very useful profession; but it is a well-known fact that the fondest parents are not always most discriminating in the choice of professions for their sons.

So I had spent two years in a school of chemistry, attending lectures, and performing analyses, qualitative and quantitative, and various other chemical experiments, which I used to think very droll and amusing, in order to fit myself for my future career—and at length, thanks to my father's kindness, I found myself master of a laboratory which had been arranged in a manner regardless of expense, with water and gas laid on in every possible corner, and bottles, chemical stoves, etc., of a most ornamental brightness and perfection.

Here I waited for employment daily, and entertained my friends with sumptuous hospitality at lunch and supper; here also I occasionally astouished my mother and sister, by dexterously turning yellow liquids into blue ones, and performing other marvels of science—accomplishments which I have almost entirely forgotten (in my prospectus it was stated that assays of ore and analyses of minerals, etc., would be most carefully conducted, and all business of the kind attended to, with great steadiness and despatch;) and pending the advent of work, the scene of my future operations was enlivened by athletic sports and every kind of jollification, which helped me to endure the anxiety of my parents, at seeing me start on the serious business of life, so young.

I must say, that thanks to the kindness of several friends of my family, employment came pretty rapidly: one in particular gave me a large order for analyzing various specimens of soil from his estate. I conducted these experiments with proper earnestness, and he paid me for them with becoming gravity. I now thank him kindly for the same (it would have been undignified to do so then,) and sincerely hope that he has found my scientific research beneficial to his land.

These timely helps kept the wolf from my laboratory-door for a while, and I began to think making money was easy work, and that the man who cannot earn his bread by the sweat of his brow does not deserve to eat it; when the gold contagion suddenly broke out, and committed great ravages. I caught it one rainy afternoon near the Exchange, and by the time I reached home, my brain and pulses were in a morbid state of excitement about the new discovery. My mother and sister instantly became affected; but my father, who was of a stout habit and robust temperament, and gifted with a very practical turn of mind, fortunately escaped, and devoted himself to our cure. Thanks to his very judicious nursing, I was the first to recover; indeed, next day I was punctual at my place of business, where I fenced and boxed with comparatively unimpaired vigor all the morning.

Time wore on, the gold fever raged worse, and I waited impatiently for it to give me employment; at length it did so, in a few months from the period of its birth; somebody introduced me to somebody else, who introduced me to the chairman of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mines, situated near Moleville, in Blankshire, and which was apparently in a very bad way. Upwards of £6,000 had been spent in working for gold in the course of half a year (they had left off working it for copper, of course, ever since the existence of the more precious metal had been suspected;) but although gold had been abundantly found in all the small experiments which two celebrated chemists had performed on samples collected from the mine, as soon as these same operations had been carried on on a large scale down at the spot, nothing beyond the merest traces of gold had been realized.

There was a mystery about this which was solved by the matter-of-fact instinct of my dear papa, in a way so very uncomplimentary to some person or persons unknown, that I really think it better not to say anything further on the subject.

The Chairman of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine was favorably impressed with me. A meeting of the Board of Directors was held forthwith, and it was solemnly and unanimously decided that I should analyze a sample of the ore which had been just lately forwarded.

Here was a moment of delicious excitement! Perfect strangers, men of sense and experience, utterly unbiassed by any friendly motives towards my family, trusting me with an important trial, the result of which might affect the welfare of lots of people besides their own! Cheapside itself looked narrow when I walked out of that board-room.

The sample was most conscientiously analyzed; crushed into fine powder, I recollect, triturated with quicksilver, in a small machine invented on purpose by Mr. Perkes, an American (a gigantic specimen of which was rolling itself round and round in Blankshire at no little cost.) The quicksilver was carefully and decorously distilled, and left a small residuum which was fused with litharge, and afterwards melted again in a beautiful little white thing called a cupel; and the result was a most surprising button of pure gold, sufficiently large in proportion to the matrix to justify the formation of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine, and even to encourage the most sanguine hopes.

When I took the report of my analysis and the button, and exultingly laid them before the chairman, he was considerably less astonished than I expected him to be. This latter experiment had merely turned out as the others had done, and was therefore no novelty to him; and he could not conceive by what hitch in the machinery, by what imperfection of manipulation, everything had hitherto failed down at the mine. No more could I; but my good angel prompted me to hold my tongue, and look preternaturally wise; so much so that Mr. Chairman, who was fond of quotation, said:

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,"

which was very much to the point.

"Ahem! Felix, indeed," said I, trying to look very happy.

At length Mr. Chairman asked me whether it would suit my convenience to go down to the mine, in the event of the Board requiring me to do so.

Now my good father had instructed me to repress all boyish enthusiasm at any proposition of this kind, and without implying the slightest falsehood, to give a strong impression that such a journey, just at that particular moment, would involve the most serious risk to my interests in the city; and, I believe, I acted this to perfection.

Two days after, I received a polite note, requesting my attendance at the Board of Committee on the following afternoon, if convenient. I wrote a hurried reply to say that I would manage to find time at twenty-three minutes past four, and immediately went home to prepare myself for the great event by a serious consultation with my family.

My mother was of opinion that my manners and appearance were such as to conciliate any board. My sister was of the same opinion as my mother.

My father moved that, with all due deference to maternal and fraternal pride, these characteristics were not of sufficient weight to make sober city men entrust me with a mission of such great responsibility.

It was necessary, he said, that in my interview with the directors next day, I should cram them with every possible technical term that had ever been invented for the purpose, and he advised me to read them up forthwith in a manual for mining engineers, as the facts of the case were so simple that they would fail to impress the gentlemen of the managing committee, unless properly dished up and garnished, and served with suitable pomp and solemnity.

Here were the facts of the case in their rude simplicity:

Firstly. If, after carefully selecting samples from the mine, and crushing some twenty tons of the same in the machine with quicksilver, and, in short, going through all the necessary operations, (a thing I should feel very much embarrassed to do now,) if, he said, I *did* find gold, such a result would be encouraging, but not all conclusive. Who knows? One of the people employed might, by accident, drop his purse containing gold into the machinery, and fail to remember the circumstance after. There, if I *did* find gold, my duty was to repeat the experiment over again till I *didn't*.

Secondly. If, on the other hand, I did *not* find gold, either in the quicksilver or the residue, the experiment would be *quite* conclusive, and my duty was to come back immediately and advise the board of direction to wind up the affairs of the company, and not waste any more money on such a fool's errand—and, as he was perfectly sure I should *not* find gold, why, I need not trouble myself any further about the matter.

I could not but see the force of these arguments, and acted accordingly. I presented myself at the board next day a perfect dictionary of scientific mining expletives, and spoke in a most encouraging way of the prospects of the mine; stating that, if it contained gold enough to pay, the Victoria Gold Mining Company would, if well managed, probably be a very successful venture; that if it did not, my business would be to find it out and break the truth to them in a straightforward and business-like manner; adding that, *possibly*, the gentlemen, my predecessors, had not found gold, but by excess of delicacy, had lacked the moral courage to tell them the real reason of their failure—namely, that perhaps no gold to find—and had thus allowed them to incur expense after expense. I hoped, however, that such was not really the case, and that a very few days would decide the matter, should we agree as to terms, etc.

This was merely the substance of my discourse, for, by a lucky inspiration, I managed to make it last a long time, and to squeeze "lodes," "gossans," "costeanings," and other impressive words into almost every sentence. It produced a very great effect on the directors, and even on myself; and after a few questions on their part, which I answered with great discretion, (my father had foreseen everything,) they retired to the adjoining room, where they laid their heads together for at least twenty minutes.

My excitement during this consultation was such as I had never felt before, and my efforts to appear unconcerned before the office-clerk were alone worth the remuneration I was to receive for my invaluable assistance.

At length the chairman came out to speak to me privately, and, after humming and hawing me into a state of distraction, he told me that they had severally come to the conclusion—first, that I was very young; secondly, that they had spent a great deal of money on the mine without having as yet attained any positive result.

These were facts I did not venture to contradict. He then said that if a guinea a day for my salary, and half a guinea a day for my expenses, would compensate for my time and trouble, the board would decide upon sending me down.

If a guinea a day, indeed! I felt a wild impulse to embrace the whole board in the person of that venerable fat old fellow, but fortunately succeeded in restraining myself. I told him I would think of the matter, and return him an answer the following day; and, after bowing myself first into the office-clerk and then into the fire-place, I eventually succeeded in making an unconcerned exit.

I pass over my triumphant sensations and the family bliss, only chequered by anxiety lest the Victoria Gold and Copper Mine should come to grief before I got there. My answer to the board was, of course, favorable. I had soon completed all my little preparations, and on a splendid afternoon in August I found myself in the express train on the Great Western line, with the engineer of the mine, with whom I soon got on the very best of terms; a most sensible, lively, and gentlemanlike man, whose opinions on the gold question coincided so singularly with my father's, that I was naturally led to confide in him to a great extent, and found his advice as to my future conduct invaluable.

I will not attempt to describe the details of my journey, which were all delightful—the ride at early dawn through the most enchanting lanes to Moleville; the delightful acquaintance I made on the top of the stage-coach, which completely drove mining and gold out of my head, etc.—but come at once to my business.

We walked from Moleville to the mine through a series of beautiful miniature woods and valleys—a short cut which the engineer, who had a fine eye for the picturesque, particularly recommended—and suddenly the first mine which I, a mining engineer of some standing, had ever beheld, burst upon my view. A few outhouses and buildings, two gigantic water-wheels—erected at immense expense by my friend the engineer, whose fine eye for the picturesque made him do things grandly—a lot of red soil and broken granite lying about, and many skeletons of former crushing-machines which had reigned in turn till Mr. Perkes's victorious crusher had crushed them all into oblivion—such was the aspect that unrolled itself to my astonished eye. We made our way to a small outhouse of greater pretension than the rest, and I was there introduced to the captain of the mine—in other words, the head-miner—who was to be under my orders. After a few minutes' conversation, during which he treated me with a respectful deference I was not accustomed to meet with in gray-haired men, I was conducted to a brick building surmounted by a tall chimney, from which issued a rolling and thundering noise—the voice of Mr. Perkes's machine. Some five-and-twenty or thirty shaggy, rough-looking men were about. These were the miners. Their appearance was not reassuring, and when the engineer left me alone with them, with a parting injunction that I was to make them feel I had an iron will at once, I confess I felt myself uncomfortably young, and a little at a loss.

We proceeded to business at once, however; and as I met their first little symptoms of insubordination with one or two acts of summary justice, (which I will spare the reader, but which, emanating from me, caused me unlimited astonishment,) I soon established a proper authority over them, and we thenceforward got on together capitally.

I must now explain, in as brief and clear a manner as I can, the nature of the work I had to do, and the way I did it. I am afraid these scientific details will bore my readers to read, as they bore me to write them—and think that the best and shortest way is by transcribing a few extracts from my diary at the time.

But first it is necessary to state that, for three weeks previous to my arrival, Perkes's machine had been working indefatigably night and day; and on the very morning I got there, the last ton was got through the ordeal, and after disporting itself in the machine, impulpably pulverized with the mercury, was running off with the water in a kind of clear red mud, having of course left all its gold behind it. Now, three weeks of miners' wages, wear and tear of machinery, and unavoidable loss of mercury, must have cost a pretty considerable sum of money; I will not venture to say how much, as my information on such subjects is generally not to be relied upon; but if the reader possesses any of the practical turn which I lack, he will be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of the amount of gold necessary to cover these expenses, compensate for the original outlay, and pay a dividend.

"*August -th.*—Arrived at mine; rusticated W——, for shying his hat at me, and fined O—— and H—— half-crown apiece for grinning when I took a razor-strop out of my carpet-bag. When all the gossan was crushed, had machine stopped, and mercury drawn off and put into the still; luted cover of still on, and stamped luting secretly in two places with a crooked sixpence, to prevent mischief. Had the still put on the fire; left it under the charge of Hodge, who seems very much afraid of me, with particular directions not to inhale the fumes.

"Bright idea—tested the red mud from the machine for gold—not a trace of it—all in the mercury. Went home to dinner. Ten o'clock; uneasy about Hodge; walked to the mine; beautiful night; Hodge nearly suffocated; stupid fool had shut the ventilator; blew him up; put Westmacott in his place; distillery going on well. Owen nearly pushed me into a mud-vat—perhaps accident. Home to bed.

"*August -th* (next day.)—Hodge all right again; gave him some cavendish and half-a-crown. All the mercury distilled; took the cover off; scraped residuum carefully out; fused it—cupelled it. All the fellows in great excitement. Hodge dreadfully sick—cavendish and heat of the stove, I suppose; gave him some peppermint drops. Took the cupel out and cleared the smithy. General excitement interferes with regularity of business. Deuced excited myself. Cupel cooled; little button of gold; weighed it—value *one shilling and seven pence half penny;* regular shut-up for the Victoria."

It is unnecessary to quote any further from my diary; indeed I find, after a careful perusal, that I left it off just at this particular stage of the proceedings, and used it as a sketch-book. Such a result was unmistakably conclusive, and gave rise to no little commotion among the miners, some of whom thought proper to be very witty about the whole business. I immediately wrote to the board:

"GENTLEMEN.—It's all up with the Victoria, and the works had better be stopped at once, as far as gold is concerned. I enclose you my report, and await your orders to return to town, as my remaining here any longer is of course an useless expense. "I remain, etc."

The enclosed report stated that thirty tons of gossan had yielded so much gold (I forget the weight of the minute button), value 1*s.* 7½*d.*, and that the perfect efficiency of Perkes's machine had been proved by the complete absence of gold in the residue after it had passed through said machine; the inevitable conclusion from which was, that the mine contained no more than the infinitesimal quantity of gold which had been found to exist nearly everywhere.

My friend the engineer, who was returning to London that night, volunteered to be the bearer of this sad communication.

Two days after I received the answer, in which I expected to find unequivocal commendation of the rapid manner in which I had hit upon the truth, and the disinterested advice I had given them. To my great surprise, however, it was a very angry letter, complaining of the unbusiness-like way in which I had stated the bitter truth. A thing of such moment was not to be decided in that flippant manner, after so much money had been spent, and trouble incurred, for the last six months. They stated, moreover, that my duty was to remain as long as they pleased, and begged that I would henceforward be kind enough (!) to carry out several experiments which they would in course of due time suggest. Such was the subject of this peculiar epistle, on the back of which the chairman—no doubt with the kind intention of softening, in a measure, its asperity

—nad written a Greek quotation, which I have not yet been able to make out.

Well, of course I was eontent enough to remain in the land of clover, and so I made up my mind to stay. The "experiments" were suggested; I performed them, and very great recreation they afforded me: they consisted principally in superintending the manufacture of mud-pies on a very large scale, the manipulation of which was entrusted to the miners. Mud-pies had been a favorite accomplishment of my own, not very many years ago, and occasionally I could not resist the temptation of lending a hand to my shaggy friends, and messing myself from head to foot. The mercury whieh entered into their composition rendered them a great improvement on the unsophisticated mud-pies of infancy, and the subsequent little chemical tests instituted by the board lent additional interest; besides which, they cost a great deal of money.

My letters to the board contained very scieutific reports of our proceedings, and were met by grave answers, accompauied by new suggestions.

Amongst other wonders, a large case was sent down from London, in which was the model of a machine, whieh, if successful, was to supersede Mr. Perkes's, as if Mr. Perkes's were to blame! One of the directors had invented it (he was a retired officer); I will not attempt to describe the marvellous piece of mechanism which had emanated from the depths of that military gentleman's consciousness; but merely state that it turned out to be a perfect Irish bull of a machine, and that to use it for its intended purpose was about as wise as attempting to go round the world in twenty-four hours, by ascending in a balloon and waiting till the earth had turned itself round, as I believe it usually does in that time. Nevertheless we set it to work, and it behaved splendidly; the nature of its fun was so broad as to tickle even the most uneducated intellects, as my men soon found out to their inexhaustible delight: in fact, it had some of the powerfully comic qualities which distinguish Mr. Robson.

The miners did not believe in the mine, and as they perceived that I did not either, they believed in me to a most flattering extent. Indeed, I soon got very much attached to the fellows, and used to tell them long stories about foreign lands, while they were distilling this pure mercury, or performing other innocent operations suggested by the board, aud enlighten them on various subjects on which I felt their ignorance to be equal to, or greater, than my own. They reciprocated my anecdotes with long yarns which were full of interest. My letters home contained descriptions and sketches of them, and my mamma became interested in their spiritual welfare. Even now I entertain feelings of friendship towards two or three of them, who, surrounded by the halo of memory, seem primitive gentlemen worthy of King Arthur's Round Table; and should they have acquired the accomplishment of reading since we parted, and this happen to meet their eye, I hope they will remember that very jolly month of September and me.

Besides all this excitement, existence was full of charm for me between the hour of my leaving the mine and that of my returning to it next day. I was soon on terms of the most intimate friendship with many of the surrounding farmers and small gentry of the neighborhood. It was a constant round of festivities either at their houses or my hotel, where I occasionally entertained them with an elegant hospitality which exalted our jovial good fellowship into the most sentimental affection towards the small hours of the night. How I rode and wrestled, and boxed with them! and fell in love with their sisters, and sketched them, and sang Tyrolese melodies to them, an accomplishment imitated from Herr von Joel, and in which I had completely surpassed my model (if the opinion of these young ladies, who had never heard him, is to be accounted of any value.) It was most uproarious fun, and morning, noon, and night I blessed the lucky stroke of Fortune which had made me mining engineer to a gold mine, without any gold, managed by gentlemen who obstinately persisted in ignoring the latter important fact, in spite of my honest endeavors to persuade them of it. I have only to hum a certain "jodel" chorus, and the whole scene returns to me, surrounded by that peculiar fascination which belongs to past pleasures—a phenomenon far more interesting to me than the most marvellous phenomena of science.

Thus the days wore on in golden peace and plenty; when towards the end of September I received a letter from London, announcing that the directors intended to come down to the mine in person, in the course of a few days, to satisfy themselves that I had carefully and conscientiously fulfilled the mission they had entrusted to me, and witness the absence of the gold with their own eyes.

Everything was prepared to receive them, and when the day arrived, there was a certain appearance of festivity about the mine which could not fail to produce a pleasing effect upon the expected visitors. The captain was got up in a surprising suit of clothes, which consisted principally in a yellow waistcoat, and some of the miners had washed their faces!

At about mid-day three open carriages made their appearance, and five gentlemen, whom I had already met in London, (two of whom had brought wives, and daughters, and hampers, with them,) got out of the vehicles with the air of men who had an important duty to perform.

I received them, I trust, in a manner becoming to the occasion, and we immediately proceeded to business. They inspected everything with the eye of a hawk. They too, since I had left them, had made themselves thoroughly proficient in those technical terms without which no science can ever rest on a solid basis; but occasionally applied them in rather a reckless manner, I must say. They took especial interest in the experiments their combined wisdom had dictated, and criticised them with a gravity which I am sorry to say some of my men thought fit to see from a humorous point of view. The military gentleman insisted upon seeing his machine work, and asked me if I did not think it "rather a neat thing?" I gave him great satisfaction by telling him that it was very pretty, must have cost a great deal of money, and revolved on itself in a charmingly symmetrical manner.

The ladies of the party asked many questions, and interested themselves in everything with a prettiness, an inconsistency, a sudden running away from one thing to another which is peculiar to the sex, I suppose, on such occasions, and which was perfectly bewildering to my shaggy friends.

About an hour was spent in this lively manner, and at last the directors came to conclusions that were favorable to Mr. Perkes's gold-crushing machine and to me, completely exonerating us both from any charge of inefficiency as far as *our* part of the work was concerned; the captain and the miners also came in for their share of approbation, and the latter were generously tipped.

The serious part of the day's business being now over, they invited me to partake of lunch with them. The hampers were unpacked, and delicious cold things were laid out on the grass, beneath the combined shadows of a wide-spreading chestnut tree and one of the huge water-wheels; everybody was in the best of tempers, and we soon got very happy indeed. There was a pastoral freshness about this way of settling gold mines which had an inexpressible charm. The total ruin of the Victoria, which had just been *de facto* decided, did not in the slightest degree cloud the merriment of our little picnic; it had been tacitly brought about, (the ruin, not the picnic,) and was tacitly ignored.

As soon as the meal was over, the young ladies of the party took out their albums, and jotted down parts of the surrounding landscape with a rapidity at which Turner would have stood aghast. How they chatted and laughed, and how happy they were! The element of the *gushing* nature was in them, and a thimblefull of champagne had brought it out. I also had drunk champagne, a little too much perhaps, and gushed in unison. I complimented them on their performance with the brush in several languages, two of which I really knew, as my education had been continental; and praised the tender chocolate hue of their trees, and the deep ultra-marine of their back-grounds, and even went so far as to suggest that a delicate check-pattern for their cows would be very appropriate. Papas and mammas looked on delighted. I also enlivened the fore-gathering with the loudest Tyrolese ditties those hills had ever echoed, and two sisters sang "Excelsior" to the accompaniment of a guitar, which a mamma produced out of one of the carriages. Meanwhile, alas! my Knights of the Round Table were getting most desperately drunk in the smithy.

The shades of eve were falling fast by the time we left the mine; my new friends kindly offered me a lift to Moleville, and packed me up comfortably in an empty hamper at the back of one of the vehicles. As we drove off, the miners all came out of the smithy, hurrahing with great uncertainty of voice, and waving their hats enthusiastically; in fact, they waved everything about them. We made rather a pretty procession through the lovely Blankshire lanes, as the sun was setting and the trees were swerving overhead with a beautiful rushing noise; the ladies leaned back with their arms round each others' waists, and the gentlemen smiled and nodded majestically, like powerful gods in dalliance. As we lost sight of the mine I heard the men cheering me vociferously; and I swayed to and fro in my food-basket with a delightful reckless feeling that everthing in life was jolly, especially business. The chairman informed me that "It was the hour when lovers' vows seem sweet in ev'ry whispered word;" and another director told me that I was to return to London next day, and hold myself in readiness for something, which I did not catch on account of the chairman's quotation. I answered, "As in præsenti perfectum format in avi," and that I would hold myself in readiness for any mortal thing they could suggest.

When we arrived at Moleville, the ladies left us, and we men finished the evening together, I believe, at the hotel; indeed, the effect of the day's excitement and beautiful ride home on my peculiarly impressive temperament, made the rest of that evening a mystery to me, and I have no doubt to one or two gentlemen of the managing committee besides.

Next morning we all breakfasted together in the large room of the hotel. Some of the directors made their meal entirely off soda-water—half-a-dozen bottles at least. I think they had two or three headaches, for they complained of the relaxing nature of the climate. The ladies, however, were charmingly brisk and amiable, and I was getting wonderfully fond of the whole lot. But alas! the time for parting was at hand, and by the time I had finished *my* bottle of soda-water, I perceived that the carriages were at the door, which were to convey them all to a neighboring watering-place. The parting was very affectionate on both sides: they all expressed themselves much delighted with me, and were profuse in their invitations and offers of hospitality, especially the military gentleman, who had invented that funny machine. The chairman told me to prepare a clever matter-of-fact report, in such a way that the shareholders should perceive that everything had been done that could have been done—no stone left unturned—no useless expense incurred; adding that he really took a paternal interest in me, and that possibly my prospects in life might in a measure depend on the way in which I should manage this important, and he might say, delicate business.

Everybody else said things to the same purpose, and as they drove away, after many shakings of hands and mutual good wishes, the chairman turned round on his box and said: "*Verbum sap.*—my dear boy—Fare thee well!"

I felt very sad at their departure; we had all seemed to get on together so well, and understand each other so capitally; the only slight thing I *couldn't* quite understand was "*verbum sap.*," and who "*sap.*" was.

So I turned with a sigh towards the mine, where I had another parting scene to go through with my merrie men. When I got there, I found they all knew that I was leaving them, and had even scented out that their services would not be available much longer on that particular mine. All this made them very gloomy indeed, and I did my best to cheer them up by a little farewell speech which made me feel very much inclined to shed tears. They had packed up my few chemicals in the trap which was to convey me to the stage-coach, and among them many little presents and tokens of remembrance. One gave me a tobacco pouch, another a short black pipe, which I determined not to use till age had made my constitution stronger. The captain presented me with a small Testament, and the smith with two little jars of cream for my mother; even Hodge, who was the poorest of the poor, pressed upon my acceptance a beautiful dead snake, which emitted a very powerful odor.

Several of them walked by the side of my trap for a little way, and when I finally shook hands with them, after a little go of whisky all round, I thought what a jolly thing it would be to go off mining to Anstralia together, and meet with a lot of adventures—I to be the desperado captain of the gang.

At the hotel where the stage-coach stopped, I found several of my country friends, who had come to wish me good-by. I recollect inviting them all to my father's house in London, and shaking hands over and over again, and having several parting cups with them—after which the stage-coach started, and I don't recollect whether I rode inside or out,

Next morning I was in London, under the paternal roof and amidst the maternal caresses. After I had given a minute account of my proceedings over the family breakfast-table, during which his majesty my dear papa was often graciously moved to laughter, he expressed great satisfaction at my conduct, (I omitted a few unimportant details, of course, such as our bacchic performances at the hotel, which I reserved for the entertainment of my own particular pals;) my mother listened with affectionate gravity, and sometimes shook her head—but in the eyes of my sister, who had just recently attained to the dignity of long petticoats and womanhood, after an attack of the measles, which had taken place during my absence,) I was evidently a sort of a hero, to be treated henceforward with a certain deference.

About a week was to elapse before the much-dreaded meeting of the shareholders; and my father and I set to work together on my report, which was to be a marvel of scientific clearness and precision. My sister was amanuensis, and my mother sat by to soften the little crudities; and soon a very neat and concise little affair was arranged, and when I read it out loud in several tones of voice for the sake of practice, it met each time with the universal approbation of the family.

I sent it in next day, addressed to the chairman, feeling sure that it would increase the really paternal favor with which he regarded me; and this little responsibility being off my hands, and my family leaving London for the sea-side, I gave myself up entirely to my friends for the rest of the week.

At length, on the evening of the day which preceded the general meeting of the shareholders, I received a note from Mr. Chairman, (who, it appeared, had just returned to town from a Somersetshire watering-place,) saying that my report was too short and matter-of-fact, too drily scientific, and that another should be immediately written, which, besides the invaluable quality of truth, should possess a little of the elegance of fiction; that it was all very well to confine myself to mere technicalities in my private correspondence with him and his brother directors, to whom the arcana of science were no mystery, but that many of the gentlemen who would hear this report on the following day were not fitted by education to understand it; that, in short, I must know very well the sort of thing he meant, and he relied entirely upon my intelligence and good-will.

Now that very evening I was going to a musical party, which I would not have missed for any consideration, and should have thought it very hard to give up such a classical treat, merely because nature had endowed Mr. Chairman with a poetical constitution; so I quietly popped the report into another envelope and sent it back, with a polite message to the effect that I would be most happy to develop my theories by *viva voce* explanation the following day.

The musical party lasted all night, and I confess that the exciting effect of "Down among the Dead Men," and the "Holy Friar," and other compositions, had scarcely subsided by the time fixed for the meeting of the shareholders on the morrow. I was very punctual, however, and walked calmly into the board-room, where I indicated myself in a series of bows. Many were assembled there, and their faces were "ashen and sober as the leaves that are crisped and sere," as I observed to the chairman. He was not at all in a mood, however, for that sort of thing, and seemed exceedingly stiff and formal; the muse had evidently quite forsaken him. I soon felt that the business of the day was no longer to be characterized by that idyllic tenderness I had found down in Blankshire; the other directors looked very grave; the mild eyes of the military gentleman were filled with dismay. There were several gentlemen present whom I had never seen, but whom I recognized as shareholders by the length of their faces. The only face in which I saw anything like cordiality or facetiousness was that of my friend the engineer, whom I immediately greeted in the most impulsive manner.

Sheets of foolscap and blotting paper were ominously laid out on the table before each place.

Presently one of my predecessors in the chemical business of the mine, the eminent analytical chemist Mr. Ex, made his appearance, and to him I was introduced, but he chose to acknowledge my very respectful salutation with contemptuous indifference. I immediately made a mental estimate of his weight. Shortly after, Mr. Zed, my other eminent rival, walked in, and he did not acknowledge my respectful salutation at all. The caricatures I made of them both on my sheet of blotting-paper were afterwards pronounced first-rate by my friend the engineer.

We sat down in stormy silence; I was at the right hand of the chairman, and supported the military gentleman on my other side. The other directors filled their respective places at the board, and the shareholders stood or sat all about the room.

The chairman opened the proceedings by a sort of general statement of things, which appeared to me rather confused. It comprised, however, a very plausible account of all that had been done before I was employed, and of all the money that had been spent, and how; and it took a very long time to deliver.

It enlarged on the zeal, cleverness, and inestimable services of my friend the engineer, who rose and acknowledged the compliment with a few smiling, gentlemanlike, and appropriate words; after which he made a comprehensive bow all round, the elegance of which I have never seen surpassed, and then he left the room.

Mr. Chairman then expatiated on the admirable and necessarily expensive manner in which Messrs. Zed and Ex had fulfilled their parts; how, owing to circumstances which he thought it unnecessary to enter into then, their efforts had not met with the success they deserved; how, at length they had decided upon availing themselves of my assistance in spite of my extreme youth; how he and the other directors, waiving all considerations of personal convenience, had gone down to the mine themselves, and at their own expense, to see that I had managed everything properly; how, in short, I had done everything they had suggested in the most careful and conscientious manner, and how they had been led thereby to the conclusions which would be found, not so much in my report, which I had thought fit to make exceedingly short and technical, as in the explanations which I had kindly volunteered to give *viva voce*.

He then read my report, which stated the nature of the experiments performed by me from first to last, and their complete failure, and ascribed the cause thereof to the fact that gold did not exist in the Victoria Gold and Copper Mines. I thought it sounded very nice, and that the chairman had a very impressive voice, and read it beautifully. I was especially struck with the dignity with which I had invested the mud-pie experiments by describing them scientifically.

When he had finished, nobody asked for a *viva voce* explanation of my eloquent little composition, which everybody appeared to understand perfectly well; but the chairman said that I was desirous of addiug a few remarks, and squeezed my hand under the table in a very friendly mauner.

Now I must say that the latter part of Mr. Chairman's extempore oration, in which he had allnded to my services, did uot exactly thrill me with feelings of unmixed delight; for he had allotted to me a very secondary part in the important discovery which had been made—uamely, the absence of gold in the Victoria Gold Mine; and as I had piqued myself on being the originator of the said important discovery, I thought it very unpaternal in him not to give me credit for the same; added to which, the very nnfraternal behavior ol my confreres Messrs. Zed & Ex towards me had excited legitimate feelings of resentment in my bosom.

So I reciprocated the pressure of the chairman's fingers, cleared my throat, and delivered the followiug memorable address:

Gentlemen.—Accustomed ns I am to pnblic speaking—(which was perfectly true, for to public speaking I owe some of the sweetest naps I ever enjoyed)—I find it a matter of great difficulty to account for the nnfortunate delusion under which all assembled here have been laboring for the last six months. I went down to the Victoria mine in August, and proved it, as per report, to contain no more gold than is to be found in traces everywhere, even in sea water. It took me two days to make this discovery, and I immediately begged the directors to allow me to return to London. They were anxious, however, that everything should be done, no stone left unturned, no useless expense spared with—(kicks under the table—I mean no useless expense incurred, and insisted on my remaining at the mine; so I obeyed their orders, in spite of my own conviction; and I believe that literally every stoue on that miue has not only beeu turned, but reduced to an impalpable state by the experiments which the directors sngested, experiments which ought to have drawn blood from any stone, gentlemen. There was oue instrument in particular, invented by (here the military gentleman's foot came down on mine with a crash)—an instrument, in short, which revolved on its axis for nearly a month, with a persistency that was quite pathetic; but in spite of its great merit, it was not exactly calculated to find a mineral which did not exist, and it failed to do so, probably owing to that very reason.

The only cause to which I can ascribe this extraordinary and, to me, monstrous deception, is a certain pheuomenon over which I have puzzled in vain, gentlemen, and which Messrs. Zed and Ex may possibly be able to explain to you; I allude to the fact that gold was found to exist abundantly in the samples which were sent up to London for analysis.

Messrs. Zed and Ex have had much greater experience than I can boast; they were sent down to the mine repeatedly before I was employed; their remuneratiou was in proportion to the very high standing they occupy in the scientific world, as was also the unlimited confidence with which they managed to inspire the directors. Their numerous experments, and the various quartz-crushing machines they have invented, and which are now lying all over the mine in a very rusty state, have cost you nearly 3,000*l.*; and upon my honor, gentlemeu, I cau no more account for the positively ludicrous incompetency they have showu, *to say the least*, than I can for the wonderful simplicity of the directors, or the monstrous absurdity of the whole affair from beginniug to end! . . .

At this particular point the faces of Messrs. Zed and Ex grew so like my caricature of them, that my gravity being disturbed, I completely lost the thread of my discourse, and was obliged to bring it to an abrupt termination.

The shareholders, who had emphasized certain little passages towards the close of my harangue, by occasional "hear—hears," applauded with an energy that was flattering to nobody but me.

I cast an appealing look round the board, and the general expression of the faces which I saw there convinced me that I had somehow forfeited the regard of the directors, aud made two very enthusiastic enemies of Messrs. Zed and Ex—in fact, that the place was getting rather hot for me; so I inquired of the chairman if he had any farther questions to ask, aud on his rather hurried reply in the negative, I pleaded important mining business to attend to, and left the room with a bow, which I tried to make as much like that of my friend the engineer, as possible.

A stormy discussion, audible in the street without, arose immediately after my departure, and I have no doubt the meeting was carried on after a very lively fashion, aud that many remarks were elicited which were not of a very soothiug nature to all parties coucerned.

I, for my own part, felt tolerably happy, and did not experience any loss of appetite; I even sang with great brilliancy of execution at another musical party to which I was invited that evening.

On the morrow I was startled by receiving a very cold and concise letter from the board, stating that my services would be dispeused with for the future, and enclosing a cheque, for which it requested my acknowledgment. The chairman had written no apposite quotation from the Greek on the back of it, to temper the bitterness of my *congé*. But I found consolation in the cheque, and in the wonderful sensation of having blundered on to what appeared to me the right thing in this particular business, in spite of my inaptitude for business generally.

So I went down to the sea-side to recruit my health, and enjoy the approbation of my family. My father laughed very heartily at my description of the meeting of the shareholders, and told me that I had put my foot in it up to the arm-pits—which was his way of expressing that it was all right. My mother aud sister were enthusiastic in their commendations—and I felt that my late experience had fitted me morally to undergo the operation of *shaving*, in spite of all physical deficiency; and as that had been the object of my ambition for the last few months, I obtained the permission of my dear papa, and adopted the harmless habit forthwith.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that when I returned to town, the affairs of the Victoria Gold and Copper Mining Company had been wound up, and that the mine itself had entirely changed hands. At the present moment it is paying a handsome dividend, having been worked very successfully for copper under another name.

Query—How did the gold get into the samples?

Moral.—The mysteries of science are inscrutable to the uninitiated mind.

C. Du Maurier.

NEW BOOKS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Roman & Co. for a number of specimen volumes selected from their regular installment of new books received by the last steamer. The supply is liberal and the list long. The war, high duties, and the Presidential campaign do not seem to affect the demand, or decrease the number daily issued from the Eastern presses. While the supply of miscellaneous reading has not fallen off, the poetical, historical, and romantic episodes of our great struggle are beginning to find expression through our literature. Although at present crude and undigested, as events recede in the past it will improve in quality, and there is material euough for all the poets, novelists and historians which the next cycle may bring forth. We have noticed already a few volumes of this class, but in the present list, the red, white and blue of the "*Songs of the Soldiers*," is the only representative.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D., and Noah Porter, D.D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1864. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

This new edition of Webster's well-known work, greatly enlarged and improved, is a complete and remarkable volume, combining the advantages of encyclopœdia and dictionary. For general refereuce, the present edition must stand unequalled among the lexicons of the age. Thirty years have elapsed since its first publication by Noah Webster; seventeen years since, Goodrich revised it, in 1847; and five years since, the issue of the first "Pictorial Edition." Constant accessions and contribntions to the language, new systems of nomenclature, and technical terms introduced by the advancement and development of the arts and sciences, have already enlarged the dictionary, while several vocabularies not hitherto published have been added. Dr. Webster's etymology has received the endorsement of the highest authority. The vocabulary, though large, has been rigidly scrutinized, and many self-explaining compounds have been rejected. The original book embraced a vocabulary of 80,000 words. The editions of 1840 and 1847, added several thousands more. The Pictorial edition of 1859 increased that number by 10,000, making 99,798 words. Worcester's edition of 1860 contained about 104,000 words, and the present edition of Webster exceeds this by 10,000. The definitions are accurate, and have been revised to correspond with the new significance and shades of meaning attached to certain words. "Contraband—a negro slave or a freed slave in time of war," is a contribution of the rebellion. The special departments have been carefully attended to by competent editors. One very valuable feature of the volume are the synonyms, now incorporated in the body of the work. Three thousand pictorial illustrations are scattered through its pages or grouped together in classes at the end of the volume. A number of tales form some valuable additions; among them are "Explanatory and Pronouncing Vocabulary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons, Places, etc.," by William N. Wheeler, which has received the endorsement of Hawthorne, Everett, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and the prominent literary men of America. Professor Thatcher, of Yale, has revised "The Pronouncing Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Proper Names." An "Etymological Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names," is a new feature, and shows the peculiar fitness or derivation of names of particular localities, mountains, towns, etc. We observe also as novelties, "Pronouncing Vocabulary of Common English Christian Names of Men and Women," with their signification, etc. Unusually full and complete. "Quotations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, etc., from the Greek, the Latin, and Modern Foreign Languages;" "Abbreviations and Contractions used in Writing and Printing;" "Arbitrary Signs used in Writing and Printing." This table (which is remarkably full and valuable) gives, and explains the meaning and origin of, Astronomical, Botanical, Chemical, Mathematical, Medical, Miscellaneous, Monetary or Commercial, Musical, and Typographical signs or symbols of all sorts. "Ancient, Foreign and Remarkable Alphabets." This edition is undoubtedly the best dictionary of the language. The typography, though very fine, is clear and distinct, the binding excellent, and the pictorial illustrations are artistically good. Altogether, for a volume of this formidable size, the bookwork is marvellously handsome.

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Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East—being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a railroad map corrected up to 1864, and a map embracing colored routes of travel in the above countries. Third Year. 8vo. pp. 619. New York: Harper & Bro. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

An American "Murray," containing in a single volume all the information, fact, and directious which in the famous English guide-book series, were scattered through a number of volumes. The Yankee tourist will not be obliged to carry a small library with him and change his book every time he crosses a frontier line. Mr. Fetridge sketches out a plan for short continental excursions, giving, what is most important to the tourist, an estimate of the expense. Seven hundred dollars will give the traveller three months on the Continent and enable him to visit the principal points of interest. Two thousand dollars, not much more than the annual expenses of an individual of moderate means, will give him the run of Europe for a year. The directions are minute and comprehensive, with a fair margin for accidents and incidents of travel, and the suggestions and advice have a sensible, matter-of-fact flavor that attracts the general reader. The work has been corrected and issued annually for the last three years. The Author, who resides in Europe, has had the benefit of considerable experience, and, during the past year, has rewritten the greater portion of the work, adding and correcting up to July of the present year, making this the latest by two years of any guide-book.

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Essays on Social Subjects, from the Saturday Review. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. 16mo. pp. 351. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

A collection of papers by a contributor to the London *Saturday Review*. They treat of topics similar to those which the Country Parson made the subject of his "Recreations," in *Fraser's Magazine*. Less general and liberal than the "Recreations," they exhibit that strong practical sense, worldly wisdom and blunt satire which is the peculiar tone of this eminently English review, set forth in its usual bull-dogmatic and oracular manner. The reader is pretty certain, however, to find no false sentimentality in this book, and very little sham of any kind, and if he can only stand a little plain talk and some wholesome prejudices, will be all the better for reading it. Although treating of English social topics, and being more or less governed by the usages of social life as peculiar to England, the application is broad and universal, and the following extract belongs to no particular latitude:

SAYING DISAGREEABLE THINGS.

Some people, not otherwise ill-natured, are apt to season their conversation with disagreeable sayings, unpleasant comments, uncomfortable insinuations. Such a person, we sometimes hear, is a good sort of fellow, but he has a way of saying disagreeable things. Such a woman can be very charming when she pleases, but— In fact, these people are never spoken of for three consecutive sentences without a qualification. A disagreeable thing is distinguished from an impertinence, which it often closely resembles, by certain marks. In the first place, an impertinence we need not stand, but the other we often must, aware that it is the result of certain conditions of our friend's mind, which, as we cannot hope to alter, we must resign ourselves to. An impertinence may or may not be true,—its main design, independent of truth, is, more or less, to insult. It is of the essence of a disagreeable thing that it should be true—true in itself, or true as representing the speaker's state of feeling. And yet an unpalatable truth is not technically a disagreeable thing any more than an impertinence, though, of course, the being told it is an unpleasant operation. It is necessary for us now and then to hear unpalatable and unwelcome truths; but a disagreeable thing is never a moral necessity—it is spoken to relieve the speaker's mind, not to profit the hearer. The same utterance may be an impertinence, an unpalatable truth, or a disagreeable thing, according to time and circumstance. For example, in a fit of absence, we perpetrate some solecism in dress or behavior. It is an unwelcome truth to be told it, while there is yet opportunity for remedy, or partial remedy: it is an impertinence to be informed of it by a stranger who has no right to concern himself with our affairs: it is a disagreeable thing when—the occasion past—our friend enlightens us about it, simply as a piece of information. We all of us, no doubt, have friends, relations, and acquaintances who think it quite a sufficient reason for saying a thing, that it is true. Probably we have ourselves known the state of mind in which we find a certain fact or opinion a burden, a load to be got rid of; and, under the gross mistake that all truth must be spoken, that it is uncandid and dangerous not to deliver a testimony—convinced that truth, like murder, will out, and that our friend, sooner or later, must learn the unacceptable fact—we come to the conclusion that it is best for all parties to get the thing over by being ourself the executioner. We have most of us acted the *enfant terrible* at some time or other. But this crude simplicity of candor, where it is the result of the mere blind, intrusive assertion of truth, is a real weight; and the primary law of politeness, never to give unnecessary pain, as soon as it is apprehended, is welcomed as a deliverer. Children and the very young have not experience enough for any but the most limited sympathy, and can only partially compare the feelings of others with their own. Indeed, the idea of the comparison does not occur to them. But there are people who, in this respect, remain children all their days, and very awkward children too—who burst with a fact as the fool with his secret, and, like the hair-dresser in Leech's caricature, are impelled to tell us that our hair is thin at the top, though nothing whatever is to come of the communication. These, as Sydney Smith says, turn friendship into a system of lawful and unpunishable impertinence, from, so far as we can see, no worse cause than incontinence of fact and opinion,—feeling it to be a sufficient and triumphant defence of every perpetration of the sort, that it is true. "Why did you tell Mr. So-and-so that his sermon was fifty minutes long?" "Because I had looked at my watch." "Why did you remind such a one that he is growing fat and old?" "Because he *is*." "Why repeat that unfavorable criticism?" "I had just read it." "Why disparage this man's particular friends?" "I don't like them." "Why say to that young lady that her dress was unbecoming?" "I really thought so." It is, however, noticeable in persons of this obtrusive candor, that they have eyes for blemishes only. They are never impelled to tell pleasant truths,—from which, no doubt, we may infer a certain acerbity of temper, though these strictures may be spoken in seeming blunt, honest good-humor. Still, they talk in this way from natural obtuseness and inherent defect of sympathy. These are the people who always hit upon the wrong thing to say, and instinctively ferret out sore subjects. They are not the class we have in our thoughts. Indeed, they incapacitate themselves for serious mischief, as their acquaintance give them a wide berth, and take care not to expose their more cherished interests to their tender mercies. It requires some refinement of perception to say the more pungent and penetrating disagreeable things. We must care for the opinion or the regard of a person whose sayings of this sort can keenly annoy us. A man must have made friends before he can wound them. A real expert in

this art is never rude, and can convey a disregard approaching to contempt for another's opinion, hit him in his most vulnerable points, and send him off generally depressed and uncomfortable, without saying a word that can be fairly taken hold of.

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Songs of the Soldiers, arranged and edited by Frank Moore. 12mo., pp. 318. New York: George P. Putuam; San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1864.

This little volume is uniform with the red, white and blue series edited by Frank Moore. As the book claims merely to exhibit those songs that are most popular with our brave boys, either through association or peculiar musical adaptability, there is no attempt to make the literary excellence of this collection a prominent feature. Some of the "songs" are very clever. We extract the following, perhaps already familiar to many of our readers, as a specimen-brick of the collection:

PADDY ON SAMBO AS A SOLDIER.

Some tell us 't is a burning shame
To make the naygurs fight;
An' that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon my sowl!
So liberal are we here,
I 'll let Sambo be murdered in place of myself
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be killed I'll divide wid him,
An' divil a word I 'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern bagnet,
So liberal are we here,
I 'll resign and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
And wid none of your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern bagnet prod
Wid Sambo I 'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And it 's better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake an' white;
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs straight on the barrel-sights
From under his thatch of wool!
So hear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
Tho right to be killed I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!

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"*Their Majesties' Servants.*" Annals of the English Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, Actors, Authors, Audiences. By Dr. Doran, F. S. A. 2 vols. 8v., pp. 416–416. New York: W. J. Widdleton. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

Extracts from this admirable work have from time to time appeared in the English and Eastern journals. It is a full and complete record of the dramatic stage from the days of Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, with allusions to cotemporaneous events, which give it the importance and dignity of history. Dr. Doran's style is original and charming; the descriptions are vivid, and the reader cannot help absorbing some of the enthusiasm and genial interest with which the author treats his subject. We can only find room this week for the following description of

THE LAST HOURS OF PEG WOFFINGTON.

She returned to the "Garden" in the season 1754–5, going through all her best characters in that, and the two succeeding, and her final seasons. The last male part she acted was "Lothario;" the last original part she created was "Lady Randolph," (which, however, had been previously played in Edinburgh by Mrs. Ward,) and in "Rosalind," paralysis put an end to her professional career. Just previously, her "Lothario" had not been highly esteemed; and Barry, in the memorable suit of white-puckered satin, had produced all the effect in *Douglas*. This affected her spirits. Then she was annoyed at young Tate Wilkinson, whom Foote had just brought on the stage, and who had audaciously imitated the worst parts of Margaret's voice. Almost the only unkind act that can be laid to Mrs. Woffington's charge, was her consequent attempt to induce Rich not to enter into an engagement with Wilkinson. Her scorn drove the unfortunate young gentleman, for his story was a sad one, from the green-room, despite the interference of Shuter. One night, as she was playing "Clarissa," in the *Confederacy*, she saw Wilkinson in a stage-box with Capt. Forbes, and unable to control her rage, she came close to the box, and absolutely made him shrink back by the sneering sarcasm with which she flung at him one of her speeches. A rude woman in the box above mimicked her peculiar voice so well, as "Clarissa" turned away, that Mrs. Woffington thought it came from Wilkinson. That night she swept through the green-room, a beautiful fury, and the next day, at Rich's levee, she assailed Tate with terrible eloquence, prophesied evil to him, wished the evil she prophesied, and altogether manifested little of the kindly nature which was, in truth, her own.

Soon followed thereon the fatal 3d of May, 1757. The play was *As You Like It*, in which she acted "Rosalind." Young Tate Wilkinson was standing at the wing as she passed on to the stage, and on her way she complimented him, ironically, on his recent success as a debutant. Wilkinson watched and studied her throughout the piece, till she came off early in the fifth act, and suddenly complained of being ill. Wilkinson offered his arm, leaning on which she retired to the green-room, rallied, went on, changed her dress, again trod the stage, defiantly of fate, and again yielded to the coming blow; but only for a moment. Once more she recovered, her self-will being so great, and she began the lines of the epilogue. She had just uttered, with fearful gayety, the words: "If I were among you, I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me——." when that once saucy tongue became paralyzed. A last flash of courage impelled her to an attempt to proceed; but it was vain, and at the sense that she was stricken, she flung up her hands, uttered a wild shriek in abject terror, and staggering towards the stage-door, fell into the arms stretched to receive her: and amid indescribable confusion of cheering and commiserating cries, Margaret Woffington disappeared from the stage, forever.

In November of that year, a fine gentleman asked, "What has become of Mrs. Woffington?" "She has been taken off by Colonel Cæsar," answered another fine gentleman. "Reduced to *aut Cæsar aut nullus*," said the smart Lord Tyrawley. "She is gone to be married," said Kitty Clive; "Colonel Cæsar bought the license at the same time Colonel Mostyn bought his." At this time, poor Margaret, in the meridian of her beauty, somewhat weary of her calling, ashamed, it is said, of her life, was slowly dying at "Teddington, in Twickenhamshire," as Walpole loved to call it. So slowly, that the end did not come till 1760.

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Limited space compels us to defer notices until next week of the following volumes: Trollope's *Lindesfard's Chase*, *Life of Jean Paul Richter*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Emily Chester*, *The Lady of La Garaye*, *Chismania*, and *The American Anglers' Book*.

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We acknowledge the receipt of the following new books from Messrs. Appleton & Co., 508 Montgomery street:

Peterson's New Cook-Book; or, Useful and Practical Receipts for the Housewife and the Uninitiated.

This book contains 858 "new and original receipts for cooking, together with valuable information to all housekeepers, with rules for purchasing all kinds of meats, fish, poultry, and all things appertaining to the comfort, regularity, and welfare of the household, making it the most perfect and best Cook-Book ever published. Complete in one large volume, strongly bound."

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The Haunted Tower: By Mrs. Henry Wood. Peterson & Co.: Philadelphia. San Francisco: Appleton & Co., 508 Montgomery street.

NOTES OF MINES AND MINERALOGY.

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The New Metal Indium.—This metal was discovered by Messrs. Reich and Richter, who have lately communicated to the scientific journals their observations upon its nature and most prominent qualities. A quantity of black blende or zinc ore from the Himmelfahrt mine, on treatment with hydrochloric acid and subsequent evaporation, gave about 43 lbs. of impure chloride of zinc, which, after treatment with water, left a residue containing Indium, from which a few grammes of the new element were obtained.

The *metal* can be reduced from the oxide by fusion in a carbon crucible with carbonate of soda and borax, and refusion with cyanide of potassium; by fusing alone with the cyanide, the oxide is reduced, but to pulverulent metallic powder. The density of two specimens gave, respectively, 7.11 and 7.14. The color of the metal is between tin and silver white; it is exceedingly soft and very ductile, and retains its metallic lustre when exposed to the air or immersed in water. It easily fuses on charcoal before the blowpipe, coloring the flame blue, and covering the charcoal with a coating which is dark yellow while hot, and white when cold. The oxide imparts no color to the fluxes; when flamed with borax it gives a white enamel; with a salt of phosphorus and tin, a gray pearl.

The metal is slowly soluble by hydrochloric and sulphuric acids when cold, heat increasing the rapidity of the solution. It dissolves rapidly in nitric acid, even when cold and diluted. When dissolved in acetic acid it is precipitated completely by sulphuretted hydrogen as sulphide of indium, which is of a fine yellow color that becomes, on drying, nut-brown, and when pulverized, an orange color. The most striking property of the new metal, and the one which led to its discovery, is the indigo-blue line which it shows in the spectroscope, thus affording another evidence of the great value and delicate character of this mode of analysis in detecting the presence of metals when existing in almost infinitessimal quantity and utterly beyond the reach of the usual analytical tests.

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Ore Crushing Machinery.—It is a matter of great practical account in mining to have simple, durable and effective means of breaking up and reducing to small fragments the ores as they come from the mine in large masses or blocks, preparatory to passing them to the pulverizer where they are ground to a powder fine enough to allow the extraction of the metal they may contain. It has been found of great economy to adopt this first step in the working of ores, but only in late years and very slowly has its value been acknowledged even in mining establishments under the most able administration. The fact is now beyond question, as statistics show a saving or, its equivalent, an increased product of 25 to 30 per cent. due to machine crushing.

Most of the best machines designed for this purpose are American, and of these the larger number are of California invention, to a few of which attention will be briefly called.

Blake's stone and ore cracker was the first of its class, and is now used extensively in mines, though for a number of years applied only to the preparation of stone for roads, etc. It is constructed with two jaws of great strength, one fixed, the other movable, and deriving its motion from suitable machinery, and the ore is broken by the action of the movable upon the fixed jaw. Hundreds of these machines have been manufactured and sold in the last two years by an eminent foundry firm in Leeds, England, where they seem to have been more highly valued and appreciated by the mining proprietors than in America, the place of their origin.

Next in order may be mentioned Brodie's crushing machine, of San Francisco, constructed about four years ago; and Hanscom's, of the same place, only invented and put in operation in the last four months. Both are excellent in design, and give most satisfactory results, and in one essential, probably the main point of construction, are the same as Blake's—the ore being crushed by the approach to or action of a movable jaw upon another jaw which is fixed and rigid, the mechanical means whereby this is accomplished being in each somewhat varied and but slightly different in form.

While omitting to speak of other machines of this kind, but in no spirit of neglect, and far from any feeling of condemnation, allusion must, in justice, be made here to the crusher of Mr. Fauchery, of this city, which is known as the Crocodile Crusher, and so called from the fact that *both* jaws in this machine are made to move after the manner of the animal from which it takes its name. This machine is extremely simple, consisting in the main of only three pieces of rough cast iron of great strength. It does its work thoroughly, with but a small consumption of power and with a steady, easy motion.

In all these rock-breaking machines it never fails to strike the observer with wonder, exciting his admiration—sometimes fear—to see masses of the most compact, obdurate rock thus give out sparks of fire at every blow of the sledge, that structure the work of the most powerful forces known in nature, in an instant broken up, disintegrated and made to crumble into dust by the hand of man.

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Antimony—Improved Mode of Treating it.—In the southern districts of the State of California antimonial ore is found in abundance, and of very high quality, but by reason of the great distance from a shipping point, and in the absence of good roads, which makes the transportation slow and costly, the mines of this metal have not yet received from miners and men of means the attention they justly deserve. It has been found too expensive to work the ores on the ground by the old method of reducing these ores; little was expected from them till some new and cheaper mode could be devised. This seems to have been done in Australia, as fine specimens of 100 lbs. weight of metallic antimony have been recently exhibited in Melbourne from a process patented some short time ago by the Rev. Edward Hughes, of Heathcote. This invention is likely to lead to important results, as it is more expeditious and simple than the old process, in which two or more smeltings have been used to procure the metal in its requisite purity. Mr. Hughes accomplishes the result in one operation, by means of a close furnace. A smelting company has been formed at Victoria in that colony, and with their present apparatus they weekly reduce fifteen tons of ore, containing from 60 to 70 per cent. of metal. This ore is obtained at a cost of about £5 per ton, and when reduced to metal is worth £40 per ton in England. In reducing it to the metallic form at the mines, by this new method, the large cost of freight is avoided, and the mines, otherwise unavailable, and made valuable to their owners and the colony. These ores, like many of the California ores of antimony, contain gold, which is separated by proper treatment at the mines or sold in alloy with the metallic antimony, and its value accounted for in the proceeds of sale.

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Balzac is Shy.—There is a pleasant story of how the great Balzac was confined for a week in the Hotel des Haricots, the disciplinary prison of the National Guard.

In the height of his popularity, Balzac, like Beranger, sought to avoid visitors. To this end he hired rooms under the assumed name of Mme. Dupont. To which place Leon Gozlan, who discovered his retreat, once addressed a letter—

A Madame Dupont
"(*née Balzac*)."

At this time the great novelist served in the National Guard, which institution he held in horror, and he believed that by hiding he should relieve himself of his odious duty; but civil-military law knows no respect for persons, and at his recognized home the proper authorities had "filed" all the summonses and orders that precede the incarceration of refractory and inattentive national guardsmen. Of these, of course, Mme. Dupont knew nothing.

The sergeant-major of the company which had the honor of inscribing De Balzac on its muster-roll was by trade a hair-dresser and perfumer. Enraged at the illustrious writer for his revelation of several of the inner secrets of hair-dressery and perfumery in his novel of "Cesar Birotteau," the military barber resolved to avenge the "trade" and the troop. All that he wanted was to catch the novelist in the street, for domicile is inviolable.

One morning, while Balzac was writing one of his wonderful "Incarnations de Vautrin," his servant entered his study and informed him that a box containing an Etruscan vase had just arrived below; that the porter, after three days' search, had discovered that M. de Balzac was staying *chez* Mme. Dupont. Inspired by curiosity and love of the artistic, the great author ran down stairs in his dressing-gown. A man, carrying a case, stood at the door. Balzac stepped into the street.

"Trapped!" cried the sergeant-major perruquier, at the same moment avenging his own art and his prisoner's want of patriotism.

Away went the sham porter and the sham box. In vain Balzac pointed to his robe-de-chambre and slippers. The barber-sergeant was inexorable. A crowd assembled, and the author of the *Comedie Humaine* was marched off.

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Not Exactly Plain Enough.—A recently married gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. Rather unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on the 21st of December.

THE FIRST MEETING OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINIVERE.

THE Lady Guinevere was crown'd,
And all Prince Arthur's Table Round
Their fealty came to yield.
She sat, the very fairest queen
That England's realm had ever seen,
Beside the bravest king, I ween,
E'er handled weapon sharp and keen
Or sceptre learn'd to wield.

The golden circlet jewell'd rare
Shone through the wealth of braided hair
That wreathed her perfect head;
With crimson robe and snowy vest,
And gems on arms and rounding breast,
It seem'd to every knightly guest
To be a hope supremely blest
For her his blood to shed.

As one by one their bearded lips
Just press'd her slender finger-tips,
In token of their zeal,
She bore her part with regal grace,
That show'd the throne was fitting place
For blood of Leodegraunce's race;
And who before such peerless face
Would hesitate to kneel?

But when, unhelmeted and tall,
Sir Launcelot trode across the hall
And bow'd before the throne,
A sudden meeting of their eyes
Quick caused the eddying blood to rise,
To flush her cheek with richer dyes,
Each echoing the other's sighs,
As his hand touch'd her own.

And thus, an instant, all forgot
Was royal mien and queenly lot
In joy of passion's birth;
The heart-pulse leapt through all her frame,
Love's dawning broke in rosy flame
Of blushing clouds that went and came
As Launcelot vow'd henceforth her name
Should be his star on earth!

A moment, and the spell was o'er:
The *woman* was a queen once more,
And Launcelot, loyal knight;
But ever through that festal day,
Mid tournament or mock-melée,
Their glances caught each other's ray;
And Arthur praised her that alway
Her blushes were so bright!—[*Sallie Bridges.*

THE AVDENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A HORSE.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

"SHY she was, and I thought her cold,
Proud, and I fled o'er the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
While Ellen Adair was dying for me."

IN treating of Gloriana and her "adventures," I must plead guilty to having hitherto bestowed more attention on the *horses*, with which she was from time to time so artfully *saddled*, than on the young lady herself. And to repair so serious an error, I will proceed to give a description of my heroine, now (through the agency of Sir Erasmus, and those various steeds, good, bad, and indifferent,) in the possession of glowing health, and of all the charms with which Nature had in her case been unusually lavish. She was, indeed, a beautiful girl; and she had also the great, and not very common advantage, of being very diffident and modest on the score of her own attractions. She had lived so secluded a life, with little or no society but that of her mother and sister, that she had not found the opportunity generally afforded to a girl of her age, of testing the value of their own beauty by the judgment of the world of men. And yet hers was a face that no one could pass, without longing to gaze again and again upon its rare and perfect loveliness. It had the charm and fascination which an ever-varying expression alone can give. Animated or shy, merry or thoughtful, the countenance was in every changing mood the reflex and image of the pure and ingenuous mind. Her eyes, of a deep violet, shaded by their dark lashes, were

"Now brightly bold, now beautifully shy,"

and as eyes should be, they were the most attractive feature of her face. Her hair was luxuriant in quantity and rich in color; her figure lithe and slender, and, now that she had recovered her health, upright as a dart, and indicative of the strength combined with slightness which can alone be productive of genuine grace. "She does look well on horseback," had been the remark of all who had seen her, even on the sorry mounts—with the exception of poor *Taffy*—with which she had hitherto been accommodated.

I observed above that Gloriana had had as yet, no opportunity of testing the power of her own attractions over the hearts of the other sex; one, however, there had been who would have proved neither indifferent nor disloyal to them, had he received but the slighest encouragement from the lips of his youthful enslaver. The young Squire, Ralph Levison—who had become master of the Park, since the death of a distant relative, and who resided there with his sister, Miss Levison, a good-natured but weak single woman of a certain age—no sooner saw Gloriana, in her white dress and garden hat, pruning her roses at the "Cottage," which was situated within the boundaries of his own Park, than he fell desperately in love with the fair vision, and, acting upon the spur of an ingenuous nature, he lost little time in making his devotion apparent. At this stage of the proceedings, however, his ardor received a check; Gloriana was very shy, and she also possessed a great deal of that comparatively rare quality, maidenly dignity, and being conscious in her own heart of a dawning partiality for their handsome neighbor and landlord she thought it incumbent upon her to be less cordial and genial with him, than she would have been to a more commonplace and indifferent acquaintance. This line of conduct became more marked, in consequence of the garrulous twaddle of Miss Levison, the maiden sister, who was continually impressing upon the minds of "the girls at the Cottage," that "her brother was looked upon as the catch of the country;" and that the advances which were made to him by mothers on the part of their daughters, and even by the daughters themselves, were absolutely "*shocking.*" "Shocking," indeed, was Miss Levison's favorite condemnatory interjection; and according to her own account the revulsions to which her delicate organization was subjected, in the course of one day, must have been serious and overwhelming. She was very fond of talking of her brother, and, indeed, the whole affection of which she was capable was concentrated in him; but owing to the natural love of deception and misrepresentation, to which all women who gossip are more or less subject, she managed to do him more mischief, in a matter which affected his happiness, than she was at all aware of. He was young, ardent, and impulsive, and, stung by the coldness of Gloriana's manner, he wished by some sudden attack to surprise her into emotion of one sort or another. He had with this intention enlisted his sister in his service, or rather believed that he had enlisted her, and that she had understood the real motive, in the proposal he had made to her of going abroad with him for six months—a proposal which had concluded with a faltering—"*in case.*" "You will be going down to the Cottage this evening," he added, after a pause; "you can just mention our plans to them. I want to know particularly what they think of it—what *she* thinks of it I mean," he said, raising his head with manly candor—he was not ashamed of his devotion, why should he disguise or deny it? "I will come in later and bring you home!" Surely this was clear enough, and yet this delicate commission, which a clever woman *not* interested in the result, one way or another, would have managed in the most natural manner in the world, was so wofully bungled in the hands of Miss Levison, who *was* interested perhaps in the non-success of her brother's suit, that it ended in the worst way possible for all parties interested or concerned in the matter. For when the Squire "dropped in" at the Cottage on that lovely summer's afternoon, in the hope of meeting with an inquiring or even reproachful glance from the violet eyes of the maiden whom he loved so ardently, he was not even favored with their usual half-shy, half-conscious acknowledgment of his presence; but observed that they were steadily fixed in an opposite and apparently singularly unattractive direction. A cloud seemed to hang, indeed, over the spirits of the party: and while Mrs. Applegarde entertained her hearers with a story that had no beginning, and which did not seem likely to come to an end, two hearts which were struggling with the strength of their own emotions, had time to settle down into that cold and unlovely reticence—which might be compared to the placing of a mental Chubb's lock, upon all the outlets of expression in the soul—so that two statues of stones, could not have revealed less than did the inanimate forms of those whose destinies were trembling in the balance of fate. Ralph was the first to endeavor to place things on a more genial footing between himself, and his fair tenants of the Cottage. "What do you think of our plan for going abroad during the summer and autumn, Miss Applegarde?" he said, as he joined her suddenly in a shrubbery walk, whither she had wandered, as he fondly hoped, to allow him a "last appeal." The words were simple ones; but Gloriana was woman enough to know all that they implied. Raising her beautiful eyes, however, coldly and calmly into her lover's face, she merely replied, "*I think it is a very good one.*" Then there was a short pause; it never occurred to either of them that "some one might have blundered" in the delicate commission, with which that some one had been so confidingly intrusted. An open explanation, a few kind words, and all might have been well; but in such cases the explanation is never made—the kind word never bestowed. Gloriana's heart was on the point of relenting, as she saw something glitter for a moment in Ralph Levison's eyes; but she was too late—the words she had said could not be recalled; she had accepted that cruel plan, at which her soul rebelled, as "a *very good* one," and the thing was done. With a powerful effort, he, too, mastered the emotion which had sharply stung his strong heart, and stretching out his hand, had said, "Thank you, Gloriana; you have done your best to cure me of my love for you. I will not harass you any more—good-by;" and before she was aware, he had raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it passionately. After that short interview, when he was gone whom she had loved well, although unconsciously, she thought of the tear that she had seen glittering in his eyes, and knowing what it must have cost him, the remembrance of it poisoned the sources of her life. She pined and drooped, and nobody knew what ailed her; but the shrewed London doctor, who read her secret at a glance, and who ordered her at once, as a remedy, something to do, something to think of—and, better than all, something that, above all other things, something that *he* took an interest in. This last clause was of course nothing more than a lucky hit—even the shrewd doctor's powers of clairvoyance did not reach so far into a mill-stone as that. The "exercise upon four legs" had, indeed, turned out a sovereign remedy; for Gloriana had begun to rally from the day that she had her first ride upon the kicking cob. Perhaps a letter received from abroad not long afterwards, from the repentant maiden sister might have had something to do with her further recovery. "*We* take a great interest," it said, "in everything concerning your riding. Ralph wants you to have the Welsh pony, which, he says, is quite quiet, and would carry you beautifully," etc., etc.; for Ralph had heard that she was ill, and had forgiven even that cruel aquiescence with regard to the advantages of their foreign trip. After these revelations, the reader will not be surprised, that the visit to the Park was an agitating one to Gloriana. It seemed so like "seeking him," she thought, "and yet it must be done because of poor *Taffy*—and my foolish pride deserves some punishment: it serves me right."

Ralph Levison was proud also; but he was too generous and manly to let his pride interfere with his feelings of deference towards women—particularly towards unprotected women, like the widow and her two daughters. He was, therefore, on his way to the Cottage, as the sisters were on their way to the Park; and as they exchanged a warm, but rather shy greeting, Gloriana raised her tearful eyes to his face, and said, "Oh! Mr. Levison, I do not know what to say to you, or how to meet you—poor *Taffy* is dead. I killed him."

"*You killed him?*" repeated Mr. Levison, after her; but it would appear as if the pony's death had scarcely affected him to the extent which it ought to have done, for Gloriana was in no haste to remove her hand from his, and if her manner was shy, there was no trace of pride or coldness now.

"Yes, I killed him," she replied, solemnly; "I gave him too much corn, and brought on inflammation, and I am as sorry that he died, as if he had been my brother."

"I am glad of it, Gloriana, if our quarrel is to be made up over his grave."

"Oh! you must not be glad, indeed you must not," was the eager reply; "our quarrel was made up long before, and you must not be glad that poor *Taffy* died."

Just at that moment Ralph Levison had no other wish but to be glad or sorry, as she was glad or sorry, in whom his heart delighted. It was the happiest moment of his life, and I fear that the memory of *Taffy* was like a pleasant essence in his nostrils, since it had thrown down the icy barriers of coldness and pride, which had been built up between himself and Gloriana, and established their friendship on the old footing of candor and genial unreserve. From that day there were no more misunderstandings, no more intrusting of important missions to the fatal third party, who invariably bungles in a love affair. Gloriana had found out, through bitter experience, that her own happiness was bound up in that of Ralph Levison's, and he had long been aware of the truth, that his depended entirely upon her; so as a natural consequence, before a week had gone over their heads, it was one of those widely diffused secrets, that every one knows, that the young Squire and Miss Applegarde were engaged to be married

Miss Levison had unwillingly made up her mind, at last, that it must come to this; and tried to persude herself that she had had her brother's happiness at heart, even when she had informed Gloriana, on the important evening described above, that her brother had made up his mind to go abroad, because he was so persecuted by the matrimonial snares which mothers and daughters were laying for his bachelorhood in the county. It was a good trait in her future sister's character, that, although often reproached by her now happy lover, for the cruel coldness of the words which had driven him from her side, she never betrayed his sister's treachery to him; but, on the contrary, did everything in her power to conciliate her, and make her feel as little as possible the difference in position, which her brother's wife would have it in her power to make, if so inclined. 'Let by-gones be by-gones,' she would say, gravely, when the subject was bruited; "and tell me, Ralph, what am I to ride to-day—*Birdseye*, or *War Eagle*, or *Hetty*, or *The O'Donoghue?*" for there was hardly a horse in the Park stables, that Gloriana had not mounted and ridden, under the auspices of her sporting squire.

"I have ordered *War Eagle* for you to-day, if you will promise to ride steadily; but she is getting dreadfully wild," he added, turning to Mrs. Applegarde; "she will beat me across country soon."

"I am not afraid as long as you are with her," was the reply. "I cannot say that I quite liked her cantering about the country, by herself; but James did so set his face against a groom."

"James is a muff," replied the reckless Ralph; "and how he could allow you to be so cheated by that rascal Ned, I can't conceive."

For the stable expenses, during the time of that worthy's reign and rule, had been submitted by Mrs Applegarde to the critical inspection of her future son-in-law. "My dear lady," he had remarked, after running his eye down the items, and arriving at the wonderful total, which the ingenuity of "Knowing Ned" had run up, "all I can say is, that you must have been keeping up a hunting establishment at the Cottage during my absence; how many breakfasts have you given to the hunt? and when did you pay up your last subscription to the hounds?"

"Was it not shameful?" said Gloriana, with her face in a glow. "I could have forgiven him all that, though, if he had not made me believe that I killed *Taffy;* but that was really sinful."

"Here comes *War Eagle,*" said Kate, who had been on the watch; and the stately horse came stepping like a stag down the Park glade. "He is a real beauty. Oh, Glorry! I envy you your ride to-day, and only wish that I had the courage to get upon a horse's back."

"We must teach you," said her future brother; "but how is it, Kate, that you are such a little coward, when Glorry is afraid of nothing?"

"I remember when she was afraid of you," said Kate, who never missed a favorable opportunity for repartee; "and where is your chair?" she added saucily to her sister, as *War Eagle* exhibited signs of impatience, and began some stately curvetting at the door, "to help you to *get up*, you know, as Wells used to say."

Gloriana frowned slightly at the merry girl, to deprecate all chaff in the presence of the grooms, and poising her foot lightly in Ralph's hand, the getting up was easily disposed of; in a second she was in the saddle, and appeasing the impatience of *War Eagle* by patting him on his glossy neck, and speaking to him low, honeyed words of love and admiration, to which he seemed to listen with the condescension of a prince of the blood. *War Eagle* was a powerful thorough-bred horse, and as he bounded with long strides over the elastic turf, his nostrils dilated, and his eye flashed, and he looked as if his untamed spirit would prove too much for the girlish form, and slender hands, of his rider to subdue. Equal to the occasion, however, Gloriana's color rose, and eager with excitement and with her own overflowing happiness she exclaimed:

"Oh! let me take him over something, Ralph; you know you promised that I should."

"I don't know," was the reply; "he's pulling you enough as it is; he gets mad sometimes when he thinks that he is to go."

"So do I; let us go together. There is a nice little fence that I used to take *Taffy* over, just at the end of the glade; just this once, Ralph, please," she added coaxingly, and receiving no positive injunction to the contrary, rode steadily on in the direction of the fence.

"Don't interfere with him," was all the caution she received; "he'll do it himself."

The good horse, indeed, wanted no hint that his rider could give him on the subject; he dropped gently on the other side of the fence, with his fair burden safe on his back.

"Oh, it is glorious!" she exclaimed, as she followed Ralph upon *Birdseye*, across the open fallow. "Oh! I should enjoy a day with the hounds."

"That is what I was afraid of," said the young Squire, gravely; and he will perhaps be set down as very strait-laced and particular by his sporting brethren, when I admit that, with all his own love of sport, and admiration of courage in men and women, he disliked the idea of seeing young, gentle,

refined women *habituées* of the hunting-field. "That is what I was afraid of," he said; and then he added still more seriously, "Gloriana, you will oblige me very much if you will never ask me to let you hunt—you know I can refuse you nothing."

"I will never mention the subject again, if you dislike it," she replied; "but I thought you would have liked it—that is, if you knew that I could ride." This she said doubtfully, and inquiringly—and feeling herself a novice in the art, she was perhaps a little hurt.

"It is because I think you ride so well, that I should dislike it for you. I could not bear to have *you* the object of vulgar admiration and comment. Do you understand me, now, Glorry?"

"I do, indeed, and I should dislike it above all things, myself," she said, blushing at the very idea.

"I cannot fancy either you or Kate ever becoming fast young ladies; you would not have believed that of me, perhaps, who am a sportsman to the backbone; but masculine women are my favorite aversion. I should have offered you *War Eagle* before now," he added; "but he does not come up to my standard of a lady's horse—he requires too much strength for graceful riding."

"He does, indeed," said Gloriana, who had found during the last gallop, that he was rather too much for her; "he is quite quiet, but very hard to hold."

The words were scarcely uttered, before the horse, starting at a man in a hedge-row, broke away with Gloriana, and proceeded with great strides across the open meadow, in the direction of a wide brook that ran through it. He was not going at his full speed, but he was running away, inasmuch as she could not stop him. She did not, however, lose her nerve or her presence of mind; but turning her head, she said to Ralph, who kept a little in the wake, knowing what the horse was when he was collared, "I am not frightened: but I can't hold him. Will he jump the brook?"

"Yes; give him his head, and let him go; then pull him with all your strength, and turn his head towards me."

Gloriana obeyed these instructions carefully, and no sooner found herself safe on the other side, than with a final effort she pulled the horse round, while *Birdseye* gallantly clearing the brook also, brought Ralph to her rescue, who caught her bridle at once in his firm and secure grasp. The next moment she was lifted gently, but quickly to the ground.

"We must change saddles," Ralph said, his own face pale as death, while Gloriana's was glowing with pleasure and excitement. "You have proved your courage sufficiently now, and your seat too. Well done, Gloriana!" he added, warming now that the fright was over. "You are worthy of your name; that brook has turned half a field of good riders before now."

"Has it?" she replied innocently; "I should like to do it again; it was only like a very long stride."

"No, thank you. I must say that in cold blood I should prefer the bridge," said Ralph, laughing; and as they rode home, he said, "Your adventures in search of a horse have been very amusing, Glorry; but I hope they are nearly over now."

The following day was Gloriana's nineteenth birthday, and this family secret had of course been betrayed to one so nearly interested as Ralph Levison. He had a present in store for the lady of his love, of which she had not the most distant idea. The secret had been well kept, for the simple reason that it had been confided to no one. The young Squire was rich and generous, and it was not likely that would withhold his lavish hand, when money could purchase enjoyment for one he so dearly loved. "My present is the *last*, but not, in one sense of the word the *least*," he said, after heartily congratulating the young heroine of the day. "Come to the door, Glorry, and tell me what you think of the *Paragon*. He's the best that can be found for love or money," only, he added, turning laughingly to Kate, "he *won't* stand a chair; and if his 'strength lies in his head' it is concentrated into a very small space." This last remark was for the especial benefit of Mr. Wells, who was no longer the only male prop of the Applegarde family. He felt the loss of position severely; but the splendor of the match, which his beloved young mistress was about to make, acted as a balm to his wounded heart; and although he winced a little under the railleries of the Squire, he yielded the palm to him with a pretty good grace, as far, at least, as horses were concerned. There is nothing more to be said of *Paragon* than that he was perfection, as his name implied. Perfect in his paces, with the courage of a lion and the gentleness of a dove; his mouth, his temper, his shape, his legs, his head, his eyes, his mane, his tail, his color his pedigree—all made him worthy of his name and of his mistress; who, as she turned, in the exuberance of her joy, to thank her lover for his munificent gift, said, "Oh! what a dear old man was Sir Erasmus when he ordered me exercise upon four legs; and what a divine horse was *Brutus*, who, when he kicked me off on the common, commenced a series of adventures, which have ended," she added, softly, and with eyes beaming with affection, "which have ended in *Paragon* and *you*."

Legends of the Tree of Knowledge.—The angel guarding the portals of Paradise gave three pips of the tree of which Adam and Eve had eaten to Seth, who placed them under his father's tongue when he buried him in the valley of Hebron. They sprang up into three saplings, which by the time of Moses had united and become one. It was with that he struck the rock, etc. David also possessed this tree, and, after having performed many wonders with it, planted it in his garden in Jerusalem. Solomon, finding it large and strong, had it cut down for one of the beams of the Temple, but the workmen were unable to make it fit in anywhere. It was ultimately thrown into a pond, where it rose to the surface and formed a bridge. When the Queen of Sheba saw it she told Solomon that One would hang on it who would be the Savior of Adam and all his posterity, which caused him to have it overlaid with gold and silver, and placed over the door of the Temple, that all who entered might bless it. Rehoboam, however, stole it for the sake of the gold and silver, and buried it out of sight. But a well was dug many years afterwards just over the spot, and up came the beam to the surface of the water. This was the pool of Bethseda. As it floated there it was seized by the Jews and fashioned into the cross upon which our Lord was nailed.

The Interior of a Javanese Seraglio.—As no man except the Sultan is permitted within the precincts of the seraglio, I will here insert a description from the pen of my wife, who by the kindness of Mrs. Z——, was enabled to see and converse with these Javanese houries. In a low kind of bungalow, some distance from the main building, not, however, so far off but that we could distinctly hear the sounds of music and mirth from the joyous scene we had just left, were assembled several women, mostly very young, and all dressed in a costly native fashion. Some of the party were playing a Chinese game of cards. All look up on our entrance, but soon resumed their occupation, alternately playing, chewing tobacco, betel, and seri leaf, and using their spittoons, one of which was placed by the side of each person. Most of them were good-looking, with magnificent dark eyes, drooping lids, and long, curling lashes. They make use of an immense quantity of powder, which, though very glaring, probably tends to heighten their charms. Their hair was dressed with care, being all drawn back from the face and arranged in two loops behind, in which chumpaka and molor flowers were inserted by some, whilst others wore diamond pins. The ear was made unnaturally large by immense ear-rings, in shape exactly like a small cotton reel, about the size of one of Clarke's number sixty, the centre of each end being studded with brilliants. The large holes through which these singular ornaments were thrust are bored at a very tender age, and the apertures are filled from time to time with gradually larger and heavier ear-rings, until the lobes finally become so unnaturally elongated. Unfortunately, the beauty of the Javanese in general is spoilt by a prevalence of bad noses. It is very rarely one comes across a good nose, but when that feature is perfect, the face is usually pretty, provided always the mouth is kept closed, for, from the constant use of seri-gambier tobacco, etc., their teeth are very black. This unfortunately is considered a beauty. In children, of thirteen or fourteen, you see frequently beautiful teeth, like rows of pearls, either undergoing, or about to undergo, this disfiguring process. Amidst the group before us, I was most struck by a very young girl, whose age, I thought, could not exceed twelve or thirteen, and from whose face, though she appeared thoughtful, silent, and sad, the childish look had not yet disappeared. Who knew but that the instinct of her heart already told her a better destiny might have been hers than that to which she was probably devoted? She was doubtless intended to be the new toy of a middle-aged monarch, and although she might revolt against her lot, she could do nothing to change it. She was her master's property until he tired of her, and sought new charms. Most of them, however, looked cheerful and happy, and I was told, by one who knew many of them personally, that they are generally content with their lot, being allowed no end of finery and silly amusements. Turning to look at the numerous birds, which hung in cages around, I could not help thinking how true was the comparison which likened these captive minstrels to the poor prisoners who attend to and pet them.—*Life in Java, by W. B. D'Almeida.*

A Bumper of Ham.—About forty years ago a young foreigner came to spend a winter in London. Although he arrived as a stranger, he held recommendations to some of our first merchants, and was therefore almost unavoidably compelled to mix a good deal in society. All his pleasures, however, were marred by the necessity laid upon him of drinking frequent healths, to which he, being naturally abstemious, had a great dislike. In vain he pleaded to his friends his dislike to wine, or his inability to understand the sentiment pledged, or his ignorance of the merits of the man toasted; his so-called friends persisted in forcing his compliance, and although he never became intoxicated, he took sufficient to inconvenience both body and mind. At last the time arrived for his departure, a day or two previous to which he invited all his friends to a grand entertainment which he provided at one of the best taverns. After the usual succession of courses, when that expressive benignancy began to overspread every countenance, which told that the digestive apparatus of each was comfortably at work, he addressed them thus: "I am sensible of your kindness to a stranger; you have taught me to be generous, and in my way I will try and requite you." He gave a signal and a huge Westphalian ham was placed upon the table, and every guest furnished with a knife and fork. Consternation and surprise appeared upon every face. The foreigner, however, rose unmoved, and cutting off a large slice, he raised it upon his fork, and said, with much solemnity: "The King." His friends endeavored to evade this novel method of showing honor; some declared that they had eaten enough; others, that they loathed ham, and that it would make them ill! "Gentlemen," said their host, "this is not a matter of choice; I shall fine every man a bumper of ham who will not eat to the glory of your excellent monarch. Far be it from me to desire that you should be sick! Have you not, to my great annoyance, compelled me repeatedly to drink to the merits of your great men? Not an orator or a general shall now be forgotten; each shall be honored with his appropriate slice of ham." It need scarcely be said that his disgusted and disappointed guests departed in confusion; but carried with them a subject for reflection from which they might draw some profitable conclusions.

Hints to Composition.—We strive to imitate in exact proportion as we admire; and the authors we read most we do almost unwittingly make our models. It is necessary, therefore, as a qualifier, that we mingle other reading therewith in its due proportion, and acquaint ourselves, as far as our time will allow, with all those writers who are entitled to be called, *par excellence*, the "standard authors." If we are desirous of forming a style which shall be peculiarly our own, we must either read a great deal, or else not read at all. It is remarkable how poor comparatively our every-day speech is, and how little use we make of the rich stores the English language contains. It is computed that the English tongue includes about 40,000 words, leaving out participles, and ultra-scientific or technical words. Most persons of some education in speaking and writing seldom use more than 2,000 or 3,000. In the lower orders of society we find a still greater poverty of expression. It has been shown that amongst agricultural laborers the number used and found sufficient for their manner of life is frequently only some 300 or 400.

Swiss Scenes and Sites—While hunting after scenes and sites, it will be wise to take warning by the fatal accidents which occur amidst the Alps almost every summer. Switzerland occupies a certain small space on the map of Europe; but practically, Switzerland is duplicate. There are two Switzerlands, the upper and the lower, the accessible and the hard of access; Switzerland on earth and Switzerland in the clouds. The one may be agreeably journeyed through by ladies, elderly folk and quiet people in general; the other is the haunt of chamois-hunters and members of the Alpine Club. Still there is an attractive mid-region (allowing a near approach to and a closer view of forbidden spots and unattainable wonders,) which may be visited without imprudence by persons who will relinquish perilous ascents and passages which, even if accomplished, lead to no useful results, either practical or scientific, but merely add to the tourist's capital of brag. Very good indications to those wilder and yet not too hazardous scenes are given in Badeker's excellent manual. They are well worth seeing; for description fails to give any adequate conception of the effect of grand mountain scenery. While gazing at it, you experience a combination of sensual gratification to the eye and intellectual excitement to the mind, which can be no more described in words than certain tasters or certain bodily sensations. The rocky wilderness is often rendered comfortable by the wooden hotels, which are on the increase. Some of them are by no means small; they are not houses, but three-decker arks, built to remain on dry land instead of floating. They are ships which are not prisons, and where there is no chance of being drowned. The rooms are cabins, separated from the other cabins by wooden partitions; the ceilings are diaphragms of wood. Though you do not hear the sea-waves splash, you may often listen to the waters rushing and the winds roaring in the rigging aloft, *i. e.*, in the broad expanse of roof, weathercocks and spouts. These arks, too, are ballasted, like other vessels, with the difference that the load of stones is placed aloft instead of in the hold, without fear of making the ship capsize. Amongst the Alps, there is nothing like wood; everything (except tea-kettles and frying pans) is supposed capable of being made of wood. Wooden houses, with wooden walls and wooden roofs, shelter men who eat with wooden spoons and forks, and whose virtues are recorded on wooden grave-stones. A Swiss dandy will even show his patriotism by wearing wooden buttons on his Sunday clothes. When the carriage-road ceases in the Alps, there are two safe ways of travelling farther: on foot and in chairs carried by relays of men. The latter is expensive, and will hardly be employed for long distances. Saddle-horses and mules are to be had in plenty. They will often carry you well and safely, but will occasionally fail you at the most critical point, especially if you are not used to their ways and weaknesses. When the streams of tourists is at its fullest rush, a horse which has performed a fair journey in harness, and has been so employed for weeks, with no rest but rainy days, will be taken out of a carriage, fitted with a saddle, and forthwith placed at your service. What can you expect from such a hack as that?—*London Society.*

A Fight with a Black Snake.—An eastern paper says: We invite the attention of naturalists to the remarkable incidents described in the little story that follows, which we pen ourselves, though not giving it the honors of leaded type. It comes from a friend, a native of Connecticut, who has recently returned from a sojourn at New Hartford in that State. In his boyhood, he tells us, a legend obtained in his portion of the State, to the effect that a large black snake haunted a plot of ground in the neighborhood, and was in the habit of chasing and frightening man or woman who ventured upon his domain after nightfall. The reptile was said to be one of the genus vulgarly known as the "racer," which is marked by a single ring of light color. The locality, of which we have to do, was an uncultivated waste lying within half a mile of the town above named, and the favorite resort of blackberrying parties. Remembrance of the legend of his youth was brought very singularly to our friend's mind, before his visit was ended.

One morning two or three weeks ago, Mr. Barker, a good and most trustworthy inhabitant of New Hartford, was returning from the Rule Factory at Hitchcoxville at a very early hour, so that as he drew near home the day was dawning. By way of making a short cut, he took his course through the ground in question; and, while stopping for a moment therein, he was suddenly assailed by a snake that he judged to be not less than eight feet in length. The creature threw itself upon him, made three or four coils of itself round his legs, and drew back its head and threw out its tongue, with a menacing gesture, but without any attempt to bite. The contraction and pressure of the coils were so severe that Mr. Barker, not a young man by any means and taken unaware, was thrown off his balance, lost his footing, and actually fell on his side. He contrived, however, on recovering himself, to pull out his jack-knife, and became in turn the assailant. He did not succeed in killing the "racer," but inflicted sundry cuts upon it. The contest did not last long; the snake not relishing cold steel, unwound itself and made off. Mr. Barker was unbitten, nor, as we have said, was he conscious of any attempt to bite him. The attack, nevertheless, so hideous and extraordinary, quite unnerved him; and he was ill from its effects two or three days. Among his neighbors, Mr. Barker's veracity does not admit of a moment's doubt; and we therefore narrate this "snake story" as an actual occurrence.

Is it not strange, that a snake of comparatively small size should adopt the mode of attack in use by the great boa constrictor of other lands? Are naturalists aware of this habit? Is this the ordinary mode in which the creature secures its prey?

Speaking of "last words," the finest expression we ever knew as uttered by a dying man, was that of the stage-driver in California, a few years ago. Several friends, drivers like himself, were standing by his bedside. "Boys," said he, feebly, "I'm on the down grade and can't reach the brake!" and died.—*Humboldt Register.*

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

THE NEWS.

THE election is over. The only revolution recognized by the Constitution of the United States culminated on Tuesday night, and what was really the *conservative* principle of our Government triumphed over the radical element of change. There can be but little doubt, from the returns that are already coming in, that Abraham Lincoln has been re-elected to the position he has occupied for the last four years, with the prospect of becoming what Mr. Seward thought he might reasonably claim to be—President of the *United* States. The majorities that are hourly clicked off by the telegraph only make this devoutly-wished-for consummation the more probable. The people have passed through a terrible struggle, in which they have had to combat not only the antagonism of the rebellion but their own vices and weaknesses. The greatest of all victories—that achieved by a nation over itself—on Tuesday last passed into the history of civilization. In many respects the story of 1860 was but repeated. Another uprising of the people took place, and the Republic was again redeemed. Our country never stood more gloriously before the world than she stands to-day. Our first struggle was one of self-defence, and only against organized and sectional traitors with arms in their hands. The second with a more subtle element—the weak and faint-hearted of our own party, the avaricious and grasping; unscrupulous and disappointed politicians, and the cravens whose sympathies only policy had repressed. The Administration had made many enemies—a few perhaps had just wrongs to avenge—but they foolishly permitted themselves to forget those that might have been individually remedied to make a common and unjust cause that could not prevail without the sacrifice of the nation's honor. The South must accept the decision of this election as a proof of the undivided will of the North. The day of compromises is forever past. Nothing remains now but the bitter arbitrament, which the misguided slaveholders themselves evoked in their attempt to link their peculiar institution to the car of civilization, or the complete abandonment of their claims. As far as we can learn, the election was singularly quiet and peaceful. Even New York, who has tasted blood before, and who, with her large admixture of foreign element, has turbulent fires seething in the core of her mighty system, rejected Fernando Wood, without a struggle. How far Gen. Butler and his ten thousand soldiers tended to produce this repose the reader will imagine.

The war news is meagre; the telegraph has been pre-occupied with the details of our more peaceful triumphs. The pirate *Florida* has been sunk by the *Wachusetts* in Brazilian waters; a somewhat delicate question of international law will probably engage Mr. Seward's attention. However the question be adjudicated it will not raise the sunken pirate, and merchantmen will profit by the "armistice." Report says that Sherman has destroyed Atlanta by fire, sent his supplies to Chattanooga and is now marching on Charleston with 40,000 men. A glance at the map does not disclose the plan very clearly to the civilian's mind, but it is supposed that some new and startling changes in the campaign are thus foreshadowed. With this general clearing up of the sky, the gold barometer has not been consulted, and no quotations have reached us since the election.

THE ELECTION IN THIS CITY.

THE peace and quiet preserved throughout this city during the election of Tuesday, was one of the most remarkable aspects of that eventful day. The occasion was one which offered a favorable pretext for outbreak and riot, and the temper of even the most law-abiding citizens were feverishly excited. Nothing but the admirable and thorough preparation of the Police authorities and the consciousness of the disaffected that any attempt on their part would cause the offended majesty of the law to sweep them from the polls in a whirlwind, prevented an *emeute*. How great and universal was the interest felt might have been seen by a glance at the long *queues* which at an early hour stretched along the sidewalks from the polling-places. Men were content to stand two and three hours, in line, to exercise their privileges. Chairs and stools were brought, and the happy possessors philosophically waited their turn. Dives and Lazarus met on that long level. Ten and twenty dollars were offered for places, and men whose time was priceless were obliged to wait their turn with the idler and lounger. Altogether, the spectacle, like the occasion, was one of thoughtful and infinite suggestion, and they who came to the polls to sneer at self-government left the locality with an exalted idea of the majesty of Republican institutions.

"SOMEWHAT TOO MUCH OF THIS."

AN ingenious Frenchman once remarked that "most men are mortal." To this cautious axiom writers of verses are not excepted, whatever may be the nature of their productions. Extreme sensibility to praise or blame is part of the poetic phenomena, and there are very few rhymsters who do not feel a parental pride in the airy children of their brain, or who are averse to having the relationship publicly known. A man's conceits are often the best part of him; and, as many good people are fond of imagining that they see therein some likeness to himself, it is rarely that he can resist the seductive opportunity of publishing himself before the reader in an attitude that, whether heroic or witty, is always romantic.

The above is not written solely as an expression of abstract truth. Since the establishment of this paper a number of versified articles which have appeared originally in its columns have been coolly appropriated by the Eastern press without a word of credit. It was the intention of the proprietors to make the paper purely impersonal, and that any fame or credit which it might evoke from abroad should accrue to the interests of the journal alone. For that purpose the author was willing to merge his individuality in that of The Californian. But the project failed signally. The articles were copied without credit or belief in their originality. The "Ballad of the Emeu," an ornithological and local contribution by the present editor of this paper, then a regular contributor to its columns, after appearing as original in several of the Eastern papers, was copied into an English journal without even the credit of nationality. "The Sergeant of Battery B.," by the same author, published in The Californian about three months ago, after an unaccredited reprint in the New York *Leader*, naturally reappeared in the *Bulletin* of the 10th instant as an Eastern waif. "John Burns of Gettysburgh," shorn of the same authorship, denied a "local habitation and a name," and leading a vagabond existence in the poets' corners of country papers, finally came marching home—like its lyrical representative. "The Broom Ranger," published originally in our editorial page, and leaded, reappeared in an interior exchange, without a sign of credit. But we might prolong this article indefinitely by enumerating such instances.

It has been the earnest endeavor of the editor and proprietor of this paper to make it worthy its title of The Californian, and to claim for it from our Eastern brethren a local and distinct reputation that Californians abroad should not be ashamed of. We believed the attempt feasible, and the kind notices with which the advent of the paper was received abroad justified our best endeavors; but as the distinct individuality of the paper and its contributors are necessary to its success and reputation, we trust that those who are in the habit of copying from its columns, will, by placing the credit where it belongs, assist in the intent of its publication.

AN INTERCEPTED ARTICLE.

[The following article, rudely scribbled upon several sheets of paper, was found in The Californian's box the morning after the election. From its peculiar diction and sentiment, it seems to have been a reporter's "copy" evidently intended for some cotemporary, and misplaced in our box by the author in an unguarded or intoxicated moment. Another theory is that it was intended for a paper which unhappily expired the same evening. We give it place in our columns as a contribution to the political literature of the day.]

THE sun rose from a cloudless sky on the morning of the 8th inst. To the great Democratic party, representing the intelligence and conservative power of the country it was the sun of Austerlitz, and the unterrified legions rallied round their young Napoleon, confident of that victory to earn, when they should sweep the besotted and ignorant tyrant from the throne he had with gorilla-like bestiality, and blind, befogged and belligerent brutality, defiled and prostituted to the basest purposes. In spite of the presence of the armed myrmidons of Abolition tyranny and the disgusting preparations which had been made to withhold from Constitutional Democrats the highest privilege of a freeman, the gallant Democracy and the chivalrous Broom-ranger at an early hour surrounded the polls and for some time kept the cowering and cronching Puritans at bay. Everything was propitious. As we passed through the streets with the Democratic ticket proudly pinned to our breast, we were pleased to observe that the sympathies of the talented and lady-like domestics, then engaged in the significant employment of sweeping the areas in front of Abolition dwellings, spite of the cruel proscription of their bigoted mistresses, were with us! "Hurrah for little Mac, and down wid the naygur!" "To h—ll wid Linkum!" were a few of the cheering expressions which, from time to time, met our ears, delivered with that characteristic exuberance so peculiar to their glorious nationality. And was it such beings as these that a disgraceful and tyrannizing Administration would seek to degrade, that they might advance their long-heeled, curly-headed favorites. Never! Fair Daughters of Erin, kindred in vehemence and hatred of oppression with your glorious sisters of the South, never!—we repeat, never!—while Democratic blood still courses proudly through a freeman's veins.

At the Tenth District polls we have to record one of those bare-faced violations of Constitutional law which has filled the sickening record of the Abolition Administration. The Constitution of the United States, framed by the forefathers of our country, expressly provides for *one* ballot-box, and *one* set of polling clerks. In the very face of the sacred provision of the Constitution, the wretched hirelings of corrupt rulers actually provided *two* boxes and *two* sets of clerks at this district, giving as a paltry excuse that the challenging of Democratic votes and the precedence of Democratic voters in the line, occasioned a delay which would prevent all the votes being cast by sundown. This barefaced attempt to save a few votes for their wretched tyrant, was actually carried into effect. We need say no more. From that moment we begun to despair of the success of our glorious leader.

No true Democrat could have passed down that line without feeling an inward consciousness of superiority over the clean-shaven, effeminate, and fastidiously-dressed Puritans who fawningly and hypocritically displayed their tickets on their breasts—the badge of their master, Abraham Lincoln. As we proceeded to apply to them a few of the epithets which simultaneously rose to our lips, a suborned and abolitionized minion of the law laid his hand upon us menacingly. But why repeat the outrage—has not each reader cause to know that Freedom of Speech is forever denied us under this dastardly tyranny? So we contented ourselves with contrasting the ascetic-looking and fawning sycophants of Abraham Lincoln with the brawny-handed, carelessly-attired and noble followers of George B. McClellan, whose generous natures, warmed with the social glass, showed that their very follies "leaned to virtue's side," as the divine Shakspeare has beautifully expressed it in his admirable satire on abolitionism and miscegenation in the play of *Othello*. Most of these valuable citizens held their tickets tightly grasped in their hands, one of their number having, as we learned, become a victim of Abolition trickery. A pious-looking Yankee, as we learn, a Sunday school teacher belonging to the church of one of our political preachers, approached and begged permission to see his ticket. The request was accorded to him with that politeness which distinguishes every true Democrat, when the wretched fanatic actually changed it to a bogus ticket, having the same general appearance but bearing the hateful names of Abraham Lincoln electors which the too-credulous Democrat received and voted. On exposing this rascality to the highest authorities, we received the audacious reply: "Every voter is supposed to be able to read!"

Could anything be more characteristic of a nation of schoolmasters? Has it come to this? Must a man, in youth, undergo the demoralizing influence of the Puritan free school system before he is entitled to the privileges of a freeman? Look at the days of Chivalry! Did the valiant Crusaders learn to make anything but their cross? Could Brian de Boise* Gilbert write? But such is the progress of that fatal fanaticism brought over in the *Mayflower* and lauded on the shores of Plymouth rock.

At noon a company of Lincoln's uniformed mercenaries headed by an officer, were marched to the polls, each man having received, as we are credibly informed, $10 to vote for the Black Republican despot or threatened with incarceration in the guard house if he refused. The unconstitutionality of soldiers voting never was more strongly evinced. A more spiritless and thoroughly craven set of men we never beheld. Heavens! can it be such hirelings to which the nation looks for regeneration.

2 P. M.—We are informed that the gallant soldiers, most of them regulars, voted to a man for their idol McClellan. Their manly and martial bearing, their intelligent and battle-worn faces must have struck terror to the heart of the weak-kneed Abolitionists as we saw them file past, having exercised that freeman's privilege which not even their service under Abolition rule could repress. Honor to the brave regulars! Honor to the Green Isle which saw their nativity!

4 P. M.—Fraud, corruption, tyrannical usurpation and fanaticism have done their perfect work. The country is irrevocably ruined. Our sympathizers in Rich—— in New York City will feel the terrible blow keenly. The people have allowed slav— liberty to be crushed to the earth. Our greatest and most patriotic statesman Jefferson McCle—ll—n has been hic—rejected by an overwhelming majority. The hero of Chic—hic—chic—hic—chic—hic, we mean, that is, the hero of Chic--hic—o--homin—hic—omony—has been cruelly betrayed. Abolition—despotism—unconstitutionality—miscegenation.

[At this point the manuscript becomes utterly illegible. The words conservative, gorrilla, mandlin jester and free-love are incoherently mingled, and the foreman assures us that he can decipher it no farther.—Editor.]

* The unknown author evidently has confounded the orthography of this name with one of a more local significance.

Bellini and Donizetti.—The French government, having acceded to the demand of Catania, has authorized the removal of the remains of Bellini to his native city, and a delegation from the place will soon arrive at Paris to receive the body of the illustrious composer. This brings to mind a touching anecdote in which the name of Bellini figures, and which has not before been published. The rivalry which existed between the author of *Norma* and the author of *Lucia* is well known. Bellini died in 1835 after one of his greatest triumphs, *I Puritani*. Donizetti followed him to the tomb in 1848. But for ten years previous, he had nearly lost his reason, and as he was playing, one day, one of the most beautiful airs of *Lucia* he said, "Really, that Bellini had talent!" The unfortunate man attributed to his rival the most perfect of his own master-pieces.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MACBETH was repeated on Saturday evening at the Opera House. Mr. Kean's vitality must have been severely taxed to express the melo-dramatic "fury" of "Macbeth"—a character in which younger actors than he are apt to croak themselves hoarse as the raven which presaged Duncan's entry beneath the Thane's battlements. As a natural result, he was often obliged to hurry over the less dramatic portions of the text, and husband his powers for the usual "points" and passages requiring action. While he thus satisfied the general audience in regard to his acting, it was a sore sacrifice to the Shakspearean reader that a good deal of excellent blank verse should be lost by default. The usual characteristic and familiar soliloquies were artistically wrought. His dialogue with "Lady Macbeth," (Mrs. Kean,) after the murder of Duncan, beginning, "Did you not speak?" in look, gesture, feverish anxiety, and quick transition from extreme nervous excitement to the almost imbecile stupefaction of guilt, and the heart-broken hopelessness of the line, "This is a sorry sight!" were wonderful in naturalness and power. Mrs. Kean, as the ambitious, unscrupulous and superior spouse, afforded that excuse which the great dramatist conceived should be shown for the somewhat inconsistent and reckless butcheries of her weaker husband. Even with this apology there seems to have been a good deal of unnecessary bloodshed in the play; and it must be generally conceded that but for the lucky termination of Macbeth's existence comparatively early in his reign, he would have depleted all Scotland in his blundering anxiety to have secured the safety of his throne. The somnambulic scene was a very powerful and intense piece of acting. The play was admirably put upon the stage and the costumes chronologically perfect. *Othello*, on Monday night, for the benefit of Mr. Maguire, drew a very crowded house in spite of the political excitement without, on the eve of election. But as the Moor, Mr. Kean did not appear to advantage; his specialty for quiet, subtle and refined glimpses of nature, his careful emphasis and elegant elocution, which belonged rather to the role of "Iago," which he could have adorned, were not called into action—he had to thunder instead of lightning, and was obliged to rave and shout in a way not becoming to a gentleman of his years and discretion. Even as interpreted by the best actors, the role of Othello seems to require little else than a good pair of lungs, a fine animal physique, and a general disposition to incoherency and violence. Miss Chapman's "Desdemona" was a very quiet and inoffensive personation. Mrs. Kean's "Emilia" was good, and the "Iago" of Mr. Cathcart, without being very formidable, was given with "good judgment and accent."

At the Academy of Music, last evening, Messrs. Seguin and Peakes, the baritone and basso of the former Richings troupe, took a benefit in *Lucrezia Borgia*—Mme. Bianchi as "Lucrezia," and Signor Bianchi as "Gennaro," with Mr. Seguin as "Duke Alfonso." The attendance, which was a full one, was not as large, however, as we should have wished for the gentlemen who divide the profits. Miss Kempton made her first appearance as "Maffeo Orsini."

At the Eureka, Lew Rattler, and Tommy Peel the champion dancer, whose feet are lighter than his head, have been added to the company. Although political speeches generally have had their day, yet Birch's still rings out nightly like a clarion or trombone. Backus' imitations continue to reflect the peculiarities of the starry theatrical firmament, and Wambold sings his pleasant ballads. Manager Coes' benefit, announced for Monday night, has been postponed until Wednesday night next—he not wishing to run opposition to the Union procession on Monday evening. Holders of tickets will bear this in mind. A new piece will be produced on that occasion.

The Circus company will give a last performance for families and children to-day, at one o'clock, at Platt's Hall. The hour is fixed thus early in consequence of the Hall being engaged this evening for a ball by the German Benevolent Association. This will probably be the last opportunity that will be offered to our citizens to see so able a troupe, for a long period, as the company will sail for Australia early in the coming week. The complimentary benefit tendered to manager Wilson last evening was most worthily earned through a long course of management.

Theatrical gossip says that the Academy of Music will open next month, with an Italian Opera troupe, and Guerrabella as *prima donna*. The Keans are to close their season at the Opera House on the last day of the month, and proceed to Victoria, V. I. Fanny Brown is to be the next attraction at the Opera House, in piquant, sparkling musical pieces, burlesques, etc. W. J. Hill, Harry Courtaine and Miss Kate Martin have been engaged to support her. The Metropolitan will open on Monday week under the management of Mr. W. Hoffman with *The Seige of Troy*. Emily Jordan, Frank Lawlor, Franks and lady, and Mrs. Judah are to be ingrafted in the company. Paul Julien sails in the steamer on Monday. He goes to South America. Messrs. Peakes and Seguin, will depart for New York on the same day.

Bay View Park.—A trotting match will take place at this course to-day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., between *Emigrant Maid* and *Black Bees*. Mile heats, best three in five, in harness. See advertisement.

NEW YORK LETTER.

[FROM OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, October 13, 1864.

THE shades of Fall are falling fast, but we do not see anybody coming this way, bearing a banner with the strange device, "Excelsior," upon it. There was a chance for this motto in the authentic *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, if the author, George Arnold, a late private in the national army, had bethought himself of it; but the opportunity has passed; the history is written, published, and sold by the newsdealers. It contains a *fac simile* of the President's handwriting, "To all whom it may concern," and, among other illustrations of his career, one at the close, of his baggage, marked "Springfield, Ills." As Wordsworth says—in reference to "Excelsior," probably—

> "It is not now as it has been of yore;
> Turn whereso'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

I have in vain just visited Brady's photograph gallery, and studied the faces of our various Generals and statesmen, which adorn the doorway, vestibule, and walls of the premises, with the hope of finding an answer to the demand of the time. The two Generals that face the entrance are Sherman and Hooker. Sherman has moles on his face, which may account for his pertinacious digging before Atlanta; his beard is stubbed and uncompromising, and it must have dictated the letter which has gained him as much *eclat* as his fighting. Hooker's expression explains Boker's poem of "Hooker's Across." If not quite that, I should say, from the contrary way his hair stands up, that he was half-seas-over, at least. Behind these photographs are those of Generals Lincoln and McClellan. Instead of eyeing each other with that lively animosity and expectant hatred which characterizes rivals, they contemplate nothing with a wooden fixedness. Upstairs, on the side of the wall formerly devoted to the photographs of Forrest in his numerous characters—which, from the great weight about the legs, appeared as if they were on exhibition upside down—are groups of our officers at the seat of war, taken in the familiar aspects of tent and field life; but I did not detect the man among them who promises to climb the Alps of Success. On the shady side of the gallery I discerned Gen. Fremont, who has been moved high up on the wall, and now hangs on a line, which, from the appearance of the figures on each side of him, must be appropriated to Dead Beats, and those who have passed out of the public eye, either as motes or beams, and cannot any longer throw dust into it. The Alps and Fremont bring to mind that impossible but heroic engraving, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and it suggests a mention of the capital statue of the Emperor now standing in clay in Launt Thompson's studio. It is one of the handsomest, most imperial portraits of him. All the high qualities which the imagination still endows Napoleon with, are expressed in this fine work. The enthusiasm, admiration, dread and doubt, which that inscrutable man inspired, return to the mind—passing swiftly over it like the cloud-shadows chased by the sea—when one contemplates his beautiful face, even if the impassive sculptor be sprinkling the clay head, or wrapping the legs in wet cloths, while he expatiates on the studies made in boot-tops, spurs, and the hang of the military coat. The statue is to be cast in bronze and will occupy a niche in a rich man's house, who may or who may not love art. The artist endures a misfortune which the author is exempt from; rich men only can buy the works of the former and immure them, while poor men may buy and lend the works of the latter, and diffuse them. Sylvanus Cobb, Artemus Ward and Dr. Holland go anywhere, while Church, Gifford, Thompson and Bierstadt can only abide with Dives. The time approaches possibly for the out-of-door art familiar to the Old World, but unknown here, for there is talk of statues being placed in Central Park ("Central" at present is "rote sarcastical.") Ward's "Indian and Dog" is mentioned for that purpose, and a Shakspeare. Some months ago the corner-stone was laid for the latter, and a red board erected over it, which I gaze at whenever I go the Park, with an interrogatiug admiration as deep as that which I expect to bestow on the statue itself.

Autumn, by the way, is not allowed to run riot, in the only purlieus accessible to us citizens where we might behold the panorama of the fall of the leaf. Every single leaf that ventures to drop in the course of nature is hustled away and out of sight by those indefatigable Celts who perambulate the roads and walks with barrow and broom. The grass is not permitted to die a natural death, but is kept on the green *qui vive* by a tormenting roller, which passes over it continually and defies its mortality. The Park managers, however, have no power over the changing colors of the season; already the vines on the bridge walls and the rocks have turned to rich browns and reds that outdo the "Victoria plaids" mounted on wheels. I ascribe the discovery of the change of seasons at the Park to myself. Professing to be a denizen of the world, I permit the habit of observation denied to those habitues of dog-carts, pony baskets, cane-sided barouches and big hammer-clothed coaches, who frequent the Park avenues. It is not the fashion for them to see anything but space on the rosettes on their horses' heads; their eyes are fixed on these by the same principle which makes the man who takes your *carte-de-visite* say, "Place your eyes on this mark, and look as pleasant as you can." I have sometimes seen an expression resembling animation in the faces of rigid young women, hoisted high in the air, with a tiger behind them and a puppy before them, when a gentleman in sulphur-colored trowsers, on a McClellan saddle, cantered alongside to exchange a few cabalistic words, the open sesame of clique. The cross, plain, middle-aged old ladies that infest the drives, nearly obliterated by their drivers, and smothered by the carriage hood, are never mitigated by the gentleman in the McClellan saddle, the deer, or the swans; their wheels wind in and out, and they go home through the Fifth Avenue, true to their code of not remarking either Beauty or the Beast, Art or Nature. Even that bad man, who is always there in the crushed hat and gray sacque, with a nondescript vehicle and a tremendous horse, dares not, you may bet, take one sniff of the atmosphere—the Park's speciality—to reveal which Olmstead and Vany racked their taste and invention.

Mr. Olmstead has left it to occupy some place in the eternal Mariposa mine business, where something is being expected to turn up by all the Micawbers. Mr. Vany has returned more strictly to his architectural duties. Peace to the ashes of their Commission. They did their duty on the spot which is now the resort of shoddy and the delight of snobby.

It is to be hoped that California will not affect Mr. Olmstead as it has Ross Browne, and set him off on perpetual tours. Ross Browne and his seven children tour everywhere. Now they are at Frankfort-on-the-Main, now they are on the top of a ranch, and now they have just started, in *Harper's Magazine*, for Arizona. Who is interested in Arizona? Who loves Washoe? Who longs for Idaho? Can these places rival Chase and the Greenback? When travellers travel to manufacture books, their travels do not read well, and I am afraid Ross Browne will ruin himself with these copious tours and illustrations. It has been the destiny, however, of the American to make authorship a trade. The great times have gone by when authors were respected in rags, with the technical "crush" in their hands: they must wear "biled shirts," now, and have anchovy toast. Here all aspire to literature as well as to the President's chair. I know a young man who is distinguished for his bulletins—those brown-paper affairs which are posted before newspaper office doors; in this class of composition he excels so greatly that he is attached to the corps of a promiuent paper, and is called a literary man!

Speaking of travellers reminds me of our last Englishman, Mr. Galdwin Smith, the Professor of Modern History, at Oxford. He is here to witness the Presidential contest, and to write upon it, as well as to write upon our political system at large. He sympathizes with the North, and has already written much in our favor. Mr. George Augustus Sala, the traveller preceding Professor Smith, has been recalled by his paper, the London *Telegraph*. If he returns to London with "blushing honors" it will be because his nose has grown redder, and for no other reason. It was my good fortune to pass the first evening he arrived in America with Mr. Sala. He informed me that he had eaten oysters several times that day, and was much impressed with the power of rye whisky. Mr. Sala is a highly-colored man, and resembles a meerschaum that does not color to the satisfaction of its owner. He wears English clothes, and a large scarf pin—the portrait of half a horse, in gold. He anticipated a visit to California; should he come you will find him the most impudent, acrimonious letter writer we ever had; also the clearest in a certain sense. He sees things as pictures, and describes them well, but not as profound facts which involve the philosophy of human nature.

To continue the subject of assurance, Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoepel has been "tackling" the *Home Journal* with one of her modest letters, in which she states she is "offered ten thousand dollars in gold for one hundred nights in California all in *Camille*. Having endured that great artiste, praised in *Golden Era* by the author of the *Hasheesh Eater*, Ada Isaacs Menken, in *Mazeppa*, I presume a hundred representations of a play by that rotten-minded writer, the younger Dumas, can also be endured. Miss Heron repeats in her letter, the observation she made when Willis told her that Irving wept like a child over her *Camille*. "I would be content to die myself to have his tears shed over me!" Should such an *observation* die? Never! therefore, I contribute my mite towards handing the hat of sympathy, sentiment, and bathos round.

E. D. B. S.

Meteoric Showers.—The following telegram has been received in this city:

Virginia, November 10.—Astronomers anticipate a recurrence this year of the November meteoric shower of 1833. The mornings from the 11th to the 15th are all likely to show an unusual number of meteors, especially from the 12th to the 14th. The best time of observation is from half-past one o'clock, A. M., onward. The radiant point is the constellation Leo. Observers in California, Nevada and the Pacific Coast generally are requested to report their observations to Professor Silliman, Jr., San Francisco, for the American *Journal of Science*, where they will be published for the good of science.

B. Silliman, Jr.

Torchlight Procession.—A grand torchlight procession to celebrate the recent Union election victories, will take place on Monday night next. Particulars in our advertising columns.

THE GLOVE—A TALE.

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
Sate the King;
Beside him group'd his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.

King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger—yawned the gate,
And, slow from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again!

A finger raised the King—
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarr'd:
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yell'd
When the lion he beheld:
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And roll'd his rabid tongue.
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest-king,
With a fell and rattling sound,
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!
The King raised his finger; then
Leap'd two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound:
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold!
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled.
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still!

From the gallery rais'd above,
A fair hand dropp'd a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges: "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The Knight left the place where the lady sate;
The Knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stoop'd above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunn'd, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!
With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace—
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he!
And be left forever that fair ladye!—*Bulwer's Schiller.*

A MUCH-ABUSED BRIDEGROOM.—A stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight," had just married a blooming and beautiful country girl only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room had been called out and kissed except Mrs. B., the beautiful young bride aforesaid; and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause of his anger, however; for, suddenly rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some length of time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss; but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have, all; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've got just this to say about it; here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the time as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!"

If Mrs. B. was slighted during the balance of the evening, we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually for any neglect on our part.

PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE.—The following story, though latterly related of "a distinguished Southern gentleman, and former member of the cabinet," was formerly told, we are *almost* quite certain, of the odd and eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, with certain omissions and additions. Be that as it may, the anecdote is a good one, and "will do to keep."

The gentleman was a boarder in one of the most splendid of the New York hotels, and, preferring not to eat at the *table d'hote*, had his meals served in his own parlor, with all the elegance for which the establishment had deservedly become noted.

Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of the servant who waited upon him—a negro of "the blackest dye"—he desired him at dinner one day to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him to be gone, it was with some impatience that, a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove his soup.

"Fellow," said he, "leave the room! I wish to be alone."

"Excuse me, sah," said Cuffee, drawing himself "stiffly up," "but *I'se 'sponsible for de silver.*"

A FARMER in an eastern county has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight sons.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

IN the year 18—, I received an invitation from a friend in Hereford, who had often pressed me to visit him before. I left London early one morning by the Great Western Railway, and arrived in Hereford the same night. We had capital shooting in the neighborhood for several days, and our evenings were spent convivially enough. One night, a gentleman from the neighborhood of Rhayader joined us, and hearing from my host that I was fond of sport, pressed me to visit him, and he would give me some excellent shooting. The invitation was given so cordially that I accepted it at once, and as it included our host, it was arranged that so soon as our present party broke up, which would be in a day or two, we should take the early morning coach and journey to Rhayader. The last night of our stay in Hereford was bitterly cold, and there were indications of a heavy fall of snow, but we thought nothing of it, and retired to bed early, as the coach started at six o'clock, and we had a long day before us. When I looked out of the window in the morning, I could just see by the dimly-lighted streets that there had been a great fall, and it was still snowing. We enjoyed a good breakfast, and then sallied out for the hotel whence the coach started. When we arrived it had just come in and was changing horses. We were the only passengers, and although I dislike the inside of a coach, still, in deference to the wishes of my friend, and perhaps a little in deference to the weather, I consented, and we got in. For the first twenty miles we went along pretty well, but after we had left Kington, and the road commenced winding among the hills, it was awful work for the horses, and when Radnor was reached we were three hours behind time: but our conveyance bore the magic letters V. R. upon it, and was obliged to go on, and we determined to go with it, as Rhayader lay only seventeen miles farther. But this stage, notwithstanding all my friend could say to the contrary, I would ride outside, and accordingly joined the coachman on the box. We had heavy work for the first few miles, but after this was over the road appeared to be almost clear of snow, and we seemed to be making fine progress. I congratulated the driver on it, when he darkly remarked, we might suffer for it by and by, for we were now in Radnor forest, and added something of which I could only catch the words: "Snow drifting—hollows farther on." Presently the coach came to a dead stop, and the coachman hallooing "Joe," the guard came forward. They held a low conversation, from which I understood they considered there was great danger of the road ahead, but still thought it would be as unsafe to go back as forwards. All this time I was far from realizing the danger of the position, or I might have prevented part of what happened after. We were now approaching what appeared to me to be a perfect level, and the coachman touching his wheeler with the whip, the animal slipped, then plunged, and the leaders becoming frightened, increased their pace down what afterwards proved to be a steep dip in the road, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we were all fighting in a perfect sea of drifted snow which was here quite fifteen feet deep. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, I managed, I know not how, to struggle on to the roof, where I was joined by the guard, the snow being then up to our waists, and still snowing heavily. The driver had been dragged off his box and was among the confused mass of horses. We could just dimly see where every plunge was hastening their death-agony. Each second the plunges grew more and more feeble, and in a few minutes, the guard and I looked in each other's faces with the sad conviction that we two were the only living beings in that howling wilderness, and with an instantaneous death staring us in the face. The guard began muttering something about poor Jim, the horses, and of all things the bags entrusted to his care, while I bitterly thought of my kind, noble-hearted friend, smothered in a moment when not thinking of danger.

"Come, Joe, my boy," I said, "we must not give way. It won't do to be smothered here, which we very soon shall be if we don't do something. Does not a bank rise up on one side higher than the road—quick?"

"Yes, on the left-hand side the road rises; on there the the country slopes upwards all the way round to Radnor, and a foot man might, if he picked his way to the left, reach the town; but who would jump? It may leave off snowing; and besides I can't leave the bags."

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, "it is only a chance to die at once or in a few minutes, so here goes." And setting to work, I cleared the snow away as far as I could, and after a dreadful wrestle, managed to make a platform, from which I jumped. I landed nearly up to my chin, but in time I worked my way up the bank till I was comparatively free, whence I urged my companion, by everything I could say, to follow, but all that I got from him was—"Radnor, left—poor Jim—can't leave the bags;" and so I struggled off to the left, the last words of poor Joe ringing in my ears—Can't leave the bags."

How I reached Radnor I know not, but when I recovered from a dangerous illness, consequent on all I had endured, I heard I had arrived at the inn in the night, in a wild state, repeating, "I can't leave the bags." They went next day to dig out the coach, but it was three days before they reached it; then they found the coachman dead between the horses, my friend sitting calmly inside, and Joe still sticking to his bags. I never reached Rhayader. DEANE SMITH.

A SNEEZING HEAD.—The manager of the Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth; on the table was a basin, and an actor, concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious; the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful of sneezing powder on the basin, and just as the tyrant had finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, chaunging the audience "from grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

THE CITY OF GOLD.—The Royal Exchange, with its wide expanse of pavement alike in front and in rear, forms an islet amidst the rushing thoroughfares around; and on these paved open spaces groups may be seen standing engaged in absorbing conversation. The streets are thronged with hurrying vehicles; the foot-pavement with bustling but steady-going passengers; the alleys, like Birchin-lane and Finch-lane, which connect the leading thoroughfares, are equally thronged; and hurrying steps are ever racing through those covered passages, lined with offices on either side, which form a peculiar feature in this part of London, and before whose entrances the stranger naturally halts, fearing to trespass on what seems, and indeed is, private ground. Young men and old men alike are seen hurrying to and fro, and all appear absorbed in their work. You may easily tell the office clerks, racing on their errands to learn the latest price of some particular stock, from the less mobile but more absorbed seniors of this busy world. Engrossed as all are, you nevertheless see (in ordinary times at least) that theirs is not a sad work. The sight, in truth, is rather disappointing to a stranger who has heard of the cares of wealth and the deceitfulness of riches. As he looks upon the men who go past him, the sight does not release the conception of "City" life which he has formed from books or from his own imaginings. He looks in vain for the haggard look and care-worn features which he has learnt (very incorrectly) to associate with city men, and especially with the dealers in money. Overburdened, no doubt, some of these men are occasionally—and in what trade or profession is it otherwise?—but, on the whole, they wear a more lively and cheerful look than any other set of business-men we have seen. They are intent on their work; they have no time to stand and parley with you; but they go about their business with liveliness and zest. You never hear the slow monotones of depression; their voices are quick and lively, and a laugh and a bit of bandinage are seldom quite absent as they fly about in search of information or in execution of commissions. They dress well, in the substantial style—and a gold chain across the waistcoat, or a flower in the button-hole, are their favorite and not very conspicuous modes of personal decoration. Sometimes, indeed, you will see the gay-colored neck-scarf, buttoned surtout, white waistcoat and light gloves, familiar to you in Pall-Mall and Piccadilly; for even the West-end swell now-a-days ventures into the vortex of financial speculation; but he looks a butterfly among the busy throng, and his air (as doubtless he wished it to be) is quite different from that of the habitues of the precinct. Nothing more conduces to preserve youthfulness than a considerable amount of mental activity. The alertness and vivacity of the mind transfer themselves to the personal appearance. And, despite all the worry and anxieties which these money-dealers and speculators are supposed to, and sometimes do, undergo, they wear better, and keep their youth longer than the farmer and provincial classes generally. There is no sauntering here; and men of three-score and upwards step out as lightly as men of half their age in provincial places. In truth, it is the elderly gentlemen who show to most advantage in this monetary metropolis; and ever and anon you meet with the fresh, clear complexion, pure white whiskers, and brisk look and movement, which characterize the best specimens of our elderly English gentlemen. It seems a healthy as well as exciting pursuit which men ply in the precinct of Mammon. Even the speculators *par excellence*—men who are rich to-day and poor to-morrow—as a class, live for the bright side of the picture, and look as if they did so.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JOHN BULL UNDER CRITICISM.—I know well how we regard the wretched foreigner, sneering at his frivolity, his capricious ways, his poor, weak, purposeless existence, and the rest of it. I know all our national contempt for the man of *eau sucré* and reassert that for unreality, for a pretension to seem something that he is not—for, in fact, an outrageous affectation—John Bull has not his equal in Europe. The reason is simple enough. Every man in England knows and feels that his acceptance in society depends on the class in which he is supposed to move, and as class distinctions with us are meted out by money, it behoves every one to appear better off than he is. To do this requires no small share of skill or address, because it has to be done in the midst of thousands all trying the same game. To live in a fashionable quarter, or sufficiently near one to steal the name of a neighboring square, to indicate your whereabouts, is a first necessity; to live with a certain outward semblance of fortune is the second; to give dinners and entertainments comes next; to figure in subscription lists, stand forward in works of benevolence, all follow. Now, as it is essential that you should do all these things on the scale of a man of ten times your means, you only can accomplish the feat by employing substitutes; that is to say, all around and about you must be a mockery—your house a four-storied delusion, your butler a ruined green-grocer, your Bordeaux a full-flavored Chancellor of the Exchequer, and your clothes the cheap product of the last Manchester discovery in devil's dust and glue. Will you tell me that the man who lives in this charmed circle of everlasting lies, in a mock house, with a mock household, a mock dinner, and an enamelled wife with a mock diamond necklace, can come out real and true? Will you ask me to believe that he who breathes an atmosphere of falsehood all his days, can preserve throughout it his own pure unsullied nature?—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.—A jealous man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant to ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window, as if in expectation." "Strange," said the gentleman, "who can she expect?" "Some one is entering the door! she seizes him and caresses him fondly." "Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the Divorce Court. "Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes." "Dreadful! she shall suffer for this." "Now he wags his tail!" and as this explained the story, old jealousy decamped, and resolved not to be inquisitive again in regard to his wife.

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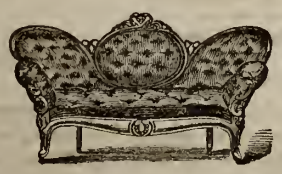

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I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well:
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Bello, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
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jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 5th day of DECEMBER, A. D., 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by law or otherwise since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows, viz:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets, thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet: thence at a right angle northerly 60: thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place No. 108 Front street from this date till said 5th day of December, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed
of Andrew Robeson, deceased

every

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

HOW does it come that so little interest is taken in matters of pure science by men otherwise of general information, and who have constantly and closely devoted themselves to business and other subjects requiring the most abstract thought and systematic effort? It cannot be because of the ease with which such information comes to the mind, and to spare themselves labor. This would be an unworthy admission and is always denied to be the true reasou. It is moreover at once seen to be no reason, for of all pursuits and avocations the liberal professions and the mercantile career are certainly the most laborious and exhausting, and yet are cheerfully adopted by their followers with the stern fact plainly before their eyes, that the demands upon their mental as well as physical system will be inexorable and heavy to the last degree. Else how can it be accounted for, that these professions in every country and at all times have furnished so many remarkable instances of insanity, intense dissipation, utter prostration and early death as compared with the statistics of the manual laborer's life on the same points. No! by the laborer himself, whatever may be the pride of his class and its recognized importance, it is no longer denied under the influence of an expanding intelligence that his labors are, if not light, at least much less exhaustive, and the system much more quickly and surely restored than in the case of intense and continued mental exercise. Moreover, it seems a curious fact that the body of men who, by their studies and learning—the metaphysician and anatomist analyzing both mind and body, know their strong and weak points, and that the weak preponderate, and hence must know the danger of undue strain upou the system—are of all men the least cautious and the most abusive of their own powers.

What a striking example of this was given to the world in the death of Hugh Miller! When roaming on foot over the hills aud glens of his own Scotland with pick and hammer in hand, in search of geological facts for or against some old theory, or with which to erect some new scientific structure; when gathering from the earth by hard labor the elements of his great reputation as a geologist in subsequent years; and storing his mind with the data for his splendid descriptions aud powerful analogies in which he so loved to revel, who could then have thought that the robust Scotchman, with his stalwart form and well-knit frame, would yield to disease of the mind, to some mysterious derangement of the brain beyond medical reach, and induced directly by intense overwork and stress upon that most delicate and sensitive of man's bodily organs? Yet so it was; and well do we recollect, though some years ago, the startling announcement that Hugh Miller of Cromarty had fallen by his own hand iu violent death iu a momeut of temporary insanity. Not wonderful, however, on second thought, for it was predicted, ten years before the event, by his near friends who closely watched his career and its struggles, and affectionately warned him of the danger. Earnestly engaged then upon his defence of the Free Church of Scotland, in the columus of the *Witness*, in which he dealt staggering blows upon his foes, and with equal strength supported aud raised to its high position his beloved but then prostrate Kirk, chief among that small but brilliant circle of men who have given marked rauk to Scotlaud's moral history, his task was heavy enough, his measure of labor full to repletion. But not euough for this man of untiring action and teeming brain: he loved the service of his church, took the leading part in its heaviest struggles, and hore the brunt of the polemical fight; but he loved equally well, if not more deeply and with the love of a first passion, his darling science of geology, and on the night of the conclusion of his last and greatest work, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, with these words upon his lips, "My brain burns as the recollection grows," fell a victim to the conjurations and phantoms of a brain broken by the strain of thought.

Who ever hears of the insanity of manual labor or of continued dissipation consequent upon physical exhaustion? It requires the excitement of a passion, the intensity of strong feeling, ardent devotion and exacting thought to produce these effects which are unknown to the sane sobriety aud wholesome mediocrity of mind iu the mere lahorer—who plies his tools and rests content in a material world of mechanism that may tire the muscles but never disturbs the reason. It is a curious thought that from the mind and its operations, of spirit and ethereal, should come danger and distress to the body. This fact has often been made available by potentates and lesser men, for their own purposes, to justify their deeds of oppression upon the objects of their enmity, who in all ages have been chiefly of the scientific class. How often and easily has the cry of "madman!" been raised and fastened upon some bright son of song, some poet whose only crime was an obedience to the law of his nature that he could not love and be wise at the same time. Innumerable are the cases of its application to men of science by kingly aud popular malice and jealousy. Galileo, because he saw, to his own unutterable astonishment, what no mortal eye before that moment had seen, the high mountains and ridges, furrows and valleys of the moon's surface, rings and satellites and nebulæ and the whole heavens sown with stars too small to be discerned by the naked eye, was by Roman Catholic power denounced as a madman, and given over to cruel persecution in the walls of a prison, there to spend some of his latest hours. Nor has France, with its liherality and love of science, been an exception; for take De Caus and his treatment, for the example, and we see a distinguished mathematician, to whom no longer can be denied a share in the invention of the steam engine, imprisoued for many years at the Bicetre, by order of Cardinal Richelieu, who very aptly expressed the feeling by the remark that he had a madman in whom some professed to have discovered a man of genius. To him the terms were synonymous, and the definition has been popular ever since. Iu this age and country instances are not wanting—true, not to the extent of the prison cell, but quite as positive a belief in the truth of the maxim, for such it now is. Let us go to the south bank of the Ohio and we will see a solitary grave with a plain pine board at its head bearing the name of John Fitch, undoubtedly the first who applied steam to navigation in America, and who, in spite of the rebukes he received even from such men as Franklin, predicted that the shrill scream of the steamboat would be daily heard by his spirit as it hovered about his last resting place. Driven from society into what was then a wilderness, denounced as a visionary fool and a lunatic, his last years were passed in wild frontier life, aud in gloomy silence he sought relief in the fatal cup that drowns sorrow but in death.

Is this, then, the result of such pursuits. and do you wonder that men shun their pernicious influence? Not pernicious are they in themselves, but only made so by a perverted understanding, small foresight or interested motive. Are not your illustrations to the contrary? No! these only go to show the danger of self-abuse, of mental mistreatment—no more—and indeed the study of the most abstruse science and profound philosophy are often safely cultivated by men of the busiest life and of purely practical pursuits. What branch of science presents more difficulties and requires closer analysis than music, when studied not as an amusement merely, but as a science, in its structure and principles of sound and time, quite as much so as many of the so-called exact sciences; and this we have on the authority of one of the most eminent natural philosophers and engineers of the country. Yet many devotedly cultivate this science, ennobling and exalting the mind, without danger or apprehension of danger to the mind, while studiously avoiding all the physical scieuces under some vague fear of their difficulties and perils, ignorant of the fact that the most profound problem of astronomy, when rightly pursued, is not less harmful or less simple.

TRISMEGISTUS.

SANITARY FUND.—The loyal people of the State show no more truly their devotiou to the nation's interests, than by their contributions to that noblest of charities, the U. S. Sanitary Commission. During the past week, when all patriots have been working for the ballot-box, in whose depths are held the natiou's life, they have not forgotten the Sanitary box beside it, wherein is held the life and strength of our bleeding soldiers. The Executive Committee have been so favored iu their receipts, that by Monday's steamer they will be able to make another handsome remittance to the parent Treasury in New York. Since our last issue they have received from Soldiers' Aid Societies, recently organized by the active agents of the Commission throughout the State, twenty five receipts amounting to $962 25 in coin, and $90 in Legal Tender Notes; from the polls in the Interior, $1,773 47 in coin, and $410 in Legal Tender Notes; from San Francisco polls, $4,965 81 in coin, and $86 10 in Legal Tender Notes; from the *Camanche*, $307 80; from the Police Department, $671 50; from sundry city contributors, $368 30. Total, 9,049 13 in coin, aud $586 10 in Legal Tender Notes.

The monitor *Camanche*, that has even during its construction served its country so well by its daily contributions to the sick and wounded soldiers, is finished at last, and on Monday next at 12 M., it will be consigned to the element on which it will battle strongly for the natiou. To-morrow, Rev. B. J. Low will deliver a discourse from the decks to the many visitors who will visit the yard and will informally christen her for her work. Seats have been arranged throughout the enclosure for the visitors to the launch, the proceeds being for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund. The steamer *San Rafael*, by the generosity of its owuer, has been placed at the disposal of the Executive Committee and will take a deck-load of passengers on Monday to an eligible position where the launch can be easily seen. Every one on that day can be accommodated with a view of the launch, and can do somethiug at the same time for our heroic army.

A SAFE THAT WAS NOT SAFE.—A late English paper says: "One of what are termed fire-proof safes has at length been dug out of the ruins of Colonel McMurdo's residence, and upon being opened was found not to have secured a single valuable, either of plate or jewelry. A presentation sword from Lord Elleuborough, with a real Damascus blade, was found melted in two. This sword was made in the time of the Crusades, and was highly prized by the gallant Colonel. Another sword presented by General Sir Charles Napier has also been found injured in a similar manner, and the whole of the gold appointments and diamonds have been lost. So much value did the gallant Colonel attach to the various presentations that he had holes drilled in the bottom of the safe, so as to screw them down to the floor, and the flames entering the apertures destroyed the contents. Had it not been for the drillings of the holes everything might have been secured."

NOVEMBER 8TH, 1864.

MILLIONS of stars in sight,
And leagues of red and white
Floating from every height
From Russian Hill to Rincon;
Steeds gallop through the street,
Fire flying from their feet,
Men of all nations meet,
Talking of Lincoln.

When the bright sun, as red
As blood our soldiers shed,
One-half his course had sped,
Serenely, slowly;
There came a shadowy man,
As from death's caravan
Had come a spectre wan,
With message holy.

His beard was white as snow,
His tottering steps were slow,
And like the mistletoe
With emerald blossom
Decking the dying tree,
So fondly now clasped he
A fair boy full of glee
To his drear bosom.

"My boy!" the old man cried,
"*My* father, when he died,
Called his children to his side—
Each one addressing;
And last, he said to me:
'I leave no legacy
But one dear memory
And my fond blessing.

"'Good by! and try to be
Worthy of God and me;
Keep your heart from malice free,
Your lips from slander;
Remember, my only son,
In many a battle won
I stood by WASHINGTON,
The good commander.

"'When winter nights are cold,
And children's children fold
Your neck—then wrinkled, old—
Begging a story;
Tell them my prondest right
For Liberty to fight,
To keep the good flag bright
My greatest glory.'

"My boy, even now I see
My father beckoning me;
This day's a legacy
For you to think on
When I am in my grave—
You saw the old flag wave
While I my last vote gave
For Abraham Lincoln."

The weak voice ended—then
Opened that throng of men,
Opened and shut again
That human thicket:
And all around grew still
As in that fateful till,
(Fateful for good or ill,)
He dropped the ticket.

Then from the eager throng
Three cheers rose loud and strong
Echoed the slopes along
From Russian Hill to Rincon;
The boy cried merrily,
"Hurrah for Liberty!
My grandpapa and me
Both vote for Lincoln."

EMILIE LAWSON.

LOOK TO THE BEDROOM!—If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight to be at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will he more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs and partly from the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed-clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke, that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there can be an open door or window for it to escape. Now, the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalatious from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body.

Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up iu the form of a neatly-made bed?—*Journal of Health.*

PREMIUM FURNITURE.—The late Mechanics' Fair of this city gave the premium to Goodwin & Co., importers and manufacturers of furniture, No. 528 Washington street, for articles on exhibition in their line. How happily the name and the award harmonize! It was certainly a Good-win for them.

We have frequently heard of the power of the imagination, but the following instance, which lately occurred in France, affords a novel illustration: A respectably-dressed man of about fifty called on a man at St. Etienne, and said, "I am a builder by trade, and in making my contracts am sometimes obliged to drink rather too freely. Finding myself lately indisposed in consequence of these excesses, I was advised to apply to M. X——, of Caux, who had, I was told, a secret of sovereign efficacy in such cases. I followed the recommendation and took the remedy, which consisted of a white powder done up in small packets; but instead of being cured I find I am poisoned, and I have been told this morning that the remedy is arsenic. Yes, sir," continued the speaker, with great violence, "I am poisoned, and already to-day I had one violent attack." While speaking his countenance changed, his breathing became heavy, and throwing himself back in a chair he exclaimed, "I am going to have another—I am dying—help! help!" The doctor went toward him and found that he was dead. A post-mortem examination proved that the man died from paralysis of the pectoral muscles, brought on by violent emotion produced by a diseased imagination. No trace of poison existed. The white powder was analyzed, and turned out not to be arsenic, but simply sugar of milk, a completely harmless substance.

A Kingly Baby.—An English paper gives the following description of a public exhibition of the Prince of Wales' baby, in which the King of Denmark assisted: "The King came forward and took the baby from the arms of the two ladies who held it between them. The crowd became enthusiastic. He dandled the baby up and down. The feelings of the crowd were becoming almost too intense. It was only possible to improve the situation in one way, but even this improvement was brought about—the Prince of Wales was induced to come forward to the little window where all these performances took place, and he in his turn took the baby in his arms, with the natural awkwardness of an Englishman called upon to be theatrical in his behavior, and exhibited himself in the character of a father to the people below. With unruffled equanimity the baby permitted himself to be dandled up and down and the crowd shrieked in ecstasy. At this early stage of his career the baby has shown a due appreciation of his position. Another baby might have cried, but he no doubt reflected that he was a baby to whom much was given; from whom much was consequently expected; and he conducted himself with a grave propriety of demeanor worthy of the occasion."

Old Spanish Proverbs.—God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors.

Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.

Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

Perfume and Poetry.—Moore and Haynes Bailey have celebrated the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS" in charming verses which have been set to exquisite music, but Phalon & Son have immortalized its fragrance in the new Extract for the handkerchief. The enchanting odor of the living flower, as it is exhaled under the summer dews of the tropics, is fixed and rendered indestructible in this article.

Manufactured by PHALON & SON, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

* HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

Pianofortes to Rent—No Charge for keeping them in tune. Leave orders at
A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
oc8 and 424 Sansome street.

Have your Pianofortes Tuned by a Competent Workman. Leave orders at
oc8 KOHLER'S Music Store.

Mr. Chretien Pfister, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

Riches have Wings.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6.500.000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

GEORGE LEET Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ESSEX Gold and Silver Mining Co.; NICOLAUS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BILLETT Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SAMANTHA CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; METEOR Gold and Silver Mining Co.; LEWIS CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; JOHN J. CRITTENDEN Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SCOTTISH CHIEF Gold and Silver Mining Co.; HYACK Gold and Silver Mining Co.; MEMPHIS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; GRAFTON Gold and Silver Mining Co.; TEHAMA Gold and Silver Mining Co.; PONTIAC Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BUTLER Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ENTERPRISE Gold and Silver Mining Co.; CROWN POINT Tunnel and Mining Co.; Reese River Mining District, Lander county, N. T.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be holden at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.

The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.
T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL Mc. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
oc29-3w D. B. FRANCIS.

To the Public.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.
oc15-tf STACY, Proprietor.

Value of Health.—Upwards of thirty years since, Dr. Benjamin Brandreth introduced to the community a vegetable pill which has since become the household medicine of tens of thousands of families in the United States, and throughout the countries of Europe and South America. When first brought to the notice of the public, few could be persuaded of its virtues. Gradually, at first, it was tried, and then, as case after case of recovery from many diseases reached the ears of the public, its value increased in what might be called geometrical proportions. Medical men, who had seen patients recover rapidly by the use of Brandreth's pills who had for indefinite periods of time been under their charge without showing signs of improvement, began to despair, believing that the great secret of life and health had been discovered, and their occupation was gone from them. Some, more enterprising than their fellows, at once adopted into their practice the great conservator of health, and their success corresponded with their liberality. Since then, the Brandrethian system has been in the ascendant.

It is said that no habit has spread throughout the world so rapidly as the use of tobacco. This is a mistake. It has taken two hundred years to make the nicotine plant known to the nations, while in less than a quarter of a century the Brandreth Pill, as a purifier of the stomach and bowels, and as a preventive of every fever known, no matter by what term called or from what cause originated, has become the indispensable necessity of every people on the globe, civilized and barbarous.

It may be asked, why is this preparation so eminent over others? We answer, because, above every other, it does its work directly.

It cleanses the system thoroughly of every impurity, and restores the blood to its pristine condition. Dr. Brandreth holds, and his conclusions are based on physiological as well as Biblical fact, that all diseases originate in the blood, and that a medicine which seizes upon and purifies it, places the body that contains it beyond the possibility of abnormal action. It is not necessary to attempt to vindicate a theory so self-evident. We know that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter; and we also know that we cannot look for health where the fountain of health is corrupted. Purify the blood system, and life, strength, youth, and absence from disease are assured. These, the Brandreth Pill not only promises, but gives. Let those who would go through existence without sickness or even momentary pain, remember that the preventive from every ill lies in the vegetable preparation whose active and passive virtues no sane man will dispute, known as the Brandreth Medicine.

It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. B. continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a generous and discerning public.

☞ For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine. *

The Electropathic Institute, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electropathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathise with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required!

All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to
J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

Farrand's Oscillating

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

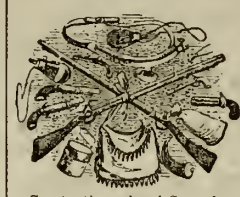
R. L. Ogden, Agent,
Southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets,
San Francisco. no12 1f

First Premium

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,
San Francisco, September, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,

Sporting Emporium!



418 Washington st.,
(Near Post-office,)
San Francisco.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,
AND
Importers of all Classes
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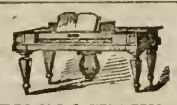
$300!  $300!

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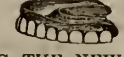


617 *Clay street,*

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced prices. ju18

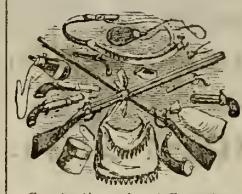
FIRST PREMIUM

Awarded by the Mechanics' Institute Fair,

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

R. LIDDLE & CO.,

Sporting Emporium!



418 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Near Post-office,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

GUN & RIFLE MAKERS,

AND

Importers of all Classes

OF

SPORTING TACKLE!

Constantly on hand Guns from the first makers of London, viz., William Greener, William Moore, Mooro & Harris, Redfern, Hollis & Son, and all other makers. Also the best stock of American Rifles, Pistols, and Carbines on the Pacific Coast, viz.: Colt's, Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's Remington's, and all the latest patents of Pistols. Sharp's, Wesson's, Ballards, Spencer's and Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifles.

Cartridges of all kinds constantly on hand.

We are the only authorized agents for the genuine "Greener Guns" on the Pacific Coast.

Authorized agents for Henry's Patent Breech-loading Rifle. oc8 3m

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TYLER BROTHERS,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

School Books, Stationery,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

nu27-tf

CARPETS.

WE have just received and are now opening

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF

WILTON

—AND—

Royal Velvet Carpets,

The finest Goods ever Imported into this State, to which we invite particular attention. Also a New Stock of

BRUSSELS CARPETS,

THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, ALL WIDTHS AND STYLES,

PAPER HANGINGS, BROCATELLE CURTAIN REPS, SILK DAMASK,

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, ETC., ETC.

House-keepers and others in want of the above goods, will find our stock the most complete, and our

PRICES THE LOWEST IN THE CITY!

KENNEDY & BELL,

Southwest cor. Montgomery and California streets.

se24

R. G. SNEATH,

408 FRONT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, RICE

TOBACCOS, LIQUORS, ETC.

Branch House, - - SNEATH & BOARMAN, - - Red Bluff.

Forwarding Agent, D. W. EARL, Sacramento, who will receive and fill orders for all kinds of Goods on my account, and keep a large stock of Flour, Barley, Potatoes, Ground Feed, etc., etc. No charge for forwarding.

ALMADEN QUICKSILVER!

Orders for Goods not in my line furnished customers without extra charge. Orders for Goods in the Eastern markets attended to promptly. Daily Prices Current furnished when desired.

Orders respectfully solicited. ju11-1m

JOSEPH A. DONOHOE, San Francisco. | EUGENE KELLY, New York.

DONOHOE, KELLY & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

EUGENE KELLY & CO.,

NEW YORK.

Bankers.

EXCHANGE ON

NEW YORK,
BANK OF LONDON, - - - - London.
BANK OF IRELAND. jy2

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO:

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

au20

THE BATTLE

FOUGHT AND WON!

THE UNION FOREVER!

HURRAH BOYS, HURRAH!

A Grand Illumination,

—AND—

TORCHLIGHT

PROCESSION!

Of the Loyal Citizens of San Francisco, will take place

On MONDAY EVENING, November 14.

Every loyal person is requested to turn out on this occasion, and to illuminate his premises in honor of the peaceful victory at the ballot box!

A. J. BRYANT,
Chairman Union State Central Committee.

CHAS. WESTMORELAND, Secretary. no12

LAUNCH OF THE CAMANCHE!

All private interests having been satisfied, arrangements have been concluded for the exclusive privilege of ERECTING SEATS for visitors to the Yard on the day of

THE LAUNCH OF
THE MONITOR "CAMANCHE,"

Monday, November 7th, 1864,

—FOR THE—

BENEFIT OF THE SANITARY FUND.

Tickets of Admission to the Yard, $1; Reserved Seats, $2. For sale only at Messrs. George C. Shreve & Co.'s, J. W. Tucker's, and Barrett & Sherwood's, at the rooms of the California Branch U. S. Sanitary Commission, 240 Montgomery street, or at the eastern gates of the yard. Only a limited number of tickets will be sold.

By order, O. C. WHEELER, Secretary.

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—

First Premium,

—ON—

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,

Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,
DINING ROOM AND
OFFICE FURNITURE,

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety at extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,
no12 No. 528 Washington street.

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

A. Kohler,

424 Sansome street, and 622 Washington street,

HAS JUST UNPACKED

SIXTY-SEVEN CASES

—OF THE—

RICHEST KIND

Of Bohemian Glasswares,

Which he will sell at auction prices. no12-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

Engagement of the celebrated English performers,

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,

Supported by their niece, Miss CHAPMAN, also, Mr. J CATHCART, and Mr. GEORGE EVERETT, of the London Theatres.

Together with

THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Evening, November 12th, 1864,

Will be presented Shakspeare's great tragedy of

Othello!

Othello - - - - - - - - Mr. Charles Kean
Iago - - - - - - - - Mr J F. Catheart
Emilia - - - - - - - - Mrs Chas Kean
Desdemona - - - - - - Miss Chapman

ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 13TH,

MR. COPPIN, the celebrated Australasian comedian and manager, will make his appearance in

The comic opera of

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS,

With all the Incidental Music,

And the 2-act Farce of

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

ON MONDAY EVENING,

Mr. and Mrs. KEAN will appear in the great play of

RICHARD III.

ON TUESDAY EVENING.
LOUIS XI.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,

ON THURSDAY EVENING,
KING LEAR,
AND BENEFIT OF MISS CHAPMAN.

In consequence of the great expense of this engagement, Mr. Maguire finds it necessary to place the prices to the following scale.

Dress Circle, Orchestra, and Parquette, - - One Dollar
Reserved seats, - - - - - - Fifty cents extra
Gallery, - - - - - - - - - Fifty cents

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. DE CASTRO,
Oculist and Aurist,

Southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, (over the Confectionery Store.)

OFFICE HOURS, from 10 to 1, and from 4 to 5, daily.

DR. DE CASTRO EMPLOYS HIS APPROVED

SELF-ADJUSTING ARTIFICIAL TYMPANUM,

For the relief of deafness, attended by loss or injury of the Membrana Tympani, and for the cure of discharge from the Ear.

TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, having employed DR. DE CASTRO for the treatment of various diseases of the HEAD, EAR and THROAT, take pleasure in testifying to his skill as a practitioner, and cheerfully recommend him to all who are suffering from diseases of that nature.

D. D. SHATTUCK, 204 Front street.
F. RICHARDS, 546 Clay street.
H. H. MOORE, Mercantile Library.
CHAS. NICHOLS, cor. Montgomery and Chestnut streets,
N. BALLINGER, 911 Sacramento st.
WM. W. DYE, 520 Greenwich street.

As we, the undersigned, have been, at the same time, under DR DE CASTRO'S (620 Market street,) treatment, for diseases of the Eyes, and as each of our cases has been of long standing and of critical character, and causing to each of us a great deal of suffering; and the Doctor having treated us with the greatest skill and success, we have resolved to give, through the public press, a testimonial to Dr. De Castro, deeming it eminently due to him. We do heartily and conscientiously recommend him all over the country, as a most eminent and skilful Oculist.

GEORGE MASTEN, 113 Stevenson street.
J. GOBBIE, 535 Folsom street.
S. HAFTER, 775 Folsom street.
J. T. POMROY, N. W. cor. Silver and Third.
no12 M. CLAVERY, 36 Tehama street.

FOLSOM STREET PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

COMPRISING TWO 50-VARA LOTS ON THE NORTH side of Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth, fronting also on Clementina street. Will be sold entire, or in subdivisions of 25 by 80 feet.

WM. LEFFINGWELL,
no5-tf 619 Montgomery street

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after NOVEMBER 8th, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 4.10 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS
(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: San Francisco at 2:30 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
no12 General Superintendent.

PLATT'S HALL.

WILSON, ZOYARA, ROSS, CARLO & AYMAR'S

Great Circus!

By request of MANY FAMILIES who have been unable to attend the evening performances, this splendid company will give

A LAST DAY PERFORMANCE

This (Saturday) Afternoon, November 12th,

Commencing precisely at ONE O'CLOCK,

The performances commence thus early, in consequence of the Hall having to be ready for the Ball of the German Benevolent Association this evening. Doors open at 12.

TAKE THE LITTLE ONES TO SEE

THE MAGIC RING,
ZOYARA,
ROSS AND CARLO,
THE CARLO FAMILY,

And the greatest Arenic and Equestrian Talent extant,

For the Last Time in California.

EUREKA MINSTREL HALL,

Montgomery street, near Pine.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - Proprietor
GEO. H. COES - - - - - - - Stage Manager

"THE FASHIONABLE RESORT."

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
Commencing at 2 o'clock.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS!

Consisting of the following well known Artists:

Billy Birch, Charles Backus,
D. S. Wambold, Sig. R. Abecco,
George H. Coes, Martin Simonsen,
Frank Medina, S. Wasburg,
C. F. Shattuck, Signor Pinto,
F. Harris, E. Grob, and
M. LEWIS,

Making in all the MOST POWERFUL COMPANY, and the

CREME DE LA CREME

of the Ethiopian profession.

A grand CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE EACH EVENING.

NEW SONGS, ACTS, BURLESQUES, DANCES, etc., will be performed in rapid succession.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Parquet, 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5; Reserved Seats, 25 cents extra. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at 8 o'clock, precisely.

BAY VIEW PARK!

To-day (Saturday,) November 12th,

TROTTING MATCH FOR $500,

Mile heats, 3 best in 5, in harness.

Mr Fergusou names b m "Emigrant Maid,"
Mr O'Brien names blk m "Black Bess."

☞ Horses to start at 2 o'clock.

ADMISSION - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR.

no12 W. F. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

GRAND BALL!

THE FIRST

ANNUAL BALL

—OF THE—

Fire Department!

WILL BE GIVEN AT

UNION HALL,

On Thursday Evening, December 8th, 1864.

No care or expense will be spared to make it the grandest and most fashionable ball of the season.

The list of managers will soon be published.

The number of tickets to be sold is limited; they are not transferable, and none will be sold at the door. Price, (including supper,) $10. oc29

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nolson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

FAMILY NOTICE.

Bowen Brothers,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer for sale:

Barton & Guesten's Salad Oil, the best in the world.
Boneless Sardines; a great luxury.
English Potted Meats.
Anchovy and Shrimp Paste.
Condensed Milk, preserved with refined Sugar hermetically sealed in cans for Army and Travelers' use. Its purity is guaranteed.
Bent's Water, Butter, Milk, Wine and Graham Crackers.
English, Stilton, Cheshire and Holland Cheese.
English Soups, assorted.
Pate de Foie Gras.
French Truffles and Mushrooms.
Spanish and French Olives, in kegs.
Spiced Oysters.
Dutch Herrings and Sardells.
English and American Bloaters.
Stuffed Olives and Mangoes.
Mess Mackerel.
Cider Vinegar.
Teas of every variety, imported expressly for our Family Trade.
Sugars of every kind direct from the Manufactory.

WINES AND LIQUORS,
Direct from Bond, Wholesale or Retail.

au6-tf

BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS,

JUST RECEIVED,

—AT—

A. Roman & Co.'s.

THE TRIAL; or, New Links of the Daisy Chain. By the author of "the Heir of Redclyffe." 12mo.

The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington. By J. B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes," etc. 12mo.

Victoire. A Novel. 1 vol. 12mo.

Centeola; and other Tales. By the author of "Green Mountain Boys," etc. 12mo.

Down in Tennessee, and back by Way of Richmond. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc.

The Devoted Bride. By St. George Tucker. 12mo.

The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter. From the private Journals and other papers of Commander Semmes and other officers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mirror of Modern Democracy; a History of the Democratic Party from its organization in 1825 to its last great achievement, the Rebellion of 1861. By W. D. Jones. 12mo.

General orders of the War Department, embracing the Years 1861, 1862 and 1863. Chronologically arranged. With a full alphabetical Index. 2 vols. 8vo.

The New Internal Revenue Law, approved June 31, 1864. With a complete Analytical Index and Tables of Taxation. 8vo.

Man and His Relations. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. 8vo.

Golden Leaves from the British Poets. Collected by John W. Howes. 12mo.

Not Dead Yet; a Novel. By J. C. Jefferson. 8vo.

Tit-Bits; or, How to Prepare a nice dish at a Moderate Expense. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. 12mo.

Religion and Chemistry; or, Proofs of God's plan in the Atmosphere and its elements. Ten lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. 8vo.

Together with an extensive and complete stock of

Choice and Standard Books,

In all the departments of

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

A fine collection of Standard authors in fine bindings, suitable for private Libraries.

☞ A full assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, etc, etc.

All for sale at the lowest Prices, wholesale and retail.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS,

416 *and* 419 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

SAN FRANCISCO.
oc15-1m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOL. I.--NO. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Incidents of the Mexican War—No. 3—By "A. M. K."
"Mark Twain's" Account of the Meteoric Showers.
Leaves from "Podgers'" Journal.
Waiting for the Ship—By "Bret."
Every-Day Papers — No. 1 — By "M. L. E."
Scientific Sketches — By "Trismegistus."
Notes of Mines and Minerology.

POETRY—

San Francisco by the Poets—No. 5.
"Mother bide me Bind my Hair."
Fragment from an Unpublished Poem—By "Ina."

EDITORIALS:

California Art Topics.
Editorial Paragraphs.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL:

A review of the Drama and Lyric Stage, etc.

SELECTED SKETCHES, STORIES, etc.

Audiences of the Seventeenth Century.
Two Literary Men of the "Hub."
Extraordinary Instances of Memory.
Magic Mirrors and Burning Lenses.
Two Fish Stories.
The Gentleman with the Camellias.
Talking of Self.
George Sand's Domestic Economy.
Two French Anecdotes.

POETRY—

Robert of Lincoln.
Something Worth Having.

NEW BOOKS:

A Review of New Publications.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS:

Interesting Items from Exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

(For the Californian.)

FRAGMENT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

OH, balm, and dew, and fragrance of those nights
Of Southern splendor 'neath a Southern sky!
The soft star-closes to the golden days
I dreamed away, in that far, tropic clime,
Wherein Love's blossom budded, bloomed and died!
How many arrows from Time's quiver fell
Around us, love, unheeded! while we roamed
Through fruited avenues of odorous limes,
Of citron and banana—where the air
Seemed swooning with its weight of rifled sweets.
Or down the spectral glen, where the black stream
Over the jagged gashes of gray rock
Whirled shriekingly—and the close air seemed filled
With viewless phantoms of accursed things.
We, wandering, found a weird magnificence
Even amid its horrors; for we clothed
Each dim, surrounding object with the hues
Of our own worship—and the things that else
Had seemed most darksome and unlovely, were,
By our great love, transfigured to divine.

Rose-shadowed, in the dreamy silences,
What long, long hours we paced the orient vale,
Robed in its Eden-splendor of rich bloom!
The amber moon hung low i' the mid-heaven;
Long, crimson blossoms of pomegranate boughs
Swung, censor-like, above us; and we saw,
Afar in the dim south, the long, sharp line
Of castellated rocks, keen-piercing through
The silver-veined tissues of the night:
We caught blue glimpses of the hills beyond;
And like a diamond set in the cleft heart
Of an emerald, the tiny lake shone out,
Its clear, unshadowed crystal mirroring
A sky aflame with stars. We heard the low,
Soft plashing of the waves against the shore;
And caught snow-gleamings of an odorous weight
Of milk-white lilies, stirred by the slow tide. INA.

TOLD BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, had some years since been cited before an ecclesiastical assembly at Edinburgh, to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter was employed by him to arrange his defense. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted in a letter, which was produced, that he considered Pontius Pilate a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all *the other nine Apostles* put together! The fact was proved and suspension followed.

AN ALMANAC PREDICTION.—The story explaining the popularity of Dr. Francis Moore's *Vox Stellarum* runs thus:—Once upon a time, when the almanac was set up, the reader finding the weather for a certain day omitted, immediately sent off his boy to the doctor. The doctor was busy, and disliking the interruption, shouted out, "Put it down thunder and lightning." Thunder and lightning at this particular season of the year were as rare as snow at Sahara, but down went thunder and lightning, and sure enough the storm came according to announcement. This settled the question of the supremacy of almanacs, and "Moore's" still has, we suppose, a great many subscribers, especially among the "old folks."

EVERY-DAY PAPERS.

NUMBER ONE—WHICH CONCERNS SOMEBODY ELSE.

DOES it ever occur to you in walking through a crowded street, how queer it is you are not somebody else? Over this vast sea of human faces ebb and flow the tides of every felicity and every woe to which mortal flesh is heir; and in these quiet or boisterous waves we may always find a mirror truthfully reflecting ourselves.

All of us have the same narrow world—OURSELF—and our own; our four walls, the dearest spot on earth; our oldest son, who ornaments Yale and who is the greatest genius there, and who is rapidly striding towards the White House; our next boy, who is in the army fighting under the gallant Brigadier Smith, and who, when a scout was wanted for a perilous journey, bravely offered to lay down his life for the old flag and his beloved country—and there was not a dry eye in the whole army; our daughter, who is the finest-looking girl in town and who is *so* much admired, but is *so* fastidious that she refused Col. Jones, who was worth a hundred thousand dollars; our charming Felicia—not beautiful but gifted—who wrote that sweet poem on our dear little Posie that died and is gone to rest; and our—everything. And then, when the idea does occur that there is somebody besides ourselves, the wonderment comes why we are not that somebody.

Why are you not that portly broker coming down Clay street, confidentially telling the innocent Brown the enormous cropping of the great Gammon mine? The same love of the marvellous that coaxed impossible stories in the nursery from the exhaustless maid, the same wonderful faculty for manufacturing them wholesale out of nothing, you will perceive in these two men.

And here down the walk, bearing the odors of the Palm Land, saunter two negroes. Don't draw yourself away so scornfully away, madam! Length of heel or flatness of nose is nothing, philosophically considered. I observe the shawl she wears is very like your own. Hats, too!—let me see: real feathers and lace on each, I declare! And that gold-headed cane and sleek coat look like your own dear John's best suit hanging at home in the closet. And if this dear almond-eyed, olive-skinned yellow girl has an unfavorable kink in her hair that your hot irons will not give, or if her gushing contralto voice is not quite so clear as your own soprano, or if her new-mown hay is a trifle stronger than your sweet-briar—don't break that picture of Abraham Lincoln that hangs in your parlor, and hang Jefferson Davis in its place; but, my precious, just imagine yourself an African queen and your devoted John a king.

"Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
He heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

"And then at furious speed he rode,
Along the Niger's bank,
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank."

He might, and then he might not. Most likely, he might not.

Ah, here comes a royal Piute! Now, suppose I were an Indian. It would be *so* pleasant to be a Piute! Rhymers would tune their lyres, reporters would be after me, boys would wear feathers in their caps, and girls would give me their *cartes de visite*. I would be a Chieftain—now wooing some dusky Minne-ha-ha, now scalping a cowardly foe, now talking of the Great Spirit; or—if I could only be a squaw! Why wasn't I an Esquimaux catching fish on a double-toothed spear, with a bead-eyed pappoose at my back? Then some tender young poet might have dipped his flamingo quill and sung of me. I would chase the antelope and follow the roe—a child of Nature; wild doves would flock at my call; rainbow-dyed flowers would spring in my path; my berry-decked hair, my bare feet, "like dew on the gowan lying," a hundred lyres would sing. No references to blubber or raw fish; no hints of black huts where a dozen dusky angels swelter round a lamp-oil flame; no faint allusion to frontier balls where savage whites and half-civilized savages meet! No, no! Ever shy, and on the wing—a fawn, with startled eye, looking from the distance—a passage-bird, hovering, afraid to alight—a sun-fish dodging the bait—in short, a Mrs. John Wood at the Broadway, playing "Pocahontas," with her hair brushed at the rate of two dollars an hour, (in greenbacks,) and the jewels of Ball & Black making a queen of her. Ah, who wouldn't?

But there comes a pig-tail! O Fate, why wasn't I a pig-tail, with his mingled odor of poppy and roast hog, and his sea-sick voice? Bah! I never hear one but I think of that great leveller, sea-sickness, when the kind advice of the steward is to eat cod-fish and raw cabbage, and the mild hints of the stewardess lean lime-ward; when seeing through a wash-bowl darkly the captain's voice comes faintly, talking of getting on "sea-legs," and earth, sea and air go a "bummin' away," like Tennyson's farmer.

And speaking of poets, a friend of mine, after a severe fit of sea-sickness, in sheer desperation, wrote the following

ODE TO THE PACIFIC:

Oh, strangely misnamed sea!
Whoever dared to call thy waves pacific,
Deserves forevermore compelled to be
Rocked by thy fierce gales, and thy storms terrific,
And at the last in some great fog be lost,
And barely reach (upon a log) thy coast.

"Cradled upon the deep!"
Ye gods! deliver me from such a cradle!
Where the mad waves like savage tigers leap,
And billows lift you like a giant ladle;
And all the elements of sea combine
To turn your whole identity to brine.

"Life on the ocean wave!"—
Let 's waive the subject; what is more disgusting
Than gusts at sea, where every man's a slave
To whims of weather and the queer adjusting—

And here this touching ode was interrupted. But I was talking of Chinamen—no, it was why I wasn't somebody else besides myself; and the more I think of why I wasn't, the more agreeable I think it would be if I was. I think I would like to merge my identity in that dirty-faced young Newton, who by that fruit-stand is sublimely reflecting on the possible downfall of an apple from that questionably-solid pyramid.

A great aunt of mine remembers the pillage of her native town, by the great trouble she had to save a pink gingham dress. What to her were the great struggles of the grand heroes of the Revolution, with their blood-tracks on the snow, compared to the frock she wore on Sundays! Who can help envying a child? No weeping for the woes of yesterday—no caring for the dread to-morrow; but "just give me my new mittens, mother, and let me snow-ball to-day, and I don't care if I *have* the croup to-night;" or "let me eat *all* the cherries I want, an I don't care if I *am* sick;" or, "buy me some rock candy, and get my doll a new bonnet, and I'll give you every cent of money out of my bank," and so on. Whether it would be desirable to be forever in that never-care-for to-morrow state of mind is a question; but it would be a change, and change is very refreshing, particularly in these legal-tender times.

But "night draws on apace," as Mrs. Henry Wood says in her last novel, and I have not found any satisfactory reason why I am not somebody else: should any one else find out before I do they may send the reason to the address of

M. L. E.

VANADIUM—ITS DISCOVERY AND IDENTITY.—This is a rare metal discovered by Del Rio in a Mexican red ore, and named by him "Erythronium" in 1801, but Collet-Descotels asserted it to be Chromium. In 1830, Seffstrum discovered it in iron ore and gave it its present name after Vanadis, the Scandinavian Venus. Since then, Wohler has determined the identity of erythronium and vanadium, it having been found by him in peehurane, by Gustav Rose, in the pyromorphite of Beresom, and by M. Canaval in the lead ore of Carinthia. We learn now that it has been found by M. Deville in the ferruginous clays in the South of France, and in the flower-pots made of gentilly clay, the first time it has been observed in tertiary strata. In the *Journal de Pharmacie* notes are published describing the properties of this metal and its compounds, based on experiments made by M. M. Czuduowicz and Rammelsberg.

INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

NUMBER THREE.

PRECIPITATE CAPTURES DUVILIER'S ASSASSIN.

AFTER the men of Wred's command had given vent to their indignation at the murder of their late comrade, Adolph Duvilier, they rode aloug the edge of the fields belouging to the Sucor hacienda, till they reached the entrance to the defile by which they came the night belore. The corporal reasoned that this road could never have been designed simply to cut off a few miles of travel to Sucor's place, (espccially as that gentleman knew nothing of its existence,) and determined to make a thorough reconnoissance of the adjacent country by daylight. Dismissing his guide here, whom he directed to proceed to Vera Cruz by the main road, and inform the commanding officer what had transpired, he filed his squad through the light coppice surrounding the entrance and soon was retracing his way in the direction of Vera Cruz. Except an occasional jingling of stirrups and sabres, and once in a while the neighing of a horse as they plodded through the sand, a gloomy silence pervaded the whole scene. The prospect around them afforded but little to please the eye or excite the imagination. One object, however, arrested Wred's attention and served to keep awake his thoughts. It was a solitary oak —the sole survivor, perhaps, of a forest of his kind that onee derived their sustenance from the soil, but now, alas! supplanted by a tribe of worthless scrubs—which stood off the road some thirty rods, towering its majestic head and branches high above the dwarfed and fruitless mesquit clustering round his base, and intertwining their sinewy arms to shut out from his trunk the sun's revivifying rays. It seemed to Wred's imagination (which was yet somewhat enlivened by the good cheer of the night before) to assume the shape of a frowning giaut, full of vengeful meaning, beckoning him to approach, and pointing its shrunken fingers to soue hated objcct in the distance.

But this train of thought, combined with the scorching rays of a tropical sun and loss of rest, was ealculated to reduce him to a state of dreamy languor, unsnited to the work before him. Turning to "Johnny Pi," who was a living eneyclopædia of anecdotes, but now wearing a visage that would be invaluable to an undertaker, he requested that worthy to try and rouse the spirits of the party by the application of a little wholesome humor.

"It won't do, Corp.," replied the joker; "that affair this moruing rung all the music out of me. I don't believe I'll ever crack another joke."

"It *was* a sad piece of work, Johnny, but we'll have to stand it in this business," replied the corporal.

"I suppose we must, Precip. But if any more of the boys are snaked out that way—well, 'twill drive me to strong drink, that's all," said the typo, musingly.

Just then a light breeze wafted the fumes of burning wood across the road, and Wred, halting his party, cautioned them to silence, intimating his belief that the euemy were near. Dismountiug, he stripped off his accoutrements, and taking a strong bowie-knife, cut his way through the chaparral in the direction of the oak tree, leaving his men standing in the road. Penetrating the thick uudergrowth was tedious work, but he finally accomplished it, and found the jagged sides of the old oak as easy to climb, almost, as a flight of steps. Getting into the topmost fork, his eyes were relieved by a magnificent landscape view of hill and vale, "with verdure clad," the dense undergrowth, of uniform height throughout the whole expanse, bending their slender tops to the breeze like a field of waving grain. A network of tortuous trails, narrow and serpentine in their course like the one on which he left his men, was barely distinguishable, and the care taken to eonceal the points where they intersected each other denoted that they were made for nefarious purposes. Taking out his note-book, the eorporal sketched the general eourse of these trails, which seemed to lead to a valley beyond his view, and was so interested in his work that he almost forgot the immediate object of his search—the source from which the smoke procceded. Looking in that direction, he discovered a pile of smouldering embers in front of a small shanty, surrounded by an open space of fifty or sixty yards. A trail to it conneeted with the road on which his men were stationed, about a hnndred rods from where he left them. He counted eight horses tied to the bnshes near the shanty, and only one man was visible. Hastily descending, he returned to his party and informed them of his discovery. Approaching the spot where the small lateral trail led off to the habitation, he dismounted all of his men but three, (whom he left in the road with the horses,) and, divesting themselves of their sabres, took their carbines and pistols, and, as stealthily as tigers, crept down upon the unsuspecting Mexicans. They ranged themselves to spring simultaneously into the shanty and capture its occupants before they could possibly reach their horses. At a signal from Precipitate they made a rush into the shed with a yell calculated to frighten the occupants out of a year's growth. Lying round upon their serapes were eight wounded Mexicans, unable to rise. One of the party, only, was unhurt, and he promptly, with very little agitation under the eireumstances, annouueed in good English that he would surrender as a prisoner of war. The corporal demanded to know who and what he was? The man replied that he was a surgeon in Padre Jarauta's brigade of partisans, (guerrillas,) and that the men with him were wounded the night before at Sucor's hacienda.

"Give me your arms, then," said the corporal, "and I will accept you as prisoners of war."

The men entered and took possession of the weapons of each man, and the surgeon handed over a dagger and pistol to Wred, and asked him what he proposed to do with the wounded.

"Are these men in a condition to be removed?" inquired Wred of the surgeon.

"They will suffer more by remaining here," was the reply.

"If I remove them to Sucor's hacienda, is it in your power to guarantee protection to that geutleman from future raids by your partisans?"

"I will give him a certificate that will insure him respect from Jarauta's men," replied the guerrilla.

Just at this moment Johnny Pi rushed in from the thicket in a state of excitement that for a time caused general confusion.

"Which one of you black devils elaims that horse in the thicket beyond?"

"I do!" said the surgeon, defiantly.

"Then you're my meat!" said Johnny, and instantly levelling his pistol, he fired at the guerrilla's head—only knocking his hat off, however.

"Stop, sir!" said Wred, seizing the infuriate dragoon by the arm. "Explain yourself, instantly!"

"Corporal," said he, with deep emotion, "Adolph Duvilier's horse stands there in the chaparral, still wet with its owner's heart's blood, and there stands his murderer. I have sworn vengeance, and by—"

"Kill him, Johnny! kill him!" said the men, with one voice.

"You shall not kill him!" said the eorporal.

"What, Precip.! will you protect the assassin of your friend?" said one of the men, and a mutinous scowl sat on the faces of the whole party.

"Hear me, comrades! This man has surrendered to me as a prisoner of war—I have his weapons, and he is defenseless. If he is murdered, however guilty he may be, you and I and our company will be disgraced."

"To h—ll with such fine-spun sentiments!" said one of the men, cocking his pistol.

"Put up your weapon, yon mutinous devil, or I'll send you there!" exclaimed the eorporal, now becoming excited. "You who intend to obey my orders, file off here to the right!—Quick—march!"

One after another the men sullenly obeyed the order.

"Now, sir," said the corporal, addressing the guerrilla, who stood calmly watching the proceedings, "what have you to say on this matter?"

"Señor Corporal," he replied, "I killed that man, but it was a matter of necessity with me. Hear my reasons: this morning I approached the hacienda to discover whether your party had left. My companions brought these wounded men to this spot aud left them in my eare, and I desired to get some of the servants of Don Estevan to assist me. I crept to the spot where your sentinel was stationed, and was face to face with him before we saw each other. Before he could draw his weapon I plunged my knife in his bosom. Had I not done so, he would certainly have killed me. I regret it now exceedingly, since I learn his name. Was Adolph Duvilier from New Orleans?"

"He was," replied Wred. "Why do you ask?"

"I know his brother and sister well," continued the surgeon; "I spent two winters in New Orleans, attending medical lectures, and was frequently thrown in their society. I have often heard them speak of their brother Adolph." Turning to the men, he said: "I appeal to you, soldiers; am I an assassin?—did not the circumstances justify me? Could any of you have acted otherwise?"

"Don't appeal to us, you infernal hell-hound!" said Johnny; "if it were not for Corporal Wred you would meet your doom this instant."

Precipitate now put an end to further parley by directing his men to lash the wounded Mexicans upon their horses with as much eare as possible; and within half an hour the whole cavalcade were in motion for Sucor's hacienda. The eorporal tied the surgeon's arms and mounting him on Duvilier's horse, which he led, moved on at the head of the eommand. Finding his prisoner disposed to be communicative, he said:

"Doctor, I am astonished that a man of your attainments should be identified with a service so disreputable. These guerrillas are nothing less than robbers."

With all due respect, Señor Corporal, yon are not so well qualified as myself to judge of my duties as a professional man. The men composing this guerrilla corps are actuated by various motives; but you must admit they are justified in resisting a foreign invasion."

"They have not the eourage to fight our soldiers, but show their patriotism in attacking our trains and picking up poor stragglers that fall in the rear of their commands. They were a terror to the women and unarmed men at Sucor's last night, but proved a cowardly set of curs when a dozen dragoons came upon them."

"We were surprised at your coming," said the gnerrilla, "and supposed you were in greater force. We had information that a full company of dragoons left the beach at dusk, and naturally supposed you to be that party. As for Don Estevan Sucor, he is immensely rich, and instead of supporting his government in her troubles, is making money by supplying its enemies with provisions. He is not entitled to friendly consideration at the hands of true Mexicans."

"He acted like a Christian gentleman last night," said the corporal, "and I feel certain that he will treat these deluded ereatures of yours with humanity."

"Yes, he will do it to secure protection in the future. But as to his Christianity I have my doubts. He belongs to a class who have at different ages worshipped at whatever shrine would justify and protect them in extorting from the poor and ignorant the fruits of their toil: yesterday, a brazen serpent or a fiery dragon; to-day, a lamb-like Saviour; to-morrow, it may be, the Devil, himself! I have no fears of his mistreating these men; he will regard this circumstance as an exceedingly fortunate one; and further, I am certain he would eash an order from me for a thousand dollars, if that sum would secure my release."

"Perhaps, it will not cost so much. Your profession will be taken into consideration by the commander at Vera Cruz, and you will no doubt soon be liberated," said the corporal.

"But I would prefer making this old aristocrat pay my ransom," said the doctor, slowly and cautiously; "and besides, you and your brave men should be entitled to something for saving his property last night."

There was a pause of some minutes in the conversation. Wred finally broke out with—

"Doctor, I saved you from the fury of my comrades a while ago, because you bore yourself like a true man. I made up my mind not to insult you by asking you to betray the secrets of your partisans. But you have somehow formed a pretty rough estimate of my integrity, and I feel inclined to 'play the string out' with you."

"Señor corporal, do not misinterpret my meaning," said the guerrilla, turning pale in the face and losing all self-control.

"No, sir; I understand you perfectly. You have by a dishonorable proposition forfeited all claim to my respect, and I shall withhold my protection unless you impart all necessary information about the villainous gang with which you have been connected."

Wred's tone and manner were marked with such earnestness and determination that the guerrilla weakened. He then told the corporal the locality of their headquarters, the number of men enrolled, their agents in Vera Cruz, and explained the points to which the trails led which Wred had discovered while up the tree.

After obtaining this information, which he carefully made a note of, the corporal assured the doctor that it was not an uncommon thing, where he came from, for a man to be as ugly as the devil and yet have correct ideas of honor and honesty. "If I were on the *make*, you see, doctor, the information I have squeezed out of you would pay me much better than what you first proposed. But you may rest easy. No one shall know from me the source of it but my commanding officer."

The surgeon hung his head like a rogue who had been caught in his own snare. The balance of the road was traversed in silence. When they arrived at the hacienda, Don Estevan promptly acquiesced in the corporal's plan, agreeing to procure surgical aid for his deluded and suffering countrymen, and expressed his belief that the surgeon's guarantee would protect him from future trouble. The surgeon, (whom Don Estevan knew and treated with profound respect,) only exacted of him that he should not reveal to any of the dragoons his name on account of the unfortunate circumstance of the night before.

The party were soon in the saddle, with the solitary prisoner, winding their way through the devious trails in the direction of their company's quarters on the beach. It was near nightfall before they reached the captain's marquee, and the party, dismounting, refreshed themselves, and regaled their comrades with an account of their exploits. Precipitate explained to the "old man," (who had been out with the company, but was unable to find the road indicated in his order,) the nature of the information he had gleaned.

"Well, Wred, you have performed your duty well," said Capt. D.; but if I communicate this to headquarters I will certainly be detailed to remain in this pestiferous region during the war, and I would much prefer going on to the City of Mexico when the army takes up its line of march. However, if you would be content to remain here, I will endeavor to procure a commission for you, and you may win distinction in this branch of service."

"I feel grateful, Captain," said the corporal; "but I would prefer remaining with the company and taking the chances with the rest of the boys."

"Very well, then. I will communicate the points to my successor after I shall have received orders to leave here. In the meantime, use all diligence to hunt these guerrillas out of the Department."

Here a sergeant entered and announced that the company were in a state of violent commotion, threatening to hang the prisoner in revenge for Duvilier's death. The captain stepped out and ordered the squad to escort their prisoner to Vera Cruz immediately, and deliver him into the custody of the officer of the day.

Wred prepared to accompany the party, but the captain ordered him to remain till roll-call, when his promotion would be announced as Second Sergeant of the company.

"But, Captain," said Precipitate, "that position is already filled by Jones, 'the Preacher;' the boys all respect him, and I would not, under any circumstances, like to incur his ill-will."

"Never mind Jones," he replied; "he shall be provided for in the non-commissioned staff. Jones is getting too old for active service, and the Quartermaster will find a position for him better suited to his tastes."

The squad now drew up before the captain's tent, with their prisoner securely bound. Capt. D. instructed Johnny Pi to take command of the party till "Sergeant" Wred relieved him, and to take good care of the prisoner.

The guerrilla surgeon gave a look of unutterable despair as he passed Wred, and soon the party disappeared in the darkness of the night.

At tattoo roll-call the name of "Wred—Precipitate," was followed by the announcement of his promotion to be Second Sergeant. His comrades bestowed the most flattering congratulations upon him. But he manifested anxiety to rejoin his men, who had now some two hours start of him. Mounting his horse, he started off alone at a gallop, soon reaching Vera Cruz, where he found his command holding a "whispering caucus."

"Where is your prisoner?" he inquired of Johnny Pi.

"*Lost!*" said he. "We did our d—dest, Precip, I assure you, but he escaped."

"I feared this result, and it is my duty to have the affair investigated," said Wred.

"Well, here are ten witnesses to prove my assertion," was his reply. * * *

Next day Wred sent home an account of Adolph Duvilier's death to his sister. Returning from the post-office, he met "Picayune Murphy," a well-known retailer of ardent spirits, who told him that he feared there was something wrong with Johnny Pi.

"Why do you think so, Murphy?" inquired the dragoon.

"He came to my store this morning, apparently sober but laboring under great agitation of mind, and bought a pickle-jar full of pure alcohol; he didn't say what he wanted with it, but if he drinks it, you'll certainly lose a good man if he is a poor soldier," was the reply.

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LEAVES FROM "PODGERS'" JOURNAL.

A BEAUTIFUL sunny morning in November, 1849, found me walking up and down the Levee at New Orleans, with a dreadful headache consequent upon a "slightnous" partieipatiou the night before in a fancy dress ball at Lafayette, including the "trimmings." I was waiting for the departure of the little Government steamer *Hetzel*, ou whieh I purposed making a trip to Brazos Santiago aud Mexico. The captain came at last and ordered the "fasts" east off, and we were soon steaming down the Mississippi at a terrible rate—very nearly keeping up with an old log floating down, on which sat a dignified bull-frog, who did not condescend to notice our frantie efforts to pass him.

Our voyage down the river, and for a day or two after getting into the Gulf, was uninteresting; but the third we took a gale that knocked us about and drove us from our eourse for three days louger, when, finding we were unable to make head against it, and fuel getting low, we "kept away" for Galveston, which lay under our lee. We were two days finding it, but arrived safely, without any material damage, the only incident worthy of mention being the advent of a jnvenile, who came into the world the evening previous to reaeliing port. The mother, on being questioned as to who should be congratnla'ed as the "happy father," looked thoughtful. We voted the juvenile an appellation which the circumstances seemed to warrant, and we uamed him "*Quien Sabe.*" The eaptain wanted to eharge him passage, but we all protested, and he finally reliuquished the idea.

Arrived at Galveston, I went on shore and took a room at that weary traveller's retreat called the Tremont House. The house was not very full, and the proprietor being a very methodical man, gave me the last room at the end of a very long hall on the second floor. There were plenty of vacant rooms nearer, and I asked to be put in one of them, but he said no; he always filled his rooms in rotation—the farthest one first, and so on up towards the street. I need not have gone any further to have found worse, and was sufficiently distant to fulfil the letter of that proverb. It was elegantly furnished, with a pitcher without any handle to it, a window without any curtain to it, a chair without any back to it, a mirror without any glass iu it, a door without any lock to it, a bed without any slats to it, a floor without any carpet to it, all of which corresponded with the wardrobe I had brought on shore, which consisted of a shirt without any collar to it, and I made up my mind there probably would be a bill without any receipt to it.

I had been on salt water allowance for a week, and when the gong rang for dinuer I made one of a party very early ou the ground floor, where the dinner was served. I seated myself in a chair, wheu a eolored person, with one of yesterday's napkins for an apron, very politely informed me *that* was Gen. Jones' seat. I moved to another, a duplicate of the aforesaid; *that* was Col. Smith's seat. I moved on agaiu to a distant chair, as I supposed so far that it could uot beloug to anything higher in rank than a "high private," and with him I was prepared to contest the point. But alas! I had only got myself fairly seated before Ebony No. 3 told me that seat belonged to Major Fizzle. I inquired whether Major Fizzle was a small man or a large man, and was exceedingly gratified to learn he was a little under size and rather sickly. I kept *that* chair. When dinner was about half finished, or rather when I had about half finished my dinner and *entirely* finished everything in reach, a man eame iu and approaehed my position. He looked at me—I looked at him in as dignified a manner as was possible for a gentleman who was at that moment employed in mastieating a very large piece of potato which gave him the appearance of having the toothache. He wore a shabby old military frock-eoat and the air of one who thought twice before he said anything. He seated himself, looked fixedly at me, raised his plate with his right hand, grasped a knife with his left, and half turning in his ehair towards me, in a voice of thunder, exclaimed: "Corned beef, fat!"

After dinner I met an acquaintance I had known in Mexico, "previously before," who invited me to his house to take tea. I accompanied him home, and was introduced into the "buzzum of his family," which consisted of a young lady from Boston, who had come out to astonish the natives of Texas, his wife, and a Texan crop of children. My friend played "somewhat" on the violin, and after tea, (a hearty supper, which, after that dinner, nearly killed me,) the ehairs were set back, and I was invited to dance with the young lady. She wore ringlets, and when we "polkered" those ringlets dangled in my face, and I was more than ever impressed with the idea that the famous Boston hair pomatum (its component parts being goose-grease and peppermint) might be a very pleasant article to use at a distance, but so close to one's olfactories it *was not.* While amusing myself and being amused, it began to rain, and only as it *can* rain in Texas. Ten o'elock came, and it still poured. There was no other way to do but to make a dash for the hotel. I started—it was pitch dark; the umbrella I had immediately performed after the manner of umbrellas generally in a high wind—that is, it turned inside out, and then departed altogether, leaving me nothing but the handle. In going a hundred yards, I fell into at least fifty puddles of mud and water, varying in depth from six inches to three feet. I went in all sorts of shapes; sometimes head first, sometimes lengthwise, and frequently all under. I lost my way, my hat, and floundered about for two hours, until I made a light ahead, which proved to be the abode of a eolored gentleman, who I persuaded with a five dollar piece to pilot me to the Tremont House, on reaching whieh I found myself *rather* damp. A waiter who was up accompanied me to my room, and on the promise of a dollar, agreed to dry my moist garments by the kitehen fire and bring them to my room at 7 o'clock next morning. I was awakeued by the first gong, (I wish the man was iu Oakland or Shasta that made the *second* one, and somebody had accnsed him of stealing a mule,) sprang up, and looked about for my elothes. They were not there. I retired again, thinking my colored friend would soon be along; but I lay until long after the seeond bell had rung, and hearing no signs, resolved to emulate Mrs. Dombey (supposing she had followed Mrs. Chick's adviee) and make "an effort." I threw up the window and hallooed; I put my head in the hall and hollered "Waiter!" I pounded on the floor; I raised a devil of a racket geuerally. It was no go. I went to bed again in despair, and there I waited another hour. At last I got desperate, and hungry, too. I put my head out into the hall and listeued. Thinks I, if I can only get to the head of the stairs and back safely, I cau rouse somebody, and the sequel proves I did. Winding myself up iu a sheet, I made a dash for the head of the stairs, reached it, hollered fire! waiter! landlord! until I heard a faint response from the depths below. I turned to returu, when oh, horror! what shonld I see coming down the hall towards me, but a very substantial, matronly-looking woman. What was to be doue? She was between me aud my room. I rushed to the first door near me, and tried it; it was loeked. The next wasn't; but I came near getting myself into a "muss" that time. Never mind who or what I saw; if somebody didn't look fascinating at dinner, it was not from any neglect of her toilet *that* day. I tried one more door; a man started up pistol in hand. I was getting desperate. I hesitated between running the risk of being shot, or running the gauntlet. I ehose the latter, and made a rush for my room. As I approached the lady before mentioned: she started back, threw up her hands, then, with a terrible scream, down she came like a 74-pounder on the floor. It was no time to be gallunt. I cleared the old lady at a bound, left her screaming fire, murder, and several other things; reached my room, slammed to the door, piled the bed, table, chairs, etc., against it, barrieaded myself, seized the pitener for a weapon, and prepared to sell my life dearly.

I pass over the rush of people to the old lady's assistance, the excitements at her having seen a ghost, the wonder who it was, where it went to, how it came there aud the subsequent arrival of the darky with my clothes just before dinner; how he had burued my shoes so they turned up at the toes and looked me in the face, and came to pieces when I tried to put them on.

I procured a pair of slippers, and went down to dinner. I was very hungry, and in my eagerness to reach a dish ou the other side of the table, I stretched out my arm, and heard something *tear*, but did not notice it at the moment. Soon after, in leaning over for the butter, I heard another sound like a *rip*, and at the same time had a cooling sensation. A series of similar sounds followed, and when at last I rose to leave, I buttoned up my coat with the air of a man who had dined to his satisfaetion. As I did so, the sense of "free ventilation" again stole over me, and my coat seemed very loose. At the sound of tittering and langhing, I turned ronnd to see what caused so much merriment, and observed every one at the table looking at me. I felt very indignant and exceedingly belligerent, at the same time dreadfully puzzled; but putting on a defiunt air, I marched out with the step of a tragic hero. As I closed the door there was a tremendous guffaw. I collared a passing darky and shook him for five minutes, considering that I was shaking by proxy the entire dining-room; then, with what breath I had left, requested him to state, in as few and as concise words as possible, why I should be langhed at in that honse in that manuer. The darky, half frightened and considerably choked as he was, showed his ivory and yah, yah'd.

"I guess, massa to-tore he pan-pantaloons!"

I looked at myself, and I rather guess massa *had* tore he pantaloons. A glance horrified me, and the mystery was explained. My pants were split entirely across the knees, and *elsewhere.* My coat was worse; it had dissolved partnership and was only connected by the collar. I made a rush for my room, and it was lucky it was no farther off, for that suit of clothes lasted me just to my door and no further, and by the time I pitched in head-foremost, I was all ready for bed again, aud to bed I went. The darky had burued my clothes to a cinder, and they had entirely dropped off. The natural supposition is, that I immediately sent for a new suit, or aboard the steamer for my trunk. I had but ten dollars in my pocket when I came ashore, five of which I had expended, and there was no communication with the steamer; the wind was blowing a gale. I tried to negotiate a purchase for a suit, and referred to my fiddling friend; but I discovered his eredit, because he *was* known, was just as bad as mine because I *wasn't.* What was to be done? My friend and counsellor, Ebony, was again called in, and through him arranged for the loan of a dilapidated overcoat and a boat to take me off to the steamer at daylight next morniug, for which I was to hypothecate my remaining five-dollar piece. About snndown I was waited on by a committee, and invited to be their guest at a cotillon party that evening. I presume I was indebted to my friend the fiddler for the politeness, but regretted exeeedingly a violent attaek of rheumatism would prevent my attending, etc., etc. Just about daylight next morning, in stocking-feet, buttoned up to the chin and down to my heels in Cuff's overcoat, (it was one of the regular Shanghais,) I stole down stairs, unlocked the door, and made tracks for the wharf. The boatman was there, and transferred me to the steamer, and in half un hour we were on our way coastwise.

I learned subsequently that my absquatulation produced a great exeitement in the hotel, and that a fork and two spoons were missed; but I most solemnly declare I not only did not steal the "first spoon," but I subsequently remitted the full amount of my bill to the proprietor of the Tremont House, and, in a spirit of generosity not equalled, presented him with a full title to the suit of elothes I had left in pledge on my bed-room floor.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

A FORT POINT IDYL.

ABOUT an hour's ride from the Plaza there is a high bluff with the ocean breaking uninterruptedly along its rocky beach. There are several cottages on the sands which look as if they had recently been cast up by a heavy sea. The cultivated patch behind each tenement is fenced in by bamboos, broken spars and drift-wood. With its few green eabbages aud turnip-tops, each garden looks something like an aquarium with the water turned off. In fact you would not be surprised to meet a merman digging among the potatoes, or a mermaid milking a sea cow hard by.

Near this place formerly arose a great semaphoric telegraph with its gaunt arms tossed up against the horizon. It has been replaced by an observatory, connected with an electric nerve to the heart of the great commercial city. From this point the incoming ships are signaled, and again checked off at the City Exchange. And while we are here looking for the expected steamer, let me tell you a story.

Not long ago, a simple, hard-working mechanic, had amassed sufficient by diligent labor in the mines to send home for his wife and two children. He arrived in San Francisco a month before the time the ship was due, for he was a Western man and had made the overland journey aud knew little of ships or seas or g les. He procured work in the city, but as the time approached he would go to the shipping office regularly every day. The month passed, but the ship came not; then a month and a week, two weeks, three weeks, two months, and then a year.

The rough, patient face, with soft lines overlying its hard features, which had become a daily apparition at the shipping agent's, then disappeared. It turned up one afternoon at the observatory as the setting sun relieved the operator from his duties. There was something so childlike and simple in the few questions asked by this stranger, touching his business, that the operator spent some time to explain. When the mystery of signals and telegraphs was unfolded, the stranger had one question more to ask. "How long might a vessel be absent before they would give up expecting her?" The operator couldn't tell; it would depend on circumstances. Would it be a year? Yes, it might be a year, and vessels had been given up for lost after two years and had come home. The stranger put his rough hand on the operator's, aud thanked him for his "troubil" and went away.

Still the ship came not. Stately clippers swept into the Gate, and merchantmen went by with colors flying, and the welcoming gun of the steamer often reverberated among the hills. Then the patient face, with the old resigned expression, but a brighter, wistful look in the eye, was regularly met on the crowded decks of the steamer as she disembarked her living freight. He may have had a dimly-defined hope that the missing ones might yet come this way, as only another road over that strange unknown expanse. But he talked with ship captains and sailors, and even this last hope seemed to fail. When the careworn face aud bright eyes were presented again at the observatory, the operator, busily engaged, could not spare time to answer foolish interrogatories, so he went away. But as night fell, he was seen sitting on the rocks with his face turned seaward, and was seated there all that night.

When he became hopelessly insane, for that was what the physicians said made his eyes so bright, and wistful, he was eared for by a fellow-craftsmen who had known his troubles. He was allowed to indulge his fancy of going out to watch for the ship, in which she "and the children" were in at night when no one else was watching. He had made up his mind that the ship would come in at night. This, and the idea that he would relieve the operator who would be tired with watching all day, seemed to please him. So he went out aud relieved the operator every night!

For two years, the ships came and went. He was there to see the outward-bound clipper, and greet her on her return. He was known only by a few who frequented the place. When he was missed at last from his accustomed spot, a day or two elapsed before any alarm was felt. One Sunday, a party of pleasure seekers clambering over the rocks were attracted by the barking of a dog who had ran a few rods before them. When they came up they found a plainly dressed man lying there dead. There were a few papers in his pocket—chiefly slips cut from different journals of old marine memoranda—and his face was turned towards the distant sea.

BRET.

SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES.

LORD LYTTLETON, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, makes "Darteneuf" say, in a conversation held with "Apicius," in Elysium, on the relative merits of the English and Roman mode of living, that in his opinion the true value of the discovery of America consisted in the fact that it gave turtle soup to the world. He tells the Roman to think of the new world of good things for eating and drinking that Columbus had opened to mankind, and bids him lament his hard fate, that he had not lived in such an age.

To this the Roman replies in kind; and after commiserating the degenerate days in which his English rival was born, when even the names of the Roman dishes, with other treasures of antiquity, were unknown and forever lost to the moderns, in solemn, swelling style dilates upon the splendid and costly feasts of Lucullus, who plundered all Asia to furnish new delicacies for his table, and who was only surpassed in the magnificence of his *noble art of eating* by his fellow-Roman Æsopus, by whose order a dish of singing-birds of great rarity was prepared at the cost of $22,215 in our money. Of singing-birds! It should have choked you, thou music murderer! But remember our turtle feasts, and despair!—for they were above all price; the most luscious of all food, the most grateful to the taste.

Thus for considerable length is the imaginary conversation between these two Elysian worthies carried on by the writer in a most agreeable way, with happy hits and pleasant conceits, illustrating the character of some personage or age in history.

How aptly has Lyttleton portrayed the Roman taste, cultivated to the highest refinement of luxury, when he makes the discussion of the value of the discovery of America turn upon a point of sensual gratification—and how greatly different is the view taken of it in an age of different feeling and sentiment! Some now estimate it highest in a political light, for its gift of constitutional liberty, of republican form, to Church and State, and as a refuge to man from civil and religious oppression. Some chiefly regard its politico-economical value for the purposes of exchange and barter of the commodities of different countries, and as the modern granary of the world, abundantly furnishing the raw materials of food and manufacture for the life, labor and comfort of millions in the older parts of the earth, where nature yields not at all, or but sparingly, by reason of exhaustion from excessive work. Its vast productions of the precious and useful metals to some give it its goodly look and prospect. To others invaluable as a source of sensation on a gigantic scale, "a sweet morsel to roll under their tongue"; to the lovers of the marvellous a rare treat to have a continent or two wherein all things leave the beaten track and seek new forms and qualities, in society marked by a free, frolicsome, at times boisterous tone, indicative of a new, fresh and untramelled order of being. For all these it has its charms because of one reason or another—to some because it unites all the elements of a pasture rich in pleasures and profit. But see! here comes a spirit of different look and temper on the scene—the spirit of Science in its pure and classic drapery, whose mien at once dispels all idea of selfish motive and disarms all rising antagonism. But more, its nature is not negative, for while admitting in some degree the merit of these respective claims to America's imperial domain, its own is enforced with a tone full of confidence, an eye kindling with the fire of enthusiasm, and a dignified, steadfast manner that silences all opposition as, with a wave of its arm over the broad field, the sign of its peculiar ownership, it calls upon the colossal works of her mountains, rivers and forests, and all her natural wonders, freaks, even eccentricities, to bear witness to the justice of its right to the highest and most honorable seat in the temple built on the solid foundation of her own rocky structure, and overlooking with unobstructed view the almost boundless expanse of her animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom. These are merely impressions, may be coldly uttered by the mind of the exact practical worker devoid of inspiration. Go to the proofs, for never was the injunction of "prove all things" more rigidly exacted than in this age, that calls everything false when not proven, and peculiarly prides itself on the inexorable character of its logic. Well, we accept the test, and in manner informal we say to the doubter who may wait for an answer, look at the splendid flora and fauna of North and South America, rivalling in their forms the most artistic and artificial designs known to the cunning hand of man, and in colors the iridescence of the rainbow itself—unapproached by creations of like kind on land or in the "uncontinented deep." The very form and structure of the continent speak to the same effect: two vast triangles in strange position to each other lying on the same line, pointing to the same direction, and connected where the apex of the one touches the base of the other by a narrow strip of land from which both oceans are discernible. In structure equally strange in their resemblance, by no means fanciful to the human body, with their gigantic backbone of rock stretching throughout their entire length, from which ribs of stony ridges start at intervals more or less regular, and watered by a system of river veins and arteries, unequalled elsewhere on earth. Springing from the Gulf of Mexico in mid-ocean, there flows mysteriously, for it mingles not with the adjacent waters, a warm river of rapid current, upon its bosom bearing the freighted cargoes of the world's commerce and giving to the European coasts a genial climate of soft and temperate character. But let us pass to matters of a more strictly scientific nature and notice but a few. Here the winds deserve notice, for whether gentle or violent, their regularity and periodical character in our country is very remarkable, both in their causes and effects, and their important bearing upon the business and pursuits of life. They are trade winds indeed, and well named. But "no man knoweth whither they come, or whither they go"; true, but the cause of their existence can be readily seen. Take our own summer winds of California for an illustration. In the morning, the land breeze blows from east to west, and in the afternoon, the reverse course is the rule. But why? simply, because, during the night, condensation of the atmospheric strata in contact with the cool water of the ocean has been constantly going on, and a partial vacuum created, sufficiently decided by morning to cause a flow of air from the land, which, having been more highly heated during the day, the condensation is there much less, and the air seeks by its western travel to restore the equilibrium; and hence the current of wind. This we will call the *downward* flow. Now, during the day, when the heating action of the sun has been sufficiently long in operation upon the atmosphere of the land, where its effect is more strongly felt than on the ocean, rarefaction of the air takes place, the warm currents ascend, causing a partial vacuum here, and the cool heavy air from the ocean streams in and establishes the existence of the wind with its eastern, or *upward* flow. This periodical change, the effect of condensation and expansion, cannot be better shown than by placing in changed position, thus, the letter ☜ of the alphabet, the right hand arm or curve of the letter representing the downward flow of air, or easterly wind of the morning, and the left hand arm or curve the upward flow, or westerly wind of the afternoon.

Again, see what important evidences of the earth's age have been furnished the geologist by the organic and inorganic fossil remains found in America. Sir Charles Lyell tells the story in fine language and on undoubted proof, when detailing the discovery, on the northwest coast of the main land of Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, of the skeleton remains of men in rock known to be daily forming. An astonishingly large number of gigantic mastodons have been found in the United States, imbedded in the early strata, of a size and in a state of preservation not known to any other country. On the shores of the Bay of Fundy fossil forests have been discovered of great scientific value, affording one of the finest examples in the world of a succession of fossil trees of the carboniferous period laid open to the sight of man.

This may be enough to sustain our view of the very great and peculiar value of America to science, but we cannot close this sketch without referring to the well-known fact of the foot-prints of birds in the new red sand-stone of Connecticut, found in many places, for an extent of eighty miles, and bearing most importantly upon the age of this formation.

TRISMEGISTUS.

NOTES OF MINES AND MINERALOGY.

IGNEOUS VS. AQUEOUS THEORY.—On the formation of granite, whether by fire or by water, the fight goes briskly on between the opposing parties, and a short time since we gave several pertinent questions put by a Fellow of the Geological Society to his opponents, as an argument against the igneous theory, for he evidently did not see how they could be answered, and had thrown them into this form for the sake of strength and brevity; but the answer, and a pointed one it is, has come from a partisan of the igneous theory, Mr. John Jones, a practical miner of Wales, who has lately shown himself to be as clever a writer as he is a forcible thinker on scientific matters of this nature. We will condense Mr. Jones' reply as well as may be done consistently with perspicuity. At first he regarded the "Fellow's" questions as so much irony—in, fact an innocent piece of badinage—but soon discovers on closer investigation that he is in earnest, and that really he is a Member of the Geological Society, but can scarcely think so from the "Fellow's" style and matter; but strange things sometimes happen, and, like the fossil-fly in amber, the wonder to Mr. Jones is, how the devil he got there.

Of the first question, "What were the conditions of the constituents of the granitic masses prior to the melting process?" he makes short work by asking another question. Why did not the "Fellow" at once ask what was the condition of matter before the world was made? That would have been as relevant to the subject as the question he has asked. We do not profess to go so far back; we hold that granite was once in a molten state, because it is found in sedimentary rocks in such a position as to leave no doubt that it came up through them, and because its internal structure resembles the products of furnaces and modern volcanoes. Anything beyond that is purely speculative.

To the second question, "What was the fuel employed?" as ready dispatch is given by the answer that it is utterly unscientific—for heat has no necessary connection with fuel—fuel is merely the substance we use to produce heat. Heat itself is always produced, more or less, by chemical combination, and the burning of fuel is nothing more than a chemical change, the combination of the oxygen of the air with the carbon of the fuel. He then refers the "Fellow" to Dr. Andrews' "Report on the Heat of Combination," where he will find some remarkable experiments showing the quantity of heat evolved in various chemical combinations, such as metallic precipitation and the union of acids and bases, and advises him to study before making further statements. So much, then, to show that fuel has no necessary or exclusive connection with heat. In the fusion of igneous rocks we have to do with the internal heat of the earth, which rests on observations very carefully made. These observations, however, have no bearing on the origin of that heat. We take the fact as we find it, and there is no room to doubt that there is sufficient heat at a given depth below the surface to fuse the most intractable rock, all the elements of which are found in modern volcanoes and in combinations resembling the igneous rocks of earlier periods.

The answer to the third question, "How were the constituent minerals moulded in prisms, rhombs and flakes?" is ejaculatory in its nature, sudden and forcible. *Moulded* into form! Good heavens! The "Fellow" has yet to learn that minerals have a definite geometrical form which they always take. But the difficulty to the "Fellow's" mind is evidently crystallization from fusion, although so far as chemical affinity is concerned it makes but little difference whether the minerals are in fusion or in solution. The "Fellow" would do well to slightly peruse, if no more, any of the elementary works we have on crystallography. To go more largely into this point would be an insult to the intelligence of others, if not to his.

The fourth question, "How was the silica of the feldspars and the micas kept separate from the quartz?" and the fifth question, "How were the alumina, iron, etc., of the mica kept separate, in definite proportions, from those constituting the feldspar?" should have formed one question; at any rate, in answering one the other is also answered. Why the elements of matter should combine in definite proportions is not yet known, but that they do is an indisputable fact. These propotions are invariable, and when the affinities are free to act the particles of matter arrange themselves into substances, determined by the combining proportions of the elements. That was the case with granite, the magma or crude organic matter from which it was formed containing the elements required for mica, feldspar and quartz. The mica was first crystallized, as is proved by its point of fusion, and took from the magma no more than was necessary for its formation. And in the same way both the feldspar and the quartz were formed. But look at a few examples. In Metallurgy, the great difficulty in making alloys is to prevent the metals composing the alloy from separating when slowly cooling. This difficulty is always felt in casting large bells. Many other instances might be named, such as a melted mixture of lead and tin, in any proportion, when allowed to slowly cool. But enough on this point, till "Fellow" can make more out of it for his side of the question, and in a form more definite than by mere innuendo.

In the sixth question the "Fellow" is caught palpably in misrepresentation when he asks, "How came the feldspar to contain upwards of 5 per cent. and the mica more than 3 per cent. of water, mineralogically or chemically combined?" for feldspar has no water whatever in combination, except when undergoing a change, and mica occasionally contains water to the amount of 4 per cent., but the presence of water does not appear to be characteristic of any particular kind of mica, the same kind of mica being sometimes hydrated, and sometimes anhydrous. A specimen of mica from Vesuvius, and of whose igneous origin there can be no doubt, was found to contain a very appreciable quantity of water. Is there anything inconsistent in water or the elements of water forming part of an igneous rock? Water is simply an oxide of hydrogen, or, in other words, 8 parts of oxygen and 1 part of hydrogen are in combination with the mineral elements, forming a crystal, say, of mica, or any other substance. Besides, rocks are everywhere permeated by water, as basalt, crystals of quartz, lime, etc., and are unceasingly undergoing change, often in a marvellous manner. We say again to the "Fellow," read Nature more carefully, and your opinions, though not quite so solid, may experience a still greater change.

To the seventh and last question, which is somewhat of a personal nature, "Will your correspondent, Mr. John Jones, inform us where melted granite can be seen *in situ*, so that we may go and see such an extraordinary phenomenon?" an answer of a personal nature was naturally due, and did not fail to come. The question is simply a piece of low-bred impertinence which might be fittingly replied to by sending the "Fellow" into the crater of Vesuvius, in the hope that somewhere about midway he might be gratified by seeing *in situ* what he fails to arrive at by the ordinary process of reasoning.

ALUMINIUM—NEW MODE OF EXTRACTION.—It is announced in the *Cosmos* that M. Corbelli has discovered a mode of extracting aluminium from clay more simple and economical than any before known, and which will much reduce the price of this metal. The clay is dried and submitted to the action of an acid to remove any iron it may contain. After the dissolution of the clay in the acid, and the deposition of the earthy matters, the liquid is poured off. The residuum is dried, then heated to about 500 degrees Centigrade, and afterwards mixed with 200 grammes of prussiate of potash, the quantity being in proportion to the quantity of silica contained in the clay. The mixture is heated in a crucible to a white heat, and, after cooling, the aluminium will be found at the bottom of the crucible.

CONDUCTION OF HEAT.—In relation to Dr. Tyndall's researches into heat, M. l'Abbe Laborde states that he heated to redness one end of a thin iron bar of such length that the other end could be held without burning the hand. When the red end was plunged into water the other end became so hot that he was compelled to drop it. The rapid compression of the hot metal, he says, is no doubt the cause of the elevation of temperature, but he asks if another cause may not be suspected, for instance, the creation of thermo-electric currents? For this purpose he made a rather rough experiment which is described in the 6th volume of *Les Mondes*.

SOMETHING WORTH HAVING.

TO have the sure esteem
Of those whose worth we know,
The heart will oft redeem
From many a doubtful throe;
The anxious soul declares
Some good must be in *us*,
Or, by *such* souls as theirs
We were not valued thus.

When brimming cups go round,
When friendly faces meet,
Where jest and smile abound,
Oh, if we there may meet
Such long-tried friend of years
To share with us the wine—
'Tis nectar then—and cheers
With influence divine!

Or, if oppressed with care
Or sickness, low we lie,
What med'cine can compare
With friendship's love-lit eye?
One fond plain English word
More cheers our suffering man
Than all the pomp absurd
Of doctor's Latin can.

Oh, bliss how bright, how rare,
Where friend like this appears,
With smiles our joy to share,
Or share our grief with tears:
To have this, is to win
From out our earthly strife
The brightest jewel in
That crown of thorns—called life!

[*Samuel Lover.*

AUDIENCES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

OF the turbulence of audiences in those days, there are many evidences on record. It was sometimes provoked, at others altogether unjustifiable, and always more savage than humorous. In 1669, Mrs. Corey gratified Lady Castlemaine, by giving an imitation of Lady Harvey, throughout the whole of the part of "Sempronia," in *Catiline's Conspiracy*. Lady Harvey, much excited, had influence enough with her brother, Edward Montagu, Lord Chamberlain, to induce him to lock Mrs. Corey up, for her impertinence. On the other hand, Lady Castlemaine had still greater influence with the King; and not only was Mrs. Corey released, but she was "ordered to act it again worse than ever." "Doll Common," as the actress was called, for her ability in playing that part in the *Alchymist*, repeated the imitation, with the required extravagance, but not without opposition; for Lady Harvey had hired a number of persons, some of whom hissed Doll, while others pelted her with fruit, and the King looked on the while, amazed at the contending factions, whose quarrels subsequently brought him much weariness in the settling.

Then, again, much disturbance often arose from noisy, financial squabbles. It was the custom to return the price of admission to all persons who left the theatre before the close of the first act. Consequently, many shabby persons were wont to force their way in without paying, on the plea that they did not intend to remain beyond the time limited. Thence much noisy remonstrance on the part of the door-keepers, who followed them into the house; and therewith such derangement of the royal comfort, that a special decree was issued, commanding payment to be made on entering; but still allowing the patron of the drama to recover his money, if he withdrew on or before the close of the first act.

But there were greater scandals than these. On the 2d of February, 1679, there is a really awful commotion, and imminent peril to house and audience, at the Duke's theatre. The King's French favorite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, is blazing with rouge, diamonds and shamelessness, in the most conspicuous seat in the house. Some tipsy gentlemen in the street hard by, hear of her wit and handsome presence, and the morality of these drunkards is straightway incensed. The house is panic-stricken at seeing these virtuous Goths rushing into the pit, with drawn swords in one hand—flaming, smoking, ill-smelling torches, in the other; and with vituperative cries against "the Duchess of Portsmouth, and other persons of honor." The rioters, not satisfied with thrusting their rapiers at the arms, sides and legs of the affrighted people in the pit, hurl their blazing torches among the astounded actors on the stage! A panic and a general flight ensue. The house is saved from general destruction; but as it is necessary to punish somebody, the King satisfies his sense of justice by pressing hard upon the innocent actors, and shutting up the house during the royal pleasure!

Much liquor, sharp swords and angry tempers, combined to interrupt the enjoyment of many a peaceful audience. An angry word, passed, one April evening of 1682, between Charles Dering, the son of Sir Edward, and the hot-blooded young Welshman, Mr. Vaughan, led to recrimination and sword drawing. The two young fellows, not having elbow-room in the pit, clambered on to the stage, and fought there, to the greater comfort of the audience, and with a more excited fury on the part of the combatants. The stage was that of the Duke's company, then playing in Dorset Gardens. The adversaries fought on, till Dering got a thrust from the Welshman which stretched him on the boards; whereupon the authorities intervened, as there was no more mischief to be done, and put Master Vaughan under restraint, till Dering's wound was declared not to be mortal.

The 'tiring rooms of the actresses were then open to the fine gentlemen who frequented the house. They stood by at the mysteries of dressing, and commented on what they beheld and did not behold, with such breadth and coarseness of wit, that the more modest, or least impudent ladies, sent away their little handmaidens. The dressing over, the amateurs lounged into the house, talked loudly with the pretty orange-girls, listened when it suited them, and at the termination of the piece crowded again into the 'tiring room of the most favorite and least scrupulous of the actresses. Among these gallants who thus oscillated between the pit and the dressing-bowers of the ladies, was a Sir Hugh Middleton, who is not to be confounded with his namesake of the New River. On the second Saturday of February, 1667, Sir Hugh was among the joyous damsels dressing for the play, behind the stage of Old Drury. The knight was so unpleasantly critical on the nymphs before him, that one of them, sharp-tongued Beck Marshall, bade him keep among the ladies of the Duke's house, since he did not approve of those who served the King. Sir Hugh burst out with a threat, that he would kick, or what was worse, hire his footman to kick her. The pretty but angry Rebecca nursed her wrath all Sunday; but on Monday she notified the ungallant outrage to the great champion of insulted dames, the King. Nothing immediately came of it; and on Tuesday, there was Sir Hugh, glowering at her from the front of the house, and waylaying her as she was leaving it with a friend. Sir Hugh whispers a ruffianly-looking fellow, who follows the actress, and presses upon her so closely, that she is moved by a double fear—that he is about to rob, and perhaps stab her. A little scream scares the bravo for a minute or so. He skulks away, but anon slinks back; and, armed with the first offensive missile he could pick up in a Drury Lane gutter, he therewith anoints the face and hair of the much shocked actress, and then, like the valiant fellows of his trade, takes to his heels. The next day, sweet as Anadyomene rising from the sea, the actress appeared before the King, and charged Sir Hugh with being the abettor of this gross outrage. How the knight was punished, the record in the State Paper office does not say; but about a fortnight later a royal decree was issued which prohibited gentlemen from entering the 'tiring rooms of the ladies of the King's theatre. For some nights the gallants sat ill at ease among the audience; but the journals of the period show that the nymphs must have been as little pleased with this arrangement as the fine gentlemen themselves, who soon found their way back to pay the homage of flattery to the most insatiable of goddesses.

Not that all the homage was paid to the latter. The wits loved to assemble, after the play was done, in the dressing-rooms of the leading actors with whom they most cared to cultivate an intimacy. Much company often congregated here, generally with the purpose of assiguing meetings, where further enjoyment might be pursued.

Then, when it was holiday with the legislature, the house was filled with parliament-men. On one of these occasions, Pepys records, "how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead; but with much ado, Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again." This was an incident of the year 1667.

Returning to the front of the stage, we find the ladies in the boxes subjected to the audible criticisms of "the little cockerells of the pit," as Ravenscroft calls them, with whom the more daring damsels entered into a smart contest of repartees. As the "play-house" was then the refuge of all idle young people, these wit-combats were listened to with interest, from the town fops to the rustic young squires who came to the theatres in cordovant gloves, and were quite unconscious of poisoning the affected fine ladies with the smell of them. The poets used to assert that all the wit of the pittites was stolen from the plays they read or saw acted. It seemed the privilege of the box-loungers to have none, or to perform other services; namely, to sit all the evening by a mistress, or to blaze from "Fop's corner," or to mark the modest women, by noting those who did not use their fans through a whole play, nor turn aside their heads, nor, by blushing, discover more guilt than modesty. Thrice happy was she who found the greatest number of slaves at the door of her box, waiting obsequiously to hand or escort her to her chair. These beaux were hard to fix, so erratic were they in their habits. They ran, as Gatty pertinently has it, "from one play-house; and if they like neither the play nor the women, they seldom stay any longer than the combing of their perriwigs or a whisper or two with a friend, and then they cock their caps, and out they strut again." With fair and witty strangers these gay fellows, their eyebrows and perriwigs redolent of the essence of orange and jasmine, entered into conversation, till a gentleman's name, called by a door-keeper in the passage, summoned him to impatient companions, waiting for him outside; when he left the "censure" of his appearance to critical observers, like those who ridiculed the man of mode, for "his gloves drawn up to his elbows and his perriwig more exactly curled than a lady's head newly dressed for a ball."

Of the vizard-masks, Cibber tells the whole history, in a few words: "I remember the ladies were then observed to be decently afraid of venturing bare-faced to a new comedy, till they had been assured they might do it without insult to their modesty; or, if their curiosity were too strong for their patience, they took care at least to save appearances, and rarely came in the first days of acting but in masks, which custom, however, had so many ill consequences attending it, that it has been abolished these many years."

The poets sometimes accused the ladies of blushing, not because of offence, but from constraint on laughter. Farquhar's "Pindress" says to "Lucinda," "Didn't you chide me for not putting stronger laces in your stays, when you had broken one as strong as a hempen-cord with containing a violent *ti-hee* at a —— jest in the last play?"

Cibber describes the beaux of the seventeenth century as being of quite a different stamp from the modern sort. The former "had more of the stateliness of the peacock in their mien, whereas the latter seemed to place their highest emulation in imitating "the pert air of a lapwing." The greatest possible compliment was paid to Cibber by the handsome, witty, blooming young fop, Brett, who was so enchanted with the wig the former wore as "Sir Novelty Fashion," in *Love's Last Shift*, that fancying the wearing it might insure him success among the ladies, he went around to Cibber's dressing-room, and entered into negotiations for the purchase of that wonderful cataract perriwig. The fine gentlemen among the audience had, indeed, the credit of being less able to judge of a play than of a peruke; and Dryden speaks of an individual as being "as invincibly ignorant as a town-fop judging of a new play."

Lord Foppington, in 1697, did not pretend to be a beau; but he remarks, "a man must endeavor to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a figure in the side-box, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play." It was the "thing" to look upon the company, unless some irresistible attraction drew attention to the stage; and the curtain down, the beau became active in the service of the ladies generally. "Till nine o'clock," says Lord Foppington, "I amuse myself by looking on the company, and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them out."

Some fine gentlemen were unequal to such gallantry. At these Southerne glances in his *Sir Anthony Love*, where he describes the hard drinkers who "go to a tavern to swallow a drunkenness, and then to a play, to talk over their liquor." And these had their counterparts in

> "the youngsters of a noisy pit,
> Whose tongues and mistresses outran their wit."

It was, however, much the same in the boxes, where the beaux' oath was "zauns," it being a token of a rustic blasphemer to say "zounds;" and where, though a country squire might say, "bless us!" it was the mark of a man of fashion to cry, "dem me!"

With such personages in pit and boxes, we may rest satisfied that there was a public to match in the gallery—a peculiar as well as a general public.

A line in a prologue of the year 1672, "The stinking footman's sent to keep your places," alludes to a custom by which the livery profited. Towards the close of the century, the upper gallery of Drury Lane was opened to footmen, *gratis*. They were supposed to be in attendance on their masters, but these rather patronized the other house, and as Drury could not attract the nobility, it courted the favor of their not very humble servants. Previously, the lacqueys were admitted after the close of the fourth act of the play. They became the most clamorous critics in the house. It was the custom, when these fellows passed the money-taker, to name their master, who was supposed to be in the boxes; but many frauds were practiced. A stalwart, gold-laced, thick-calved, irreverent lacquey swaggered past money and check-taker, one afternoon, and named "the Lord ——," adding the name which the Jews of old would never utter, out of fear and reverence. "The Lord ——!" said the money-taker to his colleague, after the saucy footman had flung by. "who is he?" "Can't say," was the reply; "some poor Scotch lord, I suppose!" Such is an alleged sample of the ignorance and the blasphemy of the period.—*Doran's Annals of the English Stage.*

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.—A writer in an English magazine says: "Shall I tell you a truth concerning the amusements of small children in our parish, rather too small to run about the streets alone, and who are too young to attend school unless a bigger child can accompany them to the infants' school, and sit by them while there (for we occasionally take a baby child in with its elder brother or sister, who are scholars!) These little creatures never know what it is to possess a legitimate plaything. A broken shovel or knife, and lid of a tin saucepan, are their ordinary toys. A few months ago I went into a remarkably dirty house, and in one of the rooms, tenanted by a slovenly woman and four children, I saw on a large bedstead a child, eighteen months old; his features were so begrimed with black dirt, that he looked quite a little ruffian, and hardly human, as his thick, long hair hung matted over his forehead and about his cheeks. In his left hand he held upright, like a sword or sceptre, a long rusty, but unbroken carving-knife! I asked his mother if he would not hurt himself with such a dangerous plaything. 'No, mum,' she replied: 'I don't think he'll hurt hisself. He's routed that ont o' the dust 'ole this mornin', and he's been very busy with it ever since—ain't you, dear?' I left him motionless on the bed, staring after me like a little wild animal, with his carving-knife still erect. The mother did not take it away, and I dare say, if it has not yet run into him (while his mother is busy and he himself is fractions and requires diversion,) he still continues to sit upon the bed with his carving-knife!

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEFECTS.—As regards the merits of photography itself *versus* the pencil, it cannot be gainsaid that, although the sun is a better draughtsman than any human hand, yet there are certain drawbacks connected with it which are of moment. And, first of all, it rarely reproduces the best expression of the highest kind of beauty; in this respect it is certainly inferior to the old miniature. The reason is this. The highest kind of beauty consists in expression—it is the play of features which charms, not the mere beauty of the human mask, unimpassioned by the soul beneath. And this expression is just the thing that photography misses. When a man or woman, and especially when a woman sits to the sun for her portrait, the first thing she does is to make up a face—she can't help it, my good reader—let the muscles of your mouth play naturally, whilst your friend is daring you to do so, if *you* can. The consequence is, that the likeness taken of you has either an affected simper, as unlike a natural smile as German silver is like the real argent; or, it is a set and rigid effigy cast in iron. The old portrait-painter proceeded about his business leisurely—no pistolgrams for him. If the sitter should have happened to have made up a face, it relaxed before the artist's colors were mixed; but the grim camera staring you in the face, and the operator demanding that you "stop as you are," to say nothing of having your head placed in a vice, put to flight the rippling lines about the mouth, and set the eyes into a stony stare. By making a great many photographs of the same person, the unnatural rigidity of the features, it is true, relaxes; but we fear that the plain photograph never will reproduce a charming face, in which the chief beauty lies in expression. When the beauty, however, depends upon form merely, the photograph is perfect; hence classical faces should seek the sun as the most effective artist.

A FRENCH STORY.—"Spiridon," in his last letter from Paris to the Boston *Gazette*, writes: "Although the Grand Hotel has been open only a few months, it has seen the suicide of one of the most beautiful lorettes of Paris, a girl of scarce five-and-twenty. She loved, and her love was not returned. She lived in the Grand Hotel (many lorettes do live there.) She sent a message to the loved one that she would wait for him until one o'clock, A. M., and that if he came not then she would be a corpse. The mantel-clock struck the hour; he was not there to hear it; Mlle. de Hare took a bit of paper, lighted it at the gas jet, and applied it to her princely lace dress. In an instant she was a mass of flames. She lingered a few days and died in great agony."

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice, good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o' link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.—[*W. C. Bryant.*

TWO LITERARY MEN OF THE "HUB."

THE Boston correspondent of the New York *Home Journal* says: Whenever I wish to have a peep at the great men of this locality I aim for the classic corner, where, over the door of an antiquated and sombre structure, I see the sign of "Ticknor & Fields, publishers." This is, in truth, as you well know, the very centre of "the hub" itself. Here, in fact, they "most do congregate." Often do I see the transcendental Emerson pass in and out of the old book store. Who would recognize him as one of Plato's greatest and fondest disciples? Neither in face nor figure do I interpret the philosopher. His countenance is almost farmer-like, his manner grave, and his ponderous mind exhibits not a sign of its labor. His coat is a heavy one if the weather demands it, and his head is shadowed by a black silk hat. As a stranger, my guess would be—or, more likely, I would not guess at all—that he was compounded of an agriculturist and a——fill up the blank, for I cannot complete the integer. Adamantine, I believe him to be. Visit his home in Concord. It is unpretending, and there is no sign whereby you could presume who dwelt within. Hardly a "tiller of the soil," you would determine, or he never would permit that patch of thick-set pines to exclude his house from the road. About the grounds everything wears an aspect of thrift and husbandry. Tin pans and kettles glisten in the sun, fresh from the housemaid's hands. The cord wood lies piled up along the stone wall. The house appears still and lonely, as if master and men were away in the fields, busy at work. This is at early noon, midsummer, remember, or the likeness will not stand good. Though Emerson shows no sign of his "calling," he pursues an active one. He is a *fortune-teller*—for nations. He manufactures souls, as nature does men—by enlargement. His life is a theory—his thoughts, aphorisms. Stand by him and measure your brain with his. You would feel a startling sense of vacancy, as if lost on the wide ocean, without sight of promontory or the faint outline of land to assure you of *terra-firma* and safe footing. Mingle your mind with his, and it is as a drop in the sea. Let us walk on, and leave the philosopher to munch his dry food.

Not far ahead, a yellow-colored mansion may or may not strike your heeding attention. Abruptly it approaches the road. Nothing of isolation about it. It is two stories in height, with a narrow garden in front. A high fence of slate guards it from intrusion. In the rear of the house there is neither field nor meadow. A steep hill, rising above the chimney top, conceals from your vision whatever lies beyond. Whose home is this? you ask. The dreamy, mystic Hawthorne's, who has just passed to a happier sphere. Let me tell of a habit of his, (gleaned from a native,) which, I think, is not generally known. Crowning the roof of what was once his dwelling is a cupola, small and square. This is what Hawthorne loved to call his "sky parlor." When the "fit was on him," when his mind teemed with fancies, he invariably sought this curious cloister, closed the trap-door by which it was entered,) and, placing his table and chair over it, secured himself from intrusion until he chose to meet it. Though living many years in Concord, Hawthorne was entirely foreign to it. Only a few select souls were admitted to his society. You might ask of many an old inhabitant, a prying one, too, and he could tell you naught of him. Such was his spirit of retirement and privacy, that never deserted him. I have felt, as I have striven to solve these fantastic riddles of life, how delicious must be this solitude of genius, reflecting and inventing. What treasures of fancy, beautiful in imagery, rare in flavor, perfection in form, a volume in meaning, must escape, which pen never caught, ink never stained, paper never held. In a moment's inspiration they were feathered, took wings, and disappeared forever. How precious must be these reveries! Genius communing with itself! Think of it! Fabrics built and tumbled down. Ideas of crystal purity, gambolling like Cupids, flashing like meteors, melting into thin nothingness. What a delightful career is this imaginative existence! Though the mind, perhaps, is subject to every gust of passion, and becomes overshadowed and depressed by drear melancholy.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF MEMORY.

SENECA says of himself, that by the mere efforts of his natural memory he was able to repeat two thousand words upon once hearing them, each in its order, though they had no dependence or connection upon each other; after which he mentioned a friend of his, Pontius Latro, who retained in his memory all the orations he had ever spoken, and never found his memory fail him, even in a single word. He also mentions Cyneas, ambassador to the Romans from King Pyrrhus, who in one day so well learned the names of his inspectors, that the next day he saluted the whole senate, and all the populace assembled, each by his name. Pliny says that Cyrus knew every soldier in his army by name; and L. Scipio all the people of Rome. Herr von Nieublin, the celebrated German scholar, was once a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen, in which capacity he gave proof of the miraculous power of memory by restoring, from recollection alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger which had been lost by fraud or accident. To these we can add instances as extraordinary as any of those cited above. Some years since, the late Daniel Webster, during a great monetary crisis, was invited by the merchants of New York to address them from the steps of the Exchange, Wall street. The afternoon on which he spoke was what is called "drizzly"—wet enough to be uncomfortable without the shelter of an umbrella. It happened that we took up a position beside him. H. Atree, the then reporter of the *Herald*, stood on the north side of the street, and at least sixty feet from where Mr. Webster was, with a large crowd intervening.

The oration of Mr. Webster occupied full two hours, and was replete with quotations and figures. Atree listened attentively to what was said, but was so circumstanced that it was impossible for him to take a single note of the argument. At the close of the address, he immediately returned to the office of the *Herald* and wrote it out, depending entirely on his memory for the entire speech. So exact was he in every particular that when the speech was published Mr. Webster felt himself constrained to write a note to the proprietor of the *Herald*, thanking him for the exactness with which his remarks were reported. We could name other remarkable instances of retentiveness on the part of this Atree, but we think the above instance will suffice. Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, was also endowed with a remarkable memory. It is stated in one of the biographies attached to her works, that on one occasion, to please her brother, she read a poem which had just been published, and which she had not seen until he placed it in her hands, entitled "Europe," and which were upward of two thousand lines. The reading occupied some three hours. Without preparation, and at his request she immediately repeated to him, in the presence of the author, who was unknown to her, until a subsequent introduction made her aware of the fact, the entire poem without committing a single verbal error. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his amusing "Sketches of 1798," mentions an extraordinary instance of memory. Briefly, it is as follows: The great question of the union of the English and Irish Parliaments, (which was finally consummated on the 1st of May, 1800,) was under debate. A member who represented one of the southern counties of Ireland had prepared a written speech, cogent in argument, on the negative side of the question, and which he was to have delivered on that night. Very carelessly, however, he placed it on the table in the sleeping-room of the hotel at which he stopped, and went out to fulfil an engagement. During his absence, another member from a northern county, who was strongly in favor of the union, happened to pass the room door in which was the speech. He entered it, and supposing that the southern gentleman would presently return, sat down, with the intention of having a chat with him on his return. He waited half or three quarters of an hour, but the opponent of the union not appearing, he carelessly picked up the exposed manuscript, glanced over the introductory pages, and presently became deeply absorbed in its arguments. When he had concluded the last sentence on the last page, he placed the written speech precisely as he had found it on the table, and left the room, carefully closing the door behind him. At night, when the assembled wisdom of Ireland had convened, the member from the North early sought to catch the eye of the Speaker, and opening his remarks with words to the effect that he had no doubt the strongest arguments the opposition side of the House could present in opposition to the desire of the Ministry, would be nearly of the following character, and the speaker then deliberately repeated *verbatim* the words of the speech which he had read during the afternoon—a speech of some hours' duration. When he had concluded what he had good reason to believe would be the remarks of the leader of the opposition, he added a few words of his own by way of combating them, and sat down in triumph. It may readily be imagined "the fix" the member who was summoned to speak in opposition to the Union was in! Sir Jonah hints that the theft had much to do with sealing the fate of Ireland—of making her a mere province of England for all future time.

A PEN-PICTURE OF GEN. SHERMAN.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* thus describes the appearance of Maj.-Gen. Sherman, as he appeared on the march around Atlanta, when he flanked Hood out of that city: "While I was watching to-day the endless line of troops shifting by, an officer with a modest escort rode up to the fence near which I was standing, and dismounted. He was rather tall and slender, and his quick movements denoted good muscle added to absolute leanness—not thinness. His uniform was neither new nor old, but bordering on a hazy mellowness of gloss, while the elbows and knees were a little accented from the continuous agitation of those joints. The face was one I should never rest upon in a crowd, simply because, to my eye, there was nothing remarkable in it, save the nose, which organ was high, thin and planted with a curve as vehement as the curl of a Malay cutlass. The face and neck were rough and covered with a reddish hair, the eye light in color and animated, but, though restless and bounding like a ball from one object to another, neither piercing nor brilliant; the mouth well closed, but common; the ears large, the hands and feet long and thin, the gait a little rolling, but firm and active. In dress and manner there was not the slightest pretension. He spoke rapidly, and generally with an inquisitive smile. To this portrait I must add a hat which was the reverse of dignified or distinguished—a simple felt affair, with a round crown and drooping rim, and you have as fair a description of Gen. Sherman's externals as I can pen.

DESICCATION OF DEAD BODIES.—At the last sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin, a highly interesting paper was read on the subject of an embalming process invented by Professor Gorini, who had submitted various dead bodies to the examination of a commission appointed by the Academy for that purpose. Professor Gorini's object was to show:—1. That by this method dead bodies may be preserved for the space of about six months in a state of softness and freshness sufficient to fit them for dissection after the lapse of such a period; so that if a dead body, so preserved, be taken for a subject of study, say three months after death, the dissection may be continued for a couple of months longer, without the operators experiencing the slightest inconvenience from cadaveric exhalations, and, what is still more important, without his having any infection to fear in case of his cutting himself inadvertently during dissection, an accident which has caused the death of many an able practitioner. 2. That at the expiration of six months the same dead bodies begin to be mummified, and after a couple of months longer become completely desiccated and hardened, and may continue in that state for an indefinite number of years, until the operator chooses to dissect them; in which case he has only to put them into water for about a fortnight, when they will re-assume the turgid appearance and softness of dead bodies of recent date, and will be found fit for dissection. 3. That Professor Gorini is able to harden dead bodies with such little alteration in their appearance as to enable persons to identify them.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—A writer in a recent issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* thus describes the Tower of Babel as it appears to travellers at the present day: "After a ride of nine miles we were at the foot of the Biers-Nimrood. Our horse's feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was Biers-Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here, also, it was that Nebachadnezzar built, for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mounds a great mass of brick work pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar—the "slime," now hard as granite—handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away o'er the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of his life, to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around there, at some time or other, to bend his body and count his beads, is the daily desire of every devout Mohammedan.

A HEAVY JOKE ON A REBEL NEWSPAPER.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in giving a description of Gen. Rousseau's great raid, details the following: "On the 13th ult., the raiders arrived at Ashville, having had the pleasure of skirmishing most of the way. The Ashville *Vidette*, a rebel sheet of no mean circulation in Alabama, was just ready to go to press. The boys in blue took possession of the office, made the rebel devils unlock the forms, when the editorial column was abstracted and a new one inserted in its stead. The first editorial, as prepared by the Yankees, announced 'the arrival of distinguished gentlemen, Maj.-Gen. Rousseau and staff,' but it added that it 'was very uncertain how long they would stay.' The second editorial was a most withering satire on Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, denouncing them all as repudiators, scoundrels, devils and malefactors, the offscouring of goths and vandals. Then followed a brief summary of recent Union victories. Persuaded by force of arms, the rebel printers sullenly made up the forms again, and then worked off the paper as usual. As the Yankee editorials were placed under the rebel editor's name, it is thought he will be arrested for publishing 'treasonable matter' before he can possibly make an explanation, for his paper was circulated and his office demolished!"

SHODDY AIRS.—A lady, more favored with fortune than education, at a *soiree* which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new *malady* she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very catching.

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

**** Correspondents will address all communications, business and otherwise, to "The Californian," office, No. 328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

THE NEWS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S re-election being a *fait accompli*, the Richmond papers are willing to believe he is no fool, and have made up their minds that the war will continue until they triumph or become annihilated. In this critical condition the necessity of making the slaves fight is again urged, and there is a disposition to adopt the medical apothegm *Similia similibus curantur*. The reports in regard to Sherman are confirmed. He is marching Eastward with a carefully appointed army, whose numbers are sufficient to hurl back any force that may be brought against him, even in the heart of the enemy's country. Report says that Union sympathizers in Georgia invited his advance on Charleston and Savannah as a movement toward reconstruction. Milne with the 25,000 (?) Union prisoners which the telegrams place there, is not far out of his way. "Cavalry Sheridan" is trying to bring out the coy and bashful Early, who avoids him. From Grant, but little is heard; he may be waiting the results of co-operative movements while he holds Lee at bay. A slight but unimportant check to the tide of our success is reported to have occurred at Decatur, where 8,000 troops were captured by the rebels. Lincoln's majority is ascertained to be about 350,000, with 213 Electoral votes. Rumor points to a proclamation of amnesty about to be issued by the President, which, if done, will as effectually silence the whining of Copperhead peace men, as it will prove the magnanimity and strength of the Administration. Gold is affected *per saltem*, and after reaching 246—its highest point—on the 14th, dropped on the 17th inst. to 220.

CALIFORNIA ART TOPICS.

THE creation of a California Art Union, such as was organized last week, is justified not only by the liberal progress of civilization on this coast, but by the peculiar and remarkable facilities which our scenery offers to the artist. Whether California is destined to hereafter breed a race of painters beneath the shadows of Mount Shasta or the cliffs of Yosemite, is not a question of present discussion; it is enough that she offers a natural gallery of design, perhaps unequalled in the world, that will offer a perpetual study, and perhaps found a future School of Art for the painters of all centuries and ages. It is not long ago since Bierstadt, fresh from the study of the Rocky Mountains, caught new inspiration from California; and other artists, equally famed, are now projecting professional tours to this picturesque locality. The design of the new Art Union is not dissimilar to those of our Eastern cities; its primal object is to foster native talent, and form an organized nucleus around which artists, amateurs and connoisseurs shall gather. It will offer a systematized channel for the sporadic and irregular efforts of genius by opening a gallery for the exhibition of all works of native art that shall receive the endorsement of an examining committee. It will assist unostentatious and modest talent by giving it a publicity that shall be a recognized endorsement of its merits. By promoting the sale of pictures it will enable deserving artists to realize some material benefit from their profession, which, in a new community, is apt often to be inadequately paid. The public, to whose benefit the objects of this organization must ultimately tend, will in the meantime, enjoy the luxury of a fine gallery that shall be accessible at all times at a comparatively small cost, which none will grudge who have ever before realized the advantages of the Art Unions of our Eastern cities, that have become as much of a necessity as a public library. The enterprise has been inagurated under the most favorable auspices; the Board of Directors are composed of men whose names will be recognized as an earnest of the success and permanancy of the Union, and the announcement of the organization has elicited not only the good wishes, but offers of co-operation from all classes of the community. The following is the list of officers: President, Gov. Fredk. F. Low; Treasurer, William C. Ralston; Secretary, Lewis F. Ireland; Executive Committee: Robert C. Rogers, William Norris, R. J. Vandewater, George H. Howard, Charles Wolcott Brooks; Examining Committee: V. J. Fourgeaud, M. D., Morton Cheesman, Virgil Williams, S. W. Shaw, William Hooper. The organization is thoroughly completed, and rooms have been already selected for the exhibition of paintings.

THE private gallery of R. B. Woodward, at the Mission, which was publicly opened for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission on Thursday last, afforded an excellent opportunity for the public to indulge their æsthetic and charitable impulses at the same moment. The gallery itself, in design and finish, is no inconsiderable feature of the exhibition. On entering, the visitor is apt to linger in an ante-chamber profusely decorated in the Pompeiian style, with rich frescoes so chronologically correct that one might fancy himself in an apartment of the freshly exhumed house of Diomedes. The very candelebra which lights the apartment is of a like antique pattern. On the threshold, in Roman letters, appears the usual inscription, "*Salve!*" which some iugenious linguist, in graceful compliment to the proprietor, has rendered in the vernacular as "What Cheer." Two Grecian chairs, remarkably beautiful—and designed by Virgil Williams, the artist under whose personal supervision the gallery and antechamber were constructed—adorn the apartment. The gallery is an elliptical room, with ingeniously contrived openings from above, that by night throw a flood of gas-light, or by day mellow the sunlight that falls upon the middle-tinted walls where hang the pictures. They are sixty-six in number, comprising a small Roman study by Bierstadt, one by Schweinfurt, a number of Italian copies, and a dozen or more excellent landscapes, by Virgil Williams, of Californian and Italian scenery. One of the largest pictures in the collection—*The Claudian Aqueduct*—is by this artist, and though more ambitious in style and design, and perhaps more generally admired by the critics, we turn for a better expression of his genius to a smaller sketch of a Roman courtyard, with a crystalline atmosphere, and a sunshine so pure and chaste, that it illumines without warming or coloring the objects on which it falls. The sharply-defined outlines of the figures and angles of the farm-house roof, give a fair idea of that pellucid atmosphere, which, as a Californian as well as an Italian characteristic, will be readily recognized.

A very charming contrast to this view is another by the same artist of *Aqua Acetosa*, with the "ragged rims of thunder brooding low," and a "full-fed river" winding through the far-stretching campagna.

The statuary is at present confined to a very graceful statuette by Ives of *Rebecca at the Well*, to Galt's bust of a young girl, executed according to the usual Greek formula of accurate back hair and classical outline; and the life-size bust of Powers' *California*. Like all of this celebrated sculptor's works, it is chiefly prized for its correctness and beauty of detail, rather than any poetic conception, and expresses no further idea of California than her wonderful resemblance to a beautiful woman. Small busts of *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael* are over the doors, and on either side, niches containing statucttes of *Petrarch*, *Dante*, *Ariosto* and *Tasso*.

A LARGE landscape, just finished, the joint composition of Messrs. Williams and Hill, may be seen at the studio of the former artist for a few days before its removal to the position it is to ultimately occupy in the parlor of the Cosmopolitan. Its subject and treatment are such as will give the stranger and traveller an idea of California scenery in an aspect more charming and suggestive than we have yet seen displayed on California canvasses. This has been done without any sacrifice of truth on the part of the artists. They have merely departed from the usual attempt to display those sublimities of our characteristic scenery, which are very apt to embody a good deal that is unlovely and harsh, and which too often preponderates in "grand" pictures. The tone of the composition is quiet, even pastoral, and contrasts with the heroic style of landscape as the "Bucolics" contrasts with the "Æneid." The view is taken at sunset in the Russian River Valley, on the road to the Geysers, looking towards Mount St. Helens, whose peak in the distance has changed its usually clear mid-day outlines for a misty indistinctness that gives the spectator a vague and indefinite sense of its remoteness and magnitude. This effect, peculiar to the hour—and the only really poetic episode in a California day—has been seized by the artist to tone down and soften the hard outlines and *silhouette* exhibitions which the dry, clear atmosphere and cloudless sunshine of our summers are apt to give. In the foreground, a ford crosses a stream that curves gently by a grassy cape and headland, where a clump of trees overhang the waters with level shafts of sunlight striking through their foliage. Beyond a narrow neck of land, just crossed by a pleasure team whose leaders are stopping long enough to drink at the ford and catch the yellow sunshine on their backs and breasts, is another placid bit of water, reflecting only the faint pink tinge of the sky, and affording a picturesque contrast to the broad-bosomed river in the foreground, which glasses the overhanging foliage of the headlands in all its tints and shadows. Without being exaggerated or unnatural, there is a remarkable warmth about this picture, not visible in the foliage, which is soberer than many of our Eastern autumnal forests, nor in the dexterous effect of concentrated light, but rather in that general sunset atmosphere diffused throughout the whole landscape, which every true lover of nature must have experienced. We have seen brighter pictures with less of this wholesome glow and warmth. Messrs. Hill and Williams deserve considerable credit, not only for their artistic execution but for their bold conception of a landscape that should disregard the somewhat too familiar and overdone "heroics" of California scenery, and, without violating nature, paint a picture that might be mistaken for an Eastern landscape.

A FORTHCOMING WORK.—Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, wife of the poet, and THE CALIFORNIAN'S New York Correspondent, has a new volume in press entitled *Father and Son*. It is her second work, and judging from the reputation she has already achieved, we shall look for its advent on this coast with considerable expectation. Carleton is the publisher, and he will undoubtedly bring it out in good style.

(For the Californian.)

SAN FRANCISCO, BY THE POETS.

NUMBER FIVE.

A LAY OF THE LAUNCH.—AFTER TENNYSON.

MY heart is wasted with my woe,
Camanche;
In vain I strove to see the show,
Camanche;
Divorced from shore—from libels free—
I came to view thy charms *per se*;
It was no maiden plunge to thee,
Camanche.

I did not see thee launched at all,
Camanche;
The crowd was large—the gate was small,
Camanche.
I stood without and cursed my fate,
The time, the tide that would not wait,
With others who had come too late,
Camanche.

Why did they send thee off so soon,
Camanche?
They should have waited until noon,
Camanche.
O cruel fate, that from my gaze
Hid wedges, props, and broken stays,
And made thy ways as "secret ways,"
Camanche.

I was thine own invited guest,
Camanche.
I missed the feast, with all the rest,
Camanche.
I missed the cold tongue, and the flow
Of eloquence and Veuve Cliquot;
I missed my watch and chain, also,
Camanche.

For when I strove to reach thy deck,
Camanche,
A hand was passed around my neck,
Camanche;
A false, false hand my beaver pressed
Upon mine eyes, and from my vest
Unhooked my chain—why tell the rest?
Camanche.

My coat was torn—the best I had,
Camanche.
I wished I, too, were iron-clad,
Camanche.
They tore my coat and vest of silk,
They groaned and cried, "a bilk, a bilk!"
Rude boys and others of that ilk.
Camanche.

Thy yard was full of stumbling blocks,
Camanche,
That told a sudden fall in stocks,
Camanche.
I stood where late thy keel had slid—
I did not heed as I was bid,
Hence what thy keel had done, I did,
Camanche.

It was a bitter, frightful fall,
Camanche;
I slid some thirty feet in all,
Camanche.
Some thirty feet upon my back
I slipped along the slimy track;
They cried, "Another launch—alack!"
Camanche.

My heart was wasted with my woe,
Camanche,
I thought that I would homeward go,
Camanche.
In vain I hailed a crowded car;
They answered not my signs afar;
O day, cursed by my evil star.
Camanche.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR."—We are obliged to record another instance of the practice to which we alluded last week. A poem entitled "Cupid Kissed Me," which appeared originally in THE CALIFORNIAN of August 13, from a lady contributor, was copied in the New York *Leader*, without credit, and recopied again in the *Bulletin* of the 17th inst. If this sort of thing is to be repeated, we would suggest to the *Leader* the propriety of changing its title to that of "the misleader," as more truthful and appropriate.

SANITARY FUND.—Since our last issue the contributions from the different polls and Soldiers' Aid Societies in the interior have continued to flow daily into the treasury of the Commission. Fifty-six towns have reported to the office in this city and have returned $2,668 82 in coin and $154 65 in Legal Tender Notes; four societies have contributed $214; the *Camanche*, including launching day, $724 55; steamer *San Rafael*, $218 25; sloop *Dorinda*, $36; unknown contributors in the interior, $228 70; this city, $997 30 in coin and $13 in Legal Tender Notes: other contributions, $98 35. Total, $5,285 97 in coin and $167 65 in Legal Tender Notes. Last steamer day the Executive Committee made another remittance to the treasury of the parent Commission in New York of a draft for $16,000, payable in gold. The total receipts from visitors to the *Camanche*, including the day of the launch, amount to $5,518 95.

(For the Californian.)

"MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR."

MY mother bids me bind my hair,
But tells me not how I shall bind,
And since it 's thin I think I'll wear
A net and waterfall behind.

And if the foolish world and blind
Shall deem it real, I'll let them weave
Their idle fancies : womankind
Ne'er spread their nets but to deceive.

A FULL AND RELIABLE ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY METEORIC SHOWER OF LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

I FOUND the following paragraph in the morning papers of the 11th inst. :

VIRGINIA, November 10.—Astronomers anticipate a recurrence this year of the November meteoric shower of 1833. The mornings from the 11th to the 15th are all likely to show an unusual number of meteors, especially from the 12th to the 14th. The best time of observation is from half-past one o'clock, A. M., onward. The radiant point is the constellation Leo. Observers in California, Nevada and the Pacific Coast generally, are requested to report their observations to Professor Silliman, Jr., San Francisco, for the *American Journal of Science*, where they will be published for the good of science.

B. SILLIMAN, JR.

PROF. B. SILLIMAN, JR.—*Dear Sir :* In accordance with the above request, which you so politely extended to all "observers," I took copious notes of the amazing meteoric phenomena of last Saturday night, and I now hasten to make my report to you for publication in the *American Journal of Science* "for the good of science."

I began my observations early in the evening, previously providing myself with the very best apparatus I could find wherewith to facilitate my labors. I got a telescopic glass tumbler, and two costly decanters, (containing *eau de vie* and Veuve Cliquot to wash out the instrument with whenever it should become clouded,) and seated myself in my window, very nearly under the constellation Leo. I then poured about a gill of liquid from each decanter into the telescopic tumbler and slowly elevated it to an angle of about ninety degrees. I did not see anything. The second trial was also a failure, but I had faith in that wash, and I washed out the instrument again. And just here let me suggest to you, Professor, that you can always depend on that mixture ; rightly compounded, I expect it is the most powerful aid to human eyesight ever invented ; assisted by it I have known a man to see two drinks on the counter before him when in reality there was but one—and so strong was the deception that I have known that man to get drunk on thirteen of these duplicate drinks when he was naturally gauged for twenty-six.

Very well ; after I had washed out my glass the third time, three or four stars, of about the nineteenth magnitude I should judge, shot from the zenith and fell in the general direction of Oakland. During the fourth wash, and while I had one eye sighted on Venus and the other one closed in blissful repose, that planet fell upon the roof of the Russ House and bounced off into Bush street ; immediately afterward, Jupiter fell and knocked a watchman's eye out—at least I think it was that star, because I saw the watchman clap his hand to his eye and say "By Jupiter!" The assertion was positive, and made without hesitation, as if he had the most perfect confidence in the accuracy of his judgment ; but at the same time it is possible that he might have been mistaken, and that the damage was not done by Jupiter after all. I maintain, though, that the chances are all in favor of his being correct, because I have noticed that policemen usually know as much about stars as anybody, and take more interest in them than most people.

Up to this time the wind had been north by northeast half west, and I noticed an uncommon dryness in the atmosphere, but it was less marked after I applied the fifth wash. My barometer never having had any experience in falling stars, got hopelessly tangled in trying to get the run of things, and after waltzing frantically between "stormy" and "falling weather" for awhile without being able to make up its mind, it finally became thoroughly demoralized and threw up its commission. My thermometer did not indicate anything ; I noted this extraordinary phenomenon, of course, but at the same time I reasoned—and, I think, with considerable sagacity—that it was less owing to the singular condition of the atmosphere than to the fact that there was no quicksilver in the instrument. About this time a magnificent spectacle dazzled my vision—the whole constellation of the Great Menken came flaming out of the heavens like a vast spray of gas-jets, and shed a glory abroad over the universe as it fell! [N. B. I have used the term "Great Menken" because I regard it as a more modest expression than the Great Bear, and consequently better suited to the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN, which goes among families, you understand—but when you come to transfer my report to the *Journal of Science*, Professor, you are at liberty to change it if you like.]

I applied the sixth wash. A sprinkle of sparkling fragments ensued—fragments of some beautiful world that had been broken up and cast out of the blue firmament—and then a radiance as of noonday flared out of the zenith, and Mercury, the winged symbol of Progress, came sweeping down like a banished sun, and catching in the folds of the flag that floats from the tall staff in the Plaza, remained blazing in the centre of its dim constellation of stars! "Lo, a miracle! the thirty-sixth star furnished from the imperial diadem of heaven! while yet no welcome comes from the old home in the Orient, behold the STATE OF NEVADA is recognized by God!" says I, and seized my telescope, filled her to the brim and washed her out again! The divinity student in the next room came in at this juncture and protested against my swearing with so much spirit, and I had some difficulty in making him understand that I had only made use of a gorgeous metaphor, and that there was really no profanity intended in it.

About this time the wind changed and quite a shower of stars fell, lasting about twenty minutes ; a lull ensued, and then came several terrific discharges of thunder and lightning, and how it poured! you couldn't see the other side of the street for the hurtling tempest of stars! I got my umbrella —which I had previously provided along with my other apparatus—and started down the street. Of course there was plenty of light, although the street lamps were not lit—(you let that sagacious gas company alone, Professor, to make a good thing out of it when the almanac advertises anything of this kind. I put in these parentheses to signify a complicated wink—you understand?) I met Charles Kean, and I expect he was drunk ; I drifted down the pavement, tacking from one side of it to the other, and trying to give him a wide berth, but it was no use ; he would run into me, and he did—he brought up square against me and fell. "Down goes another star," I observed, and stopped a moment to make a note of it.

The meteoric storm abated gradually, and finally ceased, but by that time the stars had cut my umbrella nearly all to pieces, and there were a dozen or more sticking in it when I lowered it. It was the most furious deluge I ever saw, while it lasted. Pretty soon I heard a great huzzaing in the distance, and immediately afterward I noticed a brilliant meteor streaming athwart the heavens with a train of fire of incredible length appended to it. It swept the sky in a graceful curve, and after I had watched its splendid career a few seconds and was in the act of making the proper entry in my note-book, it descended and struck me such a stunning thump in the pit of the stomach that I was grovcling in the dust before I rightly knew what the matter was. When I recovered consciousness, I remarked "Down went a couple of us then," and made a note of it. I saved the remains of this most remarkable meteor, and I transmit them to you with this report, to be preserved in the National Astronomical Museum. They consist of a fragment of a torn and jagged cylinder the size of your wrist, composed of a substance strongly resembling the pasteboard of this world ; to this is attached a slender stick some six feet long, which has something of the appearance of the pine wood so well known to the commerce of this earth, but of such a supernatural fineness of texture, of course, as to enable one to detect its celestial origin at once. There is food here for philosophic contemplation, and a series of interesting volumes might be written upon a question which I conceive to be of the utmost importance to Science, viz. : Do they cultivate pines in Paradise? And if it be satisfactorily demonstrated that they *do* cultivate pines in Paradise, may we not reasonably surmise that they cultivate cabbages there also? O, sublime thought! O, beautiful dream! The scientific world may well stand speechless and awe-stricken in the presence of these tremendous questions! But may we not hope that the learned German who has devoted half his valuable life to determining what materials a butterfly's wing is made of, and to writing unstinted books upon the subject, will devote the balance of it to profound investigation of the celestial cabbage question? And is it too much to hope that that other benefactor of our race who has proven in his thirteen inspired volumes that it is exceedingly mixed as to whether the extraordinary bird called the Phœnix ever really existed or not, will lend his assistance to the important work and turn out a few tomes upon the subject, wherewith to enrich our scientific literature? My dear sir, this matter is worthy of the noblest effort ; for we know by the past experience of learned men, that whosoever shall either definitely settle this cabbage question, or indefinitely unsettle it with arguments and reasonings and deductions freighted with that odor of stately and incomprehensible wisdom which is so overpowering to the aspiring student and so dazzling and bewildering to the world at large, will be clothed with titles of dignity by our colleges, and receive medals of gold from the Kings and Presidents of the earth.

As I was meandering down the street, pondering over the matters treated of in the preceding paragraph, I ran against another man, and he squared off for a fight. I squared off, also, and dashed out with my left, but he dodged and "cross-countered." [I have since learned that he was educated at the Olympic Club.] That is to say, he ducked his head to one side and avoided my blow, and at the same time he let go with his right and caved the side of my head in. At this moment I beheld the most magnificent discharge of stars that had occurred during the whole evening. I estimated the number to be in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred thousand. I beg that you will state it at that figure in the *Journal of Science*, Professor, and throw in a compliment about my wasting no opportunity that seemed to promise anything for the good of the cause. It might help me along with your kind of men if I should conclude to tackle science for a regular business, you know. You see they have elected a new Governor over there in Nevada, and consequently I am not as much Governor of the Third House there as I was. It was a very comfortable berth ; I had a salary of $60,000 a year when I could collect it.

While my stranger and myself were staggering under the two terrific blows which we had exchanged—and especially myself, on account of the peculiar nature of the "cross-counter" as above described—a singular star dropped in our midst which I would have liked well to possess, because of its quaint appearance, and because I had never seen anything like it mentioned in Mr. Dick's astronomy. It emitted a mild silvery lustre, and bore upon its face some characters which, in the fervor of my astronomical enthusiasm, I imagined spelt "Police—18," but of course this was an absurd delusion. I only mention it to show to what lengths scientific zeal will sometimes carry a novice. This marvellous meteor was already in the possession of another enthusiast, and he would not part with it.

On my way home, I met young John William Skae—the inimitable punster of Virginia City, and formerly of Pennsylvania, perhaps you know him?—and I knew from his distraught and pensive air that he was building a joke. I was anxious not to intrude any excitement upon him, which might have the effect of bringing the half-finished edifice down about my ears, but my very caution precipitated the catastrophe I was trying to avert. Said I, "Are you out looking for meteors, too?" His eye instantly lighted with a devilish satisfaction, and says he : "Well, sorter ; I'm looking for my Susan—going to meteor by moonlight alone ; O Heavens! why this sudden pang, this bursting brain! save me, save me or I perish!"

But I didn't save him—I let him drop ; and I deserted him and left him moaning there in the gutter. A man cannot serve me that way twice and expect me to stand by him and chafe his temples and blow his nose and sand-paper his legs and fetch him round again. I would let him perish like an outcast first, and deny him Christian burial afterwards. That Skae has always been following me around trying to make me low-spirited with his dismal jokes, but since that time he caught me out in the lonely moor on the Cliff House road, and intimidated me into listening to that execrable pun on the Kingfisher, I have avoided him as I would a pestilence.

I will now close my report, Professor. If you had not just happened to print that assurance in your little notice that these things should be published in the *American Journal of Science*, "for the good of Science," I expect it never would have occurred to me to make any meteorological observations at all ; but you see that remark corralled me. It has been the dearest wish of my life to do something for the good of Science and see it in print in such a paper as the one you mention, and when I saw this excellent opportunity presented, I thought it was now or never with me. It is a pity that the astonishing drawings which accompany this report cannot be published in the CALIFORNIAN ; it could not be helped, though : the artist who was to have engraved them was not healthy, and he only took one look at them and then went out in the back yard and destroyed himself. But you can print them in the *Journal of Science*, anyhow, just the same ; get an artist whose sensibilities have been toned down by chiseling melancholy devices on tombstones all his life, and let him do them up for you. He would probably survive the job.

MARK TWAIN.

TWO FRENCH ANECDOTES.—"Spiridion," in his letter to the Boston *Saturday Gazette*, says : Since I am in the vein of anecdote-telling you must be patient while I hold you by the button, for I have one or two more to tell you. One of them was told me in connection with the festival given at Versailles to the King of Spain. A performance by the actors of the French comedy was about to be given in the beautiful theatre. During the morning of the day whose evening was to witness the performance, a rehearsal took place in the theatre of the palace. While Mlle. Augustine Brohan was rehearsing her part she discovered enconsed in one of the ground tier of boxes a man. You know how dark theatres are in mid-day. She bawled at him in her sharp, insolent way (she has the most insolent voice I ever heard) : "I say, you! there! What in the deuce d'ye mean by putting your nose in here? Are you one of the actors?" She thought he was some servant of the palace who had slipped in to enjoy the performance. There was no reply. "I say, you, there! Didn't you hear me? Yes, I mean *you!* Are you deaf, eh?" "No, Mlle. Brohan. I should lose too much when you are playing were I so unfortunate," replied a courteous voice whose possessor at the same time leaned his head out of the box, bowed and smiled benignantly. Judge Mlle. Brohan's confusion when she discovered King Louis Philippe in the speaker! The next day, one of the king's aides-de-camp carried her a magnificent gold eye-glass set in diamonds, as much as to say : "Use better eyes next time."

This anecdote led to another about the Orleans family. The Duchess d'Orleans had heard all of her life of the Grande Chaumière, the famous student's ball-room which was at her marriage in the height of its vogue (it is now a button manufactory.) She persuaded her husband to carry her there. He consented. They slipped out of the palace of the Tuileries without letting anybody know where they were going, and they took a hack and drove to the famous ball-room. Nobody recognized them and they greatly amused themselves. As the closing hour drew near a violent storm set in. There were no hacks near that ball. The Duke had no umbrella. There was nothing to be done as the rain was falling in torrents. A student came by with an umbrella. The Duke begged him to extend the hospitality of his umbrella to his wife. The student replied : "Willingly, upon condition that I am the lady's escort," for the young man had no idea of being wet through to oblige another *man*. So the Duke of Orleans had to walk in the rain from the Boulevard Mont Parnasse to the Tuileries (about two miles.) When the student saw the Duke and Duchess enter the Tuileries, he suspected for the first time who his companions were. The Duke of Orleans bore him no grudge for the ducking, asked him his name and gave him his patronage. The young man was a medical student and is now none other than the celebrated Dr. Barthe.

MAGIC MIRRORS AND BURNING LENSES.

THE famous mirror which Ptolemy Evergetes caused to be placed in the Pharos at Alexandria belongs to the first class. This mirror is stated by ancient authors to have represented accurately every thing which was transacted throughout all Egypt, both on water and on land. Some writers affirm that upon its surface an enemy's fleet could be seen at the distance of 600,000 paces; others say, more than 100 leagues! Albulfeda, in his description of Egypt, states this mirror to have been of "Chinese iron," which Buffon cousiders to mean polished steel; but a writer in the *Philosophical Magazine*. 1805, supposes the metal to have been *tutenag*, a Chinese metallic compound, capable of receiving the highest polish. The existence of Ptolemy's mirror has, however, been generally treated as a fiction; but Father Abbat, in his *Anusemens Philosophiques*, first published at Marseilles in 1763, considers that it may have been at the time the only mirror of its kind, and, being a great wonder, its effects may have been greatly exaggerated; making allowance for which, nothing remains "but that at some distance, provided nothing was interposed between the objects and the mirror, those objects were seen more distinctly than with the naked eye; and that with the mirror many objects were seen which, because of their distance, were imperceptible without it."

It is certain that, under some circumstances, objects may be seen at a much greater distance than is generally supposed. Thus it is stated that the Isle of Man is clearly visible from the summit of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, or 120 miles distant. Byrdone states, that from the summit of Etna mountains 200 miles off may be distinguished; and, during his visit to Teneriffe in 1856, Mr. Piazzi Smyth saw objects at a much greater distance.

Burning-Mirrors have been celebrated on account of their size and extraordinary effects. One of these optical machines was the work of Stettala, a canon of Milan; it was parabolic, and, acting as a burning-glass, inflamed wood at the distance of fifteen or sixteen paces. Leonard Digges, in his *Pantometria*. 1571, states that "with a glasse framed by a revolution of a section parabolicall, I have set firo to powder half a milc and more distant." In the prosecution of this subject, the celebrated Napier and Sir Isaac Newton experimented with parabolic reflectors before 1673. Vilette, an artist and optician of Lyons, constructed three mirrors, about the year 1670: one of these, which was purchased by the king of France, was thirty inches in diameter, and of about three feet focus. The rays of the sun were collected by it into the space of about one inch. It immediately set fire to the greenest wood; it fused silver and copper in a few seconds; and in one minute vitrified brick and flint earth. A mirror, superior even to these, was constructed by Baron von Tchivnhausen, about 1687: it consistep of a metal plate, twice as thick as the blade of a common knife; it was five feet three inches in breadth, and its focal distance was three feet six inches. It produced the follwing effects: wood, exposed to its focus, immediately took fire; copper and silver passed into fusion in a few minutes; and slate was transformed into a kind of black glass, which, when laid hold of with a pair of pincers, could be drawn out into filaments. Pumice-stone and fragments of crucibles, which had withstood the most violent furnaces, were also vitrified.

The burning lens constructed by Mr. Parker many years since, at an expense of upwards of £7,000, was of flint-glass, 3 feet in diameter, and weighed 212 pounds; the focal length being 6 feet 8 inches, and the diameter of the focus 1 inch. To concentrate the rays still further, a second leus was used, and reduced the diameter of the focus to half an inch. Under this lens every kind of wood took fire in an instant, whether hard or green, or even soaked in water. Thin iron plates grew hot in an instant, and then melted. Tiles, slates, and all kinds of earth, were instantly vitrified. Sulphur, pitch, and all resinous bodies, melted under water. Fir-wood, exposed to the focus under water, did not seem changed; but when broken, the inside was burnt to a coal. Any metal whatever, enclosed in charcoal, melted in a moment, the fire sparkling like that of a forge. When copper was melted, and thrown down quickly into cold water, it produced so violent a shock as to break the strongest earthen vessels, and the copper was entirely dissipated. Though the heat of the focus was so intense as to melt gold in a few seconds, yet there was so little heat at a short distance from the focus, that the finger might be placed an inch from it without injury. Mr. Parker having put his finger at the focus to try the sensation, found it not to resemble that produced by fire or a lighted candle, but like that of a sharp cut with a lancet.

DE MORNY DILUTES A STINGY MAN'S WINE.—Hydraulic pressure is known to be a great power, and the Duc de Morny years ago put it to a new use, and successfully pierced the thick skin of a vulgarian. The *nouveau riche* in question gave dinners, and always reserved for himself and his wife a certain exquisite vintage of Leoville, which the famous house of Clossman of Bordcaux sold him for a louis a bottle. The servant who stood behind his master's chair had secret orders to manœuvre with this particular wine, so that the guests, although served with the best, never tasted the Leoville.

M. de Morny, informed of this fact, watched the servant, and watched his clever manipulation of the bottle. The man asked him—

"Hermitage?"

The count replied, pointing to the place where the bottle was secreted, loudly, "I prefer Leoville."

The man looked at his master, who, seeing that he was discovered, made the best of it.

"Don't you hear? The count prefers Leoville."

The precious bottle was brought from its hiding-place, and the count's wineglass slowly filled—the host, his wife, and all the guests observing the operation with deep interest.

M. de Morny poured the contents of the small glass into his tumbler, filled it up leisurely with water, and drank it as if it were only ordinary wine.

It must have been a dreadful moment for Monsieur and Madame, the host and hostess.

Jules Le Comte is responsible for the publication of the anecdote quoted above, and they are approved in *London Society*.

TWO FISH STORIES.

WE pitched our tents about five o'clock, still close to the shore; and whilst dinner was preparing over our charcoal fire, I determined to enjoy the luxury of a cold bath. Being a good swimmer I cruised out at once towards a coral reef which I observed at some little distance, and having reached it I landed upon its flat surface, which was covered where I stood by about a foot and a half of water, as bright and transparent as glass, so that I had no difficulty in discovering that there was, close to the spot I had reached, a large crack or crevice about two feet in width, and apparently of interminable depth.

Into this crevice I peered in search of natural curiosities. I had not long to wait. Two huge brown antennæ, like the feelers of a lobster, only magnified many fold, gradually projected themselves from within the crevice; and although I could not distinctly make out the body corporate to which they belonged, yet I was so convinced that I had the good luck to have found a fine lobster, which might be convertible into pleasurable sensations of a stomachic character, that I determined to seize upon him and swim back to my dinner with my fish-course in my hand.

I knelt down upon the reef, and seizing one of the feelers with a vigorous grasp, I was preparing for a game of "pull devil, pull baker," when to my horror the creature rose at me from his liar with the rapidity of a sailor climbing the ropes, and evidently prepared to do battle with as much unconcern as if I had been one of the spokes of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. To my startled brain the brute seemed to be about the size of a full grown porpoise; but of this I am certain, that I waited on the reef until I had seen fully three feet of his horrid carcass emerge from the hole, and then—shall I own it?—with a yell of alarm which must have been audible at Hebron, I plunged into the water and swam for my life!

At such moments they say strange ideas crowd the brain. I had a distinct vision of the action of an immense pair of sharp sugar-nippers, with which, as a boy, I had often assisted the housekeeper to cut up the loaves of sugar. I felt the nippers npon my person, I dived, ducked, and buffeted, not daring to look behind, but with a growing conviction that no efforts of mine could compete with those of a combative lobster, measuring three feet to the commencement of his tail. How I escaped I know not, but when I got to shore intact, after looking around to see if there had been any witnesses to my ignominious flight, I sat down and fairly laughed till I cried, at the ludicrous picture I must have presented.

The only other bathing adventure I met with in the Red Sea was the sudden and close contiguity of a seal, its bullet head bobbing up and down from the water, whilst he stared fixedly at me with his beautiful eyes, as if not quite making up his mind whether I was fair game for a nibble. However, this was pleasant pastime compared with the aggressive lobster, if lobster it was.

But after these comic adventurcs we very nearly experienced a real tragedy. The next day we again pitched our tents near the sea coast, and it occurred to my big German servant, who went by the name of the Gorrilla, that he would emulate his master's swimming feats; so after looking to his duties in our tents, the Gorrilla took to the water. He was a good swimmer, and struck out to a considerable distance from the shore.

I was strolling with R——— upon the beach as the man was returning from his cruise, when, happening to watch his movements, I distinctly observed at a short distance in his rear, that fatal and unmistakable back fin of the shark, which always obtrudes from the water when it is in pursuit, and the sight of which has so often struck terror into the boldest hearts. It was evident the man was totally unaware of his peril. I seized R——— by the wrist and pointed towards it. He understood in a moment, and both had the presence of mind not to utter a sound or to make any agitating gesture. Had the servant become suddenly alarmed his fate would have been sealed, for any rapid and agitated movement would have sharpened the appetite of the voracious monster. No earthly aid could avail. We watched the dreadful black mark following the poor fellow, now gaining upon him, now dodging him; at every moment we expected the dash and spring preceding the crimson streak of gore, after which all is over. I felt sick with apprehension. I wish my worst enemy may never experience a more terrible moment than that of witnessing an impending death of so horrid a kind, without the power of affording the slightest assistance. At length when the poor man arrived safely on shore. I embraced him with joy, to his great confusion and astonishment.

The mode of travelling in the Desert has so often been described that I need do no more than add my tribute to its charms. There is no life to be compared to it; the air you breathe is an elixir. In the Desert we learn for the first time what hunger really is, and what depths of repose its fatigues can open to us. The Arabian heaven is indeed "poured upon our nights," and although the Arabian sun during the day may be a little too hot, yet the delicious coolness of the evening atones for the previous frizzle. Everything incident, however trivial, is an excitement. A strange Arab on his swift dromedary is seen in the horizon, perhaps a spy from a hostile tribe—faint hopes of a skirmish, and a careful looking to pistols and fire-arms; a gronp of stunted shrubs indicating the presence of some "diamond of the Desert:" the comfortable encampmeut in the evening, so home-like that one leaves the very chicken bones the next morning with regret. All is delightful, strange, new and exhilarating; and I sit dowu again by my sea-coal fire with a deep feeling of thankfulness that I have experienced the delights of Eastern travel.—*Sixpenny Magazine*.

TIMON THE MISANTHROPE, after having renounced the society of his fellow-men, still kept up a kind of intimacy with another misanthrope named Apimantus. During a repast in which they were celebrating the second day of the Anthesteria, Apimantus, charmed with the *tete-a-tete*, exclaimed: "Oh, Timon! what an agreeable supper!" "Ay," replied the other, "were you only away!"

AMONG the ancient Welsh three sorts of person—a madman, a stranger and a leper—might be killed with impunity.

"SIC TRANSIT" AND HIS PHYSICIAN.—The physician who attended *sic transit* has arrived iu this city and taken rooms at the Tremont.—*Boston Museum*.

The pugilist *nihil fit* has gone to Boston and hopes to see *sic transit in gloria mundi morning*.—*Springfield Post*.

He arrived safely, but soon *delta* blow at *sic transit*, and *beta* hole in his head.—*Boston Bee*.

We understand that *nihil fit* him and *noctes* head completely off.—*Boston Museum*.

That must be a mistake, for *sic transit* was *inter* see Dr. Diggs last evening and stayed till *tecum*.—*Carpet Bag*.

Sic transit came in to our office this morning with a "Carpet Bag." He *cum* by rail, with the *carmen*.—*Hartford Excelsior*.

Oh *unum* sculls! You *damnum* sculls! He didn't either. *Sic transit* drove a *tu pone tandem temor ver* from the eastward. He is visiting his *ante*, Mrs. *Dic Terra*, in this city, and will stay till *ortem*. Dr. Dignos, of the *Terris* (Terrace) he likewise *et super* with us last evening. He *eta beta pi*. The pugilist also *cum* with him, and *lambda* man badly in the street; he *cutis nos* off, and *noctem flat urna* flounder.—*Hartford Republican*.

Can't say *oui* 've seen *Sic transit*, but have often *metis* sister *Mare*, who is *idem* fine girl and *sum* in all respects: she is living now with her old *par*, who keeps the "*Statu quo*," and is *sed* to be *mite* rich. *Oui* sent her in lact the following *versus* a week *ego* by *post*, and don't care a *aer* who *noscit*:

> "*Mare, mi* love for thee is *puer*,
> My *artis* broke by thy bright eyes,
> O *es* the pain, the anguish cure
> Of him who for thee ever *si* s."—*Quebec Mercury*.

Sic Transit cum to ure cite an de is alam e duc. Sol de forte E re an dis nocte in tu a cocte bea ver. Mone is a vere transit ore a farc. O he is ago ne duc. Infra Dig is sed to a cum pane ure Bos tondam flat. A si fur Sic Transit, an da dig fur Infra Dig.—*Wall Street Journal*.

CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION OF RED TAPE.—About fifteen years ago it happened in a certain country of Europe that the Inspector General of Garrisons, while visiting a provincial town, observed a sentinel stationed at a little distance outside the walls, keeping gnard over some ruined buildings in the suburbs. The General inquired of the sentinel, with some curiosity, why he was posted there. The sentinel referred him to his sergeant. The sergeant had nothing to say but that such were the orders of his lieutenant. The lieutenant justified himself under the authority of the commandant of the garrison. Upon being applied to for his reasons for the standing order in question, the commandant informed the Inspector General, with much seriousness, that his predecessor in office had handed down to him the custom as one of the military duties of the place.

A search was immediately instituted in the archives of the municipality, the result of which was to obtain satisfactory proof that, for the last seventy years, a sentinel had always stood over the ruined buildings in the same manner. With awakened interest and curiosity, the General returned to the capital. He there set on foot a more elaborate investigation among the State documents of the Minister of War. After long delay it was at last discovered that the ruined building of the faubourg had been, in 1790, a storehouse for mattresses belonging to the garrison, and that in the course of that summer it became desirable to paint the door. While the paint was wet a guard was placed outside to warn those who went in and out; but before the paint was dry it came to pass that the officer on duty was dispatched on a mission of importance, and left the town without remembering to remove the sentinel. For seventy years a guard of honor has constantly remained over the door, a sacred and inviolable tradition, but one which represented at the bottom no higher idea than the idea of wet paint.

INDIAN STRATEGY.—A very curious piece of strategy which took place recently shows that the wonders of Cooper's Indian heroes have not ceased. One of the Fourteenth New York Artillery—a Seneca Indian, I believe, from the western part of the State—undertook, on a wager, to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerably in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful, and rivals the "deviltry" of any of the Leather-stocking red-skins. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot; attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the command to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won the wager.—*Petersburg Army Letter*.

AN amusing scene occurred recently at an Austrian theatre, in a representation of *Hamlet*. By a preconcerted arrangement, the actors changed their allotted places on the stage in the ghost scene, where "Hamlet" exorcises the spirit of his murdered father. When the prince concluded his harangue, and the ghost told his tale of woe, the trap-door upon which "Hamlet" was standing suddenly gave way, and the ghost was left before the foot-lights with the word "Adieu!" on his lips, while he that was supposed to be of "the earth earthy" sank from the gaze of the excited and amused audience. The mistake occurred because the machinist of the theatre was not made aware of the change in the position of the actors.

IT is more difficult to forgive an injury from a friend than from an enemy. Your favorite dog flying at you pains you more than a similar assault from a strange one.

REMOVAL.

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IMPORTERS OF OPTICAL, MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS,

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SUPERIOR CUTLERY,

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Nos. 317 and 319 Montgomery street, bet. California and Pine streets.

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HAVE FOR SALE THE LARGEST STOCK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, consisting in part as follows:

720 dozen SPECTACLES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated Frames
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Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass, Boxwood and Ivory Scales,
Microscopes in every Style,
25 Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,
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20,500 Card Photographs,
Photographic Albums,
600 Album Pictures—in oil colors,
50 doz. Union Card Frames,
Joseph Rodgers & Son's CUTLERY,
100 doz. Table Knives,
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120 doz. Razors,
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130 doz. Scissors, SCISSORS, in Cases,
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25 doz. Hydrometers,
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WAREROOMS : SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SANSOME
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NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 176

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warrantod. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,
SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

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STERETT'S
STEAM
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CLAY STREET.

BURDELL'S Oriental Tooth Wash.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH

Are Indispensable to Personal Attraction, and to Health and Longevity, by proper mastication of the food.

THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

Sold by all Druggists, and by
H. P. WAKELEE,
Corner Montgomery and Sutter streets, and corner Bush and Montgomery streets. se24

RAILROAD HOUSE,

316, 318, AND 320 COMMERCIAL STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Undersigned respectfully begs leave to inform the travelling public that he has assumed the entire charge of the above House, and had the same thoroughly renovated, and put in complete order. New furniture has been added, and he flatters himself that in point of cleanliness and comfort the House will compare favorably with any in the city.

Being conducted on the European plan the

RAILROAD HOUSE

affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

The RAILROAD HOUSE COACH will convey passengers to the house, free of charge.

☞ BARBER SHOP, with Warm, Cold and Steam Baths connected with the House.

oc8-3m C. L. ROSS.

FIRST PREMIUM Billiard Table Manufactory.

P. LIESENFELT,

No. 612 Battery street, between Jackson and Pacific,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of the Best Billiard Tables, with the modern improvements, as well as Billiard Trimmings, of every description, at the lowest prices.

☞ All goods warranted. oc3-1m

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM EXPLAINED.

I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well:
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And who in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,

Carriage Depository,

316 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Constantly on hand all kinds of CARRIAGES from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, such as CONCORD CARRIAGES and WAGONS, of all kinds, of superior quality.

LIGHT BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

adapted to private use, from the celebrated manufactories of BREWSTER & CO., STIVERS & SMITH, DUSENBURY & VAN DUSER, of New York.

This is one of the largest collection of

SUPERIOR CARRIAGES,

ever offered to the people of the Pacific Coast, and the Proprietors believe that they can sell their stock

ON MORE FAVORABLE TERMS THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

O. F. WILLEY & CO.,
oc15 316 California street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEADE & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

QUINTESSENCE OF ENGLISH GARDEN LAVENDER FLOWERS,

Prepared from ingredients imported expressly for the purpose by

H. P. WAKELEE, Druggist,

Montgomery street, cor. Sutter, San Francisco.

Lavender has always maintained the highest rank as a perfume in England, but owing to the inferior qualities usually imported, has almost fallen into disuse in the United States. When pure and distilled from the flowers, it is the most delicate and refreshing perfumes in use. This preparation is recommended as the pure essence of Garden Lavender Flowers. se24

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!

A. Kohler,

424 *Sansome street, and 622 Washington street,*

HAS JUST UNPACKED

SIXTY-SEVEN CASES

—OF THE—

CHEST KIND

Of Bohemian Glasswares,

Which he will sell at auction prices. no12-tf

H. P. WAKELEE,

CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,

IMPORTER OF

F. M. Farina's Cologne,
Lubin's Perfumes and Soaps,
Prout's Tooth and Hair Brushes,
Low's Old Windsor and Honey Soap,
Eau Lustrale, Pomades, Tooth Powders,

DRESSING CASES,

And other elegant articles for the the Toilet.

Agent for Nelson's Extract of ROSE AND ROSEMARY, for the Hair. se24

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of NOVEMBER, 1864:

NOVEMBER 23 - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A. B. FORBES, Agent P. M. S. Co.,
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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

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IMPORTANT TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE!

YEARS of patient research and unwearied experiment, kindly assisted by the first

SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER

In New York, have produced and perfected

CHEVALIER'S

Life for the Hair!

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING

ever offered to the public. It RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, giving it a Fresh and Natural appearance; braces the Pores, strengthens the weakest Hair, promotes a LUXURIANT GROWTH, and

Will Stop its Falling Out in Three Days!

Keeps the head clean, cool and healthy, removes all irritation from the skin, and is an excellent remedy for

NERVOUS AND ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE,

Does not stain the skin or soil the whitest fabric. Is entirely different from any other preparation, and composed mostly of vegetable substances. Is a clean, delightful Hair Dressing, by the use of which you cannot have a gray Hair in your head.

The entire freedom from all injurious qualities (that in many other preparations injure the Hair and soil the clothes,) the nicety of the composition, and its

SWEET AND DELICATE PERFUME

render it the most desirable article for the toilet and hair-dressing yet offered to the public.

CHEVALIER'S LIFE FOR THE HAIR

IS WARRANTED!

to produce the results claimed for it, when used according to directions.

Put up in neat paper Boxes, and for sale by
c8 H. P. WAKELEE.

GOODWIN & CO.,

HAVING RECEIVED AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR,

—THE—

First Premium,

—ON—

FURNITURE AND MATTRESSES,

Would advise our friends and patrons that we have a large stock of such

Consisting of

Furniture.

PARLOR, CHAMBER,
DINING ROOM AND
OFFICE FURNITURE,

In every variety, now on hand, and anticipating a change in our business, we will sell for CASH at LOWER PRICES than were ever offered on this coast.

N. B.—TO THE TRADE we offer an unusual variety at extremely LOW PRICES.

GOODWIN & CO.,
no12 No. 528 Washington street.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL—Corner Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco.

This House possesses all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, its spacious READING ROOM, with large MINERAL CABINET and extensive COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS from the different Mining Regions of the Pacific Coast—BRANCH TELEGRAPH OFFICE connecting with Lines throughout the country—and NEWS STAND—all contributing to make it the Headquarters and Home for the Californian business man and tourist.

The TABLE of this House shall not be excelled by any.

BOARD, THREE DOLLARS PER DAY.

LEWIS LELAND & CO.,
my28 Proprietors

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 5th day of DECEMBER, A. D., 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by law or otherwise since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows, viz:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets, thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place No. 108 Front street from this date till said 5th day of December, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed
of Andrew Robeson, deceased

NEW BOOKS.

THE following review of recent publications received from A. Roman & Co. is continued from last week:

Emily Chester. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A cleverly written novel, with an unfortunate plot and an erysipilectic development of sentiment which is becoming too common now-a-days to excite much remark. As usual, the heroine voluntarily marries a man whom she does not love, for apparently no other purpose than to love some one whom she does not marry, and finally dies a victim—if the reader pleases, a martyr—to her irregular passion. There is the usual veneering of ugly facts by new principles of philosophy—hints about a new religion where these self-immolated martyrs are to be rewarded—and a musky odor of that French sentimentalism which George Sand and her imitators have introduced is occasionally exhaled from its chapters. It is a pity, as the work indicates great promise, and is above the average of American novels:

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from Various Sources. Preceded by his Autobiography. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Third Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

This volume is partly compiled from Jean Paul's episodial autobiography, and the biographies hitherto published in Germany. Richter has a large circle of American readers, and the present work is calculated to meet the universal desire to know more of his personality. Unfortunately, the transcendental style of his autobiography does not always make this clear, and sometimes puzzles the translator. The appended extract is from his autobiography:

In our first childish years the father permitted, after the early supper on winter evenings, yet another joyful repast, when the housemaid brought her distaff into the common apartment, illuminated with all the light the pine-torch could afford, kindled, as in Westphalia, from a pine-branch.

At this supper-table, as I now remember it, beside confectionery and ices, and the popular tale of "Aschenbrodel," was also that pine apple artificially raised by the maid herself—namely, the history of the shepherd and his wolf-fight with wolves, with whom at one time his own danger, and at another that of his provision, was the greatest. Yet I felt the increasing happiness of the shepherd as my own, and remark only from my own experience that children in fictitious stories are far more interested in the gradual progression of happiness than in that of misfortune, and that they wish the path of heaven should lead up eternally, but the path of hell should go down only as far as is necessary to glorify and exalt the throne of heaven. These childish wishes would also later be the wishes of men, and they would for their fulfilment make stronger demands upon the poet, were only a new heaven as easy to create as a new hell. Every tyrant can invent unheard-of pains, but to discover unknown joys, they must themselves know the value of them. The seat of torture is the skin; upon which a hundred hells, from inch to inch, may pitch their tents, but the heaven of the five senses hovers, airy and uniform, above us.

At the end of the winter evening, a horrible wasp-sting or vampire's tongue threatened our hero. The children at nine o'clock were sent to bed in the guest's chamber, in the second story; my brother in a bed in the common apartment, and I in a room that I shared with my father. There, until he had finished his two hours' long night-reading, I lay with my head under the bed-clothes, in the cold agony of fear of ghosts, and saw in the darkness the lightning from the cloudy heaven of spirits; and it seemed to me as if man himself was spun round by spirit-worms. I suffered thus helplessly two long hours, until at last my father came up, and, like a morning sun, chased away the spectres, like dreams, and the next morning the ghostly torment was as completely forgotten as if it had been a dream, but only to appear again the next evening. Yet have I never mentioned this to any one until to-day I tell it to the world.

This fear of ghosts was not so much created as nourished by my father himself. He spared us not one of all the spiritual appearances of which he had heard, and even told us some which he believed himself to have experienced; but, like the old theologians, he united with a firm belief *in* them a firm courage *against* them, and Christ upon the cross was to him a shield against all spirits. Many children who are physically timid appear courageous against spirits, but this is merely from a want of imagination. On the contrary, a child like myself trembles before the *invisible* world, which his fancy forms and peoples, but arms himself easily against the *visible*, as this never reaches the depth and greatness of the invisible. Thus an eminent physical danger, such as a furious horse, a clap of thunder, war, or an alarm of fire, made me tranquil and self-possessed, as I was susceptible of fear only through the imagination, and not by the senses. A ghost, could I have survived the first shudder, would have restored me again to common life, if it did not, through gesture or sound, precipitate me into the endless kingdom of Fantasie. But how are we now to be preserved by education from the tragical overmastery of the spirit-invoking imagination? Not through contradiction, and the Wagnerish solution of the monsters in the light of day, for the possibility of the unexplained exceptions, retains firm hold of our deepest convictions; but sometimes, partly through prosaic solutions and familiarity with places and times where formerly the imagination kindled its enchanted vapor, and partly through means by which the imagination is armed against the imagination and spirits are opposed to spirits, to the Devil—God!

Our Mutual Friend. Book First. By Charles Dickens. New York: John Bradburn. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

Unsatisfactory as the perusal of a story by instalments must generally be to the novel-reader, Dickens' tales are always an exception, and the demand in England for the first chapters of this book has been greater than for any other of his productions. The story is to be completed in four volumes octavo, of which the present is "Book First." Such consummate skill is displayed in the construction of the plot—an art in which Dickens has greatly improved—that there is as yet no hint or clue to the mystery evolved in the first chapter. *Our Mutual Friend* shows no falling off in those other rare attributes of the author's genius; we have the same exquisite touches of humor and pathos, the same wonderful delineation of character by a single stroke—often a single epithet, and the same unconscious poetry that have delighted us for twenty years. The following sketch of the Podsnapperian element in society is most characteristic:

Mr. Podsnap's world was not a very large world, morally; no, nor even geographically: seeing that although his business was sustained upon commerce with other countries, he considered other countries, with that important reservation, a mistake, and of their manners and customs would conclusively observe, "Not English!" when, PRESTO! with a flourish of the arm, and a flush of the face, they were swept away. Elsewise, the world got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half past five, and dined at seven. Mr. Podsnap's notions of the Arts in their integrity might have been stated thus: Literature; large print, respectfully descriptive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Painting and Sculpture; models and portraits representing Professors of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Music; a respectable performance (without variations) on stringed and wind instruments, sedately expressive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication. Nothing To Be—any where!

The American Angler's Book, embracing the Natural History of Sporting; Fish and the art of taking them, etc. Illustrated with eighty engravings on Wood. By Thad Norris. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

We pretend to be *au fait* on the fish question, and speak by the card when we say that this is a book that will prove a great assistance to the angler, and especially those who fancy they know it all, and who by looking over this book will discover their error. It is a great art in fly fishing to know how to select your flies for the time and place. The color is of great consequence, and upon a proper selection depends in a great measure (supposing the fisherman to be expert) the success of the angler. In this book it is all laid down and scientifically discussed. It also gives instructions for making flies, rods and tackle, besides containing a great deal of reading matter highly interesting to those who take an interest in the sport.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MISS CHAPMAN'S Benefit at Maguire's Opera House, on Thursday evening, drew together a brilliant and numerous audience, and must have proved a very remunerative acknowledgment of her services during the season. The "King Lear" of Mr. Kean was one of his finest delineations; the peculiarities of his face, voice, and figure—which in more youthful personations are apt to show the slight encroachments of age—were suited to his part, and his conception of the character was a Shaksperian inspiration. He indeed was "every inch a king." In the hut scene on the deserted heath—one of the most dramatic situations ever conceived by poet or playwright—those awful yet grotesque combinations of the howling tempest outside the lonely hut, the incoherent fancies of the crazy king, the exaggerated conceits of the Fool, and the simulated madness of Edgar, all the characters were admirably sustained, and the scene throughout was impressive. Mrs. Kean's "Fool" was a difficult part and well acted. Mr. Mayo's "Edmund" seemed to be well suited to this actor's talent. Mr. Cathcart's "Edgar" was exceedingly creditable. The "Cordelia" of Miss Chapman was somewhat tame, though a very careful representation. She was called before the curtain at the close of the piece, and received a shower of bouquets as well as a beautiful wreath. On Friday evening, Mr. Coppin appeared in *Old Phil's Birth-Day*, and the comic opera of *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, when he was assisted by our old operatic acquaintances, Mr. Hill and Miss Kate Martin. To-night, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in *Richard III.*

MR. HEROLD'S Farewell *Matinée* deserved a larger attendance, not only in compliment to his talent as a musician but for the excellent quality of the entertainment. The orchestra, which was smaller than on former occasions, made up for deficiency in quantity by their really admirable skill, and the care and precision with which they responded to the *baton* of their favorite conductor, who, as a leader stands unequalled in California. Among the many gems it would be difficult to select that which pleased the most; perhaps the exquisite *Nocturne* from *Midsummer Night's Dream* was more particularly noteworthy. The Bianchis—those faithful disciples of Verdi—received the usual warm applause for their artistic performances. Mlle. Tourney, with the exception of two or three notes not strictly *en accord*, gave the exquisite Scena from *Der Freischutz* with much taste and dramatic intensity, and was warmly encored. Mr. Herold's absence will be much regretted by his fellow artists, as well as a music-loving public.

THE Metropolitan Theatre, Mr. W. P. Hoffman, lessee and manager, will open on Monday night with a grand classical play entitled *The Seige of Troy*, which has been for several weeks in preparation, and for which all the available dramatic talent of the State has been secured. The piece will be placed on the stage in a most brilliant manner, and at an expense of several thousand dollars, under the supervision of Mr. James Dowling, stage manager, assisted by Messrs. Stackhouse and Robbins, in their respective departments. Mlle. C. Acosta and M. Weithoff, and a full *Corps de Ballet*, have been engaged for the peice. We understand that the play is dramatized from Pope's version of *Homer's Iliad*, by a gentleman of this city, and that the costumes will be in strict accordance with the classical requirements of that age, whatever they may have been. By looking at the cast elsewhere, in our advertising columns, the reader will see the principal characters—names that are famous in song and story—as well as those of the leading members of the company. Two of the principal features of the piece will be the grand panoramic procession of the Giant Horse, and the concluding spectacle of the Burning of Troy.

AT the Eureka fun, humor and variety, and laughing audiences, continue to enliven the house and the treasury. *The Wandering Minstrel*, a musical piece, is announced as the next novelty, and will be produced as soon as Birch recovers from his present afflicting cold, and his voice resumes its wonted volume and flute-like clearness.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT BALL.—The list of managers of this ball are published in our columns, and they present as worthy a list of names as ever stood sponsors for any similar festival, and give assurance that the event will be one of pride and pleasure to the Department and all concerned.

GEORGE SAND'S DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

THE *American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular* of the 15th October has been laid on our table by the San Francisco agents, Messrs. Roman & Co. The *Gazette* is about closing its third volume. It is an invaluable journal of reference for literary men, publishers and editors, and deserves their hearty support. The admirably written Continental and London correspondence make a distinctive feature of the paper, and is always replete with readable and entertaining literary gossip. We give an extract from a description of George Sands' domestic economy, translated by the *Gazette's* Parisian correspondent:

As soon as Mme. Sand's guest is lodged at Nohant, he becomes an abstraction for the domestics, just as in some charitable asylum the pensioner becomes a number. A box placed in the entrance-hall is destined to receive all communications which dispense the guest from all relations with the domestics. This letter-box is divided into two compartments; one for the foreign and the other for the domestic correspondence. Here, for instance, is the tenor of the notes placed in the latter compartment: "M. Alex. Dumas, Jr., wishes to make an early excursion, and would breakfast before he goes out." "M. Theophile Gautier would call attention to the fall of the thermometer; he begins to shiver in bed." The next morning, at the appointed time, M. Alex. Dumas, Jr.'s breakfast is ready. The next evening the bed of the chilly M. Theophile Gautier has a winter *édredon*, (a huge, square bag filled with eider-duck down—it is as light as air, and very warm; huge as it appears, it may be compressed into one's hand.) All the guests know that Mme. Sand likes to retain the most perfect independence. It is rare that glimpses are not caught of her passing along an alley, watching a butterfly on a flower, (for she is fond of entomology,) gramineous or cryptogamous plants, or talking with her gardener. She makes her appearance at dinner-time, remains with her guests a portion of the evening, and sometimes reads them a few pages she has written. The eminent writer who depicts those well-known, admirable landscapes, the author who has the grandest style of the present day cannot but be an exquisite reader. Let us say, by the way, that the celebrated readers of our day are, first and foremost, M. Jules Paton, the banker and the writer of the "money article" in the *Journal des Débats*; he is often begged to read a new play to the actors of the French comedy; M. Charles Edmond, (Coyeski,) the author of *L'Africaine* and *Le Voyage dans les Mers Polaires*, (with Prince Napoleon,) and who is, if I am not mistaken, the reader of the French comedy; M. Dennery, who plays, mimes, laughs, and weeps the pieces he presents to actors, and sometimes obtains at this reading more success than his drama obtains at performance; and, lastly, excellent Lambert Thiboust, who is so full of gaiety, dash, nerve, and sensibility, that he makes his work living and palpable for them who hear it. Mme. Sand says, with somewhat exaggerated earnestness, that she follows conversation with great difficulty, and that she is awkward at that particular fence which is called *esprit*. Méry, Dumas, Jr., or Theophile Gautier, three admirable talkers, (M. Dumas, Jr., has become a little more concentrated, and has grown a little averse from conversation,) would make her giddy. She willingly leaves all the conversation to those around her. It makes one modest for life to have heard Mme. Sand say: "Believe my word, I am downright stupid, and I cannot talk." Conversation at Nohant is not, therefore, so brilliant as one might think. The games played there are innocent; charades and *bouts-rimés* are in great honor. Like all artists whose intellectual faculties are in a state of great tension during the hours of labor, the hosts and guests of Nohant cultivate infantine and ingenuous games, which recreate the mind after its grave conceptions. A painter made there one day a quatrain, which has remained celebrated on these four rhyme, "chambre," "noix," "ambre" and "choix." I will repeat it to you when manners change, and Rabelais is accepted in everyday life.

OUR little friend Bobby religiously believes that babies come from heaven, by a sort of celestial express. The other day he was called in to see a newly born babe, which lay very still among the flannels. "Poor little thing," said Bobby; "tired coming so far, isn't he?"

THE next opposition steamer day will be on December 12th. The Nicaragua steamer is announced to sail on that day.

Since bull terriers have become the inevitable pursuivants of the "lions" of Paris, the noble sport of rat-killing has become the fashion, and this has started a new trade among the costermongers and chiffoniers. It appears that rats on the look-out for food take refuge on the slightest alarm in the cast-metal conduits which cross the tottoirs in Paris and join the leaden pipes which convey rain-water from the roofs of the houses to the street. As soon as the rat-catcher, by the aid of his dark-lantern, perceives a rat taking shelter in one of these metal water-courses, he introduces an iron shovel in the longitudinal slit in the conduit, thus closing one end, while his companion places an iron cage at the gutter end; by poking with an iron rod through the slit, the luckless rat is obliged to take refuge in the cage. There is one special adept in this new Parisian art, who, in the last eighteen months, has caught 2,500 rats, whose days were ended by the teeth of the bull terriers belonging to the gentlemen Members of the Jockey-Club.

Facts for Land Lubbers.—The berths on board do not necessarily add to the census. The hatchways are not hen's nests. The way of the ship is not the extent of her avoirdupois. The boatswain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The ship does not have a wake over a dead calm. The swell of a ship's sides is not caused by the dropsy, nor is the taper of a bowsprit a tallow candle. The deck is not a pack of cards. The hold is not the vessel's grip. The trough of the sea is not dug out of the ship's log. The crest of a wave is not an indication of its rank. The buoy is not the captain's son. The men are not all beat to quarters with a club. Ships are never boarded at hotels. When a vessel is buried in a wave, it is not wrapped in its shrouds, and when it is hogged it is not necessarily laden with pork. The bow of a ship is not an evidence of politeness. A sailor's stockings are never manufactured from a yarn of his own spinning. The cat-o'nine tails is not a *lusus naturæ* of the feline species. The sails of a ship are not made by an auctioneer, nor are the stays constructed by a milliner.

The rebel guerrillas have an ugly machine for throwing trains off the track. It is something like the frog used in getting cars on the track. When placed on a rail it can scarcely be distinguished from the rail itself, and no engine can pass over it, even at the lowest rate of speed, without being thrown off. Six engines were thrown from the track this side of Atlanta before the cause was discovered.

Rupture.—Radical cure of Rupture by the application of the celebrated Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing Pressure, from A. Tolleau, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society. Treatment of the Deformities of the Body by the new orthopedal process used with great success in the Paris, London and New York hospitals, where M. A. Tolleau, under the directions of the Surgeons, applied his apparatus during the last 15 years.

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Mr. Chretien Pfister, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Toupes, Combs of every style; Cravats of all kinds; Jonvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; new styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade. Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

Riches have Wings.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be holden at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.

The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.

T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL Mc. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
D. B. FRANCIS.
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To the Public.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc15 tf STACY, Proprietor.

Value of Health.—Upwards of thirty years since, Dr. Benjamin Brandreth introduced to the community a vegetable pill which has since become the household medicine of tens of thousands of families in the United States, and throughout the countries of Europe and South America. When first brought to the notice of the public, few could be persuaded of its virtues. Gradually, at first, it was tried, and then, as case after case of recovery from many diseases reached the ears of the public, its value increased in what might be called geometrical proportions. Medical men, who had seen patients recover rapidly by the use of Brandreth's pills who had for indefinite periods of time been under their charge without showing signs of improvement, began to despair, believing that the great secret of life and health had been discovered, and their occupation was gone from them. Some, more enterprising than their fellows, at once adopted into their practice the great conservator of health, and their success corresponded with their liberality. Since then, the Brandrethian system has been in the ascendant.

It is said that no habit has spread throughout the world so rapidly as the use of tobacco. This is a mistake. It has taken two hundred years to make the nicotine plant known to the nations, while in less than a quarter of a century the Brandreth Pill, as a purifier of the stomach and bowels, and as a preventive of every fever known, no matter by what term called or from what cause originated, has become the indispensable necessity of every people on the globe, civilized and barbarous.

It may be asked, why is this preparation so eminent over others? We answer, because, above every other, it does its work directly.

It cleanses the system thoroughly of every impurity, and restores the blood to its pristine condition. Dr. Brandreth holds, and his conclusions are based on physiological as well as Biblical fact, that all diseases originate in the blood, and that a medicine which seizes upon and purifies it, places the body that contains it beyond the possibility of abnormal action. It is not necessary to attempt to vindicate a theory so self-evident. We know that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter; and we also know that we cannot look for health where the fountain of health is corrupted. Purify the blood system, and life, strength, youth, and absence from disease are assured. These, the Brandreth Pill not only promises, but gives. Let those who would go through existence without sickness or even momentary pain, remember that the preventive from every ill lies in the vegetable preparation whose active and passive virtues no sane man will dispute, known as the Brandreth Medicine.

It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. B. continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a generous and discerning public.

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Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, he will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electropathic system*; but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies*.

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every namcable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathise with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

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Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

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And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

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3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dics, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

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A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE CAMELLIAS.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; here a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, everything about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiqutte was his necktie, a blue one, negligently arranged *á la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,—

"And who, sir, may this client be with the *distingué* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no indeed, sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologise," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentle sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed Houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir; brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes and our sorrows."

"You forget that, so long as you conceal the lady's name, there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a sleuder and graceful letter."

"Good; let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury *Mercury*, *exegi monumentum ære perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D—— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem, then; I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London."

"Why, my dear sir, there are six copies of the Trottington *Mercury* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Trottington—Trottingbury *Mercury*. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and had taken them to the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury* is a garden. There, roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other people; it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate. A fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained, my ankle, and was incapacited for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk:

"'Who is that divine creature who has just left your office?'

"'That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our 'Poets' Corner.'"

"'She is a poetess then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"'Won't do!' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek; 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me; I thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office, in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I fell deeper in love, my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. She was a poetess—she would read it; the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't, sir; I remember them well."

"I felt sure that to whom they were addressed would read them and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said: 'There is a letter here, meant for you I suppose.' It was directed: '— Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury *Mercury*.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camellia," I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition; we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est decensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket, unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poets' Corner" in the Trottingbury *Mercury*, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at Waterloo Station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what! how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse! the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

'My good man,' said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields; I have a friend there who will lend me some money. The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add, that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.—*Once a Week.*

Two Maxims of Montgomery.—It is more prudent to allow a lion to escape than to drive him to despair. A bridge of gold should be made for a retreating enemy.

TALKING OF SELF.

We all know men and women tethered, by a string whose length we instinctively measure, to themselves. Every subject under the sun reminds such people of themselves. Nothing is too remote for this alliance—they cannot hear of the stars without wanting their own horoscopes. Their sole notion of conversation is to display themselves. They are ready to unveil their whole idiosyncrasy to whoever will look and listen. Their loves and hates and prospects are at anybody's service. Their experiences, successes, every fine thing ever said to them or of them, are common property. The whole world is their confessor in the matter of their faults, temptations, whims, grievances, doubts, and weaknesses. They expect to interest strangers by an avowal of their taste in meats and drinks and clothes. They confide their diseases and their remedies, their personal habits, their affairs to any chance comer, never for a moment visited by the misgiving pressed upon them by the preacher: "Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or not it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves?" Society, or rather their own little world, is simply a tablet on which to subscribe self. When forced by some strong counter-will out of this indulgence, they are visibly at sea, vacant, disturbed; they have nothing to say: we feel for them as painfully out of their element, and are prone, in weak good-nature, to help them into port again. Now, a good deal of this is mere ill-manners. People who talk in this way are either underbred or incapable of nurture, or they suffer the want of certain wholesome restraints that keep the rest of the world in order. Miss Austen, whom few forms of social folly escaped, has more than one character representing this habit of mind, and revealing its source. Every reader can recall that elaborate and inimitable impersonation of self-display, Mrs. Elton, who, once received into the memory, has too many counterparts in real life ever to be forgotten.

Vanity is of course the leading motive to this obtrusive display. Yet the habit of perpetually reverting to self is not always to be confounded with vanity. Mere paucity of ideas and deadness of fancy drive some people into it who have a willingness to talk, and yet so little perception of things out of themselves that nothing apart from their own routine of sensations presents itself to say. No doubt it gives them a general sense of importance to clothe themselves in words, but they have hardly a choice as to the means. There are men who will tell anybody how often they have jilted, under the vague sense that honor will somehow redound to themselves from the confession; or they will found a claim for distinction upon weak digestion, or the difficulties they encounter in shaving. But these aspirations are something apart from vanity. There is a mild satisfaction in being not a mere insignificant unit, but possessed of differences and peculiarities, which is worth all the world besides to some people, and indeed to which none of us are quite insensible. Others talk of themselves from a nervous desire to cover their defects—a restless impulse to set off their presentable points. They are alive to some weak side, which preys on their sensitiveness: as the people most apt to talk of their fine friends and grand relations are those who are deeply conscious of a preponderance of the other sort. Thus very few persons who talk much about themselves talk the truth. The impression they want to give is one-sided. There are probably a hundred things about themselves which, in the midst of ostentatious candor, they suppress.

> "Some faults we own; but can you guess?
> Why, virtues carried to excess."

And the side represented swells to inordinate dimensions, and takes an aspect bearing it out of the region of fact. Or perhaps, like Goethe and Rousseau, they have a notion that everything becomes them—that even meanness or baseness is glorified when made a matter of frank confession.

As excessive talk of this kind is presumption, the habit is most odious in young people. Children in their natural state never talk of themselves. They show egotism by a peculiar appreciation of the pronouns "my" and "mine"; but they are not yet self-conscious. They could not, if they would, unveil themselves—their vanity takes another direction. All attempts, unless very systematic and insidious, fail to rouse self into expression. Precocious children now and then talk o themselves, especially if forced and excited by a certain sort of religious teaching. Then they can be heard to enlarge with a horrible glibness on their feelings, their convictions of sin, their schemes for setting the world to rights; but this is mostly a sign of an overtasked brain, accompanied sometimes by an exceptional, grotesque form of naughtiness, and sure to pass off as the health improves and the cleverness vanishes. When childhood, and even boyhood, is fairly over, is the time for self to assert itself in talk. Then it awakes full armed in a sort of bloom and overflow of conceit, an invasion of arrogance never to be matched in after life. There are not many more unpleasant things in the social world than a pert, forward young man, whose theme is universally himself—who entertains every company with himself, and breaks up every conversation that does not concern himself. These insufferable persons are of all sorts, from the flippant and most bearable who clamors of his own exploits, boasts himself the envy of one sex and the idol of the other, the deep, oracular, and enlightened youth who will not allow us to remain in the dark as to his views on any of the topics that occupy mankind. Or there is the sententious, didactic young man, more than endured probably by some small admiring circle—a teetotaler, perhaps, or a stringent Sabbatarian, or engaged in a course of lectures to "the lower orders," or in some way or other a conscious example, reprover, and guide to his fellow-men. Whatever their line, they are intrinsically the same,—all alike patronizing or indifferent to their betters—all blind to the impression they make—all lavishing the fulness of their admiration, reverence, and talk on one central figure—all flaunting the same self in our eyes—keeping up the one chorus, "I, I, I," "I say," "I know," "I do."—*London Saturday Review.*

"Put your hand upon the oar," says Charon, in the old play to Bacchus, "and you shall hear the sweetest songs."

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"Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

In accordance with the usage which has hitherto prevailed in this State, and in conformity with the recommendation of the President of the United States, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 24th day of NOVEMBER, inst., as a day of public thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God: and I do enjoin upon the people of this State, that on the day thus set apart, they rest from all secular labor, and assemble in their customary places of worship, and, with devout hearts, acknowledge His exalted goodness, His loving kindness, and His tender mercies.

Let us thank Him for the measure of health and prosperity that everywhere exists throughout our State; that although the earth have not sent forth their treasures as in years past, yet want has been kept far from our own doors, and comparative abundance blesses our people; that as a Nation, we have been scourged by a cruel war, with all the suffering, sorrow, and death which follows in its train; yet within our State the wicked schemes of bad men have been frustrated, and peace reigns within our borders.

Let us thank Him for the great and signal victories that have attended the arms of the Republic, both on land and sea, during the past year; for the occupation by our army and navy of so many strongholds of the insurgents; for the unity of purpose which is everywhere apparent, that must result in a complete triumph of Liberty, Humanity, and Justice, over Treason, Anarchy, and Barbarism. And, above all, let us rejoice at the prospect of an honorable and lasting peace, based upon National Unity and obedience to Constitutional Law.

And, as we gather around the festive board, let us not forget the poor and the needy, or those who are sick or afflicted, in our midst; let the wants of the poor be supplied from our abundance, and the wounds of the sick be bound up in the oil and wine with which our hearts overflow.

And, while offering up thanksgivings for the successes that have attended our arms, let us not forget the sick and wounded heroes through whose agency God hath given us the victory; let the beneficent charities, which have for their object the relief of these noble men, be sustained, and their treasuries filled to overflowing by the free-will offerings of a grateful people.

SEAL

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and cause the Great Seal of State to be affixed, at Sacramento, this 7th day of November, A. D. 1864.

FRED'K F. LOW,
Governor of California.

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FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

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VOL. 1.--NO. 27. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 26, 1864. TERMS { $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

THINGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, November 29, 1864.

IT is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that Thanksgiving is over and past; still I cannot forbear jotting the fact down simply as a matter of record. It is with a feeling of pleasurable relief, too, that I raise this tablet to the memory of the day.

There was a time when I liked Thanksgiving Days—when I watched their coming with eager anticipation, and was only comforted for their going by the knowledge that Christmas and New Year's trod closely on their heels, and that the last hour of the autumnal festival saw the merry winter jubilees nearer by a day.

That was when I was young, active, and good-looking; before two score and ten winters had sifted their silver upon my head and drifted their snows across my brow. It was in what poets call the "heyday of youth," or the "summer of life"—which amounts to the same thing after all, however, since hay-days are more apt to fall in summer-time than in winter. It was in my ante-rheumatic days—those days when my aunty had the rheumatism and I had it not. It was—but no matter when it was—it was some years back, and there let the matter rest.

But how is it that turkeys have so changed in taste since then? That the times should have changed is natural enough, but I know of no reason why turkey flesh should not have preserved the even tenor of its way. Talk of the times being out of joint—to my mind it is turkeys that are!

The universal question on all sides, yesterday morning, was: Well, how did you spend Thanksgiving Day? It was asked of me so many times that at last I got angered and told people I didn't spend it at all.

Looking back at last Thursday now, however, I incline to ask myself seriously what became of the day. I have no definite recollections of having gone to church, though it is quite possible that I went there. Going to church is scarcely my strong suit, but I do go quite frequently, and I should go much oftener were it not for the discouragements of the last twelvemonth.

Perhaps you remember the affair at Santiago, where a multitude of worshippers were burned in the Cathedral as they knelt! That was scarcely an encouragement to church-goers, and it was long weeks before I mustered sufficient courage to pass a church; but all impressions wear away with time, and a sense of security had once more dawned on my mind, and serious thoughts of buying back the pew which I had sold in the first moment of panic began to occupy my mind, when pat came the announcement from St. Petersburg that a church had fallen in, burying six thousand people in the ruins!

It is not much to be wondered at that when churches fall in, sinners begin to feel like falling out.

I know not when I have read anything that so impressed me with horror as did the details of this latter catastrophe. Of all the thousands that were within the church, says the account, (exaggerated I hope,) not one was rescued alive; there being, in many cases, even no one to claim the corpses that were exhumed from the ruins, the whole family having been swallowed up and cut off by the awful and unexpected "visitation"—"visitation," I believe that's the word. The vision of the poor wretches, struggling beneath the wreck of column and of pulpit, stretching out their arms from under the crushing fragments of the altar before which they had been kneeling for a help which there was none to give, haunted me in dreams for long days and nights.

I am glad it was not a play-house or a tan-yard that was thus destroyed, for in that case I fear the poor victims would have had little sympathy, and I am not sure that a number of edifying sermons would not have been preached in the land upon the sin and folly of going to plays or working in tan-yards.

But I do not know that all this has much to do with Thanksgiving, or how I spent the day.

To tell the truth, feeling in a lazy and somewhat extravagant humor, I commenced very early in the morning and allowed the day to spend itself. I loafed.

Some day I intend to write a treatise on loafing, for if there be one thing with which I am more familiar than another, one theme on which I can write more feelingly and understandingly than another, that thing and that theme is loafing.

It amuses me to hear people talk of "doing something in the world" and of being "somebody." It is a great deal easier to do nothing and to be nobody, and it generally amounts to the same thing in the end.

In any event our own destinies work themselves out, and we have little to do with shaping them ourselves.

Industry and punctuality and perseverance and all such things may be well enough in their way, but I have known them to bring their possessors to grief quite as often as to prosperity.

Very many stories are told for little people, illustrating the advantages that accrue from the exercise of what are termed the virtues of life. Now, I am not at all certain that quite as much may not be said upon the other side, and quite as many and as good stories told to encourage children in their total disregard. For instance:

Samuel and John were two little boys, (if they had not been boys perhaps they would have been called Heleu and Maria,) who lived in the same village. Samuel was a very foolish little boy who always did what his mother told him to, so he very often had to be at work while the other boys were at play, and he only got one piece of pie at dinner, while they had whole ones which they borrowed from the buttery. One day a good gentleman wished to send two cheeses to his sick mother, who lived some distance from the village, and he called Samuel and John to him and said he would give them a bright, new ten-cent piece apiece if they would carry the cheeses for him and not idle upon the way. And Samuel took the money and said he would do it faithfully; and John took the money, too, and said he would do it in a hurry; and they both set out on their way. When they got a little way from town John said he was tired, and he would sit down upon a stone and rest; and he was hungry, and so he would eat half the cheese, and there 'd be more than the old woman could manage left then; but Samuel, who was a foolish little boy, said that would be naughty, and that he shouldn't feel happy at night if he did such a wicked thing. So John, who didn't see it in that light, sat down upon the stone and ate the cheese, and Samuel went on in haste, like a foolish little boy as he was. It happened that while John was eating, and thinking to himself how good the cheese was, and what a good time the good gentleman's mother would have with the rest of it, a weary pilgrim came along, and said he was hungry, and asked for a bit. John said he would sell him a bit's worth, but he would not give him a bit, because it was the Great Sanitary Cheese, and wouldn't set well on the stomach of anybody who didn't pay for it; and he also said that the money was to go for the benefit of the sick soldiers, and would make them well when they got it—and he said a great many other things that he had heard the good Dr. Bellows say on Sundays. So the weary pilgrim gave John all the money he had about him, and put his hand upon his head and blessed him, and told him if he kept on in the path he was going he would some day be an ornament to society and perhaps a Brigadier-General; and John put the money in his pocket and said it was all in his eye, and told the weary pilgrim if he kept on in the path he was going he would get to Oakland directly, and then he would wish he had taken the Point Lobos turnpike road and gone out to the Cliff House and seen the seals and drowned himself.

While John was talking to the weary pilgrim and chisseling him out of his eye teeth, as we have already narrated, the foolish little Samuel was toiling along in the hot sun with the cheese upon his head and wishing it were an umbrella. For he said to himself: I must be faithful and do what the good gentleman told me, and then I shall become a great and a good man, as rich as Samuel Brannan, perhaps—who knows? And so he kept on his way.

Now it happened there was a bear in the woods, and as Samuel was going cheerfully along he came out and nipped him, and didn't leave anything of him and the cheese but the bright tin ten-cent piece which the good gentleman had given him—because he was a good little boy, and didn't know the difference between a bad ten-cent piece and a good one. And when John came along, the bear had gone back into the woods; for he had had enough cheese and didn't want any more little boy. So John picked up the tin ten-cent piece and carried it to the good gentleman's mother, and told her that her son had sent it to her to buy cheese with, and she said he was a good little boy, and an honest one, and she gave him a quarter of a dollar for bringing it to her safely, and that was enough to go to the circus with. Now wasn't John a smart little boy, and wasn't that a great deal better than being eaten up by the bear?

I think that is a tolerably fine story, and quite as eminently illustrative of the comparative advantages of honesty and dishonesty as any that can be found in any of the books published for the Young which the present day affords. As to the moral tendency of it, let parents decide.

Here is a story to illustrate the advantages of not being industrious:

Brown and Smith were poor men, and they both came out to California in '49. Brown was an industrious man, who had worked all his life long, but hadn't made any money, and Smith was a lazy man who had never done a day's work since he was born, and hadn't made any money either. So he was just where Brown was, after all. Immediately on arriving in California these two friends commenced work at their trades. Brown at his, which was that of a carpenter, and Smith of doing nothing at all. Wages were high in those days, and Brown would have made money if it had not cost him so much to live; as for Smith, it didn't cost him anything, because he didn't do enough to get an appetite, and free lunches served his purpose very well. One day while he was rolling on the sandhills and wondering why people worked when it was so easy to live without working, he felt something hard under him, and looking down found that somebody had lost a purse and he had found one. Now Smith was an honest man, and his first impulse was to run down the road and halloa at a man who had just passed and who probably had dropped the purse, but his second impulse was to keep it, and he obeyed that—because it is always better to follow second impulses than first. And besides it would have been a great trouble to run after the man, and perhaps he wouldn't have caught him after all. So he put the money into his pocket, and when he returned to town he bought two or three 100-vara lots with it, and built a shanty upon them, and sold herrings and whisky to the emigrants, which was a very easy way of getting a living. Brown saved money, too, and he bought him some lots and built him a house. But Brown couldn't be idle, and so he went into business, and by-and-by he couldn't carry on his business without borrowing money, and he couldn't borrow money without mortgaging his lots; but he thought he wouldn't quit, and so he borrowed money and carried it on, and then by-and-by he had to quit, and then he wished he had quit before. But Smith wouldn't go into business, and he was too lazy to sell his 100-vara lots, and so he kept them, and did nothing, and he does nothing now, but he is rich and respected, and one of the Directors of the Bank of California. Brown is as industrious as ever, but he works for day wages, and isn't worth a dollar.

So it will be seen that it is well sometimes to loaf—and that occasionally half a loaf is better than none.

If I had time I'd tell another story about perseverance and how good it is—how a friend of mine started a paper, and how the paper didn't pay, and how he persevered, and carried it on, and how it finally broke him, and how he wished then he hadn't carried it on, but had stopped it suddenly, and put into his pocket the money of all the subscribers who had paid in advance—but I have not time to complete the series.

The original theme was Thanksgiving, and perhaps I've been guilty of a digression. To return to the subject. Some people think we had nothing to be thankful for this year; but I think the contrary. We have reason to be thankful that there's anybody left alive, and that we've got any money left at all, and that the Legislature doesn't meet this year, and that there are no more fools to be wheeled on barrows through the streets—but there is neither time nor space to enumerate all the blessings to be thankful for.

Never a year went its round yet that there was not all-sufficient cause for thankfulness, for do we not see the seasons of the year march on in their golden procession? have we not seed-time and harvest? do not the autumn leaves drop like a benison upon a work completed and a promise fulfilled?

Looking out from my window now and seeing the pattering rain-drops fall, while the grateful earth looks up in gladness and the hill-sides smile in their fresh verdure, is there not in this sight alone sufficient cause for thankfulness?

I alone, of all created creatures, have little cause for thankfulness to-day—dragged from the virtuous bed where I lay reposing yesterday morning at the peaceful hour of 10, my head racked with a succession of aches and my brows bound with a wet towel to keep them from splitting, to furnish copy for this same CALIFORNIAN which once before for three long months put me to hebdomedal torture.

It was only when this sudden raid was made upon me that I remembered an engagement with the new proprietors. It is only to fulfill this engagement that I have written these columns of bad advice to the young and good advice to the old which no one can regret more seriously than does

INIGO.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shines as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.—[*Longfellow.*

REMARKABLE CASES OF OBESITY.

ANTONY and Dolabella were both men of some corpulence. The Roman ladies dreaded above all things too voluminous a development of the bosom: to prevent it they were in the habit of applying to their breasts the raw flesh of a fish called Angel.

Fat is a fluid similar to vegetable oils, inodorous, and lighter than water; besides the elements common to water, to oils and wax, it contains carbon, hydrogen, and sebacic acid, which is pretty similar to the acetic. Human fat, like that of other animals, has been frequently employed for various purposes. A story is told of an Irish tallow-chandler, who, during the invasion of Cromwell's army, made candles with the fat of Englishmen, which were remarkable for their good quality; but when the times became more tranquil, his goods were of an inferior kind, and when one of his customers complained of candles falling off, he apologized by saying, "I am sorry to inform you that the times are so bad that I have been short of Englishmen for a long time."

Obesity may be considered a serious evil, and has exposed corpulent persons to many *désagrémens*. The ancients held fat people in sovereign contempt. Some of the Gentoos enter their dwellings by a hole in the roof; and any fat person who cannot get through it, they consider as an excommunicated offender who has not been able to rid himself of his sins. An Eastern prince had an officer to regulate the size of his subjects, and who dieted the unwieldy ones to reduce them to a proper volume. In China this calamity is considered a blessing, a man's intellectual qualities are esteemed in the ratio of corporeal bulk.

Dr. Beddoes was so uncomfortably stout that a lady of Clifton used to call him "the walking feather-bed." At the court of Louis XV. there were two lusty noblemen, related to each other: the king, having rallied one of them on his corpulency, added, "I suppose you take little or no exercise?" "Your majesty will pardon me," replied the bulky duke, "for I generally walk two or three times round my cousin every morning."

In some countries, especially in the East, moderate obesity is considered a beauty, and Tunisene young ladies are regularly fattened for marriage; a different practice from that of the Roman matrons, who starved their daughters, to make them as lean as possible on such occasions.

Erasmus states that the Gordii carried their admiration for corpulence to such an extent that they raised the fattest amongst them to the throne. It is well known that the preposterous size of some of the Hottentots is deemed a perfection, and one of their Venuses was some time since exhibited in London.

There is no doubt that food materially influences this condition of mankind, although we frequently see enormous eaters who are miserably lean, and fat persons whose diet is most scanty. During the late war, a ravenous French prisoner was known to eat four pounds of raw cow-udder, ten pounds of raw beef, and two pounds of candles, per diem, diluting his meals with five quarts of porter; and yet this carnivorous brute was a perfect skeleton.

For the cure of corpulency, diminution of food of a nutritious nature has been generally recommended; added to this, little sleep and much exercise are advised. Acids to reduce fatness are frequently administered, but have done considerable mischief. Amongst other wonderful accounts of their efficacy in such cases, it is related of a Spanish general who was of an enormous size, that he drank vinegar until his bulk was so reduced that he could fold his skin round his body.

For a similar purpose soap has been frequently recommended, particularly by Dr. Flemyng. He began this experiment with one of his patients who weighed twenty stone and eleven pounds (jockey weight): in July 1754 he took every night a quarter of an ounce of common Castile soap. In August 1756 his bulk was reduced two stone, and in 1760 he was brought down to a proper condition.

Darwin is of opinion that salt and salted meat are still more efficacious than soap. All these experiments, however, are in general not only useless but pernicious, and frequently prove fatal. Mr. Wadd, from whose work on corpulence much is extracted in this article, properly observes that, "certain and permanent relief is only to be sought in rigid abstemiousness, and a strict and constant attention to diet and exercise." Dr. Cheyne, who weighed thirty-two stone, reduced himself one-third, and enjoyed good health till the age of seventy-two.

In another case, attended by Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, the patient weighed twenty-three stone, and by a regular system of diet was brought down to fifteen stone. In this instance brown bread, with a certain quantity of bran in it, was employed; and it is well known that the alimentary secretions are materially altered by the quality of bread. The article of drink also requires much attention. Corpulent persons generally indulge to excess, and in this case, every endeavor to reduce them will be in vain. We frequently see our jockeys reducing themselves to the extent of a stone and a half in the week. A lower scale of diet is by no means as injurious as it is generally supposed; the English prisoners made by Tippoo Saib, though kept upon a scanty pittance of bread and water, found themselves in better health than before, and some of them were cured during their captivity of liver complaints of long and severe duration.

One of the most corpulent persons known was Mr. Lambert, of Leicestershire, who weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds (14lbs. to the stone).

At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Sugars, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754 died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Essex; his body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds; requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775 Mr. Spooner, of Skillingtou near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty stone and nine pounds, and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keysler mentions a young man in Lincoln who ate eighteen pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker, in Pye Corner, weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Master Collett, master of the Evesham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone; when twelve years old, he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed, one of whom in a fit of anger he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw in Cornwall, there was a man known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.—*English Magazine.*

SANS-SOUCI.

ONE of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this epoch, is his installing of himself in the little dwelling-house of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci—an elegant, commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one-story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round—had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning when he quitted for the Last War. "April 14th, 1745," while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, "the foundation stone was laid," (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case;) and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May, 1747, that the formal occupation took place: "Mayday 1747," he had a grand House-heating, or "First Dinner of 200 covers; and May 19th–20th was the first night of his sleeping there." For the next forty years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little mansion; which became more and more his favorite retreat, whenever the noises and seemc etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans Souci*," which we may translate "No Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the three fine palaces (ultimately four) which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. Berlin and Charlotteuberg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to right hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the "*Neue Schloss*," (New Palace of Potsdam,) called also the "*Palace* of Sans Souci," in distinction from the dwelling house, or as it were Garden House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Freidrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? *No*-Bother was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, *Less* Bother! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his tomb, and various tombs, in the skirts of this new cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say one day (Spring, 1746,) D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci,*" (Once *there*, one will be out of bother!) A saying which was rumored of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumor in society and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name: "Sans-Souci;" which Friedrich adopted; and before the year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that by "Mayday 1747," the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since. Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's "Three rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another a little alcove with an iron bed," (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap)—altogether a soldier's lodging: all this stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky—perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time that of Berlin; with Charlottenberg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the Gardens there being fine.—*Carlyle's Life of Frederick II.*

A VERY SHARP WHIST PLAYER.—The late Cabinet of Lord Derby contained some good players. Two Secretaries of State were actually fine players, and one of them adds Whist to accomplishments which would have made their possessor an Admirable Crichton, if genius had not elevated him into a far loftier category than Crichton belongs to. Rechberg plays well and likes his game; but he is in Whist, as are all Germans, a thorough pedant. I remember an incident of his whist-life sufficiently amusing in its way, though, in relation, the reader loses what to myself is certainly the whole pungency of the story: I mean the character and nature of the person who imparted the anecdote to me, and who is about the most perfect specimen of that self-possession, which we call coolness, the age we live in can boast of. I own that, in a very varied and somewhat extensive experience of men in many countries, I never met with one who so completely fulfilled all the requisites of temper, manner, face, courage, and self-reliance, which make of a human being the most unabashable and unemotional creature that walks the earth. I tell the story as nearly as I can as he related it to me. 'I used to play a good deal with Rechberg,' said he, 'and took pleasure in worrying him, for he was a great purist in his play, and was outraged with anything that could not be sustained by an authority. In fact, each game was followed by a discussion of full half an hour, to the intense mortification of the other players, though very amusing to me, and offering me large opportunity to irritate and plague the Austrians. One evening after a number of these discussions, in which Rechberg had displayed an even unusual warmth and irritability, I found myself opposed to him in a game, the interest of which had drawn around us a large assembly of spectators—what the French designate as *la galerie*. Towards the conclusion of the game it was my turn to lead, and I played a card which so astounded the Austrian Minister, that he laid down his cards upon the table, and stared fixedly at me. "In all my experience of Whist," said he, deliberately, "I never saw the equal of that."—"Of what?" asked I.—"Of the card you have just played," rejoined he. "It is not merely that such play violates every principle of the game, but it actually stultifies all your own combinations."—"I think differently, Count," said I. "I maintain that it is good play, and I abide by it."—"Let us decide it by a wager," said he.—"In what way?"—"Thus: We shall leave the question to the *galerie*. You shall allege what you deem to be the reasons for your play, and they shall decide if they accept them as valid."—"I agree. What will you bet?"—"Ten napoleons—twenty, fifty, five hundred if you like!" cried he warmly.—"I shall say ten. You don't like losing, and I don't want to punish you too heavily."—"There is the jury, sir,' said he, haughtily; "make your case."—"The wager is this," said I, "that, to win, I shall satisfy these gentlemen that for the card I played I had a sufficient and good reason."—"Yes."—"My reason was this, then—I looked into your hand!" I pocketed his ten napoleons, but they were the last I won of him. Indeed, it took a month before he got over the shock.—*Cornelius O'Dowd.*

CHILDRENS ARMS AND LEGS.—A distinguished physician, who died some years since, in Paris, declared: "I believe that during the twenty years that I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked." On this the editor of the Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter* remarks: "Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities of witnessing the same cure."

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[FROM THE CALIFORNIAN'S LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, October 24, 1864.

DOES any nation except this ever unite on one word, or phrase, and keep up its iteration till, as Dogberry says, it becomes damnable? In political writing, private conversation and popular adaptations of all sorts, the word "Record" now occurs. It is a biographical term more condensed and more serious than the phrase which originated in the play of the *American Cousin*, and was first uttered by the comedian Jefferson, "He can't keep a hotel," and which is no longer extant in the vernacular. It is also broader in significance than the coeval term of "Dead Beat," for that is capable of one explanation only. "Record," in fact, may mean anything, and is therefore symbolical of the times which mean everything and produce nothing except the laughter of a hundred thousand men now and then, and most ingenious inventions in artificial arms and legs. Gen. McClellan, a candidate for the Presidency, is the first promulgator, I think, of "Record:" but he believes it to have a different application to his own history than being-on-board-a-gunboat-during-the-battle-of-Malvern-Hill-poltroon-and-traitor, ascribed to it by the man who invents the *Tribune*, composes the *Evening Post*, and "villainizes" the *Times*. What the recording angel which Sterne speaks of thinks, no one knows; he is dropping his tears elsewhere, perhaps, over the angry souls who are killed in battle, and who, (*vide* Stoddard's poem,) "like a wind of doom rushing from life to death," throw them into Charon's barge, with a greenback to pay their ferriage, instead of an obolus. That wind blows over all the North, and black flags flutter in the deadly breeze, worn by widows and orphans. Is it patriotic, by the way, to wear mourning? Should not we women, when the tidings reach us of the fall of husband or brother clutch the "red, white and blue," cheer hilariously, and repeat what the newspapers affirm we say, that if we had more husbands and brothers we would pray them off again? It is my opinion, however, that when a woman hears that the man she loves is killed in battle, mangled by shot or shell, or is dying in the stench of the hospital, she curses the cause that took him to the field. I know a woman whose husband, a stalwart young fellow, died like a little weak child, in a hospital on Southern soil two years ago. The war to her is comprised in his soldier's kit which was sent to her, and the memory of his last moments and words described to her by a comrade who came home wounded out of all utility as a gunpowder machine. "He was still," said the comrade, "and then he asked for a little water, saying with a smile, 'I shan't want anything long.'" This is all that moves this young woman unless she hears of some other woman's husband being killed, and then she tells over her story again. She does not follow our victories or wonder over our defeats; she cries for her boy's father, and she carries his old daguerreotypes to the photographers in the hope of having his "likeness brought out plainer." And she keeps his blanket spread over the lounge in her room, and is very apt to be tiresome in reading aloud the last letter he wrote, in which he said he never enjoyed such health, but that he would rather be sick at home, and begged her to get Charley weighed, so that he might know how much he had grown since his absence. She is an ignorant, unphilosophical creature; but there are a hundred thousand such at least in the States, who would, if they knew enough, clog the political advancement of the country terribly, put the Administration in the pound, and send Jeff Davis whaling to reform him. I am by no means one of the Copperheads who cry "Peace!" when the Republicans say "There is no peace." Theoretically, I am remarkable for blood-thirstiness, especially when I am at home in a New England village, where the one or two revolutionary guns, owned by patriarchs, are so rusty that the ramrods won't come out. There, I have inveighed against traitors, and eaten roasted oysters, till I did not realize which was which. And here I cannot help being captivated with the historical style in which masses of human beings are handled by civic gentlemen, who give a jump and howl when they grow so earnest as to put the lighted end of their cigars in their mouths. War is a splendid game when you leave out the recollection of the ranks, and fix your attention on Xenophon, Hannibal, Bonaparte, General Sigel and General Pope. But feeling is one thing, and glory another; and as feeling is one of the primitive colors in the female composition I cannot forbid its ray to illuminate my performances.

Speaking of performances, reminds me of the return from San Francisco of Dr. Bellows, the chief of the Sanitary Commission. The merit of his visit consists, in part, in having obtained two hundred thousand dollars more from the able-hearted Californians. I wish that the talented and genial minister would advocate the building of a Retreat for our veterans, on the plan of the "Invalides" in Paris, or "Greenwich" in London. To be sure, we have no veterans at present, but the war may grow milder in time, and some of the soldiers may save enough of themselves to come home, and bequest the care of their disabled bodies to a generous country, which will be ready to "contract" at so much per head.

Mentioning contracts, would it not be a wise movement to start a company who will contract to forward Democratic papers and documents to the army? At present it is not allowed any political food that is not good for the Lincoln stomach. Occasionally *The World* reaches the camp, having passed through the post-offices wrapped in a page of the *Tribune*, thus verifying the adage of a wolf in sheep's clothing; but if the court know's itself, it does not permit the diffusion of evil knowledge among the ranks. Bad as *The World* is, it has a War Correspondent named Stillson, who will prove a mine to the future historian of the war. His last letter on our victory in the Shenandoah Valley is as spirited and dramatic nearly as Victor Hugo's description of Waterloo in *Les Miserables*. He nothing extenuates in his rendering of the language he hears from officers and men: when they swear, he swears. Sheridan gets up in the morning as our last retreat—for we were pounded badly—was about completed, with the sound of the enemy's artillery in his ears, and makes for the army in full gallop. He asks questions along the line.

"Where is the Nineteenth Corps?"

"On the right, General—in the woods," was the answer.

Going on, he speaks again to an officer, and says:

"Now all I want, by G—d, is to get these men up in the rear and whip these rascals back!"

One of his staff meets him, and announces that the situation of the army is "awful."

"Pshaw!" he replies; "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right."

He rides on till he reaches the left of the line held by the cavalry; then he takes off his hat and waves it. Generals rush out to meet him, officers wave their swords, and the men shriek with glee and throw up their hats. Gen. Custer puts his arms round Sheridan's neck and kisses him on the cheek. Sheridan only delays long enough to exchange greetings, and then goes forward again, saying: "This retreat must be stopped, by G—d!" He gallops along the whole front of the army, increasing the enthusiasm caused by his presence till that part of the army in line of battle became a new being, having twice its previous will to fight, until that part of the army in the rear hearing of it become partially ashamed of secession and come back.

My limits will not allow me to recount Stillson's account further. His description of the scenes at headquarters after the battle, his mention of the noble General Bidwell, who, wounded to death, calmly said, "Such is fate!" are so pathetic, that at this moment, in referring to them, I am obliged to use my handkerchief with my pen, so I conclude—adding in the words of Coleridge that Stillson is—

"A fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats."

A different going out of life is that of the old English Greek pagan, Walter Savage Landor, who is dead at the verge of ninety. He died as a poet should, in the possession of all that should please the imagination—an agreeable abode, a fine garden, books, pictures, a sunny climate, (Florence,) and troops of friends. He could not live with his wife and his wife could not live with him; but he gave her his house and nearly the whole of his fortune when he left her. He dressed badly, was absorbed and sileut, and did not love society. But he loved liberty, and would have it for mind and body; for it he fought with the sword, the tongue and the pen. He is little read in America. A few know that his Greek poems are great, and that his "Imaginary Conversations" have been made famous with scholars. Landor, in these conversations, elevated dialogue into an art. He dramatized man; his wit, passion, insight and raillery illustrate the progress of nature and human life.

In spite of the desuetude of the times, and the cost of printing, a good book makes its appearance now and then. Lowell's *Fireside Travels* is charming. *Emily Chester*, an American novel by a bran-new writer, a young lady of Baltimore, aged twenty-three, named Miss Crane, is an improvement on Miss Prescott and a host of minors who overstock the market. It is original in idea, clear in style, though a little ornate, and evidently written by one who means to be a conscientious artist. But the book of books that I have read of late is the *Life of Jean Paul Richter*. That, as Miss Bremer says of the clouds, "takes mine soul away."

E. D. B. S.

THE CUSTOM OF SHAKING HANDS.—The time was when on the Continent it was simply voted an English absurdity—a Parisian exquisite or a Viennese, (on introduction or other exchange of courtesy,) merely thrusting his gloved hand into the breast of his buttoned coat. There is a new decision in the matter, however, the Paris correspondent of the London *Star* informing us that the "Jockey Club," before whose decrees the fashionable world bend, have decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

(For the Californian.)

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

OUT of the window a white face gleams,
Into the fierce night a dim eye peers,
And a gust-blown ray from a street-lamp streams
On the slowly-falling tears;
This is the love of his youthful dreams—
The wife of his riper years.

The cheerful fire in the little grate
Was faded to ashes long ago;
The supper's tempting dainties wait,
Now cold as the falling snow;
Yet no sound is heard, save the swinging gate
That the wind blows to and fro.

Colder the night grows, the waters freeze;
The loud wind sinks to a moment's calm,
And a step comes, like a ghostly breeze
Rustling a withered palm;
And a voice, from over eternal seas,
Whispers a blessed psalm:

"Come where the heart that weeps
May find a quiet for its burning fever;
A calm, for restless love and vain endeavor
Beyond life's toilsome steeps;
Where joy's clear streams flow on—and on forever,
And woe and weariness and change may never
Disturb the spirit in its blissful deeps.

"As the wild turtle's flight
To orange groves—where brightly green leaves quiver
When frost and storm the northern forests shiver—
So, from this bitter night,
Thou shalt go forth upon the mystic river
Into the Summer Land of God the Giver,
Into His hand—all glorious and bright.

"Come! wilder storms the snow;
The mad wind whirls it in fantastic eddy!
Why by the window lingerest thou, pale lady?
Why movest thy poor lips so?
Ah, pitiful! the rescuing boat is ready,
And yet thou waitest for the step unsteady,
To bless, once more, the author of thy woe."

Still fall the white flakes through the air,
The waking city begins its hum;
But frozen is the unanswered prayer
On the lips—forever dumb;
To the thin hands, the bosom wan and bare,
Eternal peace has come.

O'er the icy brow the fair hair shifts,
Like golden lilies on silvery pond;
And through the ringlets the sharp wind lifts,
The dead eyes still look fond;
But the freed soul onward and onward drifts
To the promised Rest beyond.

Still by the window the white face gleams,
Into the grey dawn a dead eye peers,
And the last faint ray of the street lamp beams
On a frozen pool of tears,
On the wreck of the love of his youthful dreams—
The wife of his riper years.

EMILIE LAWSON.

UNHEALTHY POSITIONS OF THE BODY.—Those persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind that, without constantly raising the frame to an erect position and giving a slight exercise to all parts of the body, such a practice tends to destroy their health. They should, moreover, sit in as erect a position as possible. With seamstresses there is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulation and respiration and digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The head should be thrown back to give the lungs full play. The frequent long-drawn breath of the seamstress evinces the crimping and confinement of the lungs. Health cannot be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in proportionate abundance must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in direct violation of correct theories of physical development and the instincts of nature.

NEVADA.—The first Legislature of this State is to assemble on the second Monday of next month. The following is a list of its members:

Senators—Douglas, J. W. Haines; Esmeralda, Dr. John Ives, L. Doran; Lander, M. D. Larrowe, W. H. Hobart; Lyon, D. S. Hastings; Churchill, Alf. James; Nye, Jas. S. Lawson; Ormsby, J. Seeley, J. T. Lockwood; Washoe, Charles Lambert, James Slingerland; Humboldt, W. S. Thompson, — Hutchins; Storey, N. W. Winton, W. H. Claggett, S. A. Kellogg, Chas. A. Sumner.

Assemblymen—Churchill, J. B. McClure; Douglas, J. W. Small, Henry Epstein; Esmeralda, Cyril Hawkins, D. Wellington, John S. Mahugh, D. H. Haskell; Humboldt, J. A. Dunne, D. H. Brown, B. H. Nichols; Lander, D. P. Walters, J. L. Hinkley, E. P. Syne, M. A. Rosenblatt; Lyon, H. G. Parker, W. C. Lee, W. H. Toombs; Nye, A. C. Bearss; Ormsby, L. C. McKeely, C. S. Denson, E. R. Carey, Clear Creek; Storey, C. W. Tozer, W. W. Bishop, A. L. Greely, James Bolan, Erastus Bond, Jake Smith, Dr. H. M. Bien, R. A. Young, John Leavitt, J. A. Rigby, E. Patten, W. M. Cutter; Washoe and Roop, J. H. Shackleford, H. H. Beck, J. A. Myrick.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CASUALTIES.

The store, with its contents, of S. W. Levy & Co., at San Pablo, Contra Costa county, was consumed by fire on the night of November 18th.

Mr. Weaver, at Carson Valley, Nov. 15th, had his leg broken, face and breast bruised, and jaw fractured, in consequence of his wagon, from which he had fallen, passing over him.

On the 16th inst., says the Red Bluff *Independent*, the dwelling house of Mr. Rennie, on the Fort Klamath road, about forty miles from Chico, was burned to the ground. Nothing was saved but a blanket. Loss about $2,000.

A man named G. W. Bennett had an arm broken by the upsetting of a stage-coach at Grass Valley, November 15th. Bennett was one of Capt. Kendall's volunteers, a company raised in Nevada.

A young man named George Pitt, while playfully contending with one William Miller for the possession of a double-barrel pistol, near Cacheville, Yolo county, lately, was fatally wounded by its being accidentally discharged.

Hon. D. L. Hastings, Senator elect from Lyon county, Nevada, met with an accident, recently, by which his leg was badly injured, being dislocated at the knee. He was assisting in the unloading of a large boiler at Trench's mill.

James Daley, of the Kennebec House, was accidentally shot lately, on the Grass Valley road. He had a Sharp's pistol in the side pocket of his coat, while riding horseback, and from some cause it was discharged, the ball entering his thigh, and inflicted a painful but not dangerous wound.

On the 18th November, says the Petaluma *Journal*, a girl aged about six years, step-daughter of J. J. Lane, of Santa Rosa Valley, was playing with friction matches, when her clothes caught fire, and before the child's mother could extinguish the flames it was so badly burned that it died the next morning. Only two or three days previous to this accident, a son, aged about eleven years, lassoed a horse by the foot, and becoming entangled in the *riata*, was dragged until a neighbor who happened to witness the occurrence came to his rescue and cut the rope. The boy was badly hurt, and his recovery is extremely doubtful.

On the 19th inst., says the *Territorial Enterprise*, Warren J. Noel and Philip Delanty, who were working in the shaft of the Burke & Hamilton mine, which adjoins the Michigan, met their deaths in the following singular manner: They were on the night shift, and had started to come up on the bucket. When they had ascended about 30 feet, a dog attempted to cross the mouth of the shaft on one of the partitions, but slipped off and fell into the compartment up which the two men were being hoisted. As the dog fell a distance of 400 feet he struck the men in the tub with great force, knocking them both out. It is thought that Noel was killed by being struck by the dog, as he is not much bruised, while Delanty's death was caused by his falling off a platform below, his head being split open. The dog was seen as he was about to fall, but before anything could be done he was precipitated into the shaft. One of his hind feet slipped from the narrow partition; he struggled a moment, then fell. Both men and dog were dead when found. Noel was a native of Wisconsin and about 30 years of age.

CRIMINAL.

Two Cornishmen named Neal and Drew got into a fight at Grass Valley, recently, in which Drew was shot fatally.

At Boston Ravine, Nevada county, Nov. 19th, Thomas Douahue stabbed and killed Michael Clemans. Cause—cards.

Several attempts have lately been made to fire the town of Weaverville, Cal.

At Panola, Cal., recently, a Mexican killed a girl because she would not marry him, and then killed himself.

Frank Miller, of Dayton, Nevada, was killed Nov. 15th, while travelling on the Hot Springs road, by some person unknown.

The residence of Dr. F. A. Park, Sacramento, was entered and robbed on Sunday evening, 20th inst., while the family were at church.

An affray occurred at Virginia, Nevada, Nov. 17th, in which two men named Caupte and Sale were wounded in the hands, the former severely.

A man named Edward Connor, says the Marysville *Express*, attempted to put an end to his life on Friday, Nov. 18th, first by cutting his throat and afterwards by shooting himself. We understand that excessive drinking was the cause.

The Boise coach was attacked by three men between Fort Hall and the first station north, recently. The passengers, (one of whom made some resistance, and was severely, perhaps fatally wounded,) were robbed of $7,000.

Van Cornips, whose face was chopped open with an ax by Edward Ring, in San Mateo county, Nov. 10th, died on the 17th. Van Cornips was about sixty years of age, and leaves a large family. A land-title dispute caused the difficulty.

John P. Gallagher was shot through the thigh, at Virginia, Nevada, Nov. 18th, while attempting to make peace between Abe Bateman and Bill Campbell, who were quarreling and exchanging pistol shots. Gallagher will probably recover.

James Taylor, a butcher in Fredericksburg, fifteen miles above Genoa, was shot in that town on the 16th inst., by H. Lufkin, and died instantly. Lufkin was examined before Justice Scott, and acquitted. The difficulty originated over a game of cards.

The ballot-box at the mouth of Sherlock's creek, Mariposa county, Cal., was destroyed before the polls were closed at the recent election. The officers and bystanders went across the street to take a drink, leaving the ballot-box on a table. When they returned, the box had been removed to an adjoining room, upon seeing which one man seized the box and partially broke it, when another caught it from him and demolished it completely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Balance on hand in the State Treasury, Nov. 19, $600,000.

The California Stage Company has taken off its line of stages running to Virginia City by the Henness Pass route.

Placer gold diggings, of great richness, are said to have been discovered recently in Dayton, Nevada.

At Grass Valley, Nov. 21st, Richard Osborne, a native of Cornwall, England, was killed by falling down a mining shaft.

The Territorial Legislature of Arizona has passed a law giving a bounty of $100 for each scalp of an Apache Indian.

The Reese River *Reveille* says that two suits on promissory notes had been thrown out of Court there, on account of there being an insufficiency of stamps on each of the notes.

The citizens of Marysville are organizing a joint stock company to build a theatre in that town to take the place of the building destroyed by fire last week.

Alfred Morton, formerly book-keeper in the Sacramento *Union* office, has been appointed Major of the Seventh Regiment.

The voting population of Alpine county, Cal., has fallen off 1,000 since August last—probably only a temporary withdrawal, as the mines promise to be "all right in the spring."

The Salt Lake *Telegraph* says that that city is getting to be a choice place to live in, with eggs at 87c. per dozen, cheese 75c. per pound, bacon $1 per pound, and butter $1 25.

A. A. Heacox, of Santa Cruz, one day last week shot a California condor on the Refugio ranch, which measured ten feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Lewis M. Elliott, lately discharged from the Fourth Regiment California Infantry, died in Folsom, recently, probably from dissipation and exposure. He was about forty years of age, and a native of Syracuse, N. Y.

The Washoe *Star* says: "The vegetable crop of this valley has been large and fine. We notice with pleasure the fact that of late many thousands of pounds of vegetables have been taken to California markets.

Negotiations which have been pending for some time, says the Sacramento *Union*, between the Western Union Telegraph Company and large holders of the stock of the California State Telegraph Company, were closed on the 18th inst. The Western Union Company have purchased a controlling interest in the California line, at a cost of over half a million dollars in gold.

The Austin *Reveille* says: "The machinery is now building for a large mill to be erected here next spring, at a cost of $120,000. Over $4,000,000 have already been invested in this city by New York capitalists alone, none of whose purchases are located at a greater distance from this city than sixty miles. August Belmont, George Law, Cornelius Vanderbilt and others are investing largely." Reese is looking up.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Macon *Confederacy*, writing from Charleston on the 30th, gives the following account of the shelling of that place:

Wednesday night will long be remembered by the residents of this city as a night of horror. The shelling of the place had been almost continuous and rapid on Monday and Tuesday, but the bombardment of the last forty-eight hours has exceeded it all. On Tuesday evening I counted four shots within eight minutes, and thought it remarkably rapid firing: but the cannonading on Wednesday night beat even that. It commenced a little after six o'clock and lasted until ten—the shells averaging forty and forty-five to the hour. The firing is said to have been from four guns, but I think more must have been used, as any one at all acquainted with heavy artillery practice knows that it takes considerable time in the loading and firing of heavy ordnance.

That the enemy have mounted additional and heavier pieces is evidenced from the fact that the shells were thrown in a part of the city hitherto considered safe and beyond the reach of these devilish missiles. Where that neighborhood is I shall not be so indiscreet as to mention for the information of the enemy.

Much damage was done to buildings and considerable injury to persons—the family of one of our oldest and most respectable merchants, consisting of a lady and four children, were all wounded by the explosion of a percussion shell in the room in which they were seated at tea. The lady had her collar bone broken; the children were less seriously hurt. During the day one man had an arm taken off, and another lost a leg from the shells. Up to this writing, I have heard of no loss of life from the bombardment of the last forty-eight hours.

Had it not been a matter of life and death, some of the scenes witnessed, by the flight of the darkies from the shelled district, would have been ludicrous and mirth provoking.

Many old wenches passed the window at which I was seated, loaded down with every conceivable useful and useless article of household plunder, with their young ones screaming and tugging at their skirts. Others, with more maternal feelings, abandoned all their kitchen goods and bore off their sooty piccaninnies alone. I noticed one of the latter loaded down with no less than three—two in her arms and one riding on her back. One old African, in hobbling past, cordially, but irreverently, wished that the Yankee who invented those big guns "was in hell-fire, and the d——d rascals dat was firing dem, too."

It is a singular idea, but no less true, that the negroes hereabouts seem to think themselves a doomed race, so far, at least, as shells are concerned; but they bid defiance to fate on this occasion, by leaving at the first fire. I have heard of but few whites leaving the neighborhood.

Had a fellow been iron-clad or bomb-proof, top and bottom, the sight would have been a grand and imposing one; but when my attention was even at its height, the thought that the flight of these fiery monsters might be turned in any direction caused a cold chill to run through my veins.

The firing ceased at 10 o'clock, and was not renewed until 8 the next morning, and was kept up steadily but slowly all day, the shots not exceeding eight to the hour.

The Yankees war not only with women and children, but even with the dead. Several shells fell on Tuesday night in the graveyard of Trinity (Methodist Episcopal) Church, tearing up the graves and demolishing the tomb-stones of the sacred dead. They may have been chance shots. I think otherwise, and that they were but following the hyena-like instincts of their projectors.

The yellow fever, I am sorry to say, is on the increase. It is now among our German population, with whom it is generally very fatal, as all previous yellow fever seasons have abundantly proven. Prayer for its abatement was offered up in several of the churches last Sunday.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN (HEENAN-NEWELL) IN THE RING.

London Correspondence (October 6th) of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE glories of Astley's have been at length revived, and everybody is going to see Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, "the most daring actress upon this or any other stage," as the play-bills say, who appears in the character of "Mazeppa," bound to a wild horse. The lady (who is said to be the wife of Heenan, the pugilist) is a fine woman on a large scale, and her performance attracts immense audiences, who affect the sensation drama. The horse which she rides is, however, anything but the quadruped described by Lord Byron, as it has a decided objection to gallop, and sometimes makes a dead halt at the very time it ought to make a jump over a dreadful ravine or terrible precipice.

(From the London Post, October 7th.)

The revival of the popular spectacle of *Mazeppa*, which took place at Astley's Theatre on Monday evening last, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, was attended with such unequivocal success that the performance is likely to improve the fortunes of the establishment. The immediate object of the reproduction of this long-remembered piece was to afford the public an opportunity of witnessing another "sensation" in the shape of a lady playing the part of "Mazeppa," and performing those feats of agility and prowess which have heretofore been accomplished, not by Mazeppa himself, but by "deputy." The name of the lady is Adah Isaacs Menken, and she appears to be gifted with all those qualities which tend to make a graceful and impassioned actress, where physical rather than mental force is essentially required. She went through the entire representation with a strength of nerve and an amount of masculine vigor and intensity which certainly startled the spectators, and, when lashed to the back of a wild horse, she performed the perilous journey over the rocks, they rewarded her with the most vociferous tokens of their entire satisfaction and hearty approval. As regards the costume worn by the lady, it may be right to say, in the face of the pictures which have been exhibited of her throughout the metropolis for some time past, that, although it is by no means according to the most approved laws which govern the fashions, even of the stage, it is not so objectionable to the eye of delicacy as the numerous visitors to the theatres have been led to anticipate. The piece is admirably mounted, and the numerous well-trained horses seemed so perfectly at home in their old quarters, that the entire spectacle "went off" in a manner which must be considered fully worthy of the bygone days of Astley's.

(From the London Times, October 7th.)

Miss Menken plays her game without a dummy, and fairly ascends the greatest possible height. The combats and other athletic feats belonging to the part she performs with wonderful vigor and spirits, a magnificent figure greatly increasing the effect of her achievements. Something should be said about her costume. Female attire is almost as ticklish a subject to touch upon as spirit rapping. One can hardly refer to either without offending somebody, and whether the speaker leans towards prudery or coquetry, his peril will be about the same. However, as many recollect the very scanty attire worn by Mr. Cartlitch and his successors in the performance of Mazeppa, and many think that this ultra-classical costume must look odd upon a lady, it is but fair to state that Miss Menken has made the Polish oppressor much more merciful than of yore to the wardrobe of the young Tartar. Her dress is certainly not one that Queen Elizabeth would have recommended to her maids of honor, but certainly, also, it is not a whit more objectionable than those of the female Highland boys and mythological beauties who are now accepted as matters of course.

PROF. BACHE.—We regret to hear, says the N. Y. *Express*, that this gentleman, for twenty-one years Chief of the U. S. Coast Survey, and so eminent and useful in his profession, has been for some months past incapable of discharging the duties of his position. He is afflicted with an affection of the brain, a disease which has become so common of late years among men of middle age as well as those in the decline of life. Professor Bache is now with his friend, Professor Pierce, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book,
Amuses and engages;
I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl,)
My Lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair;
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by, yon see the castle tall;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen, its small
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep;
To climb the turret is too steep;
My Lord the Earl is dosing deep,
His noonday dinner over;
The postern-warder is asleep,
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep,)
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion:
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion stanch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
That questioned his affection!

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, through trout or jack,
Or little foolish tickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the fox had for the grapes)
The poet, your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo;
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet;
A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet—
I'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

[*Thackeray.*

JEMIMA JACOBS.

I AM married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago, I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts, situated on the south side of London. I am not inclined to give its particular name, though I got good reports and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising in the eyes of strict lady-superintendents, if it ever came across them.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was placed in my ward. She was young—not over twenty, I should say—but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, which the prison-dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the Central Criminal Court, on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been kitchen-maid. The evidence was clear against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted, and sentenced to a year's penal servitude—a lenient sentence, as it was thought, for her offence. But the family, while they appeared against her, were unanimous on the subject of her previous good conduct, and shewed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls, no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unlucky kitchen-maid. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison-discipline, I may mention that such interviews take place through two opposite grates—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison-officer seated in the space between them, to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and by twos. Let me premise that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in Cheapside, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. They consisted, as far as I ever knew, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall, thin, stooping man, who looked as if he had cried "Clo" in his time, was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I cannot say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him so, for he came with her the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome, dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewellery, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the top of the road in which the prison was situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son, or daughters never stayed more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and consider them all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her back again to their service, at the expiration of her sentence, if she behaved well. Jacobs made suitable responses and very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, and it was never omitted in one of their visits—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered: "I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly done, that I at last concluded it must have some religious signification known only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs towards their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more amiable than Gentiles generally show in like circumstances. But we matrons and assistants soon began to think that the cause might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature, no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she scrubbed the stone floors, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended the chapel with the same unmurmuring humility. Jacobs gave no trouble; and anybody accustomed to look after female convicts, will have an idea of what a rare jewel she must have appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to enter on the woes of an assistant matron, but the unexampled good-behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not but gain my best regards. I positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my good will. There was no trouble she wouldn't have taken, no haste she wouldn't have made to serve me; she ran without being called, fetched and carried without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good-conduct, because it conferred additional liberty, she made everything look as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but cleaning and scouring appeared to be Jacob's hobby—an uncommon one for a Jewess—and still more rare among the inhabitants of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her own cell in every corner. Walls, floor, and even the ceiling got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would expect from her squat figure. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way, which brings me to the only troublesome inclination Jacobs ever showed. There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than two or three weeks; once it was fairly scoured out, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always imploring leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison-rules do not recognise such humors, but, as in the working of every system, rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female convict establishments, the good-will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be got in such places, admit of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. The only request she ever made to directors, lady-superintendent, or chaplain—the only privilege she ever coaxed from me, in return for her spontaneous services—the only approach to intimacy with her fellow-prisoners she ever tried, was for leave to exchange her cell. There was a report among us—I know not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest in her favor with the prison authorities. Whatever the influence brought to bear on the case might be, certain it was that Jacob's request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the directors to a creature who served me with such zeal; and as for her fellow-prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were somehow willing enough to oblige Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and at last requested, with her usual pertinacious humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, the last cell at the extreme end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was out of the way, and partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison, a division of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been appropriated to male convicts, and a noted burglar was said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories can never be got to die out, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to my great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its emptiness till Jacobs took a fancy to occupy it. Whether she had heard the tale or not, I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would soon make her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange, told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done, warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its long emptiness, the coldest of all the cells; but my advices and warnings were alike in vain. Humbly obstinate as ever, in Jacobs would go, and in she went. I determined, in my wrath, that she should not make another flitting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But, to my agreeable surprise, Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed, and cleaned, and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments—if possible, I thought rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar, but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last; and when nearly a month had passed away, I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the meantime, the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the grate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The dialogue was always the same, concluding with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every day. Their ex-kitchen maid did not seem to share their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain that the requisite amount of contrition would come in good time; and I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and scouring of her out of-the-way cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. It was mid-winter, and, besides being unusually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants. Whoever has had to with female convict establishments, will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather in the Christmas and New Year times, there is always a disposition to small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, contrasting with the monotony of prison life, or to some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I cannot say; but certain I am, from woeful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets and sheets torn up, more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cells, than at any other period of the year. We had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless considered necessary, and those who did the night duty were enjoined to make the round of the wards more frequently than usual. A dreary business it was for the assistant matrons to whom the work generally fell to pace about all the long winter night through those gloomy stone-passages, wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand, listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole above every cell door, and anxiously wishing for the six o'clock bell, which would relieve their watch.

I was on duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds and found everything quiet, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into or even approached No. 49. As I have said, the cell was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage which led to its door, and might have suited for its ancient use—namely, the condemned cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were duly inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Back I went in its direction; and let me remark that I had on a pair of list-slippers, which were thought perfect treasures to a matron on the night-watch for their noiseless; but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the cell of my model prisoner, I caught a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I shaded my lantern, and looked through the inspection-hole. The gas was burning very low, and, crouched in the corner, with her face close to the floor, but working with both hands and a small bit of broken iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between it and the wall, I saw the hitherto quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard, and couldn't see me; and, great as my surprise was, my curiosity to know what she could be about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her work, and soon perceived that the object was to get her fingers in or something out. The effort seemed desperate, for her hands were scratched and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at length she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and out with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of fire in the faint gas-light.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, speaking out my own astonishment: and the Jewess turned round with a far less amazed look than mine must have been.

"You have caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone. "I knew you would; but you won't be hard on me; you are a merciful lady; the Josephs will make you any present you may like; and may-be you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the locked door, and presenting to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

"No, Jacobs," said I, "I will not take any bribe from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what was that you took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," said Jacobs: "thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word." I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole, to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the winter-night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that ever came to my knowledge.

The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at, I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs would not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs, who carried on a business similar to their own, but on a much more extended scale, by a certain Russian countess who came in the train of the Emperor Alexander, when the allied sovereigns visited England. The transaction was a private one, to be kept from the knowledge of the lady's family, and doubtless the Josephs' grand-uncle had his own reasons for keeping a strict silence on the subject. Yet some intimation of the diamonds and their whereabouts must have reached a noted gang of burglars, who infested London early in the Twenties, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the Russian countess's necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of riches. Many of

the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no bribe, no promise that the Jewish attorney employed for the purpose could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the place of their concealment. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, whom they had been instrumental in bringing to justice, for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The Jew should get no knowledge out of him; he would make no confession; he would not be executed; and the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs' attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather guess. From hints inadvertantly dropped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that, in spite of prison-searchers and other improbabilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his condemned cell. Like a prudent son of Israel, the attorney had kept that surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for acting upon it came within his reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had not realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a proper and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving relatives of the diamond-loser. According to Jacobs, the bargain had been a stiff one, though, owing to the lapse of time, the failure of memory, and the alterations made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. By judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed, marked and made memorable by its peculiar legend; and their kitchen-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by an expedient and for a reward which nobody but a descendant of him who served the fourteen years for Laban's daughter would have thought of.

It appeared she had fixed her affections on their son Samuel—whether on account of his being the heir of the house, or for some special attraction which she had discovered in him, Jemima did not make clear to me—but on the strength of a promise that she should be made Mrs. Samuel Josephs, if her scheme proved successful, this true daughter of Jacob (of course with the connivance of the family) stole plate and other valuables, concealed them in her box of clothes; incurred suspicion and search; was committed, tried, and sentenced to a year of penal servitude within the prison where the diamonds were believed to be hidden. She depended on her own ingenuity for getting into the dreaded cell, and discovering the hiding-place; hence her frequent removals her scrubbing and scouring propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble service to me. How she contrived to bribe the women to those exchanges of small articles of jewelry, brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the pin she offered me was one of them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs' regular question concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than an agreed-on signal, and meant: "Have you found them yet?" Jacobs made a perfectly clean breast—there was no one within possible earshot—and when she told me all, the poor Jewess concluded with that sad and simple appeal: "I leave my case to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, in an assistant-matron—but, notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was but a young woman at the time; moreover, I was keeping company on my Sundays out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master: we were engaged in waiting only till he got a step higher in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance made me sympathize with poor Jemima more than I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I promised, on the spot, never to report, never to reveal her secret; and after a good long look at the diamond necklace, which certainly was magnificent enough, not to speak of its sterling value, to purchase the heart and hand of any Jew, I left her and it safely locked up in No. 49, believing that the energy which had recovered the long-lost gems would keep them securely, made another round, thinking over her exploit, and heard the six o'clock bell ring with accustomed satisfaction.

When the Josephs came next visiting-day, there was a variation in the dialogue. Jemima solemnly assured them of her complete repentance, and the unfeigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have been given anybody unacquainted with the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that, no stone was left unturned, no effort spared to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official, from the Home Secretary downward, was besieged with applications and petitions, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me, but Jacobs got her sentence commuted, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night. She went her way exactly as she came; there was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of humble thanks and acknowledgments to all the prison-matrons, especially myself. The next sight I got of her was on one of my Sundays out, when the Josephs' carriage passed me in Cheapside, I presume, from the family mansion, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother, and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me, she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in the slightest contact; but two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home to me, with a small brilliant stuck in the one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Luther's Priest, when the Catholics told him to pray one way and the Protestants another, ended by repeating the alphabet and begging God to frame a prayer agreeably to himself.

STAGE COSTUMES AND STAGE TRICKS.

In Macklin's "Macbeth" there was nothing of antiquity about the costume, which was a semi-military uniform of no, or of several periods, with a masquerade look about a good portion of it. His "Hamlet" was a modern gentleman in a black suit, such as might have been seen any day in the Mall. John Kemble dressed the sad young Dane, whose father had just been murdered by Hamlet's worst enemy, one who stood between him and his inheritance, in a fancy suit defying chronology, a carefully curled and powdered wig, such as never sat on Scandinavian head, and a blaze of jewelled orders—on the breast of him who courted seclusion! Altogether, there were strange things done on the stage in those days; not the least, perhaps, were comic solo dances, or compound hornpipes of a score of "merry sailors," with Highland reels, danced *between the acts* of the most solemn of Shakspeare's tragedies!

Reddish played "Hamlet" in a bag-wig, which Whitfield, as "Laertes," once carried off on the point of his sword! Henderson, who acted the Dane so well, dressed him ill—in a three-cornered cock and flap hat, like my uncle Toby! Why not? since Lewis as "Hippolitus," attired that hapless young man, of the era of Neptune and sea-calves, in knee-breeches, a jaunty silk jacket, tight-fitting boots, and a little court bodkin on his thigh—the thigh of the son of Theseus! * * *

Originally, Kemble even acted Hamlet with the order of the Garter beneath his knee! He also wore the ribbon and star, with a black velvet court dress, diamond buckles and his powdered hair dishevelled, in the mad-scene. The Vandyke dress, with black bugles, and dark, curled wig—a dress which knew but little change till Mr. Fechter introduced a portrait costume more appropriate, from Albert Durer—was first worn by John Kemble during his own management of Drury Lane. In one respect, the latter actor was the exact reverse of Henderson, who was so careless in the matter of costume that he once boasted of having played ten different characters, in one season, in the same dress! Lewis was nearly as negligent as Henderson. His "Earl Percy," for instance, was a marvel of anachronism and indifference. The noble Northumbrian was attired in a light summer attire of no possible age, and suited to no possible people. His hair was flowing, but profusely powdered; and these pendent locks were prettily tied up in a cluster of light blue streamers, which his airiness made flutter in the breeze. But those were days in which everything was borne with and nothing questioned. The beautiful Mrs. Crouch, for example, acted one of the witches in *Macbeth*, in a killino, fancy hat, her hair superbly powdered, rouge laid on with delicate effect, and her whole exquisite person enveloped in a cloud of point lace and fine linen. * * *

In my younger days of play-going there was a certain action of the hand and wrist on the part, especially, of actresses playing chambermaids, and rather lively young ladies, which was a trick of Mrs. Abington's, and had become, perhaps still is, a tradition. O'Keefe says: "Mrs. Abington's manner was charmingly fascinating, and her speaking voice melodious. She had peculiar tricks in acting: one was turning her wrist, and seeming to stick a pin in the side of her waist. She was also very adroit in the exercise of her fan; and though equally capital in fine ladies and hoydens, was never seen in low or vulgar characters! On her benefit night the pit was always railed into the boxes; her acting shone brightest when doing 'Estifania' to Brown's 'Copper Captain.'" This refers to the season of 1759–60, when she was in Dublin, and before she had received "the stamp of a London audience." Her "Kitty" in *High Life below Stairs* created a sort of infatuation for her at the Smock Alley Theatre. Her name was, so to speak, on the public lip, "and in ten days her cap was so much the fashion that there was not a milliner's shop but what was adorned with it, and 'Abington' appeared in large letters to attract the passer-by." The men "toasted" and adored her, the women paid her the highest homage by imitating her style in dress and carriage.

With old costumes, the actors of by gone days had quaint tricks and ideas—as strange to us as their dresses. I may class with the former one circumstance of Quin's "Falstaff" in his later days. After the fight, when Falstaff, somewhat wearied and disposed to moralize, used to seat himself on the stump of a tree and give way to philosophizing, Quin calmly sank down into a crimson velvet chair with gold claws and blue fringe, conveniently pitched on the field of battle!

There used to be an old stage-trick for effect, employed in *Venice Preserved*. Pierre, railing at the conspirators in defence of Jaffier, addresses himself, among the rest, to a pale, lean, haggard fellow, who, in such a picture, should be kept in the shade. But in the old days this fellow—all exaggerated ghastliness and horror—used to stand forth and exhibit his caricature of fright and famine, by sundry actions, the applause for which was even less reasonably given than that to the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, when he deliberately doffed some score of waistcoats before he took to digging.

Mossop, too, had his trick in tragedy, which was sometimes akin to pantomime. In *Macbeth*, when with his truncheon he smote that white-livered loon of a messenger, he invariably broke in two the symbol of authority, over the unlucky envoy's skull. People applauded the earnestness of the tragedian as thus displayed; but the fact was, that Mossop always carried a truncheon made to fly in two when dealt on a victim's head. The absurdity of the act never struck himself.

More unmeaning, but much more costly; more pantomimic and much more improbable, was Barry's great trick in "Alexander." He never, indeed, tried it in London; and I cannot account for its toleration by so refined and critical an audience as that of Dublin a century ago. In the triumphal entry into Babylon he was drawn down the stage in his car by unarmed soldiers. When he alighted to address them, each man placed his hand on some portion of the chariot, the machinery of which broke up into war accoutrements; the wheels into bucklers, the axles into sheaves of spears, the body of the vehicle into swords, javelins, lances, standards, and so forth. All which likely work having been accomplished, and the soldiers having arranged themselves in battle array, Alexander addressed his easily-provided army amid a hurricane of applause, and O'Keefe protests that it was not only beautiful, but that he "never saw anything to equal it, for simplicity!" Oh, sancta Simplicitas!

And this "simplicity" reminds me of the three separate ways in which Cibber, John Kemble and Young, used to suit, or not suit, the action to the word in a passage of Wolsey:

> "This candle burns not clear. 'Tis I must snuff it;
> Then, out it goes."

Cibber's trick, to gain applause, was to fairly snuff the candle out. John Kemble, taking this in the light of an accomplished fact, was wont to look as one offended by the stink. Young, finding nothing more to do, always crossed his arms at this passage, smiled, and *did* nothing.

O'Keefe remarks that it is a method with an old stager, who knows the advantageous points of his art, "to stand back out of the level with the actor who is on with him, and thus he displays his own full face and figure to the audience; but when two knowing ones are on together, each plays the trick upon the other. "I was much diverted," he adds, "with seeing Macklin and Sheridan, in "Othello" and "Iago," at this work; both endeavoring to keep back; they at last got together, up against the back scene. Barry was too much impassioned to attend to such devices." Edmund Kean is said to have practiced this trick, when playing with actors or actresses taller than himself; but in so doing he was only putting himself on an equality with his taller colleague. I remember when, in my boyish days, the actors of the Théatre Franaçis used to take me behind the scenes, observing that when Talma was seated on the stage by the side of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the seat of his chair was gradually raised towards the back, like a driving-box, and this enabled him to appear as tall as that ugly and able lady.

Garrick, too, had his chair trick, in *Hamlet*. When the "Ghost" appeared between the young Dane and his mother, Garrick, starting from his chair, used always to overturn the latter, which was differently constructed from that used by the "Queen." The legs of the actor's chair were, in fact, tapered to a point, and placed so far under the seat that it fell with a touch. * * *

Some actors have made audiences merry by a mistake; others by spontaneous wit. When Quin, in "Coriolanus," bade his soldiers lower their *fasces*, (in which he pronounced the *a* long,) down went their faces in the lowest of bows—and up went the laughing shout of the audience. A similar effect was once produced by Charles Kemble, by transposing unconsciously two letters in the phrase, "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" and making of it, "Shall I lay surgery upon my poll? No, not for all Venice!" More intentionally did Lewis once raise a foolish laugh when playing with little Cherry, who, as "Drugget," exclaimed: "He looks as if he were going to eat me!" "Eat you!" exclaimed "Sir Charles Racket," (Lewis,) and, out of his character, "I could swallow you; I needn't make two bites of a cherry!' On the other hand, one individual at least, raised fun, and made money out of his own deformity; namely Coffey, who was monstrously hunchbacked, and who, for his own benefit, acted "Æsop!" There was more method in a whim like this than in the madness of Cassans, a promising actor of the last century, who lost his chance on the stage by preferring to sing ballads in the streets, or acting as a waiter at a tavern, both of which offices he undertook seriously and acted to perfection. * *

There was an actor of the last century, named Wignell, who was so doubly-refined that he could not deliver an ordinary message without trying to make blank verse of it. "Wignell," said Garrick, "why can't you say, 'Mr. Strickland, your coach is ready,' as an ordinary man would say it, and not with the declamatory pomp of Mr. Quin, or Mr. Booth, when playing tyrants!" "Sir," said poor Wignell, "I thought in that passage I *had* kept down the sentiment!" *That* he never could do; his "Doctor," in *Macbeth*, was so wonderfully solemn that his audience was always in fits of laughter at it.

Jomini's Intuition.—Having been summoned to the Imperial head-quarters at Mayence, at the beginning of the campaign of Jena, Napoleon said to him: "I am delighted that the first work which demonstrates the true principles of war has appeared in my reign. No work like yours is taught in our military schools. We are going to fight the Prussians. I have called you near me, because you have written on the campaigns of Frederick the Great, because you know his army, and have studied the theatre of the war." Jomini asked for four days to get his horses and equipage from the head-quarters of Marshal Ney, and added that he would join his Majesty at Bamberg. "Why at Bamberg," said the Emperor. "Who told you that I am going to Bamberg?" "The map of Germany, sire." "There are a hundred roads on that map," said Napoleon. "Yes, sire; but it is probable that your Majesty will make against the left of the Prussians the same manœuvre which was made at Denaworth against the right of Muek, and by Saint Bernard against the right of Melas." "Very well," said Napoleon, "go to Bamberg, but don't say a word about it; no one should know that I am going to Bamberg."

Numbering the Sleepers.—Sleepers in churches are hereafter to be counted. The editor of a foreign paper has begun the movement. While sitting in his pew, listening to the song of praise ascending, he says: "Our notice was attracted to the sleepers, and, sacrilegious as the idea might be, we could not help counting the congregation as a whole, and the percentage of sleepers, when—we blush to say it—out of a total of one hundred and one, no less than twenty-seven were sound asleep."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

**** Correspondents will address all business communications to* "THE CALIFORNIAN," *No.* 328 *Montgomery street, San Francisco. All contributions intended for the paper, and all communications that concern its editorial conduct, direct to C. H. WEBB, editor* "CALIFORNIAN, *as above.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

TO CANVASSERS.

A NUMBER OF GOOD CANVASSERS can find instant and profitable employment by immediate application at this office. It is determined to make THE CALIFORNIAN a necessity in every family, and to competent and faithful canvassers the most liberal terms will be offered.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

THE present number of THE CALIFORNIAN witnesses a change in the proprietorship and editorial control. For the future it will be published by "THE CALIFORNIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY." Frank Bret Harte retires from the editorial chair, and C. H. Webb re-assumes the position which he occupied at the foundation of the paper.

With this number, also, THE CALIFORNIAN completes its first volume. In this connection, as well as in the change already mentioned, a few words as to the past, present and future of the paper may not be inappropriate. To the pecuniary success which the paper has achieved it is not necessary to refer; the fact that it still lives, and the assurance we now give that it will continue to live, rendering all amplification upon that point unnecessary. THE CALIFORNIAN is now owned by practical printers, and the Job Office established in connection with the paper will afford increased facilities for making it, in point of typographical beauty, what the original founder determined it should be in literary excellence—not only *the* journal of the Pacific Coast, but the equal, as well, of any on this continent.

As an earnest of what THE CALIFORNIAN is intended to be, it were almost sufficient to point to the record it has already achieved. It has made for itself an Eastern reputation, as well as a local one, for the merit of its original articles, several of which, copied at the East without credit, have been reproduced by leading daily journals of this city that would disdain to copy from a home exchange, under the supposition that they were Eastern. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in the endeavor to make THE CALIFORNIAN worthy of its name. In its foreign correspondence as well as in its home contributions the best of talent has been engaged. In the initials attached to our New York letters will be recognized the name of Mrs. Stoddard, wife of the poet, and one of the most brilliant magazinists of the day. With the new volume, however, it is contemplated to introduce new features into the paper. It will be made a complete record of home news, so that Californians wishing to send a paper to their friends at the East can do no better than subscribe to THE CALIFORNIAN. A digest of the telegraphic news of each week will also be given. In the fields of dramatic, art, and literary criticism, THE CALIFORNIAN will also endeavor to preserve that fairness and impartiality which have already made it recognized as the authority of the coast. In conclusion, the present proprietors ask for their paper only that patronage which they intend to merit.

THE PROPRIETORSHIP OF THE CALIFORNIAN.—The proprietorship of THE CALIFORNIAN having passed from its former hands, rests in the following gentlemen, who will conduct the business of the paper under the name and style of "THE CALIFORNIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY": P. J. Thomas, A. M. Kenaday, and A. A. Stickney. In connection with the publication of THE CALIFORNIAN, a JOB OFFICE has been established, at which all kinds of printing will be executed with neatness and despatch. To this latter announcement the proprietors invite the attention of their friends, and solicit their support and co-operation.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE CALIFORNIAN.—Those wishing bound copies of the First Volume of THE CALIFORNIAN can procure them by leaving their orders at this office. The convenient form in which THE CALIFORNIAN is published, and the varied nature of its contents eminently fit it for preservation. In the current volume will be found the only English translation of *La Comtesse Diane*—the most brilliant of Mario Uchard's romances: also the story of *Annie and her Master*, the most charming and delicate stories ever published ...re; the romance of *Mary Stuart and Chastelar* ...piscence of Scotland's fair young Queen and ...the *Notting Hill Mystery*, showing the ...hread of crime strikingly analagous ... to the crime of La Pommerais, the ...e late trial and execution are still fresh in the minds of all readers. This volume contains 432 pages. Subscribers for a bound copy can have their names handsomely lettered in gold upon the volume, and the book will be delivered at their residences on leaving their order and address.

THE OPENING RAINS.

SPRING, summer, autumn and winter fall to the lot of other countries, but in California seasons are only two—the wet and the dry. Winter is separated from summer by only a thin sheet of water and a moderation in the temperature and rigor of the winds. Elsewhere people provide themselves with overcoats as winter approaches—here they only borrow umbrellas. The first rain of the season is, of course, the event of year—the event to which the inhabitants look forward with anticipation, and the period from which they date. These rains are now upon us; heavy overhead hung bursting clouds and the showers descend, bearing to thirsty earth grateful messages from the skies. For the nonce we may liken the earth to Danae, and in the black-browed clouds that bend above her we may trace the features of Jupiter. Not more golden was the shower wherewith the god visited the daughter of Acrisius, for every rain-drop that falls to the ground tinkles like a freshly-minted dollar. Drouths, disastrous all the world over, in California are ruinous. For there is a crop beneath the ground, to the production and development of which rain is necessary, as well as to that crop which tosses its green plumes from the surface. Down deep in the hillsides and buried in the bosom of the valleys lie veins of silver and threads of gold, waiting for water to touch with its "open sesame" the doors of their prisons and release the treasure. Mills stand impatiently idle, their ponderous stamps raised and ready to do their work upon the glittering ore just so soon as water shall come to stir the wheels whose buckets, through the continued dry season, have shrunk and cracked. All the interior through, huge piles of "pay dirt" await water that the honest miner may wash; cradles lie laden with young gold impatient for rocking. Sancho Panza invoked a blessing upon the man who first invented sleep. What uncounted blessings should not Californians shower upon the memory of the one who first invented rain? for do not the interests of the country hinge upon it. Of course it is possible to have too much of a good thing, as Sacramento and a great expanse of the country can testify, but a deluge is no worse than a drouth. One might better be drowned than die of thirst. And we hail these first rains as the harbinger of plenty and prosperity, troubled by no fears that the water will not be turned off before any evil effects ensue.

MENKEN ABROAD.

ENGLISHMEN generally pride themselves upon belonging to the *nil admirari* school, copying in as great manner as they can the stolidity and imperturbability of their cliffs. They stand before the pyramids and make no expression of wonder, they cross the prairies of the West and never raise an eyebrow in astonishment. But London has at last had a sensation; the side whiskers of our calm and composed cousins have at last been made to curl. Menken has appeared at Astley's: the fiery and untamed steed has been loosed on the boards of that great amphitheatre, and the *habitués* have been startled from their apathy. We can well imagine that at first there was a hardly-the-correct-thing-you-know sort of expression upon the florid and rubicund features of the well-to-do linen draper, as the Tartar youth in primitive costume was strugglingly strapped to the horse's bare back; but this costume was probably pardoned from knowing that the Menken had spent some time in California, if indeed it were not at once accepted as the costume of our belles. We can imagine the wife and daughter pulling the natural protector by the arm as they ask: "Why don't the women of America dress like us, pa?" while he answers that "it cawn't be expected from that blawsted country, you know," and "blawsts" his "bloody oibs."

It seems that the Menken has won upon the sympathies of the press as well as the pockets of the people abroad, for the critics deal gingerly with her costume and speak with a near approach to enthusiasm of her merit as an actress and her beauty as a woman. All the leading London papers, from the *Times* down, have long notices of her *début*, and, strange to say, the criticisms are without exception favorable—at least there are none of them denunciatory. This latter circumstance will somewhat surprise many among us who looked to see English prudery take the alarm at something which rather shocked American modesty. Perhaps, in their unbounded admiration of muscle and physical development, the English pardon that in Menken which they would not very readily forgive in a lean and lank woman—or it may be that our public were a little over sensitive in their estimate as to where the line of dress ended and that of nakedness began. However this may be, one thing is certain, the English public find no fault with her dress—and indeed it is hard to see how they could, for it must be confessed that there is very little there to find fault with. We reproduce brief extracts from a few of these critical notices in another page.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

ON Saturday evening, the Keans gave *Richard III.* to one of their usually crowded audiences. Mr. Kean's exhibition of the moral and physical deformities of the hunch-backed tyrant was exceedingly good, and so true to the spirit of the original text, that the idiosyncracies of "Richard" throughout the play, offered that apologetic commentary on his vices which the author intended, and a feeling akin to pity was incited in the audience by the terrible fatality with which he worked out his bloody career. Indeed the axiom of Dr. Holmes, that God would not give a man a crooked spine and then "punish him for not standing upright," seems to be particularly applicable to "Gloster," as rendered by Kean. There was very little that was boisterous in Mr. Kean's elocution of those passages which other actors are apt to make noisy; he seemed to have wisely conceived that the man who could dissemble and control his instincts sufficiently to wheedle the widow of one of his victims was as mild a mannered man as ever "cut a throat." In a *role* so generally well sustained it would be difficult to give prominence to any particular incident or passage; perhaps his sudden frankness and sincerity to Buckingham was one of his most striking efforts. Mr. Cathcart's "Richard," was ambitious and clever. Mrs. Kean as "Queen Elizabeth," made the most of a comparatively unimportant character; her parting with the princess was wonderful in its pathetic expression of maternal instinct and pathos. Mrs. Saunders' "Duchess of York," was rendered in the best style of that most reliable and always pleasing actress. During the past week, the last of the Kean' engagement, crowds have flocked to see these artistes in *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Henry VIII.* To-night, the last night, they appear in *Richard II.* On Sunday night, Mr. Coppin takes his farewell.

Miss Fanny Brown, whose advent has been long heralded, will begin her engagement at Maguire's on Monday in *Pocahontas* and *Jubilee House*, assisted by the regular stock company.

Charles Wheatleigh had a benefit at Victoria on Monday evening, November 14th, headed by the Mayor of the city and a number of the most distinguished citizens, which netted him $300. The same steamer which carries Charles Kean to Victoria, will, on the down trip, return to us Charles Wheatleigh. One star comes to fill the place which another vacates. The interregnum between Charles the 1st and Charles the 2d is brief indeed.

THE *Siege of Troy*, as performed at the Metropolitan to pretty fair houses, is a dramatic version of Pope's translation of the *Illiad*, illustrated with equivocal French plates. If the tunic of the principal character was as protracted and decorous as the speeches put in her mouth, the "spectacle" would probably lose its interest to the community. Many of the peculiarities of this Seige of Troy might have been attributed to the influence of the Menken on the public, rather than

> "The wrath of Peleus' son—the direful spring
> Of Grecian woe—"

But it is not our purpose to criticise the taste of this modern edition of the classics. The characters were fairly sustained, and when the actors overcame a tendency to sing the "heroics" of Pope the effect was more dramatic. The transitions and scenic effects were very good. Mlle. Acosta and M. Weithoff enlivened the play by dances.

THE Eureka keeps its auditorium well filled nightly with the attractions of its really talented company, and by the aid of new songs, quartettes, concerted pieces and comic interludes. The *Wandering Minstrel* is the last piece placed on the stage there, and it is extremely funny.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.—Professor Miel, who introduced the "Kindergarten" school system in San Francisco, and for the past year has been well-known as the principal of a private school for advanced pupils, has nearly completed his new building in South Park. It is expected to be opened for the reception of pupils on the 9th January. It will be an architectural addition to South Park, and is admirably arranged for its purposes as a first-class boarding school. It will contain a large gymnasium, for calisthenic exercises after the system of Dr Lewis, which will be conducted under the supervision of a graduate of the renowned Doctor. A Kindergarten will also be attached to the school for the benefit of youthful pupils. The instruction will be complete and thorough; French will be the spoken language of the institution. Its character is to be unsectarian, and the peculiar religious tenets of the scholars are to be scrupulously respected. The experience of Prof. Miel, and the reputation he has acquired at Harvard, New York, and in this city, is a sufficient guarantee, that the liberal promise of his new enterprise will be perfectly fulfilled. The Professor will be assisted by Mme Miel, and Miss Florence James.

STAGE COSTUMES AND STAGE TRICKS.—An extract with this title from Dr. Doran's *Annals of the Stage*, will be found on our seventh page.

(For the Californian.)

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

POST PRANDIAL.

NAY, bid me not my griefs disclose,
Nor deem my manners rough,
More breast I cannot—dare not—take;
Of stuffing I've enough.
Perhaps 'tis visions of my youth
That memory's pinion brings,
But O, methinks I trace the cause
To more substantial wings.

I gaze around the festive board
And drop a silent tear,
To miss the forms that oft have lent
Their kindly presence here;
And yet my selfish fears must strive
And at my heart-strings pull,
I mourn not empty seats alone,
But one that is *too* full.

Enough! I come, ye druggist clerks!
Compound your pills of blue,
Prepare the bandage for my brows,
Ye Celtic handmaids true;
What though to-night, athwart my breast
Shall nightmares brooding sit,
And up and down my chamber floor
Shall phantom turkeys flit;

What matters? Let me drown the gloom
In beakers of the sun,
In sparkling Hock and Chambertin
And vintage of Garonne.
To-day let ruddy wine be quaffed
In brimming bumpers soon,
To-morrow senna and black draught
Be measured in a spoon!

EVERY-DAY PAPERS.

NUMBER TWO—WHICH TREATS OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

IF there is one thing above another that I would like to possess, it is the clairvoyant power of reading another's mind.

Who has not felt at some critical moment that he would give worlds to penetrate the thin, firm veil that hides the thought and feeling of another. This must be a very strong desire on the part of a young man, with his first love—a fair, coquettish creature—on his arm. Ah! if he could only find out the true state of her heart! True, he never doubts that her affections are all his own, but then she smiled so sweetly on that gay young doctor round the corner! *Could* that smile have meant anything?

My dear gosling, in all probability it did; but the only way for you to find out will be to take her to the Cliff House or go musselling on the beach. Here, clambering over the rough rocks in search of shell-fish, you might (particularly if you intend writing for the magazines) suggest life's thorny and stony ways over which your weary feet must go—and must you go alone? Perish the thought! No, no!—she, the idol of your dreams, would share your fortunes; you would live and love together—but if she were cruel enough to doom you to disappointment, the right hand corner of Meiggs' wharf would witness a wild face—a pause—a plunge—and then the waters closing as if nothing had happened.

She will tell you, probably, with a shy laugh, that she esteems you very highly—will always be your friend—but she couldn't leave mamma longer than for a drive or walk—she couldn't, really. The last girl I asked to marry me treated me just in that way. At the close of a long rhaphsody, I asked her to fly with me, (I then thought women angels,) and we would live in a cottage by the sea. She turned her speaking eyes on me—I saw the tears glitter in the moonlight—and said she didn't "see it in that light."

I've always been glad that girl didn't marry me, for if there is anything I hate it is to see a sweet mouth soiled with slang.

But I have a friend who says the desire to know the mind of another has never been so strong as when he has found himself half awake, pacing the floor with his first-born, at 2 o'clock A. M.

Then his wish to know the secret workings of this infant mind became intense, more especially to know if he intended to keep his young legs astride of his neck for the balance of the night.

I have observed it is not the thousand-and-one things we know about out our friend that interests us, it is that least little bit of of a hint, dropped in an unguarded moment, that haunts us like a spectre.

As our neighbors' house is open to us, so are their hearts; the parlor, with its velvet carpets, its glittering mirrors and gorgeous paintings; the dining-room, with its bill of fare, from terrapin to black coffee; the spare chamber; the winding stair, with the brain of the sculptor at its top—all these are open to the friend; but who knows what skeleton rattles its dry bones in the secret chambers? what romances grow musty in the unseen rubbish of the garret? the corpses of what crimes, or treachery, rot in the dismal caverns of the dark cellar?

We do not know, nor should we wish to lay bare the secrets or motives of another, covered by self-sacrificing smiles and gracious suavity; for this distinct life is the great mark of His hand whose ways are fathomless and past finding out.

In sight of the field of battle when demons of discord wage their eternal warfare, nods the yellow corn and waves the wheat; in the great thicket that witnessed the vain struggle for life and heard the piteous cry for home, creeps the fringed vine and springs the spice-violet; over that window where gazes the disconsolate young wife, thinking of the feet that will never come again, winds the tender honeysuckle. And so in the heart: while conflicting passions war with deadly hatred on the secret battle-field, the eye glances its merriest the lip smiles its sweetest.

Years ago, while watching from a window a violent storm of thunder and lightning, I saw by a bright flash the figure of a man standing bareheaded, on a knoll, in an open field opposite. What infatuation kept me at that window, with my hand shading my eyes, watching by every streak of light that unfortunate man in the rain? What magic in these long years, in which I have forgotten the details of a thousand things I ought to have remembered, has kept bright the memory of that night—that haggard face pelted by that merciless rain, the long arms thrown wildly in the air!

I do not know, unless it be that I can never find out the workings of the fine frenzy that must have driven that man among the arch-fiends of the storm.

Anything that baffles our pursuit is exciting: we may see tears of all sorts and kinds pour over all colors of cheeks; we may hear laughtor in every key known to musicians—but it is all uninteresting compared to the sudden tear hastily brushed away, the blush covered by some quick strategy, the convulsive laugh politely retreating under cover of some forlorn hope of a joke. I sometimes think that if this mysterious thin partition were torn away, we would find our calculations principally wrong, in regard to our fellow-mortals. Here, where we have debited some poor sinner with a crime, we would find only some pure aim frustrated; and where we have credited to an apparent saint some noble, self-sacrificing devotion to a good cause, we would find only the deliberate policy of a shrewd head, the successful plot of a selfish heart.

M. L. E.

THE DEVIL AND THE BROKER.

A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND.

THE church clocks in San Francisco were striking ten. The Devil, who had been flying over the city that evening, just then alighted on the roof a church near the corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. It will be perceived that the popular belief that the Devil avoids holy edifices, and vanishes at the sound of a *Credo* or *Paternoster*, is long since exploded. Indeed, modern skepticism asserts that he is not averse to these orthodox discourses, which particularly bear reference to himself, and, in a measure recognize his power and importance.

I am inclined to think, however, that his choice of a resting place was a good deal influenced by its contiguity to a populous thoroughfare. When he was comfortably seated he began pulling out the joints of a small rod which he held in his hand, and which presently proved to be an extraordinary fishing-polo, with a telescopic adjustment that permitted its protraction to a marvellous extent. Affixing a line thereto, he selected a fly of a particular pattern from a small box which he carried with him, and, making a skilful cast, threw his line in the very centre of that living stream which ebbed and flowed through Montgomery street.

Either the people were very virtuous that evening or the bait was not a taking one. In vain the Devil whipped the stream at an eddy in front of the Occidental, or trolled his line in the shadows of the Cosmopolitan; five minutes passed without even a nibble. "Dear me!" quoth the Devil, "that's very singular; one of my most popular flies, too! Why, they'd have risen by shoals in Broadway or Beacon street, for that. Well, here goes another," and, fitting a new fly from his well-filled box, he gracefully recast his line.

For a few moments there was every prospect of sport. The line was contiuually bobbing and the nibbles were distinct and gratifying. Once or twice the bait was apparently gorged and carried off in the upper stories of the hotels to be digested at leisure. At such times the professional manner in which the Devil played out his line would have thrilled the heart of Izaak Walton. But his efforts were unsuccessful; the bait was invariably carried off without hooking the victim, and the Devil finally lost his temper. "I've heard of these San Franciscans before," he muttered; "wait till I get hold of one—that's all," he added malevolently, as he re-baited his hook. A sharp tug and a wriggle followed his next trial, and finally, with considerable effort, he landed a portly 200-lb. Broker upon the church roof.

As the victim lay there gasping, it was evident that the Devil was in no hurry to remove the hook from his gills; nor did he exhibit in this delicate operation that courtesy of manner and graceful manipulation which usually distinguished him. "Come," he said gruffly, as he grasped the Broker by the waistband, "quit that whining and grunting. Don't flatter yourself that you're a prize, either. I was certain to have had you. It was only a question of time."

"It is not that, my lord, which troubles me," whined the unfortunate wretch, as he painfully wriggled his head, "but that I should have been fooled by such a paltry bait. What will they say of me down there? To have let 'bigger things' go by, and to be taken in by this cheap trick," he added, as he groaned and glanced at the fly which the Devil was carefully re-arranging, "is what—pardon me, my lord—is what gets me!"

"Yes," said the Devil, philosophically, "I never caught anybody yet who didn't say that; but tell me, ain't you getting somewhat fastidious down there? Here is one of my most popular flies, the 'greenback,'" he continued, exhibiting an emerald looking insect, which he drew from his box. "This," so generally considered excellent in election season, has not even been nibbled at. Perhaps your sagacity, which, in spite of this unfortunate *contre temps*, no one can doubt," added the devil, with a graceful return to his usual courtesy, "may explain the reason or suggest a substitute."

The Broker glanced at the contents of the box with a supercilious smile. "Too old-fashioned, my lord—long ago played out." "Yet," he added, with a gleam of interest, "for a consideration I might offer something—ahem!—that would make a taking substitute for these trifles. Give me," he continued, in a brisk, business-like way, "a slight percentage and a bonus down, and I'm your man."

"Name your terms," said the Devil earnestly.

"My liberty and a percentage on all you take, and the thing 's done."

The Devil caressed his tail thoughtfully, for a few moments. He was certain of the Broker any way—and the risk was slight. "Done!" he said.

"Stay a moment," said the artful Broker. "There are certain contingencies. Give me your fishing rod and let me apply the bait myself. It requires a skilful hand, my lord; even your well-known experience might fail. Leave me alone for half an hour, and if you have reason to complain of my success I will forfeit my deposit—I mean my liberty."

The Devil acceded to his request, bowed and withdrew. Alighting gracefully in Montgomery street, he dropped into Meade & Co.'s clothing store, where, having completely equipped himself *a la mode*, he sallied forth intent on his personal enjoyment. Determining to sink his professional character, he mingled with the current of human life, and enjoyed, with that immense capacity for excitement peculiar to his nature, the whirl, bustle and feverishness of the people, as a purely æsthetic gratification, unalloyed by the cares of business. What he did that evening does not belong to our story. We return to the Broker, whom we left on the roof.

When he made sure that the Devil had retired, he carefully drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper and affixed it on the hook. The line had scarcely reached the current before he felt a bite. The hook was swallowed. To bring up his victim rapidly, disengage him from the hook and re-set his line was the work of a moment. Another bite and the same result. Another, and another. In a very few minutes the roof was covered with his panting spoil. The Broker could himself distinguish that many of them were personal friends—nay, some of them were familiar frequenters of the building on which they were now miserably stranded. That the Broker felt a certain satisfaction in being instrumental in thus misleading his fellow-brokers no one acquainted with human nature will for a moment doubt. But a stronger pull on his line caused him to put forth all his strength and skill. The magic pole bent like a coach-whip. The Broker held firm, assisted by the battlements of the church. Again and again it was almost wrested from his hand, and again and again he slowly reeled in a portion of the tightening line. At last, with one mighty effort, he lifted to the level of the roof a struggling object. A howl like Pandemonium rang through the air as the Broker successfully lauded at his feet—the Devil himself!

The two glared fiercely at each other. The Broker, perhaps mindful of his former treatment, evinced no haste to remove the hook from his antagonist's jaw. When it was finally accomplished, he asked quietly if the Devil was satisfied. That gentleman seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the bait which he had just taken from his mouth. "I am," he said, finally, "and forgive you—but what do you call this?"

"Bend low," replied the Broker, as he buttoned up his coat ready to depart. The Devil inclined his ear. "I call it WILD CAT!"

BRET.

TEMPER AND THE VOICE.—The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a catlike quality to the singing as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many an index to the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies inculcates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.

STOCK BROKERS IN THE DAYS OF JOHN LAW.

NOON, and the Rue Quincampoix at its height. From the iron grille at the Rue Aubry-Roucher, where persons of quality were alone admitted, to the gate at the Rue-aux-Ours, where the commonalty entered, every inch of ground was occupied—the crowd, as usual, being composed of all ranks of society, mixed together without distinction. An astounding hubbub prevailed, above which rose cries from brokers, jobbers and hawkers that would have been perfectly unintelligible to any save the initiated. Récépissés, actions of all kinds, Méres, Filles, Petites-Filles, Cinq-Cents—all were offered and all greedily purchased. Porte-feuilles stuffed with billets de banque were quickly emptied and often as quickly replenished; but gold was in disfavor, and silver scornfully rejected. Generally the transactions were very noisily conducted, and much wrangling ensued, but all serious disputes were instantly checked. In the balconies of several of the houses on either side of the narrow street sat well-dressed ladies, who appeared to take a lively interest in the tumultuous crowd below. Some of these ladies had little tables in their hands, like modern betting-books, in which they entered bargains, and shares were hauded to them by the Mississippians with whom they dealt, by means of a slit wand. Colpoteurs were continually pushing through the crowd, and brawling out Monseigueur Law's last *arret*. All the bureaux swarmed with customers, and the demand for seats were so great that the lucky cobbler, who had fitted up his little shed as an office, obtained fifty livres for each of his chairs. A novel, but as it turned out very lucrative, trade had been called into action by the exigencies of the Mississippians. A singular little hunchback, whose real name was Thibaut, but who was nicknamed Æsop, had made a good deal of money by selling pencils and pocket-books, when the idea occurred to him to turn his rounded shoulders to account, by offering them as a table to those who desired to note down their operations. At first the astute hunchback was content with a single livre for this accommodation, but he speedily raised his terms, and in the end realized 150,000 livres by the business. Little Æsop's success naturally excited rivalry, but the only person who could compete with him was an old soldier named Martial, remarkable for the breadth of his omoplate. * * *

A striking feature in the crowd was the number of richly-dressed persons, and these were by no means people of the highest rank, for those who made money invariably expended it in costly stuffs, and clothed themselves in embroidered velvet and silks, and even in cloth of gold, wearing buttons of solid gold and silver. This extravagance was carried to such a point that all the warehouses in the Rue St. Honoré were emptied of their stores of silks, velvet, tissues, lace and embroidery, and it was found necessary to check the overindulgence in rich stuffs by a sumptuary law. On the present occasion a laughable incident occurred. A Mississippian of the lower order, but who was arrayed in a blue velvet coat bedizened with gold lace, and furnished with buttons of solid gold, deliberately took it off, and gave it to a broker with whom he was bargaining to make up the amount of a share. But he undertook to redeem the pledge within five minutes, and so expeditiously were operations conducted that he got back his coat within the given time. Strange indeed was the manner in which the transactions were conducted. The brokers refused nothing but specie. A young, beautiful and richly-dressed woman, having no other means of obtaining the shares she coveted, gave all her jewels to a broker. One man paid for a few shares with his title-deeds, and deemed himself singularly fortunate. Another offered a mortgage deed, and a third bills of exchange. Mistakes were occasionally made, and a priest in his hurry to conclude a bargain handed over a billet d'enterrement instead of a billet de banque. *Ainsworth's "John Law."*

PHILLIPS AND MALIBRAN.—Mr. Phillips was the principal baritone at Drury-lane during Malibran's engagement, when she received the large figure of one hundred guineas a night. When the "Maid of Artois" was rehearsed in full for the first time, Malibran was eager to have the air "The light of other days" transposed and put into her part. Balfe, of course, declined, and so did Bunn. "Don't tell me," she said, "I shall speak to Phillips; he is very good-natured, and if he knows I prefer it in my part he will let me have it." Phillips, however, though unquestionably good-natured, was too wise to part with a song so valuable; and the lady was so much chagrined that she said she would not play in the opera. She had been announced, however, and there was no escape for her. Malibran was incapable of bearing malice, and, at supper at Mr. Balfe's, after the first performance, when Mr. Phillips came to the door, it happened that there was no light in the passage, and she ran to the top of the stairs, exclaiming, "Quick, give me a candle: here's 'The Light of Other Days' coming up in the dark!"

NAPOLEON'S HEAD-GROOM.—Mr. Gamble has now been a faithful servitor of Napoleon III. for eighteen years, having been with him in England when his fortunes were, perhaps, at the lowest ebb; followed him to France as President of the Republic, when a couple of saddle-horses composed nearly the whole of his stud; and being now the practical head of the most numerous and best appointed stable of any sovereign in Europe. Mr. Gamble is a Scotchman by birth, from Ayrshire, and evidently possesses all the good sense and shrewdness which are the peculiar gifts of his country people, and which stand him in such good stead in the important and responsible functions which he is now called upon to exercise. He forms the solitary exception to the employment of a foreigner in the establishment placed under his control. All the other *employés* are French, down to the lowest groom and stable-boy.—*Paris Letter.*

PARISIAN DETECTIVES.

THE other morning, after I had been exploring the environs of Paris (among other interesting sights I saw I witnessed the shell fishes which built great hills around Paris still at work in ponds, raising the ground higher and higher by their multiplication and subsequent death,) I entered an eating house whose wine needs no bush. While eating a rustic meal, Boniface, winking knowingly, said to me: "There is a grand hunt here this morning." "A hunt?" "The police are out." "The deuce!" "They have left their clothes and watches here and habited themselves in blouses." "Bah!" "They are after a painter who has been secreted here these six weeks gone. Wait and you'll see them back." I waited. In about an hour three men in blouses entered the room. Boniface winked and I knew these were the men. They called for something to drink and eat. All three of them looked like painters: their blouses and caps were smeared with paint which attested many day's hard labor. They discussed the mysteries of the paint-pot, cursed the American war for its influence on spirits of turpentine, which are now supplied by an article pernicious to painters' health, and for preventing the usual number of new buildings from rising. The meal drew near its close. The eldest painter clapped one of the men on the shoulder, saying: "Pierre Chartol, we have been looking for you this month gone. You must go with us. We belong to the administration." This is the euphonious equivalent by which these people always designated the police. You may imagine the *real* painter's countenance at finding himself caught. He had made sure nobody knew his whereabouts, and here he was ensnared beyond all hope of release. The way he was caught was this: the secret police, dressed as painters, strolled about the neighborhood; they were familiar with a description of the man's appearance. They were not a very long time before they discovered a man habited like themselves; a closer inspection satisfied them: "Good morning comrade, how is work with you?" "It is slack, friends." "Would you like to find work?" "Indeed, I should." "Then come along with us—but first let us have some victuals. There is between comrades no handsel money like a bottle of good wine." "Agreed!" You know the rest. One of the secret police went up stairs to change his costume; upon his return the other retired for the same purpose. Their costume was packed in a handkerchief which each carried in his hand, and they departed, carrying off the palid, quivering wretch they had entrapped.

I think I told you at the time it occurred of the seizure of the papers of Mons. Veuillot, the well-known writer in the Catholic newspapers. It is quite recently I heard the particulars of this seizure. As it is quite characteristic of this nation I repeat it to you. It will be remembered that Mons. Louis Veuillot went to Rome after repeated conferences with the archbishops, bishops and more eminent clergy of France, and it was suspected that he visited the Papal capital in order to concert some means of action against the French government. The latter consequently took great interest in the eminent writer from the moment he quitted France till his return. Among the people who "scraped acquaintance" with Mons. Veuillot during the journey was one of those round-faced, good natured fellows, whom travellers like to meet, for they are a sort of buffer which seem to keep life from those harsh knocks and sudden recoils we all meet. He was a wine merchant and was on his way to Rome to sell his stock to the wealthier dignitaries of that church. He quitted Paris the same day and by the same train with Mons. Veuillot; they stopped at the same places on the way, put up at the same tavern at Rome, and, as luck would have it, returned to France by the same steamboat and to Paris by the same train which brought Mons. Veuillot back.

They reached Paris together at 7 o'clock in the morning, which, as it was winter, was very early. Mons. Veuillot had scarcely got home when a visitor called upon him. It was a commissary of police. He was very polite but—he had a search warrant and he hoped Mons. Veuillot would excuse him for executing it as none knew better than he did the exigencies of duty. Mons. Veuillot replied: "My dear sir, you may consider yourself very fortunate. Had you called here ten minutes sooner you would not have found me at home. I have just reached Paris." "We knew it, Mons. Veuillot, and therefore declined presenting ourselves until we were assured of your return." "I am extremely obliged for this attention and I beg pardon for obstructing the execution of your duty. A search warrant I think you said? Feel at home. Search (Mons. Veuillot threw open doors and drawers as he spoke) where you please, as you please, right and left." "Don't give yourself the least trouble, Mons. Veuillot, I cannot consent to disturb anything in your library or study. Do not be uneasy on that score. I must deprive you of but one single object—that little carpet bag on your chair." "My dear sir, that little carpet bag contains the objects I have just brought with me from my journey, and I have not as much as had the time to open it." "And that is the very reason, my dear sir, why I took the liberty of disarranging you at this matutinal hour. That little carpet bag contains a correspondence which must be examined by the Prefect of Police."

Mons. Veuillot was astounded by the rapidity and precision with which the police acted. So he said after he saw his carpet bag in the hands of the Commissary of Police: "Pray tell me, since the search is at an end, how did you contrive to know exactly where the papers you wanted were?" "Nothing was easier. You were watched during your whole journey. You placed all of your baggage in the luggage car except this carpet bag which you never lost sight of. Evidently the carpet bag contained something precious." "Who watched me?" "A person who lost sight of you as little as possible, and who returned to Paris with you this morning." "In the same carriage with me?" "By your side." "Surely you do not mean Mons. de ——?" "No. I have no hesitation to tell you who it was; 'twas ——." "What! the fat wine merchant?" "Yes." "You are jesting! I have never seen an honester face. You wish to throw me off the scent." "I can easily convince you." The Commissary of Police gave a tap on the window. In an instant the wine merchant stood before Mons. Veuillot, still wearing his travelling costume. The writer gazed on him with admiration and said: "Well friend, you are hard to beat." The spy bowed. "Pray are you still in the wine trade?" "No, I have retired." "That is a pity; for upon my word I should have ordered ten casks from you for the way you bamboozled me."—*"Spiridion" in the Boston Saturday Gazette.*

A BALLOON ASCENT.—The second ascent of M. Nadar in his "Géant" balloon has for some time past been a favorite topic with the Paris and Brussels journals. This time there was to be no failure. The earth was to be forsaken for an indefinite period, and the aeronauts were to exist in Cloud-land till it became tiresome to remain longer from the parent earth. Advantage was taken of the September fetes at Brussels, when the ascent could be made in the presence of a multitude worthy of the occasion. The *Indépendance* of Tuesday evening contains a long and excited description of the event. Public feeling had become raised to the highest point. "The emotion was universal, and in the crowd which from an early hour on Monday was circulating in the streets in an agitated and anxious state, there ran a kind of contagious fever which overcame the coldest and affected the most apathetic." Railway trains had brought in thousands from the country, nearly doubling the population of the city. In the enclosure were the King, the Duke and Duchess of Brabaut with their children, the Count of Flanders, the members of the diplomatic corps, the ministers, the burgomaster, sheriffs, and all the municipal authorities of Brussels. The King arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at once sent for M. Nadar. Amidst loud "bravos," the burgomaster brought forward the well-known photographer and aeronaut. The King gave him a most gracious reception, and, after talking with him for some time, presented him to the Duchess of Brabant. Before leaving the presence of royalty, M. Nadar presented the King and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant with three copies of his book, *The Memoirs of Géant.*" His Majesty and their royal highnesses "appeared touched by this act of homage. The crowd shared in this simple, honorable and affable scene, and hearty cheers greeted Nadar as he descended the steps." Meanwhile the "house" which is attached to the balloon was being stocked with the *matériel* of the expedition. Amongst other things, water, provisions, clothes, scientific instruments, and sixty carrier pigeons, "rapid messengers intended to give prompt news of the aerial excursionists in case they descended in a country unprovided with the telegraph," were taken in. Also, there was a variety of arms necessary to protect the balloon in its descent from "the brutality of ignorant peasants." The original number of excursionists was thirteen, but four of these, on account of the great weight attached to the balloon, were obliged to be left behind. At half-past five o'clock, the names of the travellers having been called over, the cords were cut. "At the solemn moment," says the *Indépendance*, "a hundred thousand hearts were beating—a hundred thousand eyes were watching the movement of the balloon—the decisive order '*Lache tous*' was given, and the balloon rose, slowly and majestically, amidst the acclamations of the crowd." A brief postscript to the above narrative reduces the ascent to the modest proportions of a very ordinary aeronautic trip. Neither the pigeons nor the provisions, nor the clothes, nor the arms to keep off savages, appear to have been required. The balloon left the ground at half-past five o'clock, and came down very quietly near Ypres shortly after ten. A strong easterly wind was carrying the voyagers to the sea, and their faith in the elaborate preparations appears to have failed them.

BURNING A HOUSE TO ROAST A SNAKE.—Every one knows Lamb's humorous account of the origin of roast pig. The ingenious Chinaman who burnt down his house to enjoy the luxury of cooked pork has nearly found a rival in this neighborhood, if we may rely on the evidence in the case of Marshal *vs.* Long. Plaintiff summoned a defendant in the police court yesterday for £2 10*s.* damages, caused by the destruction of tools. From the statement of the former, it appeared that the articles in question had been burnt, and that premises worth £200 had also narrowly escaped destruction from the fire lighted by defendant. Long, in defence, said he had only endeavored to kill a snake, and that the flames would have been put ont if he had not been told by the owner of the property that they would do no harm. Certainly a more original mode of getting rid of a dangerous tenant than applying fire to the grass has seldom been resorted to. *Daylesford (Australian) Express, April 7.*

LORD PALMERSTON'S POPULARITY.—In his inexhaustible good spirits lies the secret of his popularity, in spite of the blunders and greater sins of his colleagues. The way in which the country distinguishes him from them was happily put by Mr. Knightley at the Towcester banquet: "The noble Lord and his Ministry seemed to be always engaged in the game of 'chuck farthing,' and it was invariably with 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' (Cheers and laughter.) Whenever it came up 'head,' the noble viscount very properly had all the credit; when it came up 'tails,' the rest of the Ministers came in for the blame. He did not mean to say that the noble viscount was guilty of unfair play, but that the people, it was evident, was determined to give him all the half-pence and the rest of the Ministry all the kicks.

DE QUINCEY says: If once a man indulges in murder, very soon he'll think little of robbing; from robbing he next comes to drinking; from that to ill manners and procrastination. Once enter this downward path, and you know not where you'll stop.

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74	Revolving Stereoscopes	100	doz. Table Knives,
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	Drawing Instruments in German Silver and Brass,	120	doz. Razors,
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	Microscopes in every Style,	130	doz. Scissors,
25	Magnetic Machines for Medical purposes,		SCISSORS, in Cases,
	Aneroid Barometers,	100	doz. Gyroscope Tops,
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I think you remember that some months ago,
I was courting a handsome young girl;
Since then I went travelling up country, you know,
And I've now lost the run of my Belle.

I loved her so dearly—I do love her yet,
Of course she must know very well;
Indeed, I am ready to go in a fit
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

I've made an inquiry of all the young chaps—
Been searching at every hotel;
I've now and then called on old Schiedam Schnapps
Since I've lost the run of my Belle.

Kept running all day like a fool in the street,
To search for another young girl;
And every fine lady I chance for to meet,
I've inquired for my old lover, Belle.

I start for a Photographic Gallery,
To look for my sweet little Belle;
And when in the name you think I should see?
A face of that very same girl!

I then said, "Dear Belle, I've caught you at last;
Are you lying, or here in disguise?"
And what do you think, my friends, it was?
A picture of her in life size.

Now to be seen at H. BUSH'S Gallery, corner of Post, Market and Montgomery streets, entrance opposite the Masonic Hall. oc29-3m

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THIS UNIQUE PREPARATION IS OF INESTIMABLE value in preserving and beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums and in imparting a delicate fragrance to the breath. It eradicates tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Its anti-sceptic and anti-scorbutic properties exercises a highly beneficial and salutary influence; they arrest the further progress of the decay of Teeth, induce a healthy action of the Gums, and cause them to assume the brightness and color indicative of perfect soundness; while, by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, they give unlimited enjoyment and fresh zest to appetite, by perpetuating effective and complete mastication. It speedily removes those ravages which children sustain in the teeth, owing to the improper use of sweet and acid substances.

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Being conducted on the European plan the

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affords an extra inducement for travellers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it as pleasant and popular a stopping place as can be found in the city, and at much lower rates than respectable accommodations can be found elsewhere.

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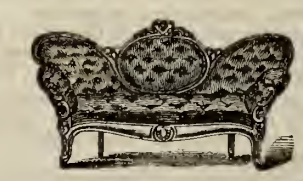

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H. LUCKE,

BOOTMAKER, AND IMPORTER

—OF

FRENCH BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS OF THE LATEST PARISIAN MAKE AND MODE.

Lady customers can have their measures forwarded and their shoes made in Paris in the latest style and by the most celebrated manufacturers, at moderate rates.

No. 648 Washington street, below Kearny,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT. jy30-3m

RECORD OF THE CAMPAIGNS.

WITH the view of making the ensuing volume of THE CALIFORNIAN more acceptable to its readers, we propose to give a brief summary each week of all the important events that transpire in connection with the Winter and Spring Campaigns. It will be necessary, owing to our limited space, to give only the prominent events as they are communicated to us over the wires, preserving, as nearly as possible, chronological order. There is so much sameness in the style of the despatches which appear in the dailies, people are apt to forget them as soon as read. In THE CALIFORNIAN (which from its convenient form is generally retained for binding) the record may be preserved, and its patrons and subscribers have the benefit of an historical record for future reference:

November 15.—Sherman returns to Atlanta with the Fifth Corps, leaving two corps in Tennessee, under Thomas, to watch Hood. Tears up the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and sends the iron to the former place. He also destroys Atlanta. The factories, mills and foundries between that city and Chattanooga have been laid waste. Railroad from Atlanta to Eckworth torn up; Cartersville and Calhoun burned.

Nov. 19.—Breckinridge, with 10,000 men, attacked Gen. Gillem near Bull Gap. Gillem met with a reverse, and fell back on Knoxville with a loss of 400 in killed, wounded and missing. Other reports state that Gillem repulsed Breckinridge's attacks repeatedly at Strawberry Plains, and withdrew in good order.

Reports of Sherman marching south with an army of 50,000 men, including 9,000 picked cavalry under Kilpatrick. His destination supposed to be Macon, Ga., thence to Milledgville, where he will divide his army, sending one portion to Augusta and the other to Savannah, and afterwards he will move on Columbia and Charleston.

On the 19th, Hood's entire force, including Forest's cavalry, were near Tuscumbia and Florence, Ala., closely watched by Thomas.

Considerable firing heard on the Appomatox; had continued for thirty-six hours. It proved to be picket-line fighting.

Charleston and Fort Sumter still being shelled; 100 thrown into the former and 250 at the latter within a few days.

Rumors of Early withdrawing from the valley of the Shenandoah.

Despatches of the 18th say that Grant is preparing for a great movement; his army supplied with eight days' rations and 100 rounds of ammunition, and ordered to move at a moment's notice.

Georgia makes proposals in her Legislature for a Peace Convention. Richmond papers ridicule the idea.

The Dutch Gap Canal on the James reported nearly completed, and the Second, Fifth and Ninth Corps of Grant's army march towards the Appomattox.

An escaped prisoner from Charleston describes the lower part of that city untenable on account of Federal shells. There are 5,000 troops in and around Charleston.

Nov. 20.—Rebel papers say that Sherman was within twenty-five miles of Macon on the 19th. Hood, with 35,000 men, was still near Florence. Dick Taylor is said to have joined him with 10,000 troops.

In the rebel House of Representatives, on the 18th, Henry S. Foote of Tennessee proposed, by resolution, that "the war be continued till the independence of the South is acknowledged."

Moseby writes to Sheridan that he has executed seven Union prisoners in retaliation, and declares his intention to continue if any more of his captured men are executed.

The Richmond *Sentinel* announces that Gen. Gus Smith is aiding Howell Cobb in opposing Sherman's march.

A dispatch dated Quebec, Nov. 24th, says that owing to reliable information that the Southerners and rebel sympathizers in certain towns in Canada are manufacturing clandestinely, and collecting at all convenient points, shot, shell and cannon, the Government has issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation, or carrying coastwise or by inland navigation, of arms or ammunition.

November 23.—After Gillem's recent defeat, Breckinridge advanced to Strawberry Plains and Blair Cross-roads, threatening Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. On the 21st, Breckinridge advanced to Powell's Bridge, six miles from Cumberland Gap. Heavy skirmishing took place all day. Burbridge has moved out from Lexington with a strong force, to protect the Kentucky border from the anticipated invasion of Breckinridge's force.

SANITARY FUND.—Since our last issue the gold and greenbacks have been steadily flowing into this treasury. The Executive Committee acknowledge the receipt of the contributions at fifty-six polls during election day amounting to $3,645 96 in coin and $233 90 in Legal Tender Notes. Twelve soldiers and societies have contributed $597 in coin and $5 in Legal Tender Notes. The Oroville Sanitary Fair (past proceeds) has given $966 50 and the party given by Jas. S. Skinner at White Oak, $260. Mr. R. B. Woodward's exhibition on Thanksgiving day, in spite of the unfavorable day, afforded $163. The contributions from sundry towns in the interior amount to $158 25; and from sundry persons in this city $132 50 in coin, $40 in Legal Tender Notes. The total receipts for the past week have been $5,863 31 in coin, and $278 90 in Legal Tender Notes.

A LAUDABLE OBJECT.—At a Sunday School meeting in Ohio, the subject of the slim attendance of the pupils at the school being under consideration, a promising lawyer offered the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That a committee of young ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School."

ODDS AND ENDS OF THE WEEK.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

JACK FROST spread himself this morning, clothing the housetops and everything else with ghostly raiment, except, perhaps, the tip ends of early risers' noses.

The most interesting event of the day, (to parties connected with the CALIFORNIAN, especially,) was the announcement that our illustrious predecessor, "Podgers," had surfeited his appetite for the gay and festive life of a newspaper publisher, deciding, like the wise men we read of, to go East. Pease be with him! He left the pod with his old jours—but they say they know beans.

That pun on a popular Punster, so fearfully and wonderfully made, reminds me—and let it also remind you, gentle reader!—of the punishment inflicted to-day by the County Court on John Pinto, George Wingate, John R. Pate, John Bassett, George Sibley, Pat. Toomey, and George Wright, who were severally convicted of nipping things on a large scale and sent to the Penitentiary for a sufficient term of years to make them penitent.

Postmaster Perkins received by the *Constitution* the new envelopes, prepared under the last Congressional law regulating postal matters. The price is $3 18 per hundred, in Legal Tenders, or postal currency.

The Franklin Light Infantry, (Capt. McComb,) and State Guard, (Capt. Dawes,) have taken the third floor of the new building recently erected on Market street, nearly opposite Dupont, for an armory.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

THE mass of the community indulge their vanity this morning with clean shirts and shaves, and saunter forth to their meeting-houses to show each other how well they look. I only had time to attend about two dozen of these assemblages, and found them conducted in a very orderly and quiet manner, considering the fast characteristics of Californians generally. It speaks well for the efficiency of "Bief Jurke," and, in fact, the whole Police Department.

But I closed the day's rounds with a visit to Dashaway Hall, and learned from Esquire Cook that our beloved city was indebted to the potent influence of the Dashaways, mainly, for the admirable order and immunity from crime and misery with which we are now blessed. I was so impressed with the arguments and eloquence of the learned gentleman that I decided to connect myself with the institution the first Thursday night I could find time to attend, and actually joined in a Dashaway hymn, led off by President Whitney.

Subsequently, quite a spirited debate sprang up between my companion and myself, which lasted till 3 in the morning, (by that clock on Montgomery street which the *Alta* man puffs every time he is hard up for an item,) as to which of the moral elements of society was entitled to the credit of making everybody so obedient to the dictates of the law and of common sense? The conundrum is almost transparent; yet I had to fill this stupid fellow with lager bier before he could see that it was the PRESS!—for that divine institution reaches——. But it is unnecessary to explain.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

WOKE up this morning with a violent headache. Must have resulted from discussing abstruse moral and political ethics last night. Mention the circumstance as a warning.

The editor of one Spanish paper pleads guilty to libeling the editor of another paper of the same nationality, and the Court promises to give him his deserts next Saturday.

The first overland mail for some weeks, owing to severe snow storms near Salt Lake, was received at the Post-office to-day.

The Harbor Commissioners tear down the old wharf at the end of Jackson street. A new one is to be constructed within fifty days, 555 feet in length by 50 feet in breadth, at a cost of $16,000. Still, McEvoy & Co. have the contract.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

TO-DAY Montgomery street presented a scene well calculated to rouse from his grave the original Fool-Killer, fortunately defunct. I trembled in my boots lest that terrible event should happen. Not for myself, particularly, but for my fellow-citizens to the number of many thousands, who dropped their tools and deserted their counters, and rushed like mad into Montgomery street, trod on each other's corns, tore their coats, and stopped the progress of the cars—all to witness the fulfilment of a ridiculous wager between a couple of waggish butchers, on Lincoln's majority in California reaching 12,000. The terms of the bet were that in case the majority named was given, one was to wheel the other on a wheelbarrow from the corner of Montgomery and Market streets, through Montgomery, to the Bank Exchange, at the corner of Washington street, where he was to treat one hundred persons. A band of music accompanied the party, playing lively airs, and the Irish Giant attached to Gilbert's Museum bore the American flag. It was impossible for me to get near the Bank Exchange to report what occurred there, but we are assured by newspaper men who were *there*, in anticipation of the event, that there was more fun than many of them could stand up under.

Nineteen thousand ounces of gold were deposited at the Mint to-day. Most of it arrived from the Northern coast.

James H. Moore, a gas fitter, while engaged in fitting up a new house on the corner of Second and Howard streets, had the temerity to sing out "Head of company to the right," to a company of cavalry connected with the Provost Guard of this city. "Several of the soldiers dismounted and gave him a handsome drubbing," says a morning paper. Warrants were issued for the arrest of the soldiers, but Gen. Mason assures Chief Burke that he will not be permitted to serve civil process on men under military authority.

The Teachers' Institute adjourns for one month.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

SAMPLES of the Sanitary Cheese, so well ventilated by the press during the past three months, were sent East to-day by Mr. R. G. Sneath. One box goes to President Lincoln and another to Father Bellows. That's the last we'll ever see of that cheese!

Mr. D. Norcross, while riding in a street-car, saw a friend beckoning him from the sidewalk, and carelessly stepped off to speak to him. His foot slipped and he was carried under the step against the rail, tearing off his pantaloons and barely escaping a serious injury.

Warren Leland, a pioneer newspaper publisher of San Francisco, (when printers received $150 a week for their services,) who subsequently learned how to keep a hotel, achieving high distinction in that line of business, arrived here on a "flyer" by way of Salt Lake, Idaho and Oregon. He returns soon by the overland route.

A stranger was found dead this morning, sitting in a doorway on Leidesdorff street. He had evidently died instantly and without a struggle—probably from heart disease. The deceased had dark hair and red whiskers, and was dressed in dark clothing. There is a scar on the left temple, and the end of the little finger on the left hand is lacking. His age was apparently about 35 years. [Since the foregoing was put in type he has been identified as a man named Nichols, from Barry county, Illinois.]

The *Constitution* carried away $1,074,203 85 in treasure.

The day closed with something to be thankful for to-morrow—a glorious rain. Rejoice, ye cattle on a thousand hills!

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

THANKSGIVING! Thirty thousand turkeys! Pumpkin pies! Old folks at home! "How *do* you do?" Good cheer on Rincon Hill! Ditto ditto Russian Hill! Do. do. Telegraph do. Turkeys in the station house! Chickens and Chinese! Soldiers in the streets! Ladies on the balconies! H-o-o-r-a-y! Johnny's come marching home at last! No—he says now he won't go home till morning.

☞ Mr. Editor, you can have these "notes" if you can decipher them. I haven't a very clear recollection of what—for you see * * * * I'm too full to talk turkey.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

[We received the following note from our correspondent this afternoon:

HOTEL DE JOHN JONES, }
4 or 5 P. M. }

Doctor says I mustn't move round to-day. Yesterday being spent in Thanksgiving, I require rest.

Yours, in the shell, XXX.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have room for but a brief notice of the following works received from Messrs. Roman & Co.:

The Winthrops. A Novel. 18mo. pp. 319. New York: Carleton, 413 Broadway.

A "quiet family story," which the author offers with a prefatory apology for its lack of excitement and sensation, on the ground that the present epoch gives enough of the sensational element in real life.

Nearer and Dearer. A Live Story. By Cuthbert Bede, B. A., author of *Verdant Green.* 18mo. pp. 225.

An humorous English story illustrated after the fashion of Thackeray, by its author.

"Old Jack" and his Foot Cavalry; or, A Virginia Boy's Progress to Renown. A Story of the War in the Old Dominion.

A biography of Stonewall Jackson for children, illustrated.

MANY FACTS IN A SMALL COMPASS.—The number of languages spoken is 2,094. The number of men is equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die before the age of seven. To every one thousand persons one rarely reaches the age of one hundred years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach the age of eighty. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these about 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7,789 every hour, and sixty every minute. These losses are balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years, but fewer after than men. The number of marriages is in proportion of seventy to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the Spring are more robust than the others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

GETTING USED TO THE YANKS.—A soldier from Atlanta says:

The young ladies don't seem at all afraid of the Yankees, for they may be seen promenading the streets, well dressed and many of them very refined and pretty. I noticed a bevy of young misses dancing on the grass behind a very fine residence to the lively airs played by General Sherman's band. They seem to have quite forgotten the fearful carnage of the past month.—*Ex.*

These young ladies are the regular "last ditch" stock, and doubtless resemble their fire-snorting daddies in sentimental warfare, as well as their liability to capture during a real engagement. Will *they* ever be reconciled to the hated plebeians? Never. Their lives—their whole lives will be cheerfully given to conquer the ruthless invader, and they marry him only to save him for new tortures. *Carson Evening Post.*

WET AND DRY.—What a great propensity people have for imbibing "something" in rainy weather! How can one account for the paradoxical fact that the wetter they get the drier they are? We dropped into Squarza's yesterday afternoon, and from the concourse we found practicing at his bar, concluded that Signor Squarza was a great benefactor in these wet times, and that the compounds of his laboratory were more sought after than India-rubber overcoats and umbrellas.

FOR THE BALL, THE BANQUET, THE BOUDOIR.

A few drops of Phalon & Son's Extract of the "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS" surrounds the person with an atmosphere of lavishing fragrance. The perfume is not evanescent. It outlasts the rarest European scents, and is more exquisite than any of them. Fashion and taste recognize it as unapproachable.

Manufactured by PHALON & SON, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

* HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Wholesale Agents.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Go to the South Beach Bathing House, foot of Third street, near the Camanche, for comfort, pleasure or health; where can be found at all hours warm, cold, or shower Salt Water Baths. The water is taken through pipes extending over five hundred feet in the bay, and as pure as can be drawn from the ocean. The public have only to give this place a trial to satisfy themselves that this is the best fitted up Bathing House in this city—the North Beach House having blown up.

N. B.—The boiler and machinery are entirely separate from the Bathing House.

oc15-tf STACY, Proprietor.

RUPTURE.—Radical cure of Rupture by the application of the celebrated Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing Pressure, from A. TOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society. Treatment of the Deformities of the Body by the new orthopedal process used with great success in the Paris, London and New York hospitals, where M. A. Tolleau, under the directions of the Surgeons, applied his apparatus during the last 15 years.

☞ Speciality of Artificial Legs and Arms.

Office, 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearay streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. no19-3m

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HAVE YOUR PIANOFORTES TUNED BY A COMPETENT Workman. Leave orders at

oc8 KOHLER'S Music Store.

MR. CHRETIEN PFISTER, No. 221 Montgomery street, under the Russ House, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his extensive assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Hair-pins, Hair of all lengths and colors, Wigs, Tonpes, Combs of every style; Cruvats of all kinds; Jouvin's Gloves for ladies and gentlemen; Suspenders, Shirts and Collars; now styles of Head Dresses, and all the latest Parisian accessories of the Lady's and Gentleman's toilet table. Having made new arrangements with his agent in Paris, he can now offer to his numerous customers superior advantages over any others in the trade Six artist *coiffeurs* will always be found ready for business in the hair-dressing room. A special apartment is provided for the *coiffure* of ladies.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.

BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,

'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

GEORGE LEET Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ESSEX Gold and Silver Mining Co.; NICOLAUS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BILLETT Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SAMANTHA CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; METEOR Gold and Silver Mining Co.; LEWIS CONSOLIDATED Gold and Silver Mining Co.; JOHN J. CRITTENDEN Gold and Silver Mining Co.; SCOTTISH CHIEF Gold and Silver Mining Co.; HYACK Gold and Silver Mining Co.; MEMPHIS Gold and Silver Mining Co.; GRAFTON Gold and Silver Mining Co.; TEHAMA Gold and Silver Mining Co.; PONTIAC Gold and Silver Mining Co.; BUTLER Gold and Silver Mining Co.; ENTERPRISE Gold and Silver Mining Co.; CROWN POINT Tunnel and Mining Co.; Reese River Mining District, Lander county, N. T.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Companies is called, to be holden at the office of the Company, 517 Clay street, second story, San Francisco, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1864, at 1 o'clock P. M. Every stockholder is requested to be present in person or by proxy.

The object of the meeting is to elect officers, adopt by-laws, and to take such other action as the interests of the Company may require.

T. B. VALENTINE,
SAMUEL Mc. BROWN,
S. F. AMBLER,
oc29-3w D. B. FRANCIS.

GEORGE B. MERRILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, 520 Montgomery street, (over Messrs. Sather & Co.'s Bank,)

SAN FRANCISCO:

Gives special attention to the Probate of Wills and the Administration of Estates.

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PIANOFORTES TO RENT—NO CHARGE FOR KEEPING them in tune. Leave orders at

A. KOHLER'S Music Stores,
620 and 622 Washington street,
oc8 and 424 Sansome street.

VALUE OF HEALTH.—Upwards of thirty years since, Dr. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH introduced to the community a vegetable pill which has since become the household medicine of tens of thousands of families in the United States, and throughout the countries of Europe and South America. When first brought to the notice of the public, few could be persuaded of its virtues. Gradually, at first, it was tried, and then, as case after case of recovery from many diseases reached the ears of the public, its value increased in what might be called geometrical proportions. Medical men, who had seen patients recover rapidly by the use of BRANDRETH'S pills who had for indefinite periods of time been under their charge without showing signs of improvement, began to despair, believing that the great secret of life and health had been discovered, and their occupation was gone from them. Some, more enterprising than their fellows, at once adopted into their practice the great conservator of health, and their success corresponded with their liberality. Since then, the Brandrethian system has been in the ascendant.

It is said that no habit has spread throughout the world so rapidly as the use of tobacco. This is a mistake. It has taken two hundred years to make the nicotine plant known to the nations, while in less than a quarter of a century the Brandreth Pill, as a purifier of the stomach and bowels, and as a preventive of every fever known, no matter by what term called or from what cause originated, has become the indispensable necessity of every people on the globe, civilized and barbarous.

It may be asked, why is this preparation so eminent over others? We answer, because, above every other, it does its work directly.

It cleanses the system thoroughly of every impurity, and restores the blood to its pristine condition. Dr. Brandreth holds, and his conclusions are based on physiological as well as Biblical fact, that all diseases originate in the blood, and that a medicine which seizes upon and purifies it, places the body that contains it beyond the possibility of abnormal action. It is not necessary to attempt to vindicate a theory so self-evident. We know that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter; and we also know that we cannot look for health where the fountain of health is corrupted. Purify the blood system, and life, strength, youth, and absence from disease are assured. These, the Brandreth Pill not only promises, but gives. Let those who would go through existence without sickness or even momentary pain, remember that the preventive from every ill lies in the vegetable preparation whose active and passive virtues no sane man will dispute, known as the Brandreth Medicine.

It is hardly necessary to state that Dr. B. continues his unremitting care in the manufacturing department of the Brandreth Pills; or that they are entirely free from chemical or mineral preparations; these facts being well known and understood to be so. While mercury and bleeding, and other deleterious remedies are becoming more and more unpopular, the Brandreth Pills are extending the sphere of their usefulness by the appreciation of a generous and discerning public.

☞ For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine. *

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, No. 645 Washington street, established February 12th, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, for the cure of disease and the suppression of quackery.

Persons suffering from disease can rely upon the most scientific and honorable treatment at the above Medical Institute, and should their cases be within the limit of cure, the Resident Physician will warrant them a perfect and permanent relief from their affliction. And if their case be incurable, be will so state, and advise them of the best method of relief, so far as science can go to accomplish the object.

The basis of treatment at the Institute is the *electropathic system;* but the Resident Physician, J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., being a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, considers himself competent to treat with medicines, but, in no case, will he make use of *mercurials*, those life-destroying drugs; but, instead, will use the most approved *vegetable remedies.*

Since the establishment of the Institute, almost every nameable disease has been treated with success, especially those complaints which have been ill-treated by quacks, the names of which should never be printed in a newspaper.

Females should bear in mind, that the only safety in the treatment of complaints peculiar to their sex, is to have a physician who has made the female economy his particular study. In the resident physician at the Institute, they will find a surgeon who can sympathise with them in their troubles, and relieve them, no matter what they may be.

To the rheumatic and nervous person, this Institute offers the blessing of certain and permanent cure.

For those suffering from the effects of mercury, and those diseases for which mercury is usually given, there is no remedy so sure as the Electropathic system, as practiced at the Institute, 645 Washington street.

Come one, come all, and receive the blessings of health!

The motto is—a perfect cure or no money required!

All letters answered with promptness and with pleasure, if directed to

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute,
645 Washington st., San Francisco.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. DE CASTRO,

Oculist and Aurist,

Southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, (over the Confectionery Store.)

OFFICE HOURS, from 10 to 1, and from 4 to 5, daily.

DR. DE CASTRO EMPLOYS HIS APPROVED

SELF-ADJUSTING ARTIFICIAL TYMPANUM,

For the relief of deafness, attended by loss or injury of the Membrana Tympani, and for the cure of discharge from the Ear.

TESTIMONIALS.

We, the undersigned, having employed DR. DE CASTRO for the treatment of various diseases of the HEAD, EAR and THROAT, take pleasure in testifying to his skill as a practitioner, and cheerfully recommend him to all who are suffering from diseases of that nature.

D. D. SHATTUCK, 204 Front street.
E. RICHARDS, 546 Clay street.
H. H. MOORE, Mercantile Library.
CHAS. NICHOLS, cor. Montgomery and Chestnut streets,
N. BALLINGER, 911 Sacramento st.
WM. W. DYE, 520 Greenwich street.

As we, the undersigned, have been, at the same time, under DR DE CASTRO's (620 Market street,) treatment, for diseases of the Eyes, and as each of our cases has been of long standing and of critical character, and causing to each of us a great deal of suffering; and the Doctor having treated us with the greatest skill and success, we have resolved to give, through the public press, a testimonial to Dr. De Castro, deeming it eminently due to him. We do heartily and conscientiously recommend him all over the country, as a most eminent and skilful Oculist.

GEORGE MASTEN, 113 Stevenson street.
J. GOBBIE, 535 Folsom street.
S. HAFTER, 775 Folsom street.
J. T. POMROY, N. W. cor. Silver and Third.
a*12 M. CLAVERY, 36 Tehama street.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after NOVEMBER 8th, 1864, Passenger Trains of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company will run as follows:

Leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS

Leave San Francisco at 8.30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Leave San Jose at 8:10 A. M. and 4.10 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS

(With Passenger Car attached.)

Leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows. San Francisco at 2:30 P. M.; San Jose at 5 A. M.

A. H. HOUSTON,
no12 General Superintendent.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1864, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my28 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

REMOVAL.

A. EDDY'S

Dancing Academy,

Platt's (Middle) Hall.

PUPILS TAUGHT IN ONE-HALF THE TIME OF elsewhere.

CLASSES—MONDAYS and FRIDAYS. Ladies at half-past 2 P. M.; Gents at half-past 7 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—On SATURDAYS, at 2 P. M.; also, on WEDNESDAYS, at half-past 3 P. M.

Private instructions given separately or to classes, to suit the convenience of applicants.

SELECT SOIREES on alternate weeks. au6-tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 16th day of August, 1864, in the matter of the estate of ANDREW ROBESON, deceased, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of said deceased, will sell to the highest bidder for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 5th day of DECEMBER, A. D., 1864, at 12 o'clock, noon of that day, at No. 108 Front street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of the said Andrew Robeson at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by law or otherwise since acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot of land situated in said city and county, and described as follows, viz:

Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 77 1-2 feet west from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets, thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet, and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the point of beginning.

And the said Administrator will receive offers or bids therefor at said place No. 108 Front street from this date till and 5th day of December, 1864.

EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed
of Andrew Robeson, deceased

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

As a guarantee of what this machine will do, I propose, with any gentleman who will produce an Amalgamator that will work the same amount of ore in the same number of hours, with the same outlay of power, and produce the equal result, to deposit the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, the money so deposited to be drawn by the person who shall be declared to have produced the best result. The money (the $500) by whichever party won to be paid over to some one of the benevolent institutions in this State, to be named by the party losing. This proposition is not made with the view of detracting from the merits of any Amalgamator now before the public, but for the purpose of placing this valuable improvement before such persons as may be interested in quartz milling, and to whom the matter properly belongs.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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CAUSE UNKNOWN.

FEW things now-a-days are taken for granted. Almost all Englishmen have access to some Encyclopædia, a very large number possess an *Inquire Within*, or *The Reason Why*, to which works they are continually referring for information upon subjects which our ancestors were quite content to accept as facts. *They* thought a cow was so called to distinguish her from a horse; *we* are not happy unless we can trace the derivation of the word to some barbaric language of the remote past. We discover that *gov* was the Palæozoic for stars; that probably those stars were in the Milky-way; that *g* and *v* stand in that ancient tongue for *c* and *w*; and the connection between the Milky-way and a *gov* or cow is obvious. That settled, our cream has an additional flavor.

An unfortunate child who observes that the kettle boils, runs a narrow risk of being told "the kettle does not boil, but the water inside," and of having a lecture upon heat, radiation, evaporation, and so forth, administered upon the spot; and when Molly the housemaid is rushing off to the cellar during a thunder-storm, we stop her with the information, that when she *sees* a flash of lightning, it has passed, and she is safe from its effects.

But, after all, the few particles of knowledge we have acquired are but as "grains of sand picked up on the seashore;" and the highest privilege which can be attained by philosophic study is the power of catching a glimpse at the infinity of our ignorance. He is a short-sighted man who repines at this. Alexander's ennui, when he boo-hooed because he had won the champion's belt, and no one would fight him for it, would be nothing to his who had conquered all the secrets of nature; the sage who knew everything would be no better off than the fool who knows nothing, just as he who possesses a riddle-book full of conundrums, of which he knows the answers, is in the same position, so far as his own private delectation goes, with the man who has no riddle-book at all.

I must own, however, that it is irritating to the human mind to dwell for long on any perceptible effect without being able to assign any cause for it. Now, there is that bewildering mariner's compass; why, O why *will* that needle always turn to the north? If the magnet had existed a century or two ago, and had now lost its efficacy, no amount of evidence would have persuaded us that there ever had been such a thing; if it were recently discovered, and there were only one compass extant, we might declare the effect due to sleight of hand or diabolic agency. But when we navigate the world by its aid, when every poet alludes to its fidelity (I do not know why; a pointer is not generally considered "faithful" to a partridge), and when we wear it on our watch-chains, it is pushing scepticism beyond rational limits to doubt its existence. Yes, I am afraid there is no denying the fact, that a needle rubbed with a loadstone, and nicely balanced, will point to the north, though why it should do so, science cannot at present tell us. It is true that folks talk gravely about the "magnetic current," but they might just as well talk about a magnetic gooseberry, for they have not the slightest idea what they mean.

There is another dreadfully unintelligible fact, how does the electric fluid find its way unguided from Liverpool back to London? That a piece of zinc and a piece of copper put into acidulated water, and connected with a wire, should cause a decomposition of the water; that the zinc should at once resolve itself into a positive, and the copper into a negative pole, and that a current of electricity should immediately commence flowing along the wire from the former to the latter—these are abstract facts which the mind can receive without discomfort; nor is there any reason why the wire should not be long enough to go round by Liverpool, or to Melbourne, for that matter, and after leaving the positive pole, take the electric fluid round the world, before it returned to the negative pole, within a few inches from it: but that, if you break off the wire at Liverpool, and bury the end in the ground, and also bury in the same way the end attached to the negative pole under the battery in London, the electric fluid should find its way back through the earth alone unguided from wire to wire, is a mystery which to my mind is almost awful. There must be hundreds of return currents crossing and recrossing each other underground, how is it they never interfere with one another, or lose their way, or become amalgamated, or blow up, and make lightning?

What causes laughter? I go to a theatre to see a pantomime. The well-known countryman passes over the stage with his basket of country produce. I know what the clown is about to do: he is going to steal a lump of butter out of that basket; he will then smell it, and lick it, accompanying this somewhat unrefined action with much winking of the eyes, and other inelegant pantomimic action typical of greedy delight; then he will make a slide with it on the boards, whereupon a policeman will enter, and tumble down. I have seen all this a hundred times, and it all happens as experience taught me to expect. Why should the muscles of my face become convulsed? Why should I expel the breath from my lungs in gusts and bursts, instead of inhaling and exhaling in a rational manner? That this physical phenomenon should occur when the mind is affected by ludicrous ideas, is curious enough, but that it should be excited by the clown's nonsense is incomprehensible. I have no sympathy with dishonesty, gluttony, or mischief. If I saw a policeman in real life tumble down, I should not feel amused; fear lest he should be hurt, and a desire to help him up, would be my only emotions. What is there, then, to tickle me in the scenic representation of such an accident? Why, again, should one sometimes be compelled to smile when one is really sorry, and particularly anxious to look duly mournful? If you have never experienced this, reader, be grateful, and do not condemn your less fortunate fellow-creatures as hard-hearted and unfeeling. There are many persons who could no more recount the details of any very dreadful and calamitous event, which was not absolutely personal to themselves or their auditors, without grinning, than they could feel any real amusement in the matter. They are as sorry as the gravest, they are beyond measure vexed with themselves for their unseasonable mirth, but the more shocked others seem by their levity, the less are they able to restrain it.

Crying, again, is even a more mysterious action than laughing. Every human being is a pump, from which it is easy enough to get water when it is new, but as it grows older, the springs dry up, and the well must be sunk deeper. It generally requires an Artesian bore to get a drop out of a man of sixty, unless, of course, he is a judge. That, by the by, is another insoluble problem: Why do judges retain the power of being "visibly affected" longer than other men?

Why do dogs turn round and round before they settle to sleep? Why do hostlers hiss while cleaning their horses, and paviers cry "Humph!" with each fall of the rammer? Why do Americans talk through their noses, and mispronounce English? Why do people kiss?

There is a rolling fire of small-arms for you; now comes a big gun.

What causes dreams? Endless are the theories which have been started on this subject, any one of which *may* be true, as all *may* be false. But I must take this opportunity of contradicting a theory which is embraced by many, that all dreams occur at the instant of waking, for I have listened to persons carrying on broken conversations in their sleep for full a quarter of an hour at a time, and their slumber has been sound and deep at the time, as, on more than one occasion which I can remember, the dreamer has sat up, pointed to imaginary objects, and laughed aloud, without waking.

All the facts alluded to above are evident to our senses, though we are at a loss how to account for them; but there are also a vast multitude of doubtful effects, for which no causes can be assigned, floating about the world, so few of which have any real existence, out of the imaginations of mankind, that many scientific minds have acquired the habit of scouting the idea of believing anything on evidence which they cannot account for; and when the clever ones are put in the wrong, which happens occasionally, ignorance and superstition receive an accession of strength, which shows the philosophers that they should beware of dogmatism.

For example, the old women of Switzerland were accustomed to administer the ashes of burned sponge as a remedy for goitre; and a physician to whose knowledge this came, analysed the substance, and finding nothing which could act as an antidote to the complaint, pronounced the whole affair to be quackery. "Burned sponge cure goitre!" cried the medical world. "Pooh!" "But they say that several patients have derived benefit from it." "*They say*, indeed! Who says?. What medical man has adopted the treatment and watched its effects? Why, my dear sir, it is impossible: Dr Test has analysed the supposed remedy, and," etc. Future inquiries and experiments proved, however, that *some* sponges did, when burned, deposit iodine, which is a very active agent in the cure of goitre; so that when the old women had the luck to hit upon an efficient sponge, they were right enough, and produced a real effect, of which their too rashly-spurned medicine was the actual cause.

No doubt, however, it is highly necessary to limit the field of human inquiry somewhat, by taking some pains to ascertain the positive existence of alleged phenomena, before we set to work to discover the agency which produces them. I therefore entirely dismiss from my catalogue of Unknown Causes all such mysteries as the bad luck attending enterprises commenced on Friday, or the fatality which dogs a party of thirteen on leaving a dinner table. With regard to the first of these fast-decaying superstitions, almost every day in the week has been considered the unlucky one by some age or nation, so that a lazy man might find a good excuse for never doing anything at all. And as to the latter, when we consider that the days of man are three-score years and ten, of which the majority of guests at a dinner party have already spent twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty, not to mention those who who have passed the allotted span; that we ride in small-pox hospital cabs, in railway trains, and on bucking and rearing horses; that we shoot, eat mushrooms, take voyages, etc., I think that we must own the first man who discovered that it was at all extraordinary that one out of thirteen mortals assembled together should die in the course of the year, to have been a most ingenious person.

There is, however, another class of apocryphal effects attributed to apparently inadequate causes, which, perhaps, ought not to be dismissed with such cavalier abruptness. Take, for instance, the wart mystery. Who does not know some one, who has known some one, who once heard of some one who had warts on his or her fingers; who went to a gipsy; who was directed to put as many stones into a bag as he or she had warts, and throw it over a wall; and who, complying with these directions, was suddenly relieved from the discomfort? The candid inquirer who endeavors to sift this evidence is met by many difficulties, it is true. Did the gipsy touch the warts? or rub them, or prick them? How long was it after the incantation before the warts disappeared? Had any ordinary remedies been applied previously? Is it in the nature of warts to go away of themselves? As you question, the fact slips, like the objects of your research, from between the fingers. But there ought to be some method, surely, of coming at the truth with so many living witnesses as there must be. Would not some senatorial reader be so kind as to move for a committee to report upon the matter? The time of M.P.'s is often occupied in more futile and far less amusing investigations; and now that the corn-laws are finally done with, why should not the cognate matter of warts engage some portion of the public attention?

The present writer would gladly save the public purse by devoting himself to the thorough sifting of this affair, were it not that his energies have been lately exhausted by the endeavor to get to the bottom of another semi-superstition, the custom, namely, of sticking the poker up against the bars to revive an expiring fire. The custom originated, I believe, in the idea that fairies were putting the fire out, and that the sign of the cross made by the poker resting perpendicularly against the horizontal bars charmed them away. That was a poetical and not irrational fancy, perfectly legitimate and respectable, for fairies are beings which we know nothing whatever about, and might be subject to mysterious laws which do not affect ourselves. But of the thousands and tens of thousands who practice at this rite at the present day, very few believe in fairies, and many prefer to stick the poker through an ornamental part of the grate, *below* the bars, where it does not make any form of the cross at all. My first inquiry, therefore, was as to how the effect was produced, and the answers I received were far from satisfactory. Some drew my attention to the sensible improvement in the burning of the fire, produced by inserting the poker under the lower bar, gently raising the coals, and leaving it there: as if there were any analogy between an act which gives the fire the vital air for want of which it is expiring, and one which does not alter the position of the coals. Others appealed to the effect of holding a newspaper before the fireplace; though how a bar of iron, which does not shut up any part of the grate, is to cause the furnace-blast, which is produced by excluding the air from the top, and forcing it to rush in through a contracted space below, they left it to my unaided imagination to determine. Other and wiser perpendicular poker-fire-revivers declined to account in any way for the practice of their irrational rite. They confessed that the *modus operandi* was an entire mystery, but contended that constant experience had convinced them of the fact. Now, this placed the question at once in my catalogue of Unknown Causes, so I saw that the first step to be taken was to ascertain whether the effects asserted were real or imaginary; and this, as far as I could determine, was the result of my observations: A fire having burned very low, the person desirous of reviving it clears out the dead cinders which are choking it at the bottom, breaks up and gently raises the mass, which has been baked into a solid cake, throws in perhaps a lucifer or two, and then sets up the magic poker. Sometimes a dense smoke arises from the smouldering embers, the gases ignite, a flame bursts out, and the fire burns up; whereupon the operator ignores the real causes which have led to the desired result, and points with triumph to his fetich. Sometimes a lack of skill or inflammable gas causes the experiment to fail, and then "the fire has gone too far;" but the faith in the charm remains. Now, it is my honest belief, founded upon much personal observation and experience, that precisely similar results will happen if the poker is allowed to rest quietly in the fender. It is the old story of giving a sick man a dose and an amulet, and attributing his recovery, not to the medicine, but the charm.

Although writing anonymously, I shudder at my rashness in penning this opinion, knowing as I do the anger which it will excite in many believers in the poker, and reflecting upon the formidable instrument which they love to handle. Let me hasten to appease them with what, if their theory be true, will be a most valuable suggestion: let them have their grates made with a bar of iron crossing the others perpendicularly in front, or underlying the bottom, according to their peculiar idiosyncrasy—they can have both, if they desire to make assurance doubly sure—and then their chimneys must always "draw" well. Who knows? Perhaps their fires would become vestal, and never go out!

A Hint on Carpets.—Of all the expensive things in a modern English house of the ordinary class, perhaps carpets are the dearest. In case of removal, they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because, having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often cannot, a bit of bran-new carpet, sewn on to a bit not so new, would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed. The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets, especially those from Resht, are exquisitely beautiful. Their colors are brighter, designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European carpets. They are made in strips usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of the room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the centre. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will, of course, carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance, too. In summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled and put aside by a single man-servant; and, in the hot weather, why should we not more generally imitate Continental custom, by painting or polishing our floors? Floors, painted or polished, look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then mere fusty traps to catch dust, harbor insects, and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its season. The use and the season of carpets are not in the summer-time. Where it is impossible to paint or to polish the floors of a house, the employment of oil-cloth will be found good economy in summer, and far cleaner.—*All the Year Round.*

The Human Pulse.—The human pulse has in all ages been consulted as an index of health and disease. It is a kind of dial within us which gives us both the measure of time and of health. The pulse of a person in health beats about seventy strokes in a minute, and the ordinary term of life is about seventy years. In this seventy years, the pulse of a temperate person beats two billion, five hundred and seventy-four million, four hundred and forty thousand times. If no actual disorganization should happen, a drunken person might live until his pulse beat this number of times; but by the constant stimulus of ardent spirits, or by pulse-quickening food, the pulse becomes greatly accelerated, and the two billion, five hundred and seventy-four million, four hundred and forty thousand pulsations, are performed in little more than half the ordinary term of human life, and life goes out in forty or forty-five years instead of seventy. This application of numbers is given to show that the acceleration of those forces diminishes the term of human life.—*Medical Journal.*

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